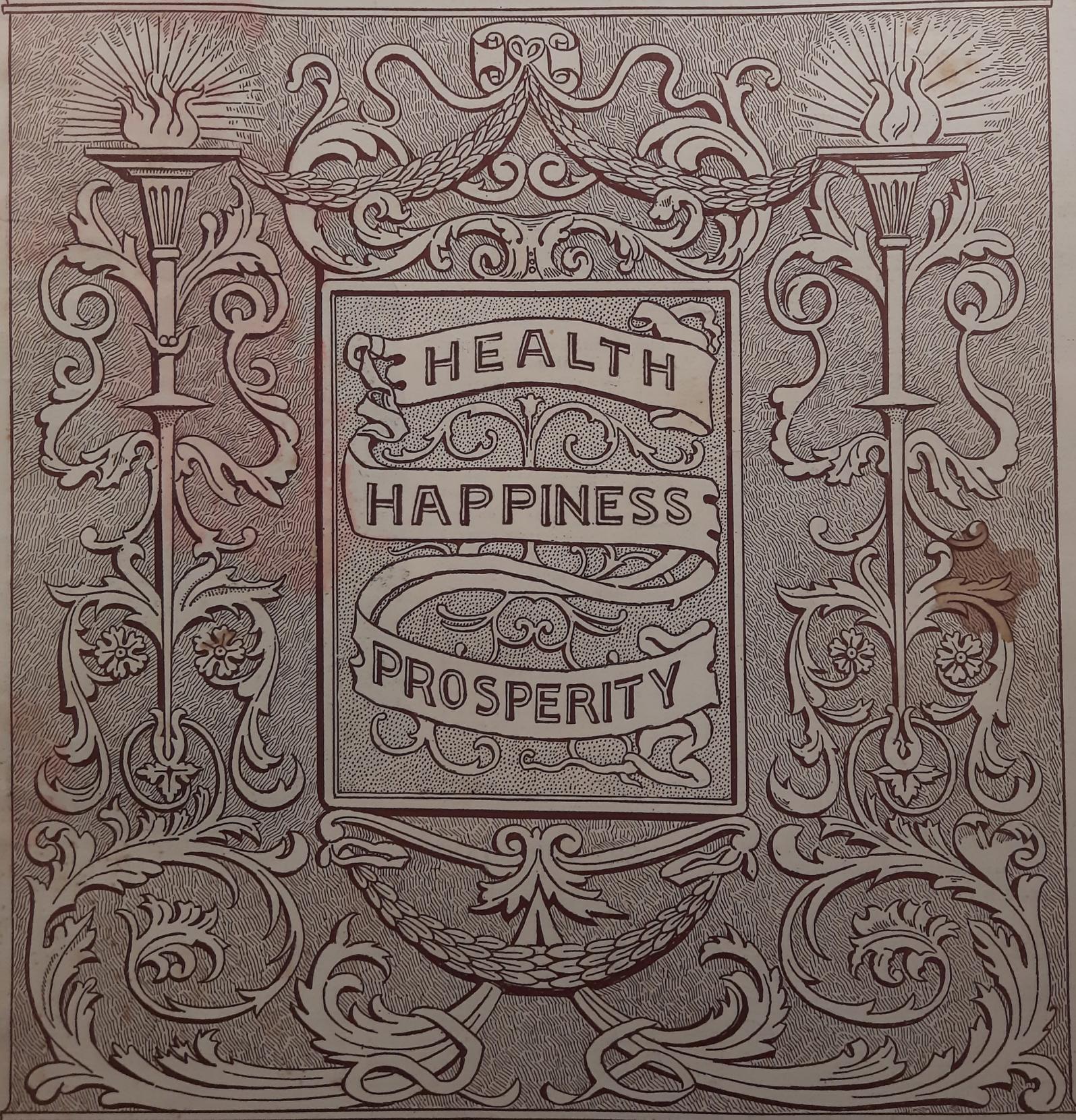


THE
NEW YORK MAGAZINE
OF MYSTERIES



OCTOBER, 1905.

PRICE 10 CENTS

NOTICE TO AGENTS

A PROFITABLE BUSINESS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE

WILLING TO WORK.

\$3.00 A DAY SURE.

DEAR READER:

If you are out of work, or are not satisfied with your present business and would like to make more money, it will be to your interest to read this notice. We do not offer you a chance to make a fortune without work, but we do offer you an opportunity to make money much faster than you can make it at any other kind of work. The country is flooded with circulars offering chances to make money at the rate of from twenty to fifty dollars a day, such offers are not business-like, and all agents who amount to anything are disgusted with such circulars, and most of them are thrown aside without being read. If you are looking for an opportunity to make twenty to fifty dollars a day, you might as well throw this notice aside also; but if you would like to engage in a good paying business, you will do well to read this notice through carefully. Then you can use your own judgment as to whether our offer is a reasonable one or not.

We guarantee that anyone who is willing to work can make from \$3 to \$5 a day at this business. We admit that \$3 to \$5 a day is not much of an inducement when compared to the statements made by some firms, who offer all the way from \$20 to \$50 a day for selling various articles. We do not make you such glowing promises, but what we do offer you has the advantage of being true. We might offer agents a sure chance of making from \$20 to \$50 a day, but the chances are that anyone who would believe such unreasonable nonsense would not know enough to earn his board at any kind of business. That is not the kind of agents we are in quest of; we want reliable agents with common sense, who are willing to work for good pay, and not those who are looking for an opportunity to make a fortune without work. We believe the only way to get such agents and keep them is to furnish them with a good thing to sell, a real genuine bargain, and then to tell them the exact truth about the business. We have a large number of agents at work, and we know for a certainty what working agents can make. We know that \$3 a day is the very lowest; most of our agents are averaging \$4 and \$5 a day, and often some of them make a good deal more than that. We have several agents who are clearing from \$7 to \$10 a day. But these are great workers operating in the best territory, and, of course, everyone cannot do as well; but it is easy for anyone to make, at the very least, \$1 a day above all expenses in any territory. We haven't a single working agent who is clearing, on an average, less than \$3 a day. Now be sure that you understand us. We don't say that lazy shiftless agents will make \$3 a day, for they can't do it at this or any other business; but what we do say is that agents who are willing to work, not too hard, but the same as they would expect to work at any other business can easily clear \$3 a day above all expenses, in any territory and if they have good territory to work in they can make anywhere from \$5 to \$7, and even \$10 a day. If you want a good chance to work and get good pay for it, you will find it to your interest to read this notice through carefully.

The articles which we have for you to sell are a line of forks, spoons, etc., made of a new metal called "Brazil Silver." We will describe this new line of goods the best we can, 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 as 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 to 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 guaranty as good as the Bank of England. In selling these goods an agent can recommend them with the greatest of 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.

It is easy to make from \$3 to \$5 a day at this business.

All Marked with Initial Letters, Without any Extra Cost.

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 of any kind 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.

It is easy to make from \$3 to \$5 a day at this business.

Table and Dessert Knives.

Our knives are made of the finest tempered cutlery steel and are triple plated; in other words, every dozen knives is plated with

12 dwt. of pure silver and hand burnished. Our knives are of the highest grade, fully equal to Rogers's or any knives made. These knives will not wear as long as Brazil Silver goods, but they will wear as long as any knives made. We guarantee them to wear ten years in constant use. If not in constant use they will wear proportionately longer. We give a guarantee, signed by the Company, warranting the knives to wear and to give perfect satisfaction to the purchaser for ten years. As knives are usually used in families they will wear much longer, anywhere from fifteen to twenty years. They are fully equal to Rogers's knives, and only cost about two-thirds as much. It may seem strange to some that we can sell so staple an article as silver-plated knives at such reduced prices, but we are doing it. It is our way of giving the public good, solid value for their money. We are saving our customers about one-third of the price at which the same grade of knives are sold at the stores and jewelers. Anyone who will take the trouble to compare our knives and prices with triple plate 12-dwt. knives sold at the stores and jewelers, will be convinced of the truth of our statements. We are making a profit, of course, but our unequal facilities and immense trade make it possible for us to undersell all competitors, and our customers are getting the benefit of the lowest prices known in the silverware trade. We are not only selling at greatly reduced prices, but we also guarantee every article to be exactly as represented and to 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 to 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 from \$3 to \$5 a day 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	32 1-2	cents each
One Sample Table Fork, retail price, \$1.95 per set of six	32 1-2	cents each
One Sample Table Spoon, retail price, \$1.05 per set of six	32 1-2	cents each
One Sample Dessert Fork, retail price, \$1.80 per set of six	30	cents each
One Sample Dessert Spoon, retail price, \$1.80 per set of six	30	cents each
One Sample Tea Spoon, retail price, .05 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	

We also send you with the case of samples a large and very beautiful catalogue, illustrating a full line of plated ware, such as Castors, 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.

Wholesale Prices.

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 business we are offering is straightforward and honest in every way, shape and manner. Our goods are in every respect just as we represent them to be. 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 benefit 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. No other firm has ever made such an offer. We have adopted this plan in order to convince the most skeptical and to secure the services of all the good working agents in the United States.

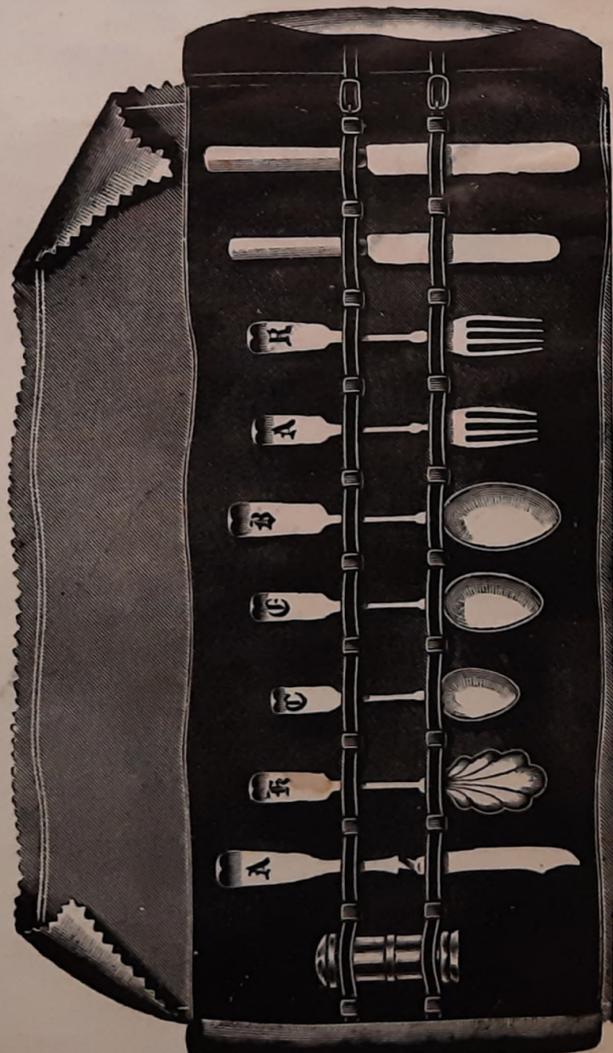
(CUT OUT THE FOLLOWING FORM.)

Form to be signed by those who wish us to send the Outfit C.O.D. with Privilege of Examination.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT, MICH.

GENTLEMEN—Send the Outfit by Express, C. O. D., with privilege of examination. If I find the Outfit just as you say I will pay the one dollar required and give the business a fair trial, but if I am not satisfied that the Outfit is as good as you recommend it to be, I shall refuse to receive it. Now, remember, the understanding is that I am not to take the Outfit unless I, myself, am satisfied that it is all right. It must all depend on my own judgment. If I am satisfied I will take the Outfit; if I am not satisfied I shall not take it, and shall not pay the one dollar. If you want to send the Outfit with this understanding, send it along C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

Name.....
 Post Office.....
 County..... State.....
 Express Station.....



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 open 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. There is nothing like having your samples put up in a business-like shape, it gives a favorable impression from the start, which is half the battle. It is the same in all matters. A store that looks like business attracts customers; while from a shanty store you would not, as a rule, expect the best things. 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?

We Prepay all Express Charges on Everything. We pay the charges on the Outfit and on all goods ordered. Remember we pay all express charges.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO.,
 Box 8130, Detroit, Mich.

HON. HAZEN S. PINGREE, Michigan's Famous Governor, says we are worthy of your confidence.

To Whom it May Concern: In answer to all inquiries I have received concerning the standing of the Royal Manufacturing Company of Detroit, Mich. I have invariably replied that the Company is in every way worthy of the confidence of all. In regard to its financial standing and the trustworthiness of the gentlemen connected with it, the reading public may rely upon them implicitly. HAZEN S. PINGREE.

THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE

OF MYSTERIES

A MAGAZINE OF HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY

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Vol. 9

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1905

No. 6

BUSINESS SUCCESS THE RESULT OF YOUR MENTAL ATTITUDE

THIS means that your success depends upon *how you think*, not spasmodically, but *habitually*.

Yes, *there is a law* underlying *every kind of success*, and as we announced in *Our Magazine* last month, we desire everyone to have a knowledge of this law. To that end we will give cash prizes for the best letters giving anything of your experience that proves *right thought* to be the forerunner of *Business Success*.

We do not want theories from anyone. We want tried and true experiences.

Many of you have had grand demonstrations of the law, although you possibly never thought of them as such.

This is the *very* reason we want you to *tell us your experience*. It will help *you* to understand better, just *how* your thought brought you success, it will show to others the essential things to think about and the essential things to forget, for the art of forgetting plays not a small part in the fulfilling of the law.

There are many sides to this great subject, but we want to bring out as many as possible, so we shall study carefully each letter that comes and try to show that no matter how varied the details of *gaining* success the law is the same in every case.

On the following page is the first letter that came in response to our article in September Magazine. We have chosen it as our first letter for printing, because it so clearly shows that even unconsciously our Brother was using the law, and that he succeeded because he *thought* in accordance *with it*.

Read the letter carefully and note that the *first* step toward success was when he *was free* to select his own work. His was a joyous mind at the prospect of such privilege. He was thinking happy

thoughts in consequence. The second step was that his *will followed his heart*.

This enabled him to *persist* in spite of all obstacles. *Persistence* as the result of *happy free will* was the *third step*. He was forgetting the hardships of the position in his *determination to succeed*. He did not grumble nor repine over what he had given up. His mind was continually looking forward, not only with *hope* but *assurance*.

You can easily see that it was the combination of all these excellent qualities within him which caused the employer to offer him another position. It was his *mental attitude* that made his character, and this was the standard of value in his work. *Note that his promotion—success—*was merely the harvest of his own thoughts, crystallized as they were into activities that were worth all the advantages they gained for him.

This is a subject that will interest everybody. We want it to be profitable as well as interesting, so we ask you to write your letters in such a way that all may see *how* your mind brought you success.

Write plainly. Be as brief as you can without omitting anything essential. State your experience *clearly*.

Give your full name and address.

Begin your letter *now*, so you can send it in plenty of time for examination.

We shall have hundreds of letters and will print all that win a prize, and as many more as possible, *so do your best*. You may be a winner.

In the December number of *Our Magazine* we will tell who are the prize winners, and you will have your prizes in time for *Christmas*.

Read our offer carefully; get into the spirit of the work and then *write* to us.

(See next page.)

FIFTY DOLLARS IN PRIZES

WE want everybody to succeed in Business.

We want everybody to know the power of thought as shown by a continuous mental attitude in making failure or success. So we offer \$50 to be divided into twelve prizes, to be paid for the Twelve Best Letters which give TRUE instances where the proper Mental Attitude has brought financial Success.

The money will be divided as follows: The First Prize will be \$25, the Second Prize will be \$10. There will be Five Prizes of \$2 each, and Five Prizes of \$1 each, making \$50 in all.

We want your best thoughts, setting forth your EXPERIENCES as to the way you secured your success.

THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,
22 North William Street, New York City.

(Business Success the Result of Your Mental Attitude.—Continued.)

285 PLAINFIELD STREET,
OLNEYVILLE, R. I., Sept. 1, 1905.

To The New York Magazine of Mysteries.

DEAR SIR: According to your request and offer in the September number of Our Magazine I will try to write you a few of my experiences on various mental attitudes resulting in failures and success.

During my more than sixty years of life I have labored in many kinds of business, and feel convinced that certain mental attitudes have sometimes caused failure, while other dispositions of the mind have produced success. My first experience when a youth was that of failure, which I believe was the direct result of my disposition toward the line of business laid out for me, by my relatives who had me in charge.

The business seemed distasteful to my mind and, therefore, I only followed it as a matter of obedience to my friends; and in a mechanical way I attended to the details of the work, through two terms of apprenticeship of three years each; my friends at the same time believing that because my father had been very proficient in that business, his son would prove the same. Father, I believe, took great pleasure in his work, as I could see from all the writings and drawings he left at his death. He had risen in a few years from one of the lowest positions in the Worsted Factory and become the sole manager of the concern.

When I had served the six years' apprenticeship, I was made Overseer of one department, and I did the work for the sake of the salary, but felt no ambition to gain anything further in the business. I therefore, on the first opportunity and the slightest provocation abandoned the business, and left England to try my fortune in America.

Of course, I changed my mental attitude at once, as I was now going to select my own calling. With no special work in view, but with a mind intent on doing my very best in whatever I might strike, be it small or large, I called first at the office of a Print Works in Massachusetts, and being dressed rather well, as I had been accustomed to as Overseer, the Superintendent looked me sharply over, and asked what work I had been used to doing, and when I told him, he remarked that I should not want to work at anything beneath that position; but I assured him that I could put my mind into any new job.

To test my willingness and abilities, he said, "All right, you can go into the finishing-room, and take off your silk hat and broadcloth coat, and go to work on the presses along with the gang of laborers." I at once thanked the Manager and did as told, though it was the first time I had ever seen that kind of work. I quickly learned the process,

because I was determined to do so in order to show the manager that I was in earnest.

The laborious part of the work was too heavy for my constitution, so that on the third day I fainted under it, and had to be carried out. The men advised me to give it up, but to show my grit I returned to the work, and putting my whole mind into it, brought my body into line, so that in two weeks my labors compared favorably with the rest.

I had just begun to think myself a fixture in the finishing-room, when the manager called me to the office to ask me if I could do any Bookkeeping. I answered him "yes." I now began to think that I could do most anything. "Well, then," said he, "you may go down and take charge of the Drug Store; the bookkeeper will show you all the different kinds of drugs, and where to find them. The errand boy will do chores for you. You can arrange your work to suit your own fancy, only don't let the works have to wait for anything, and render a weekly report of the stock."

Here I was in another new position, with a wonderful lot of detail, but light, clean and pleasant to my mind, with a good raise in salary. Of course, my mental attitude toward it was just right, and I went at it with a will. It proved to be the happiest employment I ever had, as I could soon do it with ease, and have half of my time for self-improvement.

And I am fully persuaded that my mental attitude toward the above work proved to be the means of forever making a place for me in the esteem of Mr. Hall, my employer, to whose help and influence I can safely attribute most of my success in after life.

At one time I half-heartedly made a venture at hen-farming, and on account of my mental attitude failed. My friend, Mr. Hall, saved me from disaster, and started me off again in a line which I loved, and in which I was again successful.

I also gave my mind to the business I am now in; am successful, and have made it pleasant and profitable for the past sixteen years.

Had I my life to live over again, I would never engage in any work in which I did not feel perfect confidence, and which I could love with assurance of success.

And, above all, I think that the chief means of success comes from bringing ourselves to practice the heavenly motive of being the best possible use to our employer, and those under our charge, with little regard for our own selfish interests. I find that principle illustrated very clearly in the store-keeping business. I find this way makes the soundest business and insures Prosperity.

Very truly,

THOMAS WILKINSON.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing.—Psalm cxxvi, 6.

A Song of Life

By MARY LOCEY

Written especially for
The New York Magazine of Mysteries

MORNING

It was morning in the garden of my soul. The wild flowers blossomed, the birds and the brook sang, and I sang with them for very joy; we were happy then, I thought.

I heard a step at the gate and stopped singing, for the woman who entered was stately and tall and her face was a little stern.

I waited for her to speak.

"I am Duty," she said. "I have come with a message from your Master and mine. He says, 'Up and be doing for the night cometh'; He would have you work in your garden."

"O Duty," I answered, "why have you come to my happy garden with so sad a face and so solemn a message; what can I do? I am little and weak, I only want to sing."

"There are great stones in your garden," she said gravely. "The children may stumble over them."

"Yes, I know there are stones," I admitted, "but I cannot move them, and, perhaps, they may sometimes shelter a wild flower from the wind."

Still she persisted: "There are nettles and brambles by the brookside; they may hurt the children's hands."

"I know, but I cannot tear them out with my weak hands," I said. "There is much room in my garden. The brambles may, perchance, protect some bird's nest."

"Ah, yes," said Duty sadly. "There is room in your garden. It stretches far, and the soil is fertile, but is it not barren and unfruitful? Only weeds flourish, and the waters of the brook are wasted."

"O Duty," I pleaded, "do not trouble me so; I know that what you say is true. Some time I will heed your words, but I am happy now. It is beautiful here, in the shade of this tree. I like my

garden as it is. Even the rough little flowers on the nettles are pleasant to me, and the stones do not trouble me. Only yesterday I found a red rose of love among the brambles, and I pluck sweet blossoms by the brookside."

"Poor child," said Duty, and her face grew tender. "your daisies are little and wild and your roses are cruel with thorns. What will the Master say when He comes looking for lilies?"

She left me then, and for a while the birds forgot to sing, but a gay butterfly fluttered past, and I chased it merrily; for life was young, and I could not but be merry. I forgot Duty's words, and the morning passed with laughter and song. Was not the morning made for sunshine and laughter and singing?

NOON

I stood in my garden again. The sun blazed down at high noon. The flowers of the morning were withered at my feet, and the brook's song was no longer merry. The birds and I did not care to sing, for we were tired. I looked out over the garden stretching dry and desolate under the burning sun and was sad.

Again I heard a step at the gate, but it was not Duty who entered unbidden. I shrank from the dark stranger, but he sternly bade me stay.

"You, who would not heed the words of Duty, must listen to the voice of Pain," he said, but added more gently, "I, too, am from the Master."

Then he flung wide the gate that his black horses might enter and set his plowshare deep. I cried out for the wild rose uprooted, but he heeded not my cry. The ground shook under the heavy tread. I felt that the strange plowman was cruel. If he paused for a moment, it was but to burn the bramble or waste the nettles. I stood trembling by the tree with face hidden while weary hours passed. After a while came silence, and I knew my unwelcome visitor was gone. I looked and wept for loneliness. I listened for a bird song, but not one came. The birds had been frightened from my garden.

Then I thought of the one who had played with me through the happy morning hours, and called his name. No answer came. I was, indeed, alone.

Another stranger entered my gate and stood beside me. I looked up through blinding tears and

saw a face—the whitest, saddest face I ever had seen.

"I am Sorrow," she softly said. "I, too, am from the Master. It is I who have taken your heart's dearest treasures."

I reached my arm to her in an agony of grief. "Oh, give me back, if but for one moment, the little child that I loved. If I clasp him to my heart it may quiet its beating."

"It may not be," she whispered.

I was weary and would have fainted, but she held me in her strong arms, and bade me rest beneath the tree. She knelt at my side and laid her cool, white hand upon my fevered brow. It was tender, like a mother's hand, and I felt strangely quieted. Then she sang a lullaby—the sweetest I had ever heard. I think I slept then, for I awoke to find my head resting in her lap. She was still crooning the soft lullaby.

I was like a little child then, and wanted to ask her of the things that troubled me.

"What would you ask, dear child," she said.

"My mother taught me long ago," I began, "that the Master's name is Love. Why has He ruined my garden? Why has He taken my treasures?"

Her voice was like music as she answered:

"What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

"Where are my treasures?" I asked her. "I loved them so. Tell me that I may go and find them."

Again came the musical voice:

"In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I will come and receive you unto myself."

I slept again and awakened, and slept again.

Still Sorrow sat and sang the song of rest. I awoke and tried to catch the words. Faintly they came to me:

"Let not your heart be troubled. Let not your heart be troubled."

At last I was fully awake, and Sorrow said gently, "You are stronger now, I will leave you for a while. You do not fear me now?"

I looked at her face. It was as the face of an angel and her dress that had been gray was dazzling white like snow in the sunlight.

"You do not fear me?" she repeated.

"No, no! I love you!" I said. So she left me.

EVENING

I stood in my garden when the sun was so low that it bathed the distant hilltops with glory.

It was no longer desolate there; for Sorrow and Pain had been faithful. The birds were not singing, but white doves of peace cooed among the branches and the air was freighted with the breath of lilies.

How I had watched for their white buds to open! How I had rejoiced to see their golden centres! Had I not heard how, of old, a kingly One walked among His lilies at eventide. He would surely come. I had waited so long and had tended the lilies for Him.

At last He came; I heard no sound at the gate. I only knew that all my garden was filled with His glory, and then I heard my name softly spoken and knew the Master was there. I would have knelt at His feet in an ecstasy of happiness, but He said:

"Come, show me thy lilies. Their fragrance has ascended to My Father's home where thy treasures wait."

My heart sang songs that the birds of morning cannot teach as I watched the glorious form. I looked at the wonderful face bent in such joy above the white flowers and wondered where I had seen that face before. I thought of Duty's face back in the morning time. His face was like Duty's. 'Twas Duty's glorified. I remembered the sad face of Sorrow and the stern face of Pain. In His face I saw them all and wondered.

He drew near as He read my questioning look.

"Do not wonder, Child of Earth," He said tenderly; "for 'thou shalt know hereafter.' I am Duty, and Sorrow and Pain—all three. How couldst thou know that my name is always Love? Tend thy lilies, dear child, for the night draweth near, and the morning cometh."

He left me then for a little while, and told me to wait until He came for me.

I rested by the brookside where forget-me-nots and sweet violets grew, and the brook sang a new song. My heart knew the words:

"At evening time it
Shall be light;
At evening time it
Shall be light."

Look within! You know that in your highest moments an ideal of purity, honesty, loveliness, shines within you. Let that be your constant guide and companion as you work day by day, molding your life into its likeness.—Abby M. Duffy.

He who bends to himself a joy
Does the winged life destroy.
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise.

William Blake.

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The cycle of the heavy tasks has passed forever now, No more the soul need struggle slow behind the clod-bound plow, Eternal breaks the harvest day to bring each heart release; Hark! On the winds the angels' song "Ten thousand years of peace!"

NATURE now comes to the East Window, arrayed in dyed garments of scarlet and crimson and gold. The hills have clothed themselves in splendor and set their feet upon the borders of valleys where the rich green of the meadows is as yet untouched by frost. Like Eve of old, the ash and sumachs stand with leaf garments of beauty to behold the Edens before them. The heart is glad in the days. We are visited by the abundance of righteousness, the greetings of our own toil are in our ears.

"We watch the splendor come and go,
The waves of crimson sink and rise,
And golden, under golden skies
The field and forest glorified."

Not summer, with her quiet noons; nor spring, with tender tints of green; nor winter, with its robes of purity, can excel the cool beauty of this season. Tell me, mourner of little faith, tell me what brought the grace and glory of these landscapes? What dyed the robes of summer into this wondrous tapestry of mountain-side and high-arched grove? Was it warmth and sunny days? Was it the warm rains, was it soft and starlit nights?

Oh, mourner and disappointed one, it was none of these! The glory of the fruitage and the beauty of the autumn was brought by the touch of chilling frost.

Adversity, Shiva the Destroyer, the Adversary, came like a thief in the night and opposed the works of warmer days and more sunny hours, and forth came the completed harvest, the full-grown nut, the ripened fruit, the wondrous paintings of the Infinite Mind, hung upon the peaks of eternal granite, spread upon fields as the artist paints his canvas.

The treasure of the treasures is not brought forth till the sharp crisis, the testing touch of trial, awakens the latent forces within. Then it is the hard burr opens, the inner fires are manifest and the shouts of the gatherers of Love's bounty are heard among the hills. The stars in their courses are helping you now to fulfil your desires for oneness with your spiritual environment. The all-beholding, all-bestowing sun, type of life and power, is in the constellation Libra, and its influences are for unity, justice and a compensating for good performed. Now should all men ally themselves with that influence in a special manner. Break down the false barriers about you. Go in love and harmony of soul to meet all that has been hard for you, and, like Christian, in Bunyan's famous story, you shall find, as did the travelers of whom he wrote, "And when they drew near, lo, the lions were chained!"

Unity, not separateness, which is selfishness, should be the keynote now. You have lived enough and suffered enough to no longer need the lesson pain gives to him who will not learn. Be one with the Spirit and enjoy, even under the touch of frosty influences and cold winds, the beautiful harvests of the Spirit.

BIBLE BREAD.

For the bread of God is he (Truth) which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.—John vi, 33.

It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing. The words that I speak unto you they are Spirit and they are Life.—John vi, 63.

This is that bread which came from heaven . . . he that eateth of this bread shall live forever.—John vi, 58.

When you long for a closer touch with God, go out into the early dawn, even before the noises of day begin, and sing softly: *Open ye the gates that the King of Glory may come in. Open ye the gates, O my heart, open unto Love, the Lord of life. Let them be open that Love may go out and come in. I place myself in the midst of Thy stream of eternal flowing, O Love supreme! Do this for seven days and seven nights before retiring and Love's magic will work wonders within you.*

When you have been disappointed in a friend, go into your chamber and with earnestness repeat many times: *In the soul of my friend I look for the sign and seal of God's presence. It is there, and I will see it if I look tenderly. That which disappointed me was not my friend, but his mistakes, which grew out of his not knowing Truth and Love. If I continue to love him silently he will some day know the larger, truer life and live it. I bless my friend and love him now. These words shall bring new life and light to him, for they are words of Life.*

When you have failed in strength to do according to your light, say: *I can only be strong in the strength of the Spirit of God within me, therefore I acknowledge God as my strength to do and to dare what is right regardless of the flesh and its impulses. Yea, I am strong, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth within me.*

When you have a project dear to your heart with which you feel you must succeed, say with deep consecration and reverential trust: *Here it is, Father, this desire of my heart. I lay it upon the altar before Thee. I will wait upon Thee to bring it to pass, for Thou hast said, Wait upon the Lord and He will give thee the desires of thy heart.*

NOTE.—Each month we print these selections on gray cardboard, suitable for hanging on the wall, to keep before you as a constant inspiration. Send 10 cents to this office and we will mail you one of these beautiful souvenirs. Order early, as supply is limited.

Open wide the East Windows of your love life and let the glory of the sunshine flood your heart-chambers! You shall hear the murmur of pleasant fountains and the profound Æolian harmonies that are all about you as the mighty winds sweep by.

Arise, and as you behold new beauties in the changing world, see in them an inspiration to develop that type of new glories in yourself. Days of hardship come to every life. Without them we should learn little, enjoy little, love not at all. But the trail of your nature worketh new glories and the harvest time is with you. Troubles will soon pass away, but the mercy of God is everlasting and in Him: if so be you strive to attain, you shall yet rejoice forevermore.

The Word of the Lord

By C. W. Redington

How often we speak with reverence of the Bible, of the teachings of seers and prophets of all ages, yet do we realize what these teachings are? Simply the same "Word" that comes to us when we give it a chance.

Moses was not altogether a saint. He killed an Egyptian who was fighting with one of his people, he broke the sacred tablets that the spiritual forces had given him, yet he received the guidance of spiritual wisdom to the emancipation of a great people. David was not always very good. He levied tribute from less warlike neighbors, and his sins, both before and after he rose to power, were not to be excused.

Yet Moses and David received the Word of the Lord.

Sincere struggles for spiritual truth will bring the Word.

It is not beyond you, also, to attain to spiritual heights. It is not beyond you to have mental healing, spiritual comfort, the inward light and power.

The Word will come to you if for even a moment you are really in harmony with perfect good. It will come and help you if, for a time, you earnestly strive to attain. God is not a bargain-counter merchant who instantly hands out a rich reward for a moment of goodness, but He pours, like a great Niagara, His spirit upon the children of men, and we may fill our little cups if we simply hold them up to those everlasting and infinite fountains of truth and peace.

It is the good within us which keeps us alive. It is the Word which gives us every good aspiration. Be not discouraged. All things are yours, and you have but to attain to *harmony with the good within yourself* to gain the rest and joy you crave. To those who struggle and pray for that guidance, there is no missing of the lessons God teaches.

Tender and True

TRUE is the heart in the universe!

And tender and loving, I trow, as true,
Though seems it that life is a frown and a curse,
Yet true is the heart in the universe!

And when it has carried its lovings through,
And into the better has grown the worse,
We shall see, as when clouds from the sky disperse,
Leaving the deep and the quiet blue,
That true is the heart in the universe.

And tender and loving, I trow, as true.

J. M. Scott.

In the knowledge that rest is always for you be not neglectful of the spiritual Sabbath, that may come to you when church bells chime. Leave as free as possible that first day of the week and make it your time of communings, of spiritual searching and aspiration. In this recognition of the Eternal there is peace.

God is the Father Almighty. Forget it not! If all other comforts seem far away simply stand still and let Him work. For you who have done all you can do, God is continually busy.

My Compass

By M. Adele Thieman

I AM the captain of my bark,
Which is carried by the breeze;
Or which in tempest wild and dark
Is tossed through restless seas.

I do not know the course to steer,
The gathering clouds lie low;
But tho' 'tis rough, I have no fear,
The Port I'll make, I know.

The Sea of Life is very wide,
The harbor I cannot see;
But there's a compass which will guide
My little bark and me.

Without this compass I would be
At the mercy of the gale;
But with its steadfast aid, I see,
Without it I would fail.

My compass is the God of Love,
And His power will guide aright;
For tho' a captain, from above
I draw my help and light.

Do not believe yourself responsible for the sins of others. You are only burdened with the sins you yourself commit.

THE CHARM OF SPIRITUAL EXCELLENCE
By Owen R. Washburn
Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

NOTHING so differentiates the human from the brute creation as the perception of spiritual realities. In bony structure the child is very like the gorilla. In nerve and muscle our superiority over the frog is not so great as to establish manifest superiority. On the plane of effort in material things the horse is stronger, the deer swifter, the serpent quicker, the turtle a better swimmer. We are weak before the elephant, and the lion and tiger are far better fighters than we. In the realm of mind we are not always quicker than the lower creatures. A coming prairie fire is announced by beasts before men discern it. The cyclone is feared by them before man has consulted his barometer. The chickens oil their feathers for a rain when our weather man is predicting fair weather with rising temperature. In the realm of thought the animals have been taught much and have learned much for themselves, as one who has ever tried to trap an old bear or a fox has learned. It is only in the spiritual realm that man is indisputably in an order far above the rest of creation as we see it.

Our rise above the brute level has been upon the ladder rounds of which we call duty, self-restraint, obedience, love. These are spiritual attributes, and though possessed in a measure by animals of a highly developed type they are not characteristic of the brute creation as a whole, and are characteristic of humanity as a whole. The one life in all has laid upon the lower orders the task of physical development, physical generation and physical self-preservation. Upon man is laid the task of the brutes with the additional higher task of gaining wisdom, regeneration and spiritual consciousness. The weapons of the animal are material, the weapons of man are spiritual.

If we use the means whereby brutes thrive we may thrive like brutes, but not beyond the prosperity of stomach, limb and litter. To be really successful we must use the higher forces. There is no way but this. Jesus was commending His methods of attaining joy when He said "I am the Way and the Truth and the Life." He knew how to meet the world's assaults when He counseled us "Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for My yoke is easy." His method was the easy way to attain that which satisfies. Not, as some have taught, that we must go hungry and naked and loveless through the world, but that we should have as an open reward those things which we need. Though we suffer the loss of animal satisfactions by refusing to struggle and harm others as the animals do, yet in the general practice of policies and methods the spiritual is the way to that which is most worth while, including houses and means of subsistence.

Our needs, from the day we begin to toil for our ambitions to the day when we quit earthly activities, are love, health, harmony and wealth. The master-key to open all the doors and secure them is *Spiritual Excellence*.

High spiritual quality of soul is a charm which brings to us the best in life. Greater than the fabled philosopher's stone, which only made gold of lesser metals. Greater than the fountain of youth which Ponce de Leon sought in vain; it brings us first of all the love of those whom we ourselves are drawn most to love. Who is conqueror among women? She who by native purity and exaltation of soul wins love. Beauty of face and form she will have to some degree as the result of her own inner

life, but these are not her weapons and the love she wins will abide when these have been lost by age or accident. She holds her loved one against all rivals by ties that no sense-bound woman can control. The heart of man thus loved is comforted and uplifted daily by powers he may not understand, but to which he gives reverence. The charm works upon him more and more, and he is faithful to the spiritual woman because in so doing he feels that he is true also to himself. No other charm has ever endured. All wiles, devotion, romance, gifts and talents fade in power and efficiency at last, but from the dawn of the consciousness of love to the subtle change which comes, to the white face upon the pillow, the charm of charms holds good. Who is the man who has the love of good women, who finds and keeps his heart's desire? Even he who is spiritual in every phase of his consciousness, who does even material things for the promotion of unseen energies. Let the despondent, the disappointed lover, make himself great in the kingdom of the soul, a server of the unseen good rather than of idols of flesh and sense, and the most beautiful types of earth's womanhood shall be within his realm. If he may not gain the one he wishes now he will find in later years that when the old hopes die better ones take their place; "when half-gods go the gods arrive."

The charm is working even in low and evil places. With all their faults the great political leaders of to-day have spiritual power as their basis of action. Pervert it they often do. But had they not some saving attitudes of soul toward the spiritual men would not listen to them at all. The world calls it "great heart" or "good fellow" or "magnetism," but it is spiritual charm, the drawing power of a good thought for good things. With all their failings those men who seem but time-servers, who buy majorities and manipulate the people's money into their own pockets, have spiritual convictions of a high order. Their code is low, their actions low oftentimes, but they will, when they see the future threatened or an evil really dangerous to the masses of mankind, dangerous as they count dangers, refuse all honors and go down to defeat or financial ruin if need be so they may live up to the impaired and weakened but still spiritual ideals they have. It is not so believed, and the stories of their sacrifices are not heralded abroad, but those who have stood among those "in the seats of the mighty" know that in the most corrupt of political rings lives and thrives the glory of spiritual life and unhesitating sacrifice to the demands of a not easily awakened conscience.

The love of the people follows the charm. It was spiritual excellence that made Moses a leader in Israel and David king, in spite of his sins. It was this that inspired Isaiah and brought Jesus to Jerusalem as the incarnation of love. It was this that made Paul an orator of the ages; a leader of loving men. It was this that gave the apostles power over the hearts of sinning women and the bodies of suffering men till the multitudes called them gods. It was this that stirred the spirit of democracy in English hearts and on the Swiss hills till liberty was new born and Washington and Jefferson and their great companions were able to erect a new house for Freedom. It was spiritual excellence that exalted the souls of the Quakers to bear witness against slavery and war, and made them to be priests in the temples of God and happy in their lives till the same quality had raised up Lincoln from the forests and Grant from the vats of the tannery to set free the enslaved millions. Spiritual excellence gave these prophets and wrestlers with evil the love of a great nation and their names are written in gold. Their power you also might attain.

You desire health. Perhaps your choices in the past, your plane of life, your mental environment, have given you illness, weakness, pain. Continue the material life and the results you now suffer will still be produced. If you would escape present illness you must raise yourself to a plane where that

illness is not native, where it will fall away. If you would be a new creature seek those things which are above. Over and over the chance to choose between causes comes to us, and if we over and over reject the highest thought and life then over and over the whips and stings we ourselves have made will torture us. Woe unto those, a mighty host, who are so set in materialistic thought that they will say "We have not sinned to bring this upon us." For those who suffer but will not take an attitude different from that which brought the suffering there can be no release. If when Jesus said unto one whom He saw had need of healing "Wouldst thou be healed?" He had been answered with self-justifying phrases could He have benefited the victim? The unbelieving, self-righteous heart must suffer. But the charm of spiritual living brings health. Those who have it fill not themselves with meats so that the body is clogged, nor with fiery drinks that burn the life away. They are not found where the waste of life forces leads to the grave, nor do they run to excess in the pleasures of the body. They find not joys in these ways. They are not morbid of mind but cheerful and strong of heart, and from such the burdens of the body fall. For the physical as well as the spiritual, much is forgiven to those who love much.

If you would be healthy be filled with spiritual exaltation and mental humility. The Charm will set you free.

Domestic troubles cloud almost every family. The faultfinding, the meanness of some makes in-harmony for many. The answer to all such assaults upon you should be a high-minded attitude of love and dignity, with quiet, faithful service. Are you sending out hard, unfeeling thoughts, even a few? Remember it takes but a few seeds of discord to bring a large harvest. Retire from the warfare of material thoughts and live beautifully and without revenges or repinings, and you shall see happiness in your home such as you never dreamed possible.

You desire wealth, of course. You ought to both desire and attain. Be, within your most secret thought, kind, just, reliable. Make every man you deal with know you are trying to do just as well as business methods and common practice allow. Betray no one, be kind to all and you will find the Charm bringing you opportunities for profits. Can a man sell goods if he snarl at his customers? Goodness is the foundation for success that is a bringer of happiness. Serve your employer with gladness and constant faithfulness, and if you do not receive appreciation you will soon find an employer who will give you all you deserve.

In all realms it is the power to give success. By it Shakespeare sang and Whittier struck at wrong. By it the saintly Emerson evolved his high philosophy. It was with this that Frances E. Willard marshaled the millions for a more exalted life, and Clara Barton ministered to the sufferers of a thousand fields with the love and treasure of a nation to support her work.

It is the strength of all humanity. Virtue, personified, in the Emperor is the inspiration of the Japanese soldier and general. Not as heathen but as defenders of the spiritual quality in man do those armies and navies of the Rising Sun go forth. It is the same high quality which to-day is fitting man for the floods of spiritual sunshine that are upon the world as it swings at last into the great new cycle in which the thrones of cruelty and oppression shall be overthrown and the wisdom of the East wedded to the might of the West shall bring forth new races and new ideals fit for the Kingdom of the Living God.

If that sunshine has not fallen upon your forehead, if that light has not entered your heart, then know that you alone shut it out. Even now is the resurrection from the dead, and whosoever will may enter into that knowledge and that power which comes from taking to the inner life that Charm which is the best gift of the Oversoul to man.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT, BLUE WEATHER



O SUN and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright, blue weather.

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them from the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a word of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing.

H. H. Jackson.



TEMPLE TEACHINGS



One thing have I desired of the Lord; that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in His Temple.—PSALM XXVII, 4.

BELOVED, come closer, still closer unto Me. Art mourning over what thou callest failure?

Let not that word linger in thy mind nor spring from thy lips. 'Tis the word of those who see life, not in its central fulness, but rather in the broken parts of its circumference.

Art not thou brooding over what thou seest of thy incompleteness, rather than letting joy overflow thee because of thy vast privilege of seeing every instant a newer, truer, larger outlook, that will at last inclose thee and all thy being?

Ah, child of My heart, judge thyself as I judge thee—by thy motive, thy underlying wish and purpose, else wilt thou fall and faint full many a time and oft, for, looking on thy poor accomplishment, thou fain wilt let thine eyes abide thereon, rather than go farther and perceive the beautiful ideal that pushed thee to the effort to accomplish.

'Tis this, O my striving little one, that thou must ever fathom out at base of every life—this underlying motive. When thou hast this, when despite all stumblings and delays and dire shortcomings thy heart still doth yearn to reach the goal, 'tis well. Yea, e'en in the midnight of thy despair, speak not the word of failure, but rather as one who doth soothe a grieving child, speak lovingly to thy discouraged self. Say words of cheer and courage, and bravely bid another essay at the task.

Yea, Beloved, in the darkest moment, though thy tears fall, look up and see thy glorious ideal, speak words of joy and praise and spend not e'en an instant 'mid the shadows.

There! Is not thy heart comforted? Doth it not burn with a new zeal to scale the heights of difficulty?

How gracious, yea, how altogether lovely, is this fair conception of thy perfect self! 'Tis as a visible angel unto thee, for as thou dost give it love, it taketh form and shape and ever walketh with thee as thy double, shedding light upon thy path. Love it well, for it is as the connecting link between thee and Me, my child.

Now dost thou understand that in this inner vision and beholding, thou canst see the depth and oneness of the all-pervading, all-enshrining Life? I, the Life, am in thy vision and fulfilment of the Perfect. This the Whole. But in the unfulfilled and partial thou seest broken parts.

Ah, dear longing one, what thought stirreth thee? I know. 'Tis this. Thy heart doth question still, why, despite thy many efforts for the fair result of all thy striving, 'tis so long denied thee e'en when thou art most brave to persevere.

'Tis often this. That thou art too diffuse in

spending thought and energy. For pointed or particular end, thou must give concerted effort. To one issue bend thy thought and interest. Too often thou hast many things in view. Small cares, diversions, or it may be overflowing energies which need direction.

Heed these hints I now unfold, for the better conservation and unfoldment of thy powers. First, that thou mayest learn to focus toward a special end, set thou apart a time—the same for every day—and as surely as the appointed hour strikes be thou in thine appointed place. For the space of time, be it small or great, give thyself to that specific word or words, which most perfectly embody thy desire. Hold thy thoughts, thy will and thy full attention to this centre. Let not a wandering thought escape thy quick recall, and the substitution of thy chaser word. As the days go by and thou art faithful to this practice, thou wilt learn the mighty potency of unity.

'Tis thus, my child, thou'lt learn to concentrate and not diffuse thy forces.

See, now, the secret of thy mastership o'er all conditions that beset thee. Canst fail when Courage, like a beacon light, is set upon the high hill of thy consciousness, when Peace keepeth warm thy heart's desires, and clear-eyed Faith doth lead thee by the hand?

Courage, Peace and Faith are wondrous factors in thy soul's well-being, and if they be united, 'tis free thou art, and safe from all invading thoughts that mar and break the safe construction of thy house of life—thy character.

Think well, Beloved, and thou wilt herein find the clue to all thy states of mind and body.

Concentration or diffusion, both dost thou require in thy daily living; yet thy clear judgment must decree when one and when the other is most useful.

If thou, at any time, art lax and helpless in thy mood, be sure 'tis diffusion of thy mind's strong forces that hath wrought the mischief. Gather up, concentrate then, and bind together with the unit of thy heart and will.

'Twas thus thou camest here this day, with that dark word "failure" on thy lips.

But now, O child of my heart, thou hast learned that, like the drooping flower, thou hast only to turn with single eye and true, to the Light, to be revived and again restored to the beauty of thy real being.

Hast thou not read in My Temple Book these words I gave through one of My prophets? Look unto Me, and live, saith the Lord.

This meaneth, not with thine eyes alone, but with thy heart, thy thought, thy will and thy desire.

Think on these things, and may thy heart be touched with that wondrous Love which hath within it the potency of the One Great Unity. Peace be unto thee, Beloved!

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

HYMN FOR RESTLESS HEARTS

O RESTLESS heart, be still;
Thy weary longing cease!
Surrender to His will,
Who gives His loved ones peace.

Who calms the stormy waves
Of sorrow's surging sea,
From awful shipwreck saves
Storm-tossed humanity.

O love Divine, inspire
An answering love in me.
One single great desire
To lose myself in Thee.

—C. A. Stout.

There Is No Death

By J. L. McCroery

THERE is no death! although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms.

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
And say that they are "dead."

They are not dead! they are but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away—
They are not "lost" or "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,
They still are here and love us yet;
The dear ones that they left behind
They never can forget.

And sometimes when our hearts grow faint
Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm;
Their arms unfold us and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

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

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! the forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth
Are ever first to seek again
The country of their birth.

And all things that for growth or joy
Are worthy of our love and care,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
Are safely garnered there.

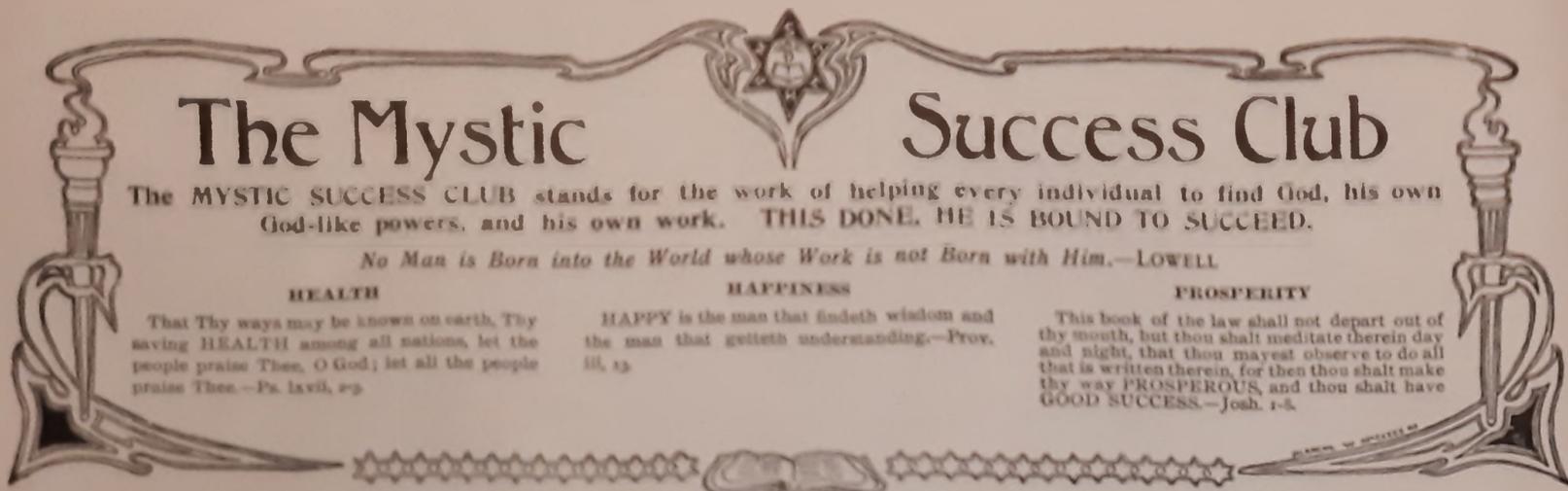
Though life become a dreary waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into paradise,
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of birdlike melody
That we have missed and mourned so long,
Now mingles with the angel choir
In everlasting song.

As the mother takes a little child in her arms to comfort it for a broken toy, so the Infinite Love, if we will let it, takes us in its consciousness to soothe and bless when we are worn and grieved.

Why do we strive with one another over little material affairs? With half the effort we spend in contests we might gain twice the good, even in material things.

You are kind, patient and lovable
when you live from WITHIN.
THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.



The MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB stands for the work of helping every individual to find God, his own God-like powers, and his own work. THIS DONE, HE IS BOUND TO SUCCEED.

No Man is Born into the World whose Work is not Born with Him.—LOWELL

HEALTH

That Thy ways may be known on earth, Thy saving HEALTH among all nations, let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee.—Ps. lxxvii, 7-9

HAPPINESS

HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding.—Prov. iii, 13

PROSPERITY

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do all that is written therein, for then thou shalt make thy way PROSPEROUS, and thou shalt have GOOD SUCCESS.—Josh. 1-8

SUCCESS is a word that quickens and thrills you into new hopes and new energies every time you think or speak it! It is the synonym for a life of good fruits. That is why you like it. It embraces and embodies the dear aims and efforts and beautiful might-be's you always have had in your heart. It is true that every one of us have or have had aims of Success, so you, being like all the rest, desire success, of course!

It is because we know your heart so well, know you to be so rarely one of the aspiring ones, that we want to help you, want to tell you that there is a way by which you can cultivate your God-given powers, and use them to attain success—or, in other words, you can use them to become, to accomplish and to acquire.

We have three KEY WORDS to indicate the motif of Our Magazine. These words are HEALTH, HAPPINESS and PROSPERITY. They mean a great deal to everybody, and so to you.

Health! What a grand thing, a necessity, is health! And Happiness is really essential to anyone's successful use of mind or body, is it not?

Success—Prosperity—in its broadest sense is the natural outcome of a healthy body and a happy mind.

So we started out to make Our Magazine a perfect and continual stream of good words and teachings that would lift everybody into Health, Happiness and Prosperity.

But there were so many who needed extra help, so many who, if they only had some definite, simple instruction for every day's practice, could go on from day to day unfolding more knowledge of the hidden powers within them, and more faculty for expressing their highest and best, that we decided to start the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB as an aid and supplement to Our Magazine's work.

We knew, of course, that to be a success the Club, as well as OUR MAGAZINE and every individual, must be built upon the Rock—the Rock of Faith in God.

So we decided that our name must be the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB, the word mystic meaning Inner, Hidden, Sacred—that in which God works.

What better foundation could we have than Faith in the working Power and Presence of God?

Well, we started the Club on this basis. You have only to read the letters that we print every month and in the Success Builder that we send out separately to anyone who asks for it, to learn how great has been and is the work of the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB.

It is a success because it has the right foundation, and because it helps everybody who wants help. We want you to see how beautifully the foundation and the work of the Club harmonize.

If you have faith in God you have faith that every one of His children is equally important; therefore they only need to know their Father and His loving good will to learn to desire every gift He has for them.

That is what we stand for and what we want to help you to prove: GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HAVE FAITH AND WHO WORK ACCORDING TO THEIR POWER.

The teachings of the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB are very simple—you cannot fail to understand them, and if you are faithful in practice, keeping childlike and sincere in all your efforts, you will soon prove the tree by its fruits. You have only to read the many happy letters we print to see how many are proving.

There are Four Lessons or Degrees which cover the four steps you are expected to take in the work of the Club. To each Degree you are expected to give at least one month's study.

These Four Degrees are called First Degree of Health, First Month.

The Second is the Degree of Receptivity, Second Month.

The Third, Degree of Personal Attractiveness, Third Month.

Fourth, Degree of Realization, Fourth Month.

With each Degree is sent a record blank wherein you are to place your daily report of experiences, study, etc. In becoming a member of this great Club you are expected to give the very best of your heart to the work, with all the sincerity and eagerness of a little child.

If you do this you cannot fail to be blessed in the results, but you are not to pin your faith to results. Put your faith in God. The Club is a mediator and entrepreneur, but claims only to help you find God, Whom you may prove to be a very present help in time of trouble.

Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, urges the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB, thus repeating the words of the Master.

So you, dear Brother, dear Sister, wherever you are, whenever you are, may come into our circle of God lovers and God workers, and help us prove the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, both by our faith and our works.

We need you, as you need us, in order to do a greater work collectively than could ever be done individually.

You will realize when you are in the great work how much unity means.

We do not urge you, but we lay before you the opportunity to join hands with the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB, whose object is to show everybody the path to HEALTH, HAPPINESS and PROSPERITY.

As this Club is for Brotherhood and Brotherly help, the conditions for joining have been carefully planned, so that you can join without any difficulty.

The requirements are, four subscriptions to Our Magazine (including your own), which, at one dollar each, makes a total of four dollars for a life membership. This entitles you, without further dues or payments, to all the advantages of the Club. This means, besides the four Degrees, special messages from time to time, correspondence, counsel and helpful help in every way possible, to suit your special need.

If you are already a subscriber you can get three friends or acquaintances to subscribe. Upon receipt of their names and addresses and the three dollars, we will immediately enroll you as a member, and send you the First Degree and Record sheet with directions for the first month's daily practice.

It takes only a little time each day, but what a wonderful investment of time!

It takes only a little effort moment by moment to live through a beautiful day of beautiful thoughts, but what a wonderful investment of effort!

Health, Happiness, Prosperity! These should be the outer expressions in body, mind and estate of the inner grace of the spirit.

When you are ready, send in your membership subscriptions. *Now is the best time, for why should the good, which will change every aspect of life, be delayed in its ministry?* The very effort you make to obtain membership is good for your development, and for whatever you do for your friends you will be greatly blessed.

Count not one aspiration lost, nor any effort a failure, for God is in it all.

Each and every member means added power, strength and opportunity to the individual members as well as the Club, and we will welcome you for the good you will receive yourself, as well as the good you can do for the whole.

We want to help you, as we want you to help us in helping the whole family of God. When you have read and thought over these things that we have said to you about our grand Club and the work it is doing, write and give us a heart message; tell us how you feel about this way of helping our Brothers. Do you not agree with us that success already achieved is the surest basis for further victory?

From North, South, East and West we welcome members who feel that this is the *day and hour* for doing the great work for the world.

With this writing we send forth a decree that *Health, Happiness and Prosperity* may be yours in ever increasing and abundant measure.

With love and good will to all the world.

THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB.

Care of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,

22 North William street, New York City, U. S. A.

P.S.—When writing kindly inclose stamp for reply.

WHAT OUR CLUB IS DOING

A Few Testimonials From Those Who Are Enjoying HEALTH, HAPPINESS and PROSPERITY

HEALTH

is the beautiful robe of the Spirit woven of noble thoughts and pure affections :: ::

Dear Mystic Success Club—How will I ever be able to thank you for all you have done for me in this past month. If you could see the change in me today from what I was when first I received

your prayers and vibrations, which I so earnestly sought, you would be very much surprised, I am sure.

I have inclosed my record of the Second Degree of the Success Club, and can truly say WONDERS HAVE BEEN ACCOMPLISHED, as I am feeling HAPPY and CONTENTED as never before. I know I will never be my old self again, and my DISEASE HAS NEARLY ALL VANISHED. Without your prayers and my dear little booklets, which have been constantly on my person day and night, I should not have been to-day what I am. All my friends marvel at the speedy recovery, and then so many blessings have come to me and well-wishes of my friends and mere acquaintances, that I have wept for joy. I never knew that I was so well liked before. That I can now sing many times in the day, where before tears and sighs were all that eased my troubled mind. I hope that my record will prove satisfactory, and if you see fit to send me the Third Degree, please keep up your prayers and vibrations for me also.

I thank you heartily, and may God bless you all and each member of our Club, and may the Magazine become a great and powerful blessing to many more unhappy, hungry souls.

I try very hard to gain more subscribers, and, as a sample, I give my last year's Magazine to keep, as I think if you've had a kindness shown pass it on. 'Twas not meant for you alone; pass it on.

Yours truly and sincerely,

MRS. M. LOEBIG, JR.,
510 Hickory street, Buffalo, N. Y.

You are in love's warm atmosphere, Sister, and can go on with courage and joy, for you have the sure promises of God to strengthen and bless you.

The Mystic Success Club—Inclosed find Third Degree Record Blank.

I thank God that I have been permitted to complete the study of this Third Degree. These Degrees have helped me in so many ways. My health is SO MUCH BETTER, and life seems so much brighter in every way.

Through the blessed Magazine I have been taught to think kindly of all people, and not judge anyone, for we know not what temptations they may have had.

May the time come when the teachings of Our Magazine will be spread into all homes all over our beautiful land.

Yours for Health, Happiness and Prosperity,

MRS. M. C. S.,
Sidney, Neb.

You have laid the right foundation for Health, Happiness and Prosperity, Sister, when you have learned to "think kindly of everybody." This is the beginning of the love that is the fulfilling of the law.

Dear Mystic Success Club—My Third Degree is finished, and I am looking forward to my Fourth.

My health continues to improve. The constipation is nearly cured; but my head, although much better, is not perfectly well yet. There is a cloud upon my mind which has been on it for nineteen years. I would be so thankful if it were taken away. But I believe it will yet. The cancer is nearly all gone. I thank God and you for the good I have received. I hope Our Magazine and the

Mystic Success Club will continue to prosper and do good.

Would you please send sample copies of Our Magazine to the people whose addresses I inclose.

With good wishes,

Your loving Sister,

ANNIE M. SMITH,
Muncie, Ind., Canada.

There is no reason, dear Sister, why the cloud should not disappear at once. Do not look into the past. Do not spend time in regrets. Be joyous, prayerful and praiseful, and you will rise above every cloud. God speed your efforts!

Dear Mystic Success Club—I have your letter, and I feel so glad that you think it would benefit both Mr. Brown and me to be treated by Mystic No. 12. During the last week I have improved most wonderfully. I sleep well, and my appetite is very keen. I just feel like another person. I have no need of the sleeping mixture any more. You have no idea how glad I am, and so thankful for your efforts in my behalf.

Is there any need for me to write to Mystic No. 12, and tell him that there is not anything to hinder treatment both for myself and husband? I have already written to him explaining my troubles, inclosing one dollar. I have had no reply, but I somehow feel that he has begun treating us.

I have filled in Record Blanks as near to the one I lost as I can remember, and trust that you will think me fit to receive my Fourth Degree.

Again thanking you for your goodness, I am,

Yours most sincerely,

MRS. ISABEL C. BROWN,
Sea Breeze, Fla.

Thank you for your good letter. Your progress is in line with your faith, and there is no reason why you should not receive the fullest measure of all good things.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I feel it my duty to tell you how much better I feel through kind Providence and Mystic Success Club. My general health is very much better, my heart does not bother me, can lie on left side and sleep. My eyes still bother me. I feel I cannot be half thankful enough to God and Mystic Club. Am doing all in my power to circulate Magazine as your good people have done so much in the way of getting me to see differently. I hope to still keep doing better day by day. May God spread the good work.

Lovingly,

MRS. W. H. NAYLOR,
Woodburn, Cal.

A thankful, grateful spirit will do more than anything to keep you on in the good way. You are doing well, Sister. May every day bring more blessings!

Dear Mystic Success Club—I have read the Second Degree daily, and wish to say I am more than pleased with this Degree. I am happier since I joined the Success Club than I ever was in all my life. When I joined this Club I was very sick, but thank the Eternal Spirit who is ever with me and with me now. I am better. I know if we do our part the Lord will take care of us. I will never come to do all I can for the Success Club, and if you think I am ready for the Third Degree, I will be pleased to receive it. Accept my thanks for the blessings already received.

Yours sincerely,

MRS. E. MASSIE,
184 Park avenue, Ironton, O.

To be willing and eager to do the Lord's will, is to have many and rich rewards. It is God Who

giveth all good gifts. Be faithful and you will gain the perfect health of the Spirit.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I herewith inclose record Third Degree. I cannot thank God enough for the work He has done and is doing through our dear Mystic Success Club. I am trying to live up to the teaching of the Club, and am feeling like a new woman. I am waiting for the Fourth Degree.

EMMA E. COPELAND,

Baird, Tex.

Dear Sister, your short letter tells much. That you are a new woman and are trying to live up to the teaching of the Club is the best promise of the blessings in store for you. Keep on!

HAPPINESS

is the deep content of a soul that knows and lives in the presence of God :: ::

Dear Mystic Success Club—I am now ready for my Third Degree, but I have been so BUSY and so HAPPY I have not filled out the paper, as all the days during the past month have been so

uniformly successful and happy. I did not think it necessary; and I can truthfully say that I have received help from unseen forces EVERY DAY. There have been only a few days that I felt depressed or rebellious against circumstances.

I have always wanted to trust God fully and completely, but I had no example, and my heart faltered. I felt that the Bible meant what it said: "It is God that worketh in you to will and to do, and without Me you can do nothing." I am so glad to be confirmed in this belief by so great a number.

And believe me, when I have experienced all the wonderful results promised from the study of the Four Degrees, you will have no more ardent supporter than myself.

Yours for Success,

MRS. B. F. PERRY,
Mount Sterling, Ky.

We are happy with you. What an overwhelming joy it is to prove that God's promises are true! It is this which gives the unspeakable happiness. With what joy you can go forward, dear Sister, now that you know!

Dear Mystic Success Club—I cannot describe the joy I have experienced since I have been a member of this Club. These four months have been the happiest of my life. I can truly say I know what it is to walk with God. I understand what John meant when he said, "I saw a new heaven and new earth." I feel so glad to find this Peace that I have.

I am well and happy. Thank God for this Blessed Club and the Peace I now have. I was in the dark, and now I am in light.

JOSEPHINE PATAT,

Athens, Ga.

He that doeth the will shall know the doctrine. It is because you have been so faithful in doing that you are privileged to know through experience. We rejoice with you and for you, Sister.

Dear Brothers of the Mystic Success Club—I am unable to tell all the blessed changes that have come into my heart and life since I have been a member of the blessed Mystic Success Club. Here I have found the way to obtain what the heart has desired so long. "Peace in Faith THAT ALL IS WELL." Since being in this Club I have learned to see that which is true—to see the reason for things where

before I saw only death, disease and evil. NOW I KNOW THERE IS NO SUCH!

My heart and soul are wrapped up in the Mystic Success Club; now do I know that its teachings can reach all discouraged souls and make them happy through belief and FAITH. May the Love, Light and Power of the Blessed All be with this Club always, to bring Joy and Peace into this blessed world.

Your Brother in the blessed All-Father-Mother,
JOHN P. HOPKINS,
378 Broadway, corner of Esther street, New Orleans, La.

Oh, this change in the heart and life, Brother, does our hearts good to hear! Yes, this is the secret of seeing God's goodness and increasing the true faith. Keep heart and life in unison, and know that the right heart means one filled with love and good will to all the world.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I inclose my Record Sheet of the Third Degree and end it with the expression of my happiness in belonging to the Mystic Success Club. I do not know of anything better in this world, and although I am far from being perfect, yet I feel so much happier than I did before. I can see my faults and try to correct them. I hope the members will go on increasing until the whole world has joined. Then the millennium would be here.

Yours in holy love,
ALICE MAUDE PINDER,
Edgeley P.O., N. W. P., Canada.

Bless you, Sister, for this free expression of happiness. We know you are blessed in all your ways.

Dear Mystic Success Club—Inclosed find my Record Sheet for Third Degree. I have been slow sending it in, but all of that hurry to enter the "Kingdom" has left me, for I know all is well, and in His own good time I will reach it. And I dwell in that quiet, calm, harmonious state continually, and receive strength both physically and spiritually daily from unseen forces.

"There shall be a new heaven and a new earth, for the former things have passed away," to me is a literal truth. I am so thankful that I ever became a member of the Mystic Success Club.

Yours in Love,
ALICE M. BORDEN,
438 South Third street, Camden, N. J.

Joy to you! No, there is no hurry. You will progress more rapidly since you realize this. What a help your experiences are in proving truth to you!

Dear Mystic Success Club—I herewith inclose Record of Second Degree. Words cannot express the benefit I have received since joining the Club and reading the Magazine. I feel that I cannot give them up.

I am more RECEPTIVE, my HEALTH is better, and my life is HAPPIER than it has ever been before.

Sometimes the way seems dark and discouraging, but I keep my mind filled with the thoughts: God is with and helping us; everything will be all right, and the way always becomes so bright and happy.

Accept my thanks for the blessings received.

Yours truly,
MRS. LAURA LUBKER,
Oacoma, S. Dak.

Yes, to know and acknowledge by word as well as act that God is in everything, is to find peace and the real light that disperses all clouds. You have caught the secret of faith.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I find that I have taken nearly four months to work out the Third Degree of the Club, and sincerely hope this is not wrong.

The absolute truth is that my time is so fully occupied with business cares that it is only at unusual times that I can take up the work of the Club and give myself to it in the spirit of devotion that seems to me really necessary to have it do me the good that it certainly does.

And what I want to tell you, in sending in this Third Degree and asking for the Fourth, is that all my world is changed. Life is so much brighter, better and truer in every way than before I joined the Club. Not only am I conscious of the change, but each one of my friends as I meet them ask what it is that has changed me so much. Feel so grateful and happy over it. Have had more good come to me since I read the first number of our beloved Magazine than in all the years of my life before.

My heart goes out in gratitude to all those who are not only making life so sweet to me, but to thousands of poor, burdened souls, and I sincerely thank you all.

ANNA B. MAINE,
95 Liberty street, New York City.

How much good your words bring to us, Sister. Yes, it is the spirit of devotion that makes the practice of the Degrees successful. We are glad you took the time which you thought necessary. Much more is accomplished when you in every way follow the spirit within you for guidance. Bless you, dear!

PROSPERITY

is the result of your will and willingness to work with God in His Gardens of Plenty :: ::

the time, and one day last week I ran out of money and had very little in the house to eat, and have two small children to feed, and I asked the Lord to PROVIDE FOR US, and at supper we were eating milk and bread. And I felt as thankful as if I had a grocery store at my command, when I walked a strange gentleman and asked if Mr. Weaver lived here, and I replied in the affirmative, and he said he owed my husband \$5 and gave it to me. You can imagine how thankful I was. I got on my knees and thanked God for hearing me. Then, a few days afterward, we had an awful hailstorm, and I went to the front door to look out, and there stood a lady by one of the large trees, the hail and rain just beating her with all its force. I stood and looked at her a second or two and saw it was impossible for her to cross the street, so I asked God to help her, and in one or two minutes the rain and hail stopped suddenly, and she got on her wheel and went her way.

My husband is making MORE MONEY at present than he has for years; we are paying some old bills which have run some time. Now, dear Brothers and Sisters, I want to ask you to pray a special prayer for my husband that he might turn to the teaching of our dear Magazine, and follow it. He is a good man. He has no bad habits. He uses no tobacco nor any kind of liquor, nor does he use any kind of bad language. All he needs is the Spirit of God to rule over him, and I want your prayers to help me to bring him to live a spiritual life. I don't say anything to him, only pray in the silence for him, and I know God will hear our prayers.

Yours in love and Success,
MRS. E. D. WEAVER,
West Colfax avenue, Denver, Col.

What sweet and childlike faith you have, dear Sister. Your experiences are just what come when one lives the life of faith. Go on with the sweet expectancy that whatsoever you ask will be received. Our prayers are with you.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I write to let you know that I received Message No. 7. I read it at night. If I am too tired to read it all, I always repeat the Invocation on my knees. I love the work. I thank you and the All-Father for the many blessings I have received since He led me to join it. My sons have had steady work all the time, when they used to be without it for many months at a time.

May God bless you in the good work that you are doing for mankind, is the wish of my heart.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. SARAH A. ROSS,
No. 213 Stark street, San Antonio, Tex.

The fact that you love the work, Sister, is a sure evidence of what it will do for you. Not one earnest effort or prayer is ever lost. God is with you in all ways.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I have finished my Fourth Degree, and I have been wonderfully helped. I trust in the name of the good Lord that He will help me in all ways. My husband has made great wealth. We are living as well as we can.

Your true friend,
MRS. C. H. ALLER,
Port Tampa City, Fla.

We are glad indeed that your prosperity has been so established, and pray that you will always be enabled to do great good with your wealth. Be as a little child in humility and faith, continually asking to be guided in all your ways.

Dear Mystic Success Club—It is indeed with a feeling of gratitude that I write you concerning the Second Degree, and I assure you that I am surely unfolding to the truth of Eternal Life. I owe my SUCCESS to you and the MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES. I know I am on the right path now, and the Father hath surely blessed me. I am becoming receptive, and I know that I can trust both God and my soul. I inclose the Second Degree. I am glad to say that I am happy in the good work of God's loving ministry to mankind. Wishing you Health, Happiness and Prosperity,

I am yours in Christian love,
S. N. REYNOLDS,
Arthur, Cal.

When you realize, as you have, Brother, that it is God's truth that brings success, you have gone far toward achieving. We are glad in your faith and joy. Keep on in the ministry of good works.

Mystic Success Club, Dear Brothers—Inclosed find my record for Second Degree, which I should have sent a while ago. I begin to understand now that by joining the Mystic Success Club I did the best thing ever I did in my life.

Mystic Success Club—I am writing to tell you of one or two of the many blessings that I have received since finishing my Fourth Degree.

My husband is away from home all

Hoping to soon get the Third Degree and wishing you all grand success, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN HOLZENBERG,

No. 516 North Santa Fe avenue, Salina, Kan.

How much hope there is in thinking you have done a good thing, but in doing the best thing there is not only hope, but joy, assurance and power. Brother, may every day prove that you did the best thing in joining the Mystic Success Club.

Dear Mystic Success Club—Inclosed you will find report of my Second Degree, and while it has been delayed on account of many things over which I had no control, yet it has been a source of great help to me. The report is not at all satisfactory to me, as I did not work it as systematically as I did the First Degree, but I sincerely hope that I have finished it in a way that will entitle me to receive the Third Degree. No one can know what a help and comfort the Degrees and the Magazine of Mysteries are to me. I would not part with what I have gained from the little study and devotion and practice that I have given them for anything that I know of. And yet I feel that I am only on the borderland of great possibilities that shall make for wonderful success if I only follow the course that I have marked out for the future, and, God being my helper, I am determined to do that.

Wishing you great success in your laudable undertaking, and with love for the whole human race, and not only the whole human race, but for every atom of God's creative hand, believe me,

Yours sincerely,
J. A. McNORTON,
114 South Sixth street, Wilmington, N. C.

We are glad indeed to hear that you have found the wonderful benefits of a life of "study, devotion and practice." This is what makes for the largest and truest success. We rejoice with you, Brother.

Dear Mystic Success Club—Inclosed find record of my Second Degree, and hope it will please you, as I worked it out to the best of my ability, and I must say that I have been helped, OH, SO MUCH since beginning those Degrees. I don't know what worry is any more, and I sleep like a child every night. I know that I am on THE ROAD TO SUCCESS—I feel it. But I am very thankful for all the blessings that I HAVE received. Please forward the Third Degree as soon as possible, as I am anxious for it.

With much love to all members of our Club, I remain yours in love and good will to everyone,
MRS. M. E. O'CONNOR,
1125 Eighteenth avenue, Denver, Col.

Your peace, your faith, your calm waiting upon God will attract to you all that you can ask for. Dear Sister, God keep you always as a little child, with perfect trust in the Father, who giveth all good gifts.

General Testimonials

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

Dear Mystic Success Club—I have just finished my Fourth Degree, and am happy to say that I am IN SPITE OF ALL ENVIRONMENT, VERY

MUCH HELPED in body, ENLIGHTENED in MIND, and STRENGTHENED in SPIRIT. I have tried to live up to your teaching, as far as has been in my power, realizing that I must be in my soul truth, love, righteousness, and strong to help others, if I would draw these blessings to me. This past month's teaching has been the most helpful, delightful one of my life, so restful. It has been a pleasure to perform the many duties of housekeeping, that have heretofore been such drudgery, and I have not even felt fatigue. God, who is Love, Truth, Purity and all Power, is blessing you, dear loving teachers, for your work. I do so desire to be able to understand the life, that I may be able to uplift the I in me, to draw all others to God, beginning in my home, making the family true helpers in the world's work. I must have knowledge and wisdom before I can impart it to others, and my FAMILY NEEDS HELP from you. They are now receiving vibrations of help to a life on a higher plane. I received your "Message No. 1" IN HOLY LOVE and feel the power of loving helpfulness. Help me to open wide the doors of my understanding, that I may realize my earnest desires for good for myself, family and all the world.

May the richest blessings of Heaven be yours for the work you are doing,

Lovingly,
MRS. F. M. PHILLIPS,
506 West Moore avenue, Terrel, Tex.

What a calm, sweet atmosphere your letter gives! It carries a power which will be felt by all who read. Thank you, and God bless you, dear Sister.

Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings, and the years of thy life shall be many.—Prov. 4-10.

All falling waters, passing stars and changing planets are obeying law, God's law, and are not lost or outside the power of God. Child, do you think you are able to fall out of the hands of the Living God?

Eighty Years Old

"Ah, she is old," the people say,
Shaking their heads so wise and white.
But what care I? My heart is young—
I am only eighty years old to-night.

"Ah, she is old, wrinkled and worn,
She mourns her past, if people say right,"
But what care I? My heart is young—
I am only eighty years old to-night.

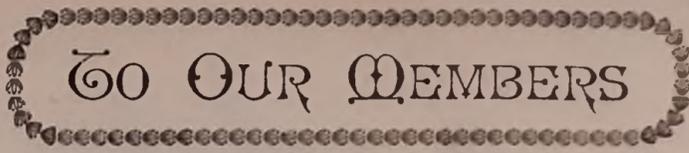
Eighty years of wondrous love,
That fills the soul with radiant light.
Why should I care? My heart is young—
I am eighty years nearer home to-night.

—M. Le Brain.

One of our Mystic Success Club members.

Do not forget that we have the beautiful MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB PIN for \$1.50, or for two subscriptions to OUR MAGAZINE. Everyone ought to have a pin; it is the badge of Brotherhood as well as Success, and the mere wearing of it will keep you in touch with brothers and sisters all over the world.

If you are living up to the teachings of our Club, you will count yourself young as the years go by. The spirit never grows old.



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BELOVED, do you read over every letter of our testimonials? You will find uplift and incentive to go on. Every time you read these letters, you find an *faith, courage and power.*

Do you know why? Because you get into the vibration of the writers of these joyous victory-breathing letters! You feel a closer fellowship. You catch the contagion of their peace, their assurance, their sense of victory, and you feel the sweeping volume of the tide of HEALTH, HAPPINESS and PROSPERITY.

Do not fail to keep OUR MAGAZINE at hand so that at any time during the day, if you wish to connect yourself with the Club and get into its vibrations, you can read the helpful words of these members who so gladly write to bear witness of the truth they have proven.

Some of you want to know why we cannot print the letters from the discouraged ones. We have referred to this before, but for the sake of those who feel the need of a few words more, we will say again, *we want every one of you to be in the vibration of courage and success, not discouragement or failure.*

We know the law: *As a man thinketh, so is he.* We realize that the one who has fallen into the mire cannot be helped by a large company who have also fallen in, but by those who, having fallen, have *already escaped*, and so are able to give directions to the struggling ones. We therefore say to you, *Get upon the plank we hold out to you, and look neither to right nor left, but walk straight out upon dry land.*

The plank is *Faith*, reached by right words and childlike trust. Once upon the plank you will have courage, and with courage you will be able to overcome *yourself*, which is the great and *only obstacle* to your success.

You *do not need reason* (by which you may argue yourself out of the difficulty), a *thousandth part* as much as you need *faith* by which you may conquer *with acceptance.*

There are many paths of reason; there is only one path of faith. The MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB is trying to lead you into the path of faith, and help you to become *patient and sure-footed* that you may journey safely to the end. Will you not, therefore, try to *hold fast the sound of right words*, because they only will help you? Will you not say to yourself, forcibly and earnestly, *"I will walk by faith not by sight, in the Spirit rather than the flesh, asking no questions, but with the faith of a little child obeying my Father, who says, 'Acknowledge Me in all thy ways, and I will direct thy paths'?"*

Every word of the Mystic Degrees, Beloved, the letters, the comments and the general instructions to the Club Members, is important to you. Be faithful and you will both prove and understand.

Our Voluntary Help Fund

A PROPOSITION TO THE MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB

WE have found that there are members of the Success Club who occasionally need financial help to bridge them over a really urgent need, and we feel that it is our duty to gather together a sum of money to be called the "VOLUNTARY HELP FUND of the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB," to take care of these urgent cases. We are going to do our part to raise this money, and we want YOU to do your part. We are going to make the month of September an illustration of what can be done when we all work together. Understand, this VOLUNTARY HELP FUND, with your assistance, is to be a permanent fund of money set aside in the form of a trustee fund to be used to help members of the Success Club whose cases need immediate financial assistance.

Now, this is the way that we can start the fund with a substantial amount of money. On our part we will donate 20 per cent. of all moneys received for memberships in the MYSTIC SUCCESS CLUB during the month of September.

When you joined the Mystic Success Club, you sent three subscribers. You know the benefits you have derived. Go and see each one of those subscribers and ask them to join, and in that way you will be doing your part. This 20 per cent. should bring to the fund \$1,000 if you only succeeded in influencing one of the subscribers to become a member of the Mystic Success Club; if you succeeded in getting two new members it would bring \$2,000; three new members would bring \$3,000, etc.; so you can see that if we all work together during the month of September we can start off with a very substantial NUCLEUS, by which we can help our brothers and sisters who are in dire need.

There are cases where the suffering includes helpless old

people (some as far along in the earth journey as to have covered eighty years and over), and again it may be a father out of work, a needy family or the homeless friend who needs a bridge to step upon in order to reach the other side. It is immediate relief that we want to give, and Our Voluntary Fund to tide over these surging waves of adversity until the brother can get his feet firmly fixed upon the bedrock principles of Health, Happiness and Prosperity.

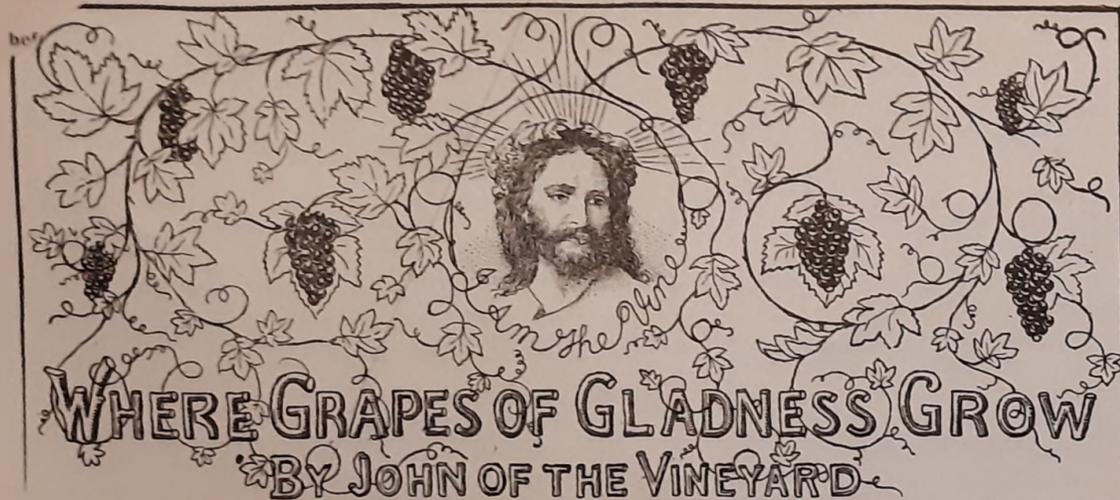
We have reprinted the above from our September issue that you may know the plan of establishing the fund. Up to the present time we can only report on receipts of the first week of September, but it is a good showing so far. Next month we will have the receipts of the last three weeks of our September work, and we are sure by the end of the month we will have a fine start.

Here are the receipts:

From memberships received during first week of September, the 20 per cent. WE DONATE amounts to.....	\$60.33
Voluntary contributions by letters.....	16.25
On hand.....	\$76.58

We are already called upon to bridge over some very urgent needs, and rejoice that we have even this much to begin with.

Now Brothers, Sisters, carefully read CARROL'S CONVERSION and you will see there how much can be done through the Voluntary Help Society and in how many ways you can be Voluntary Helpers. Absorb the spirit of Carrol's work and see how much of it you can put into the work for the VOLUNTARY HELP FUND of our Mystic Success Club.



In learning there are dangers. Not in knowledge, but in imperfect knowledge lie these wounds.

This electrical age has wrought many miracles. A silent wire drives noisy cars, and noiselessly lights the house. But in achieving this there has been the sacrifice of many lives. Because man did not know all the ways of electricity, and because he did not always use his knowledge of those ways wisely, the blows wounding and killing were struck.

In the discovery and use of the powers within man there are kindred dangers to the discovery and use of the powers without.

In psychic unfoldment there are dangers. Mysterious forces, unmastered, hurt. These forces, out of their proper channels, wound and kill like electricity unchained.

In the days of Jesus this was called demoniacal possession. It was thought that evil spirits held possession of the unfortunate one reveling in orgies of insanity. In all countries, in all religions, there has been a kindred belief. Because of this the Church and the State have prohibited psychic research, and today mediumship is looked upon with suspicion. But, as one has said, Church and State made a mistake in translating into a universal prohibition what should simply have been a warning.

Intelligent spiritualists today publish books and in their papers discuss the facts of obsession, or as one has called it by the title of his book, "The Demonism of the Ages." These plainly teach that evil spirits get possession of people, defiling them, dethroning their reason. Many cases of insanity, they aver, are simply such demoniacal possession; and they claim that high-minded mediums in fellowship with pure spirits, break the spells of the evil spirits setting free the enchained ones. It is their conviction that this throws light upon insanity and the treatment and cure of the insane.

Here, then, let a little danger signal be set. Only that—not a wall barring the way; for through this country many upward pathways go and these should not be held from their journey to the blissful end.

We may escape the danger by not putting too much stress upon the value of psychic phenomena. Its chief value is in giving evidence that death is but transition, that those who have gone from us still are remembering and loving us and expecting the day when we shall meet again. For the comfort of a heart wounded by the bereavements of death this evidence is of the greatest value. In knowing that death is not the end there is infinite consolation. Some cannot enter upon this consolation except by the gateway of psychic phenomena.

But when it is known that the dead live on, the grave not end but beginning, what?

Death is naught but transition, it is not cleansing. In death's touch there is not perfection, more than there is in the touch of birth. What the conscious soul is before death, it is after death. If there are those in the flesh who with evil intent would injure you, there are those unfleshed who would, with a like intent, also injure you. As you are choice in the company you select here from among all classes and conditions of men, so also you should be choice in whom you allow to become, as it were, your spiritual fellow. To keep an open house here, letting anyone who will invade your home, would subject you to many evil and dangerous guests. So, also, to keep an open soul, letting anyone who will come, is even more dangerous, as the subtlety of spiritual evils is greater than coarse material ones. We must choose our spirit guests with even a greater care than that with which we choose our friends fleshed. Simply because something lies above our normal consciousness we must not conclude that it is, therefore, clothed with divine authority. To do this is as wise as to deify electricity, and the one who makes known to us its phenomena, because it lies out of the house of our understanding in the realm of wonder.

Because in physical life we discriminate, keeping in our own ways, avoiding dangers, in right relationships with everything, we live, lengthening the number of our years. So we must move among the subtler forces of the universe, poised, self-

centered, rightly related, loyal to the eternal truth, loving the eternal love, living the eternal life.

Quality of life is more important than phenomenon of life. It is the kind of person, not simply person, which makes the sacredness of the race. Two persons may have "eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer," and yet be as different as Shylock and Antonio, Judas and Christ.

In the same soil, visited of the same sunshine and dew, one vine grows grapes, another fills itself with poison. In the same forest lives the wolf, the raven and the doe to gentle all the shades with peace.

The kind of soul you are is all important, not that you have riches or poverty, a city home or a country home, the skill to run an engine or the knowledge to grow a harvest. The kind of self you are is the great thing. To this all else is minor.

Not that He lived in Palestine; not that He walked in Galilee and communed with the Father on Tabor's heights; not that He healed the sick and called back the dead to life again; not that He moaned in Gethsemane and on Calvary uttered His cry of death; not that the eyes of Mary saw Him risen from the grave, and the adoring eyes of many disciples beheld Him lift from Olivet into the Father's bosom; not that He said nor did, but what He was made, the majesty of the Christ and the transforming power He holds over the hearts of men. These all helped to reveal Him, as clouds make known the wonders of color hiding in the heart of the sun; but Himself, His quality, His being, this was the central and deathless value, even as the sun in itself is the abiding, creating greatness, always more than any passing of its revelations in the colors on mountain or on sea, in wild wood flower or the bluebird's wing. So we should be intent upon achieving a divine self, not upon any fleeting phenomena of that self-manifestation.

Not the bulk of things, but their quality. An Alp values less than a diamond. A man's life is worth the wealth of the world. It was not the length of the Christ's life—only thirty-three short years—measured by years, that was only sunup!—but the kind of life, its divine quality, made him the Sun-Soul of the centuries.

And so the thing of central value is not the many years I may live, but the kind of life. Time is counted "not in years nor figures on the dial, but in heart throbs." Length of life is measured by noble thinking and the bravery of great deeds.

Nor even that, for to the deed something is primary, and to the thought. It is the kind of life that thinks and does, the kind of self you are. Like a spring sending forth its waters, can that self multiply noble thoughts and pure deeds without end? Not the beauty that manifests in the ripened grapes, but the life that may rhyme endless vines and fruits, the life without end, always able to make new bodies for its manifestation is the central essential.

So granting all the truth claimed for psychic phenomena, that is not our central business here in the world. We are here to realize the finest quality of life possible. To clear our skies of all clouds of ignorance and storms of fear, and see true in the truth of God, which is the truth of ourselves. We are here to call forth into our consciousness that deep and eternal being which is ours in the perfect ideal which the mind of God holds for us.

That teaching which brings us into the true knowledge of ourself, which helps that knowledge to actualize in our consciousness is the teaching of central value. All else is secondary. The teaching which brings us into direct, conscious fellowship with God, that we realize the power and graces of His being, is primal to the souls, as life is primal to the tree. A man may know about things, how they combine, how they act; he may be able to read the rocks and the stars; the lightnings may give their secrets to him and rocks yield him their treasures; but if his life be mean, if it is not partaking of the Christ life; if his conscious-

self be mean, if he is not a partaker of the Christ nature, then of what avail?

With the fires of the Christ love burning in our heart, and the light of the Christ truth shining in our eyes, and the sweetness of the Christ word mellowing from our lips, and the kindness of the Christ deed achieving by our hand, we are safe in the midst of this or any world. "No evil can come to us on ocean or on shore." Evil thoughts that are floating about can have no place in us to work their hurt. They cannot smite our souls with the discords of insanity. Evil spirits in the flesh or demons out of the flesh, ignorant spirits or goblins incarnate or discarnate—none of these things can move me, for I am Christ's and Christ is God's.

Only the Christ within shall be my Master. He shall be the touchstone for all that claims to be truth! Embosomed in God, living and moving and having my being in Him, my feet walk in light, my hands serve in love, my eyes see in truth, and my heart beats in tune with the perfect Life which is the greatness of all worlds and the splendor of eternity.

An Inert Life

We follow beaten paths; we come and go
As order marks our course, from day to day;
We choose the easy steps, nor seem to know
Where lead the paths that branch along the way.

We fill the measure of our little round
Of daily cares and toils and harmless joy,
And count us happy to have early found
The means our lazy powers can best employ.

If by mischance, or on a fancy bent,
We break beyond our customary bound,
The smart and hurt by Nature kindly sent
We deem the marks of limitation found.

So there we halt, content our lines to know;
Nor dare again to test our timid powers.
No more beyond our circle will we go,
Since now we know what to account as ours.
Sheldon Leavitt, M.D., in Mind.

God offers you a higher understanding of manhood as a gift this hour. He teaches you by allowing you to go away from His love and learn what follows. Having suffered, return, and if you will now seek Him you may be sure you will find His love. The very call of the aspiring heart is His first answer. "Here am I."

As you see the transmutation of the earthly into the heavenly, the flowers and all they mean being brought from the dark earth, be sure that something more is symbolized. Your dark and dying past shall also be transmuted by the sunshine and rain of God's seasons into the lilies and roses which make the fragrance of the Eternal Gardens where you at last shall walk with God.

If every material form is made to fill a place and serve a use in material realms, be sure that every experience is made to fill a place and serve a use in life here and hereafter. Consider no effort wasted that was inspired by a good thought.

If you have association with narrow minds, make your own broader and broader till the narrow one shall occupy so small a place in the sources of your happiness that they shall no longer vex you.

When cast down just forget about it. Sing aloud or to yourself some hymn of hope, some glad song of childhood days. It will drive the shadows away. There is no virtue in suffering from fear or loss.

The Larger Prayer

At first I prayed for Light—
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength—
That I might tread the road
With firm, unflinching feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith—
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in His peace,
Though fears were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love;
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark His plan.

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

Ednah D. Cheney.

OUR IDEAL HOME

PARENTHOOD—"The heart of it is Love—the end of it is peace and consummation sweet—obey."

"Sing a Song 'o Sixpence"

By Jean Kenworthy

EVERY child knows the rhyme, "Sing a Song o' Sixpence," but very few have any idea that it is anything but a nursery jingle. It is, however, an ancient and interesting allegory.

The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, and its crust is the sky which overarches it. The opening of the pie signifies the dawn, when the birds begin to sing, which is, indeed, a sight for any king.

The King, who is represented as "sitting in the counting-house counting out his money," is the Sun, and the golden pieces which slip from his fingers are the golden sunbeams.

The Queen, sitting in her parlor, is the Moon, and the honey is the moonlight. The diligent maid who is at work in the garden before the Sun, her King, has arisen, is the Daybreak, and the clothes she hangs out are the Clouds.

The blackbird which comes by and ends the song by "nipping off her nose" is the Sunset. Thus we have the whole day in a pie, if not in a nutshell, a reminder that, early in child life, the parent should seek to teach the little folks that the long, golden days and the starry nights mean something more than playtime and sleepy time, and it is not so hard a task, for whoever saw a child that did not love to hear the "tick, tick," or see the "wheels go round"?

By observing the clock or timepiece the child sees the divisions which are marked upon the face of the clock, and with his ever ready question asks the meaning of these marks and divisions; this is the opportunity to explain all the wonderful things that can be done by good calculation or division of the hours of the day.

Froebel, in his matchless "Mother Play," gives us in "Tick Tack" the thought of connecting the clock with daily duties by a game in which the arms are swung to and fro to the rhythm of the pendulum. For instance, one of the earliest lessons to be taught is that of cleanliness.

Take the little one to the window in the early morning and point out to him the dew-spangled flowers, the moist, green grass, fresh from the morning bath; point out to him the mother cat as she makes her careful toilet for the little kittens to follow suit. Show him how even the birds plunge into the water as it dashes up from the water spout, taking the cold plunge with the delight of a human being. This is all to be connected with the clock by holding the little one so that he can see just where the hands point. Of course, he will not realize the hour by the name or number, but he will recognize the location, and the next day when the hands again reach the point he is familiar with he will know that duty calls to the bath. This is not robbing the child of freedom or limiting him in any way; it is making an interesting item out of what might have been a tiresome necessity.

Children should be given little tasks to do at certain times and kindly, but firmly, held to the time as well as the performance of the duty. The "wait a minute" should be discouraged in the beginning and promptness made a virtue, for, to quote Froebel again, "To me it seems that there is no single thing which, from the day of his birth, is more important for man than the doing of things at the right time." Order, harmony depend upon the response of the individual to the call of duty. So why not take time to give our children a little lesson which, if made interesting, will help to smooth out many a tangle in after years?

Really, when you come to think of it, Time is one's inheritance, one's stock-in-trade, a fortune that is his own to spend as he will. It is necessary to wisely put aside so many hours for the care of the body, its feeding, bathing and resting, but to put the balance of the account into the best paying investment, that is the vital question. To spend these moments for that which will build up and make noble his whole existence is surely the wise thing to do.

If careless, disorderly habits are formed, the

precious moments slip away, leaving one bankrupt as to time. Tasks are hurried through and done in a careless way, cross and irritable temper gives voice to unkind words that have to be repented of later. The little courtesies which are thought of have to be omitted from lack of time and finally are forgotten altogether, the individual gradually sinking into the habit of selfishness, thus drawing around himself a line of limitation that will bind him tighter and tighter as the years roll on, crushing out his very best qualities.

There is no place for the one who has no idea of punctuality. No one wants him in the business houses, and in the home he is the one who rolls the burdens upon the other members of the family to the heartache of those who love him and the disgust of those who do not.

Let us train ourselves to wisely dispense our days and hours, winning results from the last fraction of the second, and thus prepare the way to follow intelligently the admonition of Froebel, when he says:

Oh, teach your child that those who move
By Order's kindly law,
Find all their lives to music set;
While those who this same law forget
Find only fret and jar.

The clock is not a master hand
Ruling with iron hand,
It is a happy household sprite
Helping all things to move aright
With gentle guiding wand.

Its quiet tick still seems to say
"Though time pass velvet shod,
It guides the universe round
Of worlds and souls—for it is found
Deep in the thought of God."

A Teacher's Prayer

TEACH us the alphabet of each child's needs; the marks that make the long, the short, the full tones of a life. Help us to learn the syllabus of just words and with them write the story of a day. Oh, may we punctuate the theme with happiness and cheer; and may we in the period that marks the end put every memory of strife away. Then grant us inner peace and rest.—Amen.

Minnie E. Hays.

"One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each."

Little Sunbeam

By Ernest Neal Lyon

WHENCE and whither, dancing by,
Little Sunbeam?
Tarry a moment! Can you? Try!
Let us be comrades—you and I—
Bring me a message out of the sky,
Little Sunbeam!

What is your secret? Whisper it, pray—
Little Sunbeam!
Are you ever smiling and merry and gay?
When folks are frowning, and hopes grow gray,
Never do you steal sadly away,
Little Sunbeam?

Tears are so many and smiles so few,
Little Sunbeam,
Here is a work for us both to do;
Bringing to mortals of heaven's own blue,
Making the dreary earth blossom anew,
Little Sunbeam!

Chase all the shadows out of my brain,
Little Sunbeam!
Sorrow and solitude, worry and pain,
Deeds that are selfish, dreams that are vain,
Make me a Child of the Morning again,
Little Sunbeam!

—Collier's.

Believe in Your Boy

You can safely count on a boy's love being genuine. If you knew a boy must cross a swollen stream, where the bridge was partially washed out, leaving only a few narrow, shaking timbers, would you not be interested? Would you not be willing to do all in your power to help him cross in safety? Yes, you would help to twine ropes around the beams for him to catch hold of; you could hardly keep your hands off the safety rope around his waist in your anxiety for him. How you would cheer, encourage and sympathize with him in his undertaking!

When a boy is passing from childhood to manhood he needs just such encouragement. He is worth saving, worth protecting; yet he often crosses the dangerous place amid the taunts of older brothers, the ridicule of sisters, the criticisms of father, and even the half-hearted sympathy of mother. No one understands his case, therefore we are inclined to be lenient with others and pity the boy.

But suppose he happens to reach the estate of manhood unharmed, unblemished—what then? Oh, the family are proud of "our son" and "our brother."

It has been said that Horace Mann, in a speech at the founding of a reformatory school, said: "If all that is expended here saves one boy, it will pay." Some critic said: "Did you not put that too strong, Mr. Mann?" He replied: "Not if it is my boy."

Yes, they are all worth saving. Oh, that we all had the wisdom and determination to save at least one boy! Would it not be well for the hasty to remember that the boy is a part of God's great plan? Also, that Rome was not built in a day?

It is much better to put the children to bed in night-clothes that have not known the touch of a flatiron, and between unironed sheets, with a good-night kiss and pleasant memories of the day, than to have them fall asleep troubled by a tired mother's fretful voice. A good mother is a name much more worth striving for than that of a model housekeeper.

The Wheel of Life

The wheel of life, with centre love,
Goes whirling round for years;
And as each one is passing by,
New joy in it appears.
An endless circle it will be,
Of joy and happiness;
And there will be within each day
Great pleasures, e'er to bless.

When love commands the wheel of life,
Propelling it for good,
We in life's pathways ever find
The blessings that we should.
Each day will bring such happiness,
Contentment and sweet peace,
While as we journey o'er life's way,
Our joys will e'er increase.

Martha Shepard Lippincott.

If you think or feel anything to-day that seems too good to be true, grasp it, believe it, endeavor toward it, and to-morrow it will be true.

When we do an act of kindness something divine is born within us, then from the shining East there is borne to us precious gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, to assure us we have pleased God.—
Delmer E. Croft.

The home is God's kindergarten, where He prepares His children for the heavenly life, by giving them gifts and occupations.

For the Children

The Chipmunk

WE love the clear, blue mountains,
With the graceful, rounding domes,
And the lake with its fringed islands
And its circle of summer homes.
But the dearest summer pleasure
Which our happy thoughts recall
Is our gay little friend the chipmunk,
Who lived in the old stone wall.

All days were good to the chipmunk,
He knew neither pain nor care,
He basked in the summer sunshine
And frisked in the pleasant air;
The rain never caused him trouble,
Nor made his spirits fall,
He smiled on the heaviest downpour
From a niche in the safe stone wall.

He worked every hour of the morning
As if winter were coming soon,
And he took not a moment's respite
Through the long, hot afternoon.
His wishes were never consulted,
And his rights were counted small;
He had really but one sure refuge,
His home in the gray stone wall.

Whatever misfortune befell him
His shrewd little eyes were bright,
His stout little heart was merry,
And his cheerful footsteps light.
And we laugh with the little chipmunk,
'Tis a good world after all,
And we toss a kiss to our neighbor
Who sits on the old stone wall.

—Helen Marsh Fletcher.

How Clarence Alfred Saved the Robins

By Costella Gale

CLARENCE ALFRED had never been in the country till that summer, and he was glad to be all alone under the old crab-apple tree. He had just finished his bread and butter when above his head he heard the robins, two of them, crying. He had heard his grandma say that that noise they made was always just the same as a little boy's crying. Just as he looked up and saw the robins' nest a little robin came right over the edge of it and fell down upon his straw hat and knocked it off. The bird lay upon the ground, but was not hurt. Clarence Alfred was ready to pick it up, but he looked again and there was NIX, the old black cat, close to the nest and the mother robin was flying in his face to keep him away from her baby birds.

"Drama! Drama!" cried the boy. "Quick! OF NIX is eatin' the baby birds."
Grandma came out with the broom and though she could not reach Nix she frightened him away, and he ran under the piazza. Then she picked up the little robin and wondered what to do with it. "If I put it back into the nest it will fall out again or the cat will surely get it," she said.

So she went into the house after a peach basket and some strong string, then brought the step-ladder and climbed up and got the nest with two more baby birds in it, the father and mother birds crying all the time because they thought she was stealing the little ones.

"Now," she said, "we will put the nest with the little birds into the basket and hang the basket on the end of this long limb and tie it. Then the old cat cannot reach it, for the limb is too small for him to walk upon, and they cannot fall out for the basket is too deep." So she left them, as Clarence Alfred said, to "Rock-a-bye baby upon the tree-top." The old birds fed them every day, and the little boy watched them till they were large enough to fly away. When the old birds were not too busy they would sit on a branch and sing Clarence Alfred pretty songs because they liked him for being always so kind to them.

Pushing Forward

There is always a way to rise, my boy,
Always a way to advance;
Yet the road that leads to Mount Success
Does not pass by the way of Chance,
But goes through the stations of Work and Strive,
Through the valley of Persevere,
And the man that succeeds, while others fail,
Must be willing to pay most dear.

For there's always a way to fall, my boy,
Always a way to slide,
And the man you find at the foot of the hill
All sought for an easy ride,
So on and up, though the road be rough
And the storms come thick and fast,
There is room at the top for the man who tries,
And victory comes at last.

—Sumner.

My Best Friend

I AM going to give this orange
To the one I love the best,
To the one of all my many friends
Who is dearer than the rest.

Perhaps you think it's Mamie Jones,
Or little Edith Price,
But if you do, you are surely wrong,
Although they both are nice.

The one who cares for me the most,
Who gives me all I need,
Who nurses me when I am sick,
Oh, she is my friend indeed.

Of course ere this you have guessed her name,
There surely is no other
Whom could I ever love so well
As my dear, precious mother.

My Dolly

MY dolly looks so gentle,
So innocent and sweet,
You would think I had no trouble
To keep her fresh and neat.

And yet of all the dollies
I really do suppose,
My little Angelina
Is the hardest on her clothes.

She sits in dusty corners,
She lies on dewy grass,
She's bound to play with Towser
If he should chance to pass.

I had to go a-shopping,
I went to a bargain store;
You know that's Mama's ragbag
Behind the closet door.

I bought some cloth and muslin
To suit my pretty miss;
It cost me twenty dollars—
A dollar means a kiss.

I argued, coaxed and scolded,
But after all my care,
She has not in her wardrobe
A garment fit to wear.

But Mama says my dolly
Is not so much to blame;
She knows a little person
Who does the very same.

She says when I am so careful
As ever I can be,
My little Angelina
Will pattern after me.

Bruin

BRUIN is not, as you may think from his name, a big, burly bear. He is a very pretty, playful Angora cat. He is called Bruin because he has a shaggy coat of seal-brown fur, which makes him look very much like a little bear cub. He has four white feet and a white ruff round his neck, and a funny white patch on one side of his nose.

Bruin has had a very strange life, for a cat, and maybe you would like to hear about it.

He was born at the home of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who wrote some of the pretty poems you have learned to recite. It is a very lovely place, on the shore of Long Island Sound. The house is built on the rocks, with the waves singing all around it, except at the back, where there is a beautiful lawn. On these rocks and the lawn Bruin and his little brothers and sisters, and their mother, Lassie, used to tumble about and play all day long. You never saw a happier family.

Perhaps Mrs. Wilcox loved these little kittens all the more because their father, who was a very handsome white cat, died when they were only a few days old. At any rate, she did not leave them behind when she went to live in New York for the winter. Lassie and her four babies went, too, and shared Mrs. Wilcox's apartment on the top floor of a big hotel. It was a great change for them. They had a few buttons to play with, but the rooms seemed very small after the rocks and the lawn and the wide veranda at "The Bungalow."

They were all very happy together, but one by one the dear babies had to be sent to their new homes. All Mrs. Wilcox's friends wished they might have one, and I was one of the happy people to whom one was given. Bruin came home with me.

It was a wintry day when I went, armed with a big basket, to a house at Brighton Beach, where Bruin had been sent to keep his little sister company. The two kittens were playing with each other so happily that I could hardly bring myself to take Bruin away. Little Fluffy's mistress told me that Bruin was the brighter cat of the two, and I felt very proud of him. Finally, after he had

some warm milk, I put him in the basket, and tied it with a ribbon. But before I got out of the house, Mr. Bruin had squeezed out of the basket. I took him back and tied the basket up more securely, and we started out on our long journey.

What a trip that was! We took the Elevated train to the Brooklyn Bridge, then another train across the Bridge, then the Elevated to the Grand Central Station. All the way Bruin was crying in a soft, complaining voice, and everyone was laughing at me. When we were safe on the train for New Haven I let him out, and he cuddled down inside my coat as cozily as could be. But he cried as loud as ever when I put him in the basket again to take him from the train to my home.

Since then he has been our delight—a real circus. We call him our monkey, our baby bear, our kangaroo, for he has funny little ways that remind us of all sorts of animals. He is very fond of helping us when we are working in the garden. He will roll all over the plants we have just put in, or dig them up. He is very happy if he can manage to steal a hatpin. He will climb up on the shoulder of a caller and pull it out of her hat. Then he will run off with it to the kitchen, and roll it on the floor, performing all sorts of clever stunts with it, just like a trained acrobat.

He is sitting on my desk now, and tells me to send his love to you, and to all the pussy-cats you know.—Anita Trueman.

How to Tell the Time

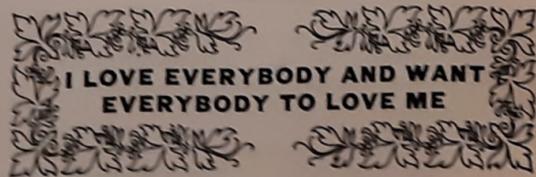
I'VE just learned how to tell the time;
My mother taught me to,
An' ef you think you'd like to learn,
I guess I might teach you.
At first, though, it's as hard as fun,
An' makes you twist and turn,
An' mother says that they is folks,
Big folks, what never learn.

You stand before the clock, jus' so,
An' start right at the top;
That's twelve o'clock, an' when you reach
The little hand, you stop;
Now, that's the hour, but you've got
To watch what you're about,
Because the hardest part's to come—
To find the minutes out.

You go right back again to where
You started from, an' see
How far the minute hand's away,
Like this—you're watchin' me?—
An' when you've found the minute hand
You multiply by five,
An' then you've got the time o' day,
As sure as you're alive.

They's folks, I know, what says that they
Don't have to count that way,
That they can tell by jus' a glance
At any time o' day;
But I don't b'lieve no fibs like that,
Because of that was true,
My ma would know it, but she showed
Me like I'm showin' you.

—William Wallace Whitlock.



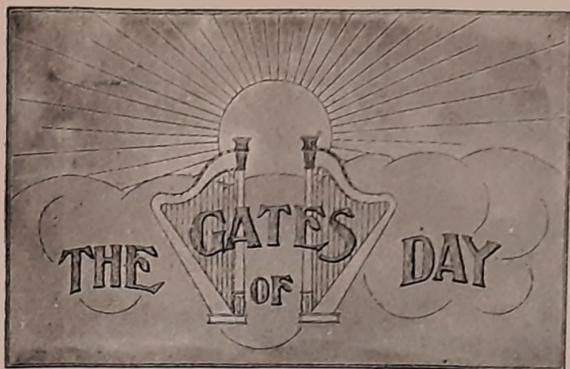
I LOVE EVERYBODY AND WANT
EVERYBODY TO LOVE ME

If I Were You

If I a little girl could be,
Well—just like you,
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue, and shining hair,
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile,
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see
That everyone would turn to say,
"Tis good to meet that child to-day."
Yes, yes, my bird, that's what I'd do,
If I were you.

Or, if I chanced to be a boy,
Like some I know,
With crisp curls sparkling in the sun,
And eyes all beaming bright with fun—
Ah, if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive with all my might
To be so true, so brave, polite,
That in me each one might behold
A hero, as in days of old.
'Twould be a joy
To hear one, looking at me, say,
"My cheer and comfort all the day."
Yes, if I were a boy, I know
I would be so.

—Sydney Dore.



How oft we waste ourselves upon the Morrows.
Building imagined troubles till they rise
Volcano-like. Anticipated Sorrows
Create the pessimist with hopeless eyes.

Enjoy the blessings of To-day; Heaven sends them!
The seeming ills with patience sweetly bear.
The Morrows are designed by God who lends them,
Before they leave His hands, the power of prayer.

Who loves Life, will not waste Time, for time is
the stuff of which our life is woven.

Only To-day is ours. Hush, cease repining;
For have not all the yesterdays returned
To God, who weaves for each a golden lining
With all our aspirations there inburned?

Each struggle for the Right in our life-story
Will be depicted by the Artist's hand
With all the shadows flecked with distant glory
Unveiling what we now misunderstand.

To believe a business impossible is the way to
make it so. How many worthy projects have
miscarried through a lack of Hope! With small
hope, little is attempted, because little is expected;
while Great Hopes are the breathings of great Souls.

Hopes crucified, with heart's plans rudely scattered,
The deep self-sacrifice that seemed in vain,
The unrequited love so cruelly shattered,
Such agonies as rend the life in twain,
Will win an overflowing compensation
For us within the Kingdom of the Soul,
Where earth's frail years gain such illumination
That all shine out, symmetrical and whole.

Next to ingratitude the feeling of despondency is
the most unprofitable that man can indulge in.
Nor must "this dejected 'havior of the visage" be
looked upon as humility; it is rather the vexation
and despair of a cowardly pride—nothing is worse.
Whether we stumble or fall, we must only think of
rising again and going on in our course. Hope is
the reasonable worship of God. I say "reasonable,"
for is it sane to expect any real evil from the
Fountain Source of Goodness?
Hope is a Christian's duty!

Past, Present, Future, leave to the Designer
In perfect trust! The end means perfect rest.
The necessary fire of the Refiner
Will make our spirits glorified and blest!

When we know that God is the Absolute and
Perfect Goodness, to expect unmixed evil from Him
who shapes our destiny is the vilest ingratitude.
Men will confess many kinds of sin—murder, theft
and all the long list—but who will confess ingrat-
itude?

We rightfully assume the veracity of our soul's
consciousness, its intellectual integrity. It asserts
that God is Good—and in our sense of the word.
We have, indeed, no right to say that His goodness
will exclude all suffering, all sin, from his domin-
ions—nay, great suffering, great sin. These we
can well see may be meant for the highest good and
permitted by absolute benevolence for such an end.

If we are to become "Perfect, even as our
Heavenly Father," how can it be realized save by
overcoming evil, graduating in Virtue? How
could man become a moral personality save by
overcoming that which is essentially unworthy?

The art of Life, the art of arts, is the art of being
good—not "saintly sad."

Yet fair are days in summer; and more fair
The growths of human goodness here and there.

Never yet
Could all of true and noble in knight and man
Twine round one sin, whatever it might be,
With such a closeness, but apart there grew
Some root of knighthood and pure nobleness.

My Thoughts Are Birds

By Ella Higginson

My thoughts are birds that haste away to thee,
Winging the miles that hold us now apart,
And then at night, worn out with ecstasy,
Drift homeward to be hovered in my heart.

Woman's Home Companion.

You need to look up, Sister—to keep your eyes on
that light before you—the light of your dear ideals.
Then life will be beautiful and sweet, for you will be
accompanied by angels—your sunny thoughts.

FOR THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD

Thought to be held at 12 M.

"Remember ye not the former things; neither condemn the things of old."—Isa. xliii, 18.

Thought to be held at 9 P.M.

"Behold, I will do a new thing. Now it shall spring forth. Shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert."—Isa. xliii, 19.



YOU are sometimes prone to look upon past happenings and events with keen regret, but do you know, Beloved, this is like looking away from light, and conjuring images of darkness that mar the pleasure and the usefulness of your day?

The text we have chosen for the day is to be as a scythe to the grass to be mowed down. It will mow down your habit of looking backward, if you will be faithful in using it. For, Beloved, to look upon the past, which may be dark or sorrowful, is to bring its shadows into the present.

And this must not be. Full many a life is sapped of the sweet uses of adversity because their lessons are never learned.

Health belongs to you, Beloved, and joy, and the radiating sunshine of content, but regret in the heart and black pictures of suffering before the mental vision blight them all.

REMEMBER YE NOT THE FORMER THINGS; NEITHER CONDEMN THE THINGS OF OLD.

Print these words in large, plain letters upon a white sheet of paper. Place them where your eyes may fall easily upon them, and thus will they become engraved upon your mind. When the noon hour strikes, for the space of one minute or five, mentally or audibly repeat the words until you feel that they have touched the spring of a new peace in your heart, and verily, Beloved, you will breathe the breath of freedom, and look abroad into the delights of a new day.

After a few days you will have established the habit of living in the present, rather than the past, and when the old pictures return a few repetitions of this beautiful text will make them fade away as dew before the sun.

Best of all, you are preparing for the realization of what is promised in the evening text.

BEHOLD, I WILL DO A NEW THING. NOW IT SHALL SPRING FORTH. . . . I WILL EVEN MAKE A WAY IN THE WILDERNESS, AND RIVERS IN THE DESERT.

What a promise! Even a way—a plain path in the wilderness! And when you are in the desert, suffering for refreshing water, rivers shall spring forth! Rivers are comforts. Think of it, Beloved. All darkness shall flee, all desolation (which is the wilderness) shall vanish, and in place of suffering comforts shall abound.

Is it not worth your while to keep the noonday and evening hours as trysts with the Father who giveth all good and perfect gifts?

Peace be with you, Beloved!

No. 7.

The Way of Life

A FLOWER grew above me on a ledge—

A sweet, majestic bloom, with perfume rare;

I sought to pluck it—though out-reaching far,

My hand closed over on but empty air.

Night fell; I sought my couch, but still in dreams

That one fair flower before my vision grew;

With morning's earliest beams I hastened back,

Full of desire the treasure to pursue.

Behold! before my eyes a lesson lay;

Beneath lay pure white lilies, crushed, but sweet—

In my mad struggling for the things beyond.

I trampled precious treasures 'neath my feet.

Irene Littlefield Miner.

Sunset on the River

How grand the beautiful sunset when shadows
slowly fall!

Across the flowing river the echoes softly call.

The sky a brilliant opal, the sun's rich golden ray,

Spreads shifting varied lights as twilight shadows

play.

No artist brush can paint the mingling light and

shade,

The opalescent searchlight that tints the forest

glade.

Harken from the distance to echo of the hailing.

From snowy plumed heron across the river sailing;

The gentle waving wing, like white and floating

mist,

Will carry him across the Western amethyst.

The purest angel white and downy feathery gar-

ment,

Was given to the heron for his nuptial adornment.

How proud the egret moves through air ere comes

the night!

With noble grace and rapid, he takes aerial flight.

And as the shadows fall, peeps forth the pallid

moon.

While distant oboes call so like a dying swoon;

For far across the river, in yonder willow's pond,

His lonely mate is calling, of whom he is so fond.

The sun is slowly sinking while Luna proudly looms.

Now lights the snowy heron and folds his magic

plumes.

While yonder ship at anchor awaits the break of day,

The evening star is shining while currents sweetly

play.

A song of the deep, deep sea the lonely sailor sings;

A distant melody the south wind gently brings.

And when the day is done we bless the Mighty

Giver

For all this glowing splendor, the sunset on the

river.

Marie Elizabeth Lamb.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER QUARANTINE STATION,

LOUISIANA.

Love Thoughts

THE warm, earnest and living desire for excellence

and the reaching after it, makes us in league with

excellence. It extends our horizon of possibility,

distances our zenith of power and lessens our con-

flict with "weakness and sin." In our trials we

have been mostly alone. Even those to whom we

would naturally turn for love and sympathy, like

the rest of humanity are looking for our love and

sympathy and not our trials. And we are glad to

stand erect so that all burdens may roll quickly

from our shoulders, while we take the wider view

of human needs and rejoice in our work. Instead

of telling of our trials we leave them in the past, or

bury them, plow them under and think only of the

perfect furrow for our feet as the result. Our own

trials mastered, we smile in showing others how to

utilize and thus obliterate their tribulations as they

go. We look through the woe to the weal. The

redeemed throngs coming up out of much tribula-

tion are happier and better advanced in knowledge

than the very elect who have had no cross and await

no crown of victory.

If among the thousands who see this, there is one

who is oppressed with trials, you may shut yourself

up with the infinite Mind and claim all you need.

It is not God's sympathy you want, it is God. And

then you will not longer need or desire sympathy.

You will be equipped for helpfulness. Your own

thoughts will become batteries to charge every sub-

stance with which it comes in contact.

As surely as Intelligence is everywhere (and life

and growth universal make this truth self-evident),

all Nature is in love with you at this moment. Be

still and know. Real Love is spiritual power which

makes you realize its verity in your own individual

being. The very atmosphere of heaven all about

you is Love's breath; the trees and flowers express

their Love for you, and wave their leaves in loving

greetings; the birds wake early to call you with

their theme of love, and the winds whisper it in

their matins and vespers; the tides tell it to the

rugged shores, and the waves dash high in their

eagerness to show you the depths of the Ocean's

love; the rivers roar it, and the brooks and branches

sing a ceaseless lullaby of love to you; the stars

twinkle their love upon the earth, and leap for joy

of telling you how much you are loved and cared

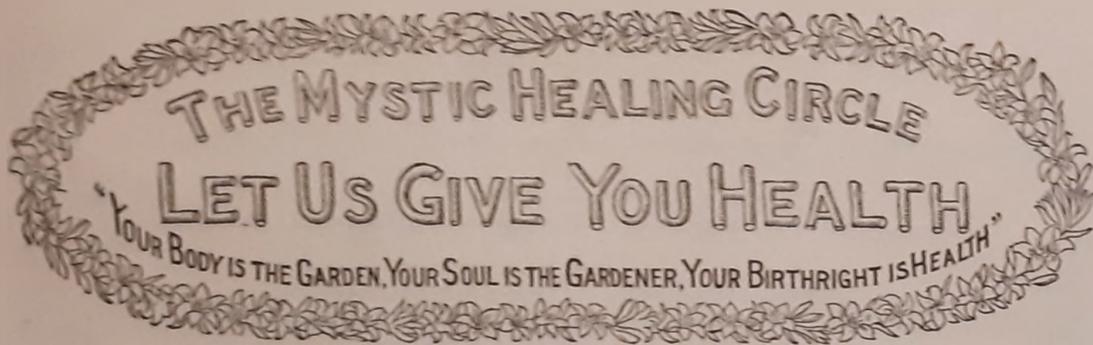
for; the skies bend above you to symbolize The

Measureless Love and protection, and the moun-

tains and hills woo you to lay their treasures of

wealth at your feet.—The Life.

Did you give that coaxing child the flower she
asked for? Did you pay an extra cent for the paper
you bought of that little humpbacked acrobat?
Then your work for to-day has not been in vain, for
you watered some flowers in the Garden of Life.



"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."

HOW WE HELP THE SICK

All those who are suffering from sickness of any kind are requested to write a personal letter to our Mystic Adept Spiritual Healer. Tell him candidly the nature of your disease, that he may immediately give you SPECIAL TREATMENT, surrounding you with HEALING VIBRATIONS, also giving you TRUTHS that will UNFOLD THE KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE'S LAWS, revealing the secret of PERFECT HEALTH and LONG LIFE.

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 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.

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 inclose a two-cent stamp for reply. Address Mystic Adept No. 12, NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, N. Y. City.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT”

The Ideal Life

By Mystic No. 12

AND let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.—Gal. vi, 9.
A member of The Mystic Healing Circle has kindly sent me these words of cheer:

CHEER UP!

Cheer up! The rose is redder
Than the ones we saw last year;
The lark's gay song is sweeter
And happier to hear;
The grass is getting brighter,
And fairer yet to see—
The world is growing better
Than it ever used to be.

Cheer up! The sky is bluer
Than it was a year ago;
The very smiles are gladder,
And have a richer glow;
The raining and the sunshine
Are helping you and me—
The world is growing better
Than it ever used to be.

Cheer up! The rose is sweeter
The birds have newer songs;
We find more things to please us,
And dream of fewer wrongs.
There's always lots of honey,
So let's be like the bee—
The world is growing better
For folks like you and me.

This is an age of action; activity. Very few know how to be still. The disciples of Jesus at first thought that they were to be rulers in an earthly kingdom. Let us consider first of all the foundation of this kingdom.

For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—I Corin. iii, 11.
We, therefore, have a sure foundation on which to build. How are we building on this foundation?

Now, if any man build on this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble;
Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed

by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.—I Corin. iii, 12.

Your real self—your soul—never dies.

Therefore, take a few minutes each day to cultivate your soul powers.

If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire.—I Corin. iii, 15.

I have often called your attention to the fact of you being both soul and body.

You feed the physical body with material food daily.

Your soul needs daily nourishment also.

Dwell daily upon the fact that you are now an immortal soul and have powers never yet developed.

Live in the consciousness of your immortal soul powers. Forget time.

Live in the consciousness of eternity.

You are in eternity now.

When you live in the understanding of your immortal soul and live in a belief of immortal soul life instead of living in the five senses, the whole world will become changed to you.

Old and discouraging thoughts of former loss and failure will drop away from you, because your soul like an eagle soars freely, having found the heaven within, it rises to the heaven without.

He has made each an individual and your best success in life is when you find and understand yourself—your real self—and commence to develop your individual gifts.

Dig deeper than you have ever dug before, if you will find the true gold which is your real self—your immortal soul.

It has pleased God to let me live for years among people who in their daily life lead this ideal life.

It was heaven right here and now.

Old conditions fell away.

All things become new. Why?

Because they were all building upon the one foundation—Jesus, the Christ, and building in the right way. There was Harmony.

There was Peace.

There was Joy.

There was Rest.

There was Courage.

There was Hope.

Read the words of Jesus and see how they all breathe of harmony with all of God's Creation.

Consider the lily, because the lily lets God bless it in His own way.

The lily has no false way of its own. The lily just says, "Here I am—bless me, work in me and through me Thy Will, for I have no will of my own."

Thy way is best.

I am still.

I love Thy ways.

The dews of evening bless me and the clouds and dark days refresh my soul after the burning heat of the summer's sun.

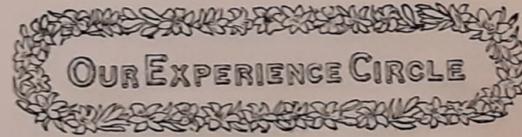
I love Thy ways and I trust Thee. I rest in Thee, and in Thee I live and move and have my being.

Read daily a few words from THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES and the printed messages sent to the members of The Mystic Healing Circle. Not only read these words but act—change your manner of living.

Are you satisfied with the results of your present way of living? Learn to live in the Spirit and work in the Spirit. Learn how to prepare food in an artistic manner that will bring health to yourself and those whom God has placed in your charge. Look ahead to the years that are to come and so fashion your child's life that he may have strength for the burdens of life when he shall reach manhood.

This may mean a letting go of the first prize in his class now or it may mean a few weeks or months or a year on a farm, but you will reap in due season, if you faint not.

Ask the diamond that sparkles on your finger to tell you its story of its birth and growth. And then how it was polished after thousands of years had hardened it and made it ready to be a thing of beauty and a joy forever.



A Great Change Has Come to Me

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother—I am feeling and enjoying the best of health, and I think since I began to receive your Vibrations there has been a great change come over me. I am gaining in strength all the time, and I seem to feel I can overcome anything. What a blessing it is to know and read the printed message of the Lord. May each and every member of our Club be benefited by my prayers this night. I shall send you one dollar in this letter for one month's treatment, and I will continue to do so until I can walk alone with the blessed Eternal Spirit.

Your loving brother,
L. R.

I Grow Slowly

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother—I send you one dollar (\$1) for another month's treatment, and I want to tell you that I have been blest in many ways in the past few weeks. God has been so good to me, and I am sure that He has sent me help through you, His servant, His messenger, and I am grateful to you, dear Brother, for all the help you have given or may give me. I cannot say (like many have said) that "I feel that I do not longer need your help," for I feel that I need your help. I grow slowly, but I thank "Our Father" that I am growing, and I thank Him that I want to grow; and I am learning a little day by day, and I am sure that He knows, though you don't, all my daily life, with its trials, temptations and efforts. Gradually and slowly I am learning to let go. Just to do the best I can and trust Our Father, and then let go of the perplexing difficulty and just "wait on the Lord." But, dear brother, unless you, at some period of your life, have had troubles and trials and difficulties and misfortunes and ill health and disappointments, until you have felt overwhelmed and powerless to grapple with despair and win a victor's crown, then it will be hard for you to understand the struggles and efforts of one under such conditions. But the "victor's crown" is well worth all the struggles one may make to win it; when hope and joy and peace make glad the heart and despair glides into the shadowy past. I cannot say that all my troubles are gone; but I must tell you a few things. You will remember that I wrote you that I was in great trouble, etc., and asked your prayers and help. Well, I am so thankful to tell you that God, in His goodness to us, has made that trouble only a memory. It is past, and I am so thankful—oh, so thankful!—and I want to thank you, brother, for the help you gave me in bearing a heavy burden; for I was helped, and I felt that Our Father was helping me through you as I was struggling along and almost ready to "faint by the way." I am trying to trust Him with my whole heart. Oh, I do want to love Him, and trust Him, and serve Him, and praise Him with my whole heart! Help me, dear brother. I have much to be thankful for, but I want more "love and light and wisdom and understanding." God has been so good to me in these past weeks in sending me help that I needed in a way that seems almost wonderful—and yet, "The Father knoweth what things ye have need of." Oh, I do want to love Him more and serve Him better. My cough has not troubled me for some time. I know that I am gaining in spiritual strength, even though it may be slowly, and I fear that I sometimes allow myself to forget to "let patience have her perfect work." Dear brother, will you pardon me for taxing you with such a long letter? You see, I have much to learn yet. Please let me hear from you as soon as you can. I thank you for all the help you have given me, and may Our Father give you "Showers of Blessings."

Gratefully and sincerely yours,
Mrs. W.

This Makes Ten Months That I Have Had Your Help

Dear Mystic No. 12—I inclose one dollar for another month's treatment, and I believe this makes ten months that I have had your help, and lately I have been gaining fast. I can sleep well now, and I am coming into closer connection with my soul. I can hear the still small voice, speaking to me. It will be four years next December since I first started to reach the spiritual heights, where I can become the woman of power for good in the world that I ought to be. This idea came to me without any outside help. Then I got THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES and became a member of the Mystic Success Club, and that helped me along wonderfully; and with your help I expect to reach the point where I can become a success in the world and realize that my soul and this mortal self are one.

With much regard,
G. E. R.

You Have Put Us in a Way to Help Ourselves

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother—The month has now expired that you were to give me and my sister treatment, and oh, you have done so much for us both, and by your teachings have put us in a way to help ourselves. I wish to express our heartfelt thanks for all you have done for us both. My limbs are now so that I can attend to my duties about the house, can stand and walk about without suffering as I have done, and can work among my flowers in the garden. Oh, I do dearly love everything in Nature, and you have taught me how to live with Nature. Mrs. H. wishes me to say that since I wrote you to give her special treatments she is so much better in every way, that she felt your vibrations very strongly, that her head is all right now and she has recovered from the extreme depression. You have taught her how to overcome all that by the printed rules you have so kindly sent, so we both think that you may discontinue the treatments for a little. But we are both very happy to remain members of "The Mystic Healing Circle," and if at any time we feel the need of help shall at once send another dollar for a month's treatment as we know by experience what it can do for us. Most sincerely yours, with love,

Mrs. M. A. N.

Voice Is More Free

Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed find one dollar for another month's treatment for my husband and myself. I am glad to say that I am feeling better. You are helping me to get the beam out of my eyes. My voice is much more free. I hope to soon see the day when I can do lots of good with my voice. I am feeling so encouraged that I know, through the power that God has given you, I will be a well woman some day. I have very many crosses to bear, but I know I will be all the stronger when I do rise above them. God bless you more than ever.

Respectfully,
C. K.

Stomach Has Improved

Dear Mystic No. 12—I am encouraged to continue further treatment. My head irritation is better. Stomach has improved much in the last month. I send my dollar, which will entitle me to your consideration another month. With kindest regards for the Club and your good self, I am,

Sincerely yours,
S. M.

I Am Much Better

Mystic No. 12—Inclosed please find one dollar and continue Vibrations for another month. I know I am much better of the troubles that I wrote you about. I am very hopeful of getting well now. A great many of my friends have been telling me that I look so much better than I did some time ago. With many good wishes for your success in helping the afflicted, I remain,

Very truly,
Mrs. C. D.

Thankful for the Mystic Healing Circle

Dear Mystic No. 12—I have been very much helped this last month. I am thankful for having been led to the Mystic Healing Circle. May God's blessings rest on all the Mystic Brothers in my daily prayer. Inclosed find one dollar for another month's treatment.

Gratefully yours,
A. G.

Some Time

SOME time, when all life's lessons have been learned,

And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here has spurned—

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet—

Will flash before us out of life's dark night
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right.

And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see, that, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me:
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see:
And, e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, some time, commingled with life's wine,
We taste the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink;
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that sometimes the subtle pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife
And for each mystery find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart:
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart:
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say that "God knew best."
May Riley Smith.

The Longevity Club, recently chartered by the Legislature of Illinois, has advanced the idea that the span of human life works in inverse ratio to the sum total of sins committed, and that longevity depends absolutely on the spiritual development.

Making Changes Toward Health

Dear Mystic No. 12—I will inclose one dollar for another month's treatment of your Healing Vibrations. I think that I can see now that I have received some benefit from the treatment. Perhaps more than I realize. I was very much discouraged when I wrote you last, but for the last week my eyes and head have felt very much better, and I am hoping and trusting they will still continue to gain until well. I am trying to help myself. I read all I can in the Magazine, and I love to read the messages.

Yours in love,
Mrs. S. G.

Improved Both in Body and Mind

Dear Mystic No. 12—You will find herewith one dollar to pay for another month's treatment. During the past month I have improved very much both in body and mind. I am trying to help myself, but owing to the conditions of my surroundings, I have not been able to fully follow your instructions as to correct living. I am, however, doing very well, and, best of all, I feel that the Father is with me. I know that I shall be made whole, but I do not expect to receive this relief in a day or even a month. I am content to know that the old conditions will pass away. May God bless you in your great work.

Sincerely,
T. D.

Cheerfulness

Beloved Brother, Mystic No. 12—I take pleasure in telling you that I am really growing, which is a fact to be noticed by other people who tell me of my cheerfulness, and then I noticed that all the past month I did not have a single attack of headache, not even symptoms of it, which is a great relief to me. I inclose herewith one dollar for next month's treatment. I remain,

With brotherly love,
M. V.

Truth

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother—Again I write, as I feel more and more how infinitely better spiritual methods are. My six-year-old daughter responds very quickly and needs help. May all prosperity, mental and physical, be with you.

Yours,
H. S.

Gratitude

Dear Mystic No. 12—It will be impossible to express my gratitude for benefit received last month. Thank God for the blessed power He has given you. Inclosed find one dollar for another month's treatment. I long to be less nervous, but know that I shall be free from fear when the right time comes. With best wishes, I am,

Most obediently yours,
L. L.

The Light Shines

Dear Mystic No. 12—Kindly keep us in your Vibrations another month. I have been much benefited, and brother seems quite a little brighter the past few weeks, for which I am deeply grateful to God and you. Trusting brother may improve, I am,

Most sincerely yours,
M. M.

I Have Improved Very Much

Dear Mystic No. 12—I have improved much during the past month and you may stop treatment until you hear from me again. I am very thankful to you for the help you have given me, also for the help you are giving my sister. May God bless you and all the Mystic Brothers.

Sincerely yours,
L. M.

Understands Life Better

Dear Mystic No. 12—Inclosed find one dollar and two cents for another month's treatment. I shall be glad to have you help me as strongly as possible as I have a severe mental and physical strain. I thank you a thousand times for the help you have given me in the past. I feel that I understand life better than ever before, and I cannot be thankful enough for all the blessings that have been given to me.

Sincerely,
N. J.

Eyes Are Improving

Dear Mystic—Inclosed please find one dollar for another month's Vibrations, for my eyes are improving. God willing, I shall continue until I am well.

Yours gratefully,
Mrs. J. S.

I Feel Like Shouting It From the Housetop

Mystic No. 12, Dear Friend—Inclosed please find one dollar for another month's treatment. I am so much better that I feel like shouting it from the housetop, yet how few would listen. Hoping this will reach you in due time, I remain,

Respectfully,
E. O.

Dear Mystic No. 12—My side is also well now. I wish you to send me health treatment for my heart and stomach. I am not able to express in words all the blessings I have received in soul and body. With heavenly love to all, I am,

C. R.

Eating Spiritual Food

Mystic No. 12, Dear Brother—I read your messages; they seemed life truly. I will always thank God that I joined this Circle. I love to read these messages over and over and I am applying these words to my life physically, mentally and spiritually. I now know what is meant by the verse that man lives by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God. I am full of life and hope.

Gratefully yours,
Mrs. P. A.

I Am So Pleased

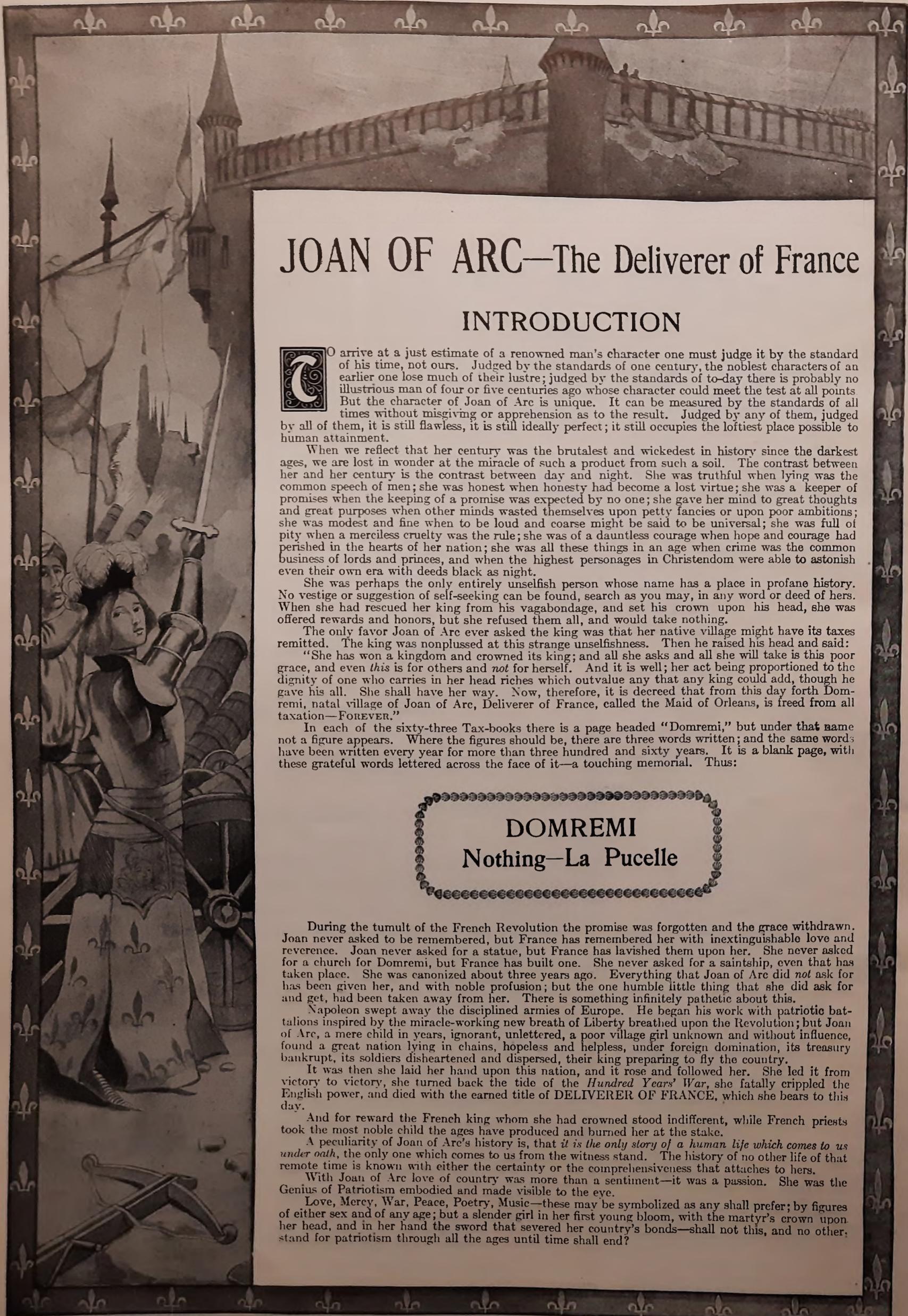
Dear Mystic No. 12—I am so pleased and life has a different aspect to me now, where once nothing seemed worth while and I was very low-spirited. I thank you for the blessed healing Vibrations to my mind. I inclose one dollar for another month's treatment as I do not feel able to go alone as yet. Thanking you sincerely and sending encouraging thoughts to all struggling ones, and especially sick ones, for health and happiness, I am,

Yours most sincerely,
C. G.

Hope's Resurrection

By Alice Davis Moody

HOPE'S day is dead, and Gloom with outstretched wings
Is hovering nigh. The dream, that gleamed so like
The evening star, is dimmed and tarnished by earth's
Shadows. Where all was light and joy, is darkness
And despair—a torn heart's agony. A wave
Of misery sweeps o'er the soul, and in its depths
There is a rayless, sunless cave. Only
A blind bird, beating its wings in vain attempt
To gain its liberty, is all that's left of life.
A soulful, hung'ring cry goes out to the Unknown,
When, lo! across the sea of pain, there comes
A breeze with healing balm, and like a desert
Suddenly made glad by soft, refreshing showers,
It springs to fruit and blossom. Peace removes
The pall and robes it in its radiant garment.
The heart bounds with a new lease of life,
As it learns it was but touched of God.
The loneliness departs, and in its stead
A tranquil calm pervades the soul, and there,
Amid the leaves of rest, the lilies bloom.



JOAN OF ARC—The Deliverer of France

INTRODUCTION

TO arrive at a just estimate of a renowned man's character one must judge it by the standard of his time, not ours. Judged by the standards of one century, the noblest characters of an earlier one lose much of their lustre; judged by the standards of to-day there is probably no illustrious man of four or five centuries ago whose character could meet the test at all points. But the character of Joan of Arc is unique. It can be measured by the standards of all times without misgiving or apprehension as to the result. Judged by any of them, judged by all of them, it is still flawless, it is still ideally perfect; it still occupies the loftiest place possible to human attainment.

When we reflect that her century was the brutalest and wickedest in history since the darkest ages, we are lost in wonder at the miracle of such a product from such a soil. The contrast between her and her century is the contrast between day and night. She was truthful when lying was the common speech of men; she was honest when honesty had become a lost virtue; she was a keeper of promises when the keeping of a promise was expected by no one; she gave her mind to great thoughts and great purposes when other minds wasted themselves upon petty fancies or upon poor ambitions; she was modest and fine when to be loud and coarse might be said to be universal; she was full of pity when a merciless cruelty was the rule; she was of a dauntless courage when hope and courage had perished in the hearts of her nation; she was all these things in an age when crime was the common business of lords and princes, and when the highest personages in Christendom were able to astonish even their own era with deeds black as night.

She was perhaps the only entirely unselfish person whose name has a place in profane history. No vestige or suggestion of self-seeking can be found, search as you may, in any word or deed of hers. When she had rescued her king from his vagabondage, and set his crown upon his head, she was offered rewards and honors, but she refused them all, and would take nothing.

The only favor Joan of Arc ever asked the king was that her native village might have its taxes remitted. The king was nonplussed at this strange unselfishness. Then he raised his head and said:

"She has won a kingdom and crowned its king; and all she asks and all she will take is this poor grace, and even *this* is for others and *not* for herself. And it is well; her act being proportioned to the dignity of one who carries in her head riches which outvalue any that any king could add, though he gave his all. She shall have her way. Now, therefore, it is decreed that from this day forth Domremi, natal village of Joan of Arc, Deliverer of France, called the Maid of Orleans, is freed from all taxation—FOREVER."

In each of the sixty-three Tax-books there is a page headed "Domremi," but under that name not a figure appears. Where the figures should be, there are three words written; and the same words have been written every year for more than three hundred and sixty years. It is a blank page, with these grateful words lettered across the face of it—a touching memorial. Thus:

DOMREMI
Nothing—La Pucelle

During the tumult of the French Revolution the promise was forgotten and the grace withdrawn. Joan never asked to be remembered, but France has remembered her with inextinguishable love and reverence. Joan never asked for a statue, but France has lavished them upon her. She never asked for a church for Domremi, but France has built one. She never asked for a saintship, even that has taken place. She was canonized about three years ago. Everything that Joan of Arc did *not* ask for has been given her, and with noble profusion; but the one humble little thing that she did ask for and get, had been taken away from her. There is something infinitely pathetic about this.

Napoleon swept away the disciplined armies of Europe. He began his work with patriotic battalions inspired by the miracle-working new breath of Liberty breathed upon the Revolution; but Joan of Arc, a mere child in years, ignorant, unlettered, a poor village girl unknown and without influence, found a great nation lying in chains, hopeless and helpless, under foreign domination, its treasury bankrupt, its soldiers disheartened and dispersed, their king preparing to fly the country.

It was then she laid her hand upon this nation, and it rose and followed her. She led it from victory to victory, she turned back the tide of the *Hundred Years' War*, she fatally crippled the English power, and died with the earned title of DELIVERER OF FRANCE, which she bears to this day.

And for reward the French king whom she had crowned stood indifferent, while French priests took the most noble child the ages have produced and burned her at the stake.

A peculiarity of Joan of Arc's history is, that *it is the only story of a human life which comes to us under oath*, the only one which comes to us from the witness stand. The history of no other life of that remote time is known with either the certainty or the comprehensiveness that attaches to hers.

With Joan of Arc love of country was more than a sentiment—it was a passion. She was the Genius of Patriotism embodied and made visible to the eye.

Love, Mercy, War, Peace, Poetry, Music—these may be symbolized as any shall prefer; by figures of either sex and of any age; but a slender girl in her first young bloom, with the martyr's crown upon her head, and in her hand the sword that severed her country's bonds—shall not this, and no other, stand for patriotism through all the ages until time shall end?

JOAN OF ARC—The Deliverer of France

"Consider this unique and imposing distinction. Since the writing of human history began, Joan of Arc is the only person of either sex who has ever held supreme command of the military forces of a nation, AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN."

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

Joan of Arc, surnamed The Maid of Orleans, the most illustrious of the heroines of history, was born in the hamlet of Domremi, in Lorraine, in the year 1411—nearly five hundred years ago. She was the daughter of poor and religious parents, who implanted in her heart at an early age the seeds of that exalted religious enthusiasm which subsequently obtained so absolute an ascendancy over her character.

At this time, when Joan was about fourteen, the rival factions of the Orleanists or Armagnacs and the Burgundians desolated France by their wars. The Orleanists supported the claims of Charles the Seventh, the brilliant but weak King of France, while the Burgundians had sworn allegiance to King Henry the Fifth of England.

Joan from infancy had imbibed the principles of the Orleanists, by whom she was surrounded. Her devotion to their cause was increased by the cruelties which she frequently saw the enemy commit. She was untiring in her efforts to relieve the sufferings of the poor around her, and even sold her bed and the greater part of her clothing in order to procure them supplies.

She afterward stated that as early as the age of thirteen she received commands from Heaven to set out and liberate France. These commands continued to be repeated; but her parents deemed it the better part to endeavor to suppress her enthusiasm. She, however, obtained the assistance of her uncle, Laxart, who introduced her to De Beaudricourt, the commander of a neighboring fortress, before whom her Voices, as she termed them, had ordered her to lay her divine commission.

That officer at first treated her assertions with scorn; but finally, on account of the disasters that his prince had suffered, he gave her the assistance that she had requested, and in February of 1429, with a guard of five or six men, she set out on her journey for Chinon, where he then held his court. At this time his cause appeared to be almost desperate. Orleans, which was the only place of importance that remained to him, was closely besieged by the English.

Joan appeared before him, and declared that her mission was to raise the siege, and to conduct him to Reims to be crowned. At this period she had just turned seventeen, and possessed a very beautiful countenance and noble form. Charles was convinced of the truthfulness of her statements, and, notwithstanding the opposition of his ecclesiastics and courtiers, raised her to the rank of a military commander, and placed a large body of troops at her disposal.

Joan entered Orleans about the last of April, in the year 1429, with a convoy of provisions, and in one week raised the siege. This is considered a remarkable military exploit even to-day. In battle Joan displayed great personal bravery. She always led her armies, and the figure of Joan of Arc on horseback, holding aloft her white banner, was a never-failing source of inspiration to her soldiers.

She subsequently gained the battles of Jargeau and Patay, in the latter of which the noted Talbot was made prisoner. Several important cities surrendered to her without resistance; and in less than three months from the time that she received her military command, Charles was crowned at Reims, in the great cathedral consecrated to the coronation of the French sovereigns.

The Maid of Orleans then petitioned the king that she might be permitted to return home and tend her sheep again, but he prevailed upon her to continue in the army. She felt that her mission had been accomplished, for she had been successful in everything the Voices had commanded her to undertake.

The following spring as she was making a sortie against the Burgundians near Compiègne, she was captured by them, and subsequently handed over to the English, who, with the Bishop of Beauvais and the University of Paris, urgently demanded her execution as a sorceress. The King of England granted their request, and Joan, after a mock-trial held at Rouen, was condemned to be burnt. On the 31st day of May, 1431, she was dressed in the garb of the victims of the Inquisition, and amid the clamors of assembled thousands, conducted to the stake, where, in a short time her body was consumed.

Even at this last and most tragic moment in Joan of Arc's life, she was sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust in God. She met her cruel death bravely, accusing no one, forgiving her enemies, and, with a consecrated cross held before her by one of her faithful soldiers, the soul of Joan of Arc passed on.

She died declaring her Voices had not deceived her. Many of those who had most eagerly sought her death, were melted to tears, and even the executioner declared he had committed an unpardonable sin. A secretary of the King of England also said, "We are lost! We have burned a saint!"

Thus perished the Maid of Orleans, against whom not the slightest crime could be proved. If the inspiration that she received came not from the source to which she attributed it, it was at least the offspring of bravery, of generosity, of patriotism, of those virtues which have raised to immortality so many of the great and good.

In the splendid account given of her by Michelet, he remarks: "She had the goodness of the ancient martyrs, but with this difference: the early Christians remained pure and virtuous only in retiring from the encounter and in separating themselves from the struggles and temptations of the world, while she was benign in the fiercest conflicts, good among the bad, gentle even in war; 'into war, that triumph of the devil, she carried the spirit of Heaven.' This tenderness of heart she had for all men. She wept after the victories, and relieved the sufferings of the wounded English."

Her death stamped indelible infamy on all the parties connected with the war—on the Burgundians for delivering her into the hands of her inveterate enemies, on the English and their French allies for their inhuman cruelty and thirst for revenge, and on her own prince and party for not making a powerful attempt to save her.



THE PLACE OF PEACE

By Lida Hood Talbot

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

To get peace, seek the Great Silence of Spirit! The Silence that contains the balm for every wounded soul. It is within the reach of every soul-pain!

It is the Universal closet into which we may all retreat, and, shutting the door to this outside life of struggle, may gain the peace for which all humanity is hungering and thirsting!

None so poor or forsaken, weary and worn, that may not enter into this sacred holiness and there receive the blessing of its holy unction.

It is the great Confessional wherein the Soul receives absolution of all doubt, where the tumult of fear is stilled, and the right spirit is renewed within us.

The Silence where God dwells, there is the place of peace! It is the natural home of the soul when, through renunciation, it seeks for spiritual refreshment, for the Body and Blood of Spiritual Substance!

How shall we find this holy dispensation of Infinite Love, provided for the children of earth? By seeking it when sore beset; by training ourselves to be still; by disciplining ourselves to listen for the inward speech, the soundless Voice, which is the spiritual heritage of every soul that cometh into the world, and which links it to its divine Source forever and forever.

We all have moments when the burdens of this human journey lie so heavily upon us that our soul stands mute before them; when the cry of pain locks our hearts within us and the desolation of vacancy encompasses us, for no soul escapes the travail of ascension. It is in some such hour that we are brought to the door of the Silence, in some inarticulate hour when every joy is neutralized by pain, that we find the door of the Confessional, and, entering into it, we pray the prayer of absolute stillness!

"Be Still, and KNOW that I AM GOD."

This is the incense of the prayer which arises from the holy heart, the heart that renounces the world!

When sore beset and longing to escape from your hurts and your outer self, seek to meditate upon the Immensity of the Universe; upon its boundless expanses; its marvelous stellar distances; the illuminated vault above with its limitless fields of suns, stars and seed-worlds, and find yourself soothed and expanded with your contemplation. Do not stop here, but withdraw yourself on this calming wave of realization of immensity and seek the internal quiet, and there learn to still the chopping waves of thoughts concerning your poor human woes (that are soon beguiled) and be still and WAIT! Learn to wait upon the Voice within you! Try it, not only once, but many, many times, and some day, in some wonderful hour, the marvel of your effort will come upon you and the miracle of the Spirit which inhabits every soul will speak its comforting word to your weary heart. And you will emerge from your closet refreshed with new blood, an expanded mind and an ecstatic soul, for you have renewed the cup of Life from the fountain of its Source, and communed with the assuaging Power. You have obeyed the words of the great Master and laid your own will down upon the altar of Spirit, and its truth has healed you from your sorrows and connected you with the Will of God!

Suffering is but the resistance to the spirit. Ignorance is blindness to its Presence and its Power!

When we gain above a thing, it has no longer any power to hurt us; when we are no longer afraid, through knowledge, we are freed from it and it no longer exists for us.

Do not despair when things stand in the way; be sure they will stand there no longer than they serve a divine purpose, and in this understanding you will know that you are a human servant of Spirit! And when the necessity is past and the lesson is learned by the soul, the obstacle will be removed by your own intelligence gained by the travail of your effort.

When a wall faces and a necessity presses, something will always happen to relieve the situation if the dependence is upon the Spirit; for Spirit interpenetrates every action of the soul in its terrestrial journey. There could be no embodiment of the soul if spirit and matter were not co-operative. There is no place or point of space where Spirit is not; its presence is only hidden from eyes that will not look beyond, from the human intellect that will not seek beyond the marvels of the material envelope. Only through the acknowledgment of Spirit may we hope to become masters of our fate. We will be overcome by the world as long as we live in externals and value the things of the world, and allow them to weight us with their clogging material, allow them to betray us by our dependence upon them.

A friend writes, for we are all friends in spirit: "Why is it that I have so many small disasters? I am very careful and mindful of small things, of details, and yet I have been the object of catastrophe all my life!"

It is obvious, the cause of "disaster" and "catastrophe." The outlook is from the inside out; ever outward! The material world is more valuable to this friend than the Spiritual; she is not growing INWARDLY, which is the absolute necessity for the gain of peace!

I know of a woman whose love of possession is very great, and as soon as she becomes possessed of anything its beauty and value are greatly enhanced, even unto tenfold! She possessed more than she could use of rich velvets, silks and other fine fabrics. So she carefully—oh, so carefully!—packed them away in a great box and had them stored and locked very strongly in a big storage depot while she went on a trip around the world. She tarried a good while among strange peoples and in foreign lands, and gathered no end of more beautiful "things." She finally returned and after a time sought the box of fine stuffs, which, upon opening, she found utterly destroyed. A small knothole in the box had received the drip of the only leak in the roof of the big storage depot, and everything was ruined! She mourned, like Rachel, for her darling "things," and would not be comforted; and, as far as I know, has not yet learned her lesson. She is employed with the "things" of this world, and disaster follows her; betrays her through moth and rust!

The only surety, the only safety, is by the Spirit. The only peace is gained through the Gates of Silence. The only happiness is through the comforting inspiration of the Spirit.

As Space is to the natural Universe, so is the limitlessness of Spirit to the Soul of Man!

"And to get Peace, if you do want it, make for yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts." To get Peace, seek the Inner Place, and, stilling every riotous thought, every wandering thought, wait for the Voice of the Comforter. For only there may peace be found, and understanding—that understanding which connects with surety of absolute truth.

Every soul may have access to it through effort for its priceless renewal, its incomparable refreshment!

A Smile's More Dear

Sorrow not for the day of dark,

Haunting the cold, dead past,

And ne'er a sigh for the graves that lie

In the gloom of life's desert vast.

Wreath them in roses sweet, if you will,

Garland them reverently o'er;

But weep not there, for the ways are fair,

And sweet are the dreams before!

Naught may come of a vain regret,

Battles lost are lost;

Better to gird for the storm unmet,

One of a dauntless host!

Oh, breathe a prayer for a sin or a care,

But waft it up with a song—

For a smile's more dear than the bitterest
tear

That falls where the red thorns throng!

ALBERT IRVING MASON.

Dear heart, be patient still a little longer. There *will* be an open door, and you will be led straight to it and through it, if you will keep your eyes on God, instead of these troubles. Never mind if your cupboard is empty. Can He not fill it, and in the twinkling of an eye? Do what your hands find to do, but live in the Spirit.

You Are Free

"'Tis when the Infinite with the finite gropes
That men are governed by their horoscopes."
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WHEN the Infinite Mind pervades our souls and lives, we are so in Harmony with Divine Law that we stand impervious to the assaults of Human Law, and have no need to consult our Horoscopes, because we live in the Universal or Impersonal, rather than the Personal, and the Finite is wholly subjective. When we affirm the All Good and live in the consciousness of Its Divine Intention, the external phases of life cease to hold us in bondage.

The Horoscope is a guide to this state—but when it is reached, astrology is used only to aid others to reach it, and for its higher and grander concepts.

All planetary influence is subject to the will of the individual. Events may be controlled, overcome or transmuted, according to the amount of will one may bring to bear upon possible events. As all experience is a means of growth and necessary to the growth, we are able to use only that amount of will that liberates us from the bondage we no longer need.

If an event is indicated and we direct the affirmation of our will or mind or spirit to offset it, and it still occurs in spite of our effort, we must know that a higher Law than our Intelligence sees it necessary that we should have that experience, that we need it, although it is hard for us to see why. If we recognize what the experience would teach us, and turn not our backs upon it, but face it and redeem ourselves from it, then we shall no longer have need of that same experience, and may transmute it or grow away from it entirely.

Many experiences repeat themselves during our lives, each time knocking at the door of our higher intelligences for recognition; failing to be recognized, subside until the next period, when they are awakened into activity again. The planets give the indications of when these periods occur, and they are subject to transmutation. Therefore never for one moment feel that you are ruled by star or constellation. You are governed by the choice you make at each cross-road where desire and duty diverge. You may choose to make every angle of planetary positions work for your good, and having so chosen you may find joy in spite of loneliness, poverty, regret or any of the difficulties which you bring to yourself.—Gertrude Frances O'Neil.

What's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it, and make death proud to take us.
Shakespeare.

A man who is recognized as eminently successful in business has hanging over his desk a little motto which says:

"Do the hard thing first."

"I came across the motto years ago," he says, "at a pivotal time in my life. I suddenly realized that I had been in the habit of putting off the disagreeable duties, of evading the unpleasant tasks, and they had formed a ghost which haunted me and held me back. I tacked up that motto and settled down to work on the disagreeable duties I had pushed aside; soon I had them out of the way, and ever afterward I attempted the hardest thing first. I gave my freshest efforts to the work I dreaded most and I owe what is called my success largely to this awakening and change of tactics."

Many a man who has done much good work has fallen short of success because some disagreeable thing lay in his way which he would not overcome.

"Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unawares.
Open the door."

One's self is a companion from whom one is never parted; therefore it behooves one to be careful in regard to the welfare of this companion. Death seizes one's possessions.

Experience tells us that those Sundays are the happiest, the purest, the most rich in blessings in which the spiritual part has been most attended to, those in which, as in the temple of Solomon, the sound of the earthly hammer has not been heard in the temple of the soul.—F. W. Robertson.

What is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to something better.—Wendell Phillips.

Whatever be the conditions which surround you in your work, do it with high thought and noble purpose. Do not whine and complain because of your unhappy lot; but accept it, humble and obscure as it may be, knowing that it is possible to clean out a gutter with the self-respecting dignity of manhood or to blacken a shoe with the enthusiasm of religion.—Hugh O. Pentecost.

We are all nobly born; fortunate those who know it; blessed those who remember.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

HEART TALKS

By Helen Van-Anderson

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF
MYSTERIES

ON these beautiful October days of brown and gold, of glory and decay, it seems fitting to answer your question, dear Laura J. B., and in the answer I pray you may be comforted and your heart rested.

You say: "After we have lived our lives, lived, suffered and died; after we have joined our loved ones with the belief that sickness, sorrow, separation and death are over, must we again take up this life?"

Dearie, do you think this one life or existence here is sufficient in which to learn all the wonderful lessons of earth? Stop a moment and consider what life means. Is it not that which is and which can never cease? Why, our whole belief in immortality is based on the continuity of life and consciousness.

And what is death?

It is a change of conditions, not the extinction of life. It is an opportunity for love on another plane.

We come into this world to learn something, yes, the greatest something we can conceive of, the truth about life. Everywhere on this earth our eyes behold signs of life. We are pensioners of eternal life, and God is continually telling us by every morning's sun and the resplendent glory of the stars, by the sure return of leaf and blossoms and fruitage, by the re-clothing of barren fields and the harvests of countless years, that life is, that change, decay and death are true only of life's garments but not of life itself. And if we have not yet learned this grand, triumphant truth about life, we must come back again and again and yet again, through untold cycles if need be, until we do learn that we live and live forevermore, no matter about the garments we wear or the place in which we live. And when we have learned this, O my sister, we shall no longer fear death, nor sickness, nor separation, nor suffering, for we shall know that life is free, universal and indestructible.

Do you see what a difference this would make in our view of all these things we are now afraid of? Do you see that the moment fear is out of the way, a sweet, all-satisfying and Supreme love would rush into our consciousness and wipe away all tears, heal our bodies and lift us above everything of the earth, earthy?

What matter then, if we rejoin our loved ones only to leave them again? Could there be a separation if we were one in love, and would not that bond, unseen, silent, yet stronger than adamant, purer than gold, which had held us together through our earth years of poverty, trial, sickness, misunderstanding, grief or any of earth's calamities, still hold us through worlds of space and centuries of time intervene between our meetings?

Paul has given us the conception of the almighty-

ness of love when he says: *Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or the sword? . . . For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth nor any other creation shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.*—Rom. viii.

And it is only in the true love, the Christly love which binds us to God, what we can ever love or be reunited to our earthly father or mother, or child or friend or husband or wife. That love is infinite, eternal, measureless. When we can love with that we shall be free from the necessity of coming back to earth, for we will have finished all the lessons that are taught on earth, by which we learn that God is in all, through all, above all and under all. God is love and God is life. God in us as Love, will love or be eternally joined to Love in our dear ones by whatsoever name we call them.

Yes, Laura, my sister, reincarnation is true because it gives every soul opportunity through experience to test and prove every phase of the truth of life, and having proven, to see the magnificence of the whole by interpreting every smallest part.

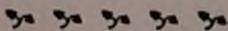
You ask: "Do we have no regrets at another good-bye?"

The child at being left in school to be separated from home and parents, will cry and grieve for what he has left behind; but the parents, knowing the good he is to gain, knowing that with the entrance upon new duties and new environments he will have new interests that will assuage his grief, go calmly away from him, until the time for reunion. Their larger view dispels their grief at parting. So dear heart, as we grow wise in love we shall grow sure of love's rewards, and be content to go to whatsoever mansions in His house our Father calls us.

And again you say: "Shall we remember each stage of earth life?"

Yes, when our vision of the whole grows clear enough we shall remember all the essentials, by which to interpret the parts; and when this remembrance comes upon us, we shall know that we have had the same individuality, been the same individual through all the ages of the past, and we shall know somewhat of the many times we have returned to earth's great schoolroom.

Train yourself and your dear ones to love as God loves, and you will quickly know the eternalness of life and love and that the spirit never tastes of death. Then the heartache of fear will give place to the sweet content that is the peace He giveth to His beloved.



My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.—Psalm lxxiii, 26.

THE JOY OF FREEDOM

Oh, sweeter than sunshine or gladness,
Thy Spirit envelops my soul;
Imparting of its wondrous lustre,
And making me one with the Whole.

Oh, joyousness, freedom and fragrance,
Refreshing my soul with its draught;
The nectar of life everlasting
Is offered and gratefully quaffed.

No more shall dark sorrow or sighing
Warm shelter or comradeship find.
No more shall their shadows disfigure
The pure, sacred precincts of mind.

Oh, on to the realms of the blessed,
Triumphantly singing I'll go;
God gave me the keys to His Kingdom,
Now naught but rejoicing I know.

Each mansion I enter is broader
And jeweled in richer design,
And treasures eternal and fadeless
In bountiful plenty are mine.

Eva W. Woodbury.

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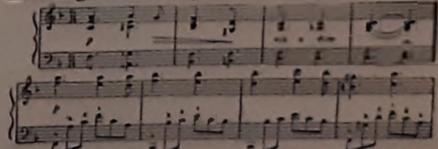
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The Universal Need

By Charles Brodie Patterson

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

RELIGION is as essential to the life of man as is food. We must believe in something—we must look up to something. There is an unquenchable impulse out-reaching, upreaching in the human breast. Someone has spoken of religion as the "homing instinct of the soul." Among all peoples, from the most primitive to the most cultured, under one guise or another, this need of man's nature makes itself known. To each, his own particular phase of this universal feeling makes the strongest appeal; his religion is "the best." For each who feels so, it certainly is. And we must all, perhaps, pass through this stage of deep, and, for the time, unswerving loyalty to a series of symbols, the expression of a certain point of development, before we come to feel the underlying oneness of all—all humanity—its needs and their answering truths. The very symbols, however, the very forms and creeds that at one time were most helpful to us—even necessary—at another become outgrown and useless. It is then the part of wisdom not to try to put new wine into old bottles, but to "press on toward those things that are before." That the time-worn forms of expression and belief no longer hold for us their accustomed inspiration should not argue dearth of spirituality, but on the contrary, "let the dead bury their dead"; there is a new gospel for us to preach now. It is our foolish fanaticism about the inessentials, the outward husks of things, that cuts us off from fresh revelations. The "Spirit of Truth" that shall "show us all things" can find no lodgment where the mind is fixed on the outward shell of things. It is only as we keep in quick and vital touch with the soul of things, the underlying verity of the symbol, that we are open to new truth. Unless we know the symbol as symbol only, it will prove eventually but a millstone to drag us down. There is good—God—in all. "Where love is, God is there." It is the deeply underlying love in every true phase of religion that is the enduring element in it, and it is this that will at the last serve as the bond of union between all. For there shall come a time, I believe, when one shall not have need to say to his brother, "Know the Lord, for all shall know him, from the least unto the greatest"; each shall understand the heart-speech of his brother and that language shall be love.

"New Thought" does not aim to form a sect; it can scarcely be said to have a creed. It is founded on the omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent love of God. Its work may rather be called the further discovery of God's laws than the marking of new lines of division.

Religion is, first of all, a question of feeling; we "feel after God." Thought is forever inadequate. It is through this great underlying element of feeling that we come near to God and to each other. Jesus asked what was the first and great commandment, and when the answer came, "To love the Lord thy God with all thy soul and thy neighbor as thyself." He said, "This do and thou shalt live." Nothing else is truly living, nothing less can constitute a live religion. Love to God and man is all there is of life. Love begets service—service of mind and body. The soul that loves must of

necessity find its happiness in service, and this is all there is of religion. It is only on the surface of things that there appear to be many religions in our world. Through love and service we enter into and understand the basis of all religion. The world is seeking earnestly, as never before, a bond of unity. The call comes from the ends of the earth and it echoes to the uttermost lands again. Commerce and the arts of war and peace, every toward and untoward circumstance, in some way, great or small, contributes finally to this current of mutual understanding, forbearance and love. "We are members one of another," and only as we realize this can we realize our own highest possibilities. If we have a religion that separates, we may seem to be gaining outwardly, personally, in self-control, purity or spiritual insight, for a time—temporary withdrawals are necessary at certain stages of development—but no lasting good can come of any form of separation, anything that savors of the "holier than thou" feeling, any barrier to the full tide of sympathy that should flow freely from every soul to every other soul. It was not the Master's way to stand aloof. Nothing He ever said conveyed any sense of separateness. His life was lived in the stream of life. The lowliest could come near to Him. He was "not far from any who needed" Him, and as one of our own time has sung, "Closer is He than breathing and nearer than hands or feet." Service to God is best given through service to man. We may march under different colors and call ourselves by different names, but in our hearts we know we are all children of the one Father and in this Father's house are many laws operative, but all under the one great law of love. The way of life taken by one is the way that all must tread, and none may make the laws of God of non effect. We must know the law to obey it. We find laws in many books and many bibles, innumerable laws, but there is one great final tribunal before which all these must pass—the law of God for each of us that is written in the soul of each. Once we know this, once we give it its rightful place in our outward lives, it will never again lose its sovereignty over us. We must go to the centre, we must find the God within; only so can we truly interpret the world. God is the power in us to will and to do. Only as we give ourselves up to this working of the universal will do we come verily into the full tide of life—do we find ourselves. Only through our unreserved fidelity to the law of God in our souls do we come into the fulness of truth. All that is true, all that is harmonious, all that makes for health of body and mind, is the voice of God in our souls. It is by such testimony that God speaks in the life. If once we could realize this—once free ourselves of our bondage to outward law, superficial and artificial rulings—then all our problems and difficulties would disappear, and we would live simply and freely the life of the spirit. The voice of the spirit is one—the same voice operative in every life, throughout all life. And it has but one message for every soul—Love. It is toward a fuller realization of love that all the outreach of soul we call religion tends. The surface differences, useful as they are at various stages of development (for all minds have not the same strength or breadth of vision), will eventually disappear. Now we are working through a maze of materiality. There are countless superficial differences of temperament, mentality, education, circumstance. These all have their uses. There is no room for criticism or faultfinding or impatience. Every soul is groping its way toward the goal. The full truth will come to all in due time. And we as individuals, and as bodies of earnest men and women, can hasten that time by every word or act that makes for unity—that breathes of love.

AT THE PARSONAGE

Coffee Runs Riot No Longer.

"Wife and I had a serious time of it while we were coffee drinkers.

"She had gastritis, headaches, belching and would have periods of sickness, while I secured a daily headache that became chronic.

"We naturally sought relief by drugs and without avail, for it is now plain enough that no drug will cure the diseases another drug, coffee, sets up, particularly so long as the drug which causes the trouble is continued.

"Finally we thought we would try leaving off coffee and using Postum. I noticed that my headaches disappeared like magic and my old "trembling" nervousness left. One day wife said, 'Do you know my gastritis has gone?'

"One can hardly realize what Postum has done for us.

"Then we began to talk to others. Wife's father and mother were both coffee drinkers and sufferers. Their headaches left entirely a short time after they changed the old coffee for Postum. I began to inquire among my parishioners and found, to my astonishment, that numbers of them use Postum in place of coffee. Many of the ministers who have visited our parsonage have become enthusiastic champions of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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To-day

ONLY from day to day
The life of a wise man runs;
What matter if seasons far away
Have gloom or have double suns?

To climb the unreal path
We lose the roading here,
We swim the rivers of wrath
And tunnel the hills of fear.

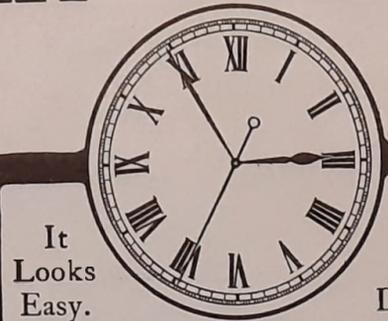
Our feet on the river's brink,
Our eyes on the clouds afar,
We fear the things we think
Instead of the things that are.

Like a tide our work should rise,
Each later wave the best;
To-morrow forever dies,
To-day is the special test.

Like a sawyer's work is life,
The present makes the flaw,
And the only field for strife
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HOPE, THE PROPHET OF THE HEART
 By J. P. Cooke
 Written especially for
 THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

If you would live well, live in the atmosphere of a great Hope, yet fill your hope with Love.

Love, without which the tongue
 Even of angels sounds amiss.

Look into the heart and see how many of our noblest endowments are given us that we may be able to breathe in the rarified atmosphere of the Inner Life of things. See therein to what an extent we are constituted prophets and to what degree the power of prevision is attached to every leading faculty of our nature.

It is as if the Creator meant that we should draw freely on the life and soul of existence.

The soul is always prophesying, and instead of being discouraged when the prophecies fail, only takes occasion, by its discouragements, to prophesy more clearly and earnestly.

The Intellect ever draws its diagrams on the earth, in order to measure the movements of the planets. The understanding runs its trains of logic into the wilderness of the unknown.

Reason gathers up the laws of thought and projects them forward into the boundless unforescen.

Memory gazes earnestly into the mirror of the past, hoping to see there the shadowy forms of coming events. Our earthly organization anticipates a finer organization, for the life that is eternal and perfect.

Hope stands out, the Prophet of the heart! This is the universal prophet—the prophet of all humanity—sweetest, most constant, most faithful; having its home among the simple, unlettered multitude; needing no food of knowledge, learning or experience; asking no companionship of genius, talent or culture.

Fed, perchance, by sparrows in the wilderness, but always fed, always cared for by the Benignant Providence whose way of Life is Love.

This MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES is ever striving, with unwearied effort, to bring its million readers up to the plane of a magnificent Faith, Hope and Love.

He that loves but half of earth's Humanity
 Loves but half enough for me.

Be brave to help and to comfort.

The Dear God in confession
 Won't count that Love a sin,
 That with a kiss taps at the heart
 And lets an Angel in.

It is only for light, inconstant hearts to take light leave of Love, or Hope or Faith.

Faith is the Love of the Soul for the Primal Spirit of Love. It is its life, its God! And it longs for the luxury of a full and adequate utterance—but, oh! how few can find it! Then let not your faith be dumb. Give it a voice.

There be some souls
 For which love's silence is enough, content to bear
 From youth to age, from chestnut locks to gray
 The load of common, uneventful life and penury.

But let your love speak out—find words or make them.

Let all thy heart be fixed to think how Love
 Might save its sweetness from the slayer Time,
 Who makes men old—

or loveless.

Hope is not an influence from our existence, or a projection from our history; it is more, much more than this. It is an aroma from our inmost being. It is the fragrance from our affections; it is the child's untaught, unconscious confidence in the overbrooding divine Love, all the stronger that it cannot tell why it trusts, but can only feel why.

We call hope a flatterer; but its flattery is God's, and God's flattery surely cannot deceive. It is ever leading us on from joy to joy, as the bee moves on from flower to flower.

We call Hope delusive, but all it cheats us of is our fear, our misgiving, our sorrow or our care. The heart's prophet always bears the same burden in substance—a little vague, perhaps, to the understanding, but all the more glorious and enchanting for that, to the imagination.

You cannot silence this trumpet-toned tongue of the heart. You cannot escape or lose it from view. It is like the sandalwood tree: the sharper you cut it, the more delicious its perfume.

No complaint is so common as that men will not learn by experience; that the lessons of history are thrown away on them; that the young neglect the warnings and flout the advice of their elders; that even suffering, defeat, shame are powerless to prevent people from repeating the very conduct which brought the suffering, defeat or shame upon them.

But all this apparent stupidity and infatuation are due to the fact that people do live in the

future; that they do have an unbounded faith in the future, and are sure that there is something there which will conceal and neutralize the past. Their hearts are ever sighing:

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;
 They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth.

Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires. We ourselves must Pilgrims be;
 Launch our *Mayflower*, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
 Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

God reserves the bright future for the previsions of conscience; and when we can show a faith and Hope, vast and glorious, enough—counting on His Goodness—then His goodness will be shown.

Let us learn how far a noble failure o'erleaps the bound of low success.

There are *fairies* of HOPE!

The flower fairies—have you found them
 When the summer's dusk is falling,
 With the glowworms watching round them—
 Have you heard them softly calling?
 Gently calling, sweetly calling
 On the still, soft summer air?

Do It Now

PERHAPS you have a message, full of cheery words and hope,
 To help some luckless brother who is struggling up the slope.

The way is strewn with boulders and the night comes on apace—

The dark, dark night, Eternity—the last long resting-place.

Go, breathe the message! Drive the pain from someone's aching brow.

Wait not for a fitter time, but breathe the message now.

Sob it not o'er a sombre bier
 Into a cold and lifeless ear.

Perhaps you are a singer who has built a tender song
 To thrill some fellow-mortal with its accents sweet and strong.

The way is long and dreary, and the music spells are few,

Someone is waiting even now to hear that song from you.

Go, sing the song! Raise up some head that sorrow seeks to bow,

And wait not till the lines grow cold, but sing it—sing it now!

Sob it not o'er a sombre bier
 Into a cold and lifeless ear.

—The Trend.

Life is for work, not toil alone with hands;
 For he is rich who works with love—'tis he who understands.

Francis Day.

Just to Make You Think

SHOULD misfortune overtake you, retrench, work harder, but never retreat; confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance. Should you then fail, you will be honored; but shrink, and you will be despised.

Trouble comes to some of us because we spend more time in hoping for the best than we do in working for it.

Taking the world as we find it is good philosophy, but trying to take it all is quite a different matter.

There is never rain enough in the world to drown all the roses. There is always one for Love to wear on his breast.

If manners make the man, so also do manners make the woman, and a woman without manners is but a usurper of the throne of true womanhood; it therefore behooves every mother who would have her children loving and beloved, to tend and gently train the little ones to forget self if they would have others respect it, for this is the soil in which every good seed will strike root, whether it be those of good manners or good humor, which will flower and bear fruit of future happiness, both toward themselves and their children.

Queer about this thing happiness. The more of it you give to others the more you have.

A little expression of praise and appreciation to one who is trying to do right and be of some use in the world will often fill his heart with happiness of the kind which will make him, though discouraged, take heart again.

The habit of blaming others when things go wrong is an insidious and dangerous one. Far more is it to the purpose to inquire within whether the fault, or much of it, may not lie at home.

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THE TWO WAYS OF THE SOUL-MAN

By Mrs. James French King

Written expressly for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

"We have the treasure in earthen vessels."

THE destiny of the human pilgrimage of the Soul is to externalize the Spirit from which it sprang and give evidence of its psychic nature and its intellectual power, as well as to prove its inheritance to be divine and develop its natural as well as spiritual consciousness.

Creation is a spiritual act; a supernatural operation of the Divine Power of Spirit, in which is the origin and fulfilment of all existence, of whatever form or character. All that has existence proceeds from Spirit, and all appearances reveal the presence of an ever productive and infinite intelligence lying back of them; an ever unceasing Activity that manifests a supernatural consciousness from which all that appears is externalized.

The first creation, "in the beginning," is a psychical act, as it were, the Great and Living Breath of Almighty Spirit. The "forming" of man is another and distinct act; the organization of material substances in "form"; the shaping of the vessel for a divine treasure; the earthly mold, a receptacle for a celestial Gem, in whose Light is hidden that Inner Light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world.

"Man is conceived in a psychical realm and 'formed' in a physical one, and becomes external in an organic environment." Through this organic structure he—the psychic creature—acts, sees and feels his way through the natural consciousness to the supernatural consciousness, "through the quickening of the Spirit, which alone makes whole the whole estate and inheritance of this divinely created appearance, whose intelligence is developed and whose consciousness is made alive by its experiences and the touch of the divine light and heat of infinite Love, whose redeeming presence and power are ever immanent in the life of humanity.

In human experience the soul develops its natural cognition, the intelligence and knowledge concerning the natural world and life with which it has to do during its earthly career: all of which is an enlightenment and information of its human side; and is separate from its intuitional and supernatural self, yet is in direct line with it, if its attention is not submerged and blinded by its "natural" acquisitions. Knowledge is gained (and consequently consciousness) in two ways—naturally and supernaturally; the first, by the natural or objective use of the soul's intellectual faculties and activities; the second, by the subjective or supernatural use of the mind. External authority is termed knowledge, yet it is but information concerning natural affairs and the objects of nature. All of which is as nothing in the face of that which is disclosed by a divine search after the things of Spirit and the psychical nature of the soul. This last search is for "supernatural disclosures," for an inward enlightenment that cannot be comprehended by those who read the great "Word" of Nature by the letters of its name, and survey things from the objective point of view. "The knowledge of the world must yield to any advance in the human consciousness of an inward enlightenment, a spiritual apprehension of the supernatural nature of man," says John Weir.

There is an inherent belief of this fact in all men, no matter what affects their later beliefs. Our beliefs are not all gained from the outside: at the root of all beliefs, of all systems of religious doctrines, there is the fixed tradition of a supernatural condition, and the idea of its revelations among men. The symbols of Spirit speak a plain language to simple and primitive nations—to simple and "ignorant" people, who, being free from the veneer of overmuch information, live close to nature, and partake of her intimate disclosures.

I know of a little Indian boy who declares his daily intercourse with the angels, and of his ability to hear the speech of "unseen Nations." His interior nature is enlightened, and his supernatural consciousness is awake to another phase of life than this objective one which holds most of us in an outer bondage.

Professor Weir says: "By whatever agencies man is enlightened in the course of nature, the Scriptures plainly indicate that Revelation is a supernatural disclosure, apart from the means whereby man commonly acquires knowledge." "A spiritual order of enlightenment operates through intuitive insight, a direct light springs in the mind as a result of earnest seeking—we know not how or whence—and the truth is perceived as in a vision."

"I will put my laws in their inward parts, and write them in their hearts," it is written. That man has the natural and inherent power to know God and the hidden secrets of His Handiwork is beyond question.

Such knowledge as this is the only true and last-

ing acquisition: not the knowledge that ends in pride, but culminates; for there is no ending to spiritual knowledge—to understanding and love.

"The human mind is formed to believe, not to doubt"; it is formed to know, to grasp the ever ascending heights of understanding. The heart is qualified to feel the divinity of life and love and all the attending emotions and the divine sympathies which emanate from these revelations of spiritual facts.

"Every faculty is a distinct taste of the mind (soul) and hath objects accommodated to its proper relish," says Addison. And each is a power of the soul, intellectual attributes by which it comes to know, to gain intelligence and natural and supernatural consciousness.

"Mind is a collective name given to the nine faculties of the Soul when they are united in action for a specific purpose," says Kheiralla, and by the united action of these is reached the natural and supernatural knowledge which leads to the revelation of finer and higher conditions which await the search of the diligent and earnest soul.

Never in the history of civilization has there been greater or wider-spread desire and search for these finer and higher conditions, and a more earnest search in things spiritual or supernatural.

Science is awakening to this interest, and so may we hope for unguessed revelations. Human understanding is receiving an impulse from the hearts of the multitude; the simple people are reaching up for the celestial food. Where once the priest and the doctor were the chief authority, thousands are now doing their own thinking and climbing up out of the shadows of unconsciousness into the knowledge of infinite things.

Man is a born climber; nothing affronts his spirit nor baffles his will; and when he awakens to a need he acts boldly in accord with his latest conviction. When he comes into that awful hour of wonder and begins to ask questions of himself concerning himself, he is miraculously born, and starts out a Galahad in search for the holy Light of the Grail, no more satisfied until he gains redemption from his unconsciousness and reaches the Mountain heights of Salvation, wherein is the Treasure of his desire.

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The selfish man receives his meed.

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The sun will shine for us to-morrow.

Let us forget that some are base,
And learn to love the human race.
Delia Hart Stone.

The year is complete, God made it so,
With bud, and blossom, and fruit, and snow.

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Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

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The king is the man who can.—*Carlyle.*

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Advertisement for "Sunset on Rangeley Lakes" by Lamson Studio. Includes an illustration of a sunset over a lake and text describing the artwork.

Advertisement for "Buy Furs of the Maker" by E. Albrecht & Son. Includes text describing the quality of furs and contact information.

Advertisement for a bunion remedy. Includes an illustration of a foot with a bunion and text describing the cure.

Advertisement for "Make Money Easy" by Novelty Cutlery Company. Includes text describing the opportunity to sell knives and contact information.

His wanderings in search of Truth continued for many years, the details of which are little known. It is generally conceded, however, that when past middle age, he appeared in the splendid city of Crotona in the southern part of Italy, about 529 B.C., and founded there a school...

Here, surrounded by beautiful gardens, arose and flourished the famous seat of learning which has had so great an influence adown the centuries to the present. Here Pythagoras taught his philosophy by means of lectures given daily and nightly.

To the nightly instructions only those came who desired to enter the order, and were willing to meet all the trials necessary to enable them to become students of Pythagoras. They were comparatively few in number. Chosen after many examinations, subjected to numerous severe tests to prove their persistence and sincerity...

After admission into this inner school, so difficult to be obtained, the student must pass through four degrees: First, Preparation; second, Purification; third, Perfection; and fourth, Epiphany. It was during the first stage, which usually lasted two years but might be prolonged to five, that the silence of which we read was imposed upon them all.

A Pythagorean day, we are told, began with the first rays of the sun shooting above the horizon. Then the initiate, to the accompaniment of a musical instrument, intoned some of the Golden Verses, as, for instance, this: "Render to the immortal God the consecrated adoration. Then defend thy faith; Reverence the memory Of the hero benefactors, of the spirits half-divine."

As the day began with music, so, too, it ended with chanting, while the stars pricked through the evening sky. In fact, music entered largely into all the teaching of Pythagoras, who, in many accounts of his life, is declared to have discovered the harmonic system itself.

It was not until the novice entered into the second degree that he took his place as a true disciple of the Master, who received him into his dwelling and taught him daily. All of the descriptions by his students which have come down to us agree that Pythagoras was a man "wonderfully majestic in appearance, with a face fine in feature and expression. He was always clothed in pure white, his garments being of spotlessly clean linen. He held that white is an emblem of light and of everything good, and, therefore, to be thus robed was to help in preserving an atmosphere of purity and peace."

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with the possession of marvelous occult powers, such as the ability to control wild beasts with a word, to foresee the future, and to appear in two places at one and the same time, he having been seen in Crotona and in Mesopotamia at the same hour. Whether these things be true or not, he undoubtedly had an unusual knowledge of occult forces and an ability to use them as he desired. There is no question but the mystical and very important side of Plato's teachings came from the Pythagorean philosophy. This renders it of the greater interest to ourselves, because study and familiarity with Plato gave direction and force to the thought of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and to that of many others.

I can only give a very brief résumé of this philosophy here, but enough, perhaps, to show the silver cord of Truth that ran through it from beginning to ending, and which has had strength enough to thread the centuries upon it down to the twentieth.

The central thought is that of number, which is the essence and principle of everything. All things in the universe, the suns, and their circling planets, bear a numerical relation, each to all the rest—a relation harmonious, rhythmical, which can be expressed in figures by those who have progressed far enough to work out the problem.

Pythagoras believed that the planets in their revolutions produce vibrations in the ether which have a constant ratio, and if heard by man's inadequate sense would be the ravishing music of the spheres. From this teaching came the latter expression, which, if the thought of this ancient mystic be true, is not all imagination.

To walk a little farther with this great philosopher: He taught that each human being has a certain number or rate of spiritual vibrations which is the essence of his soul-life, and is in rhythmic accord with the great creative harmony. To know this number and to hold oneself true to its chord would be to possess abounding life, energy and happiness. And the number of a sun or a planet, as well as that of a man or of the tiniest living thing, can be put into the figures from one to nine, inclusive, ten being the type of all perfection.

Everything in nature, then, may be reduced to numerals, and Pythagoras applied them to the spiritual world, solving questions now wholly unknown to arithmetic. The spiritual he declared to have weight and measure just as much as the physical. To quote from an ancient book: "There are numerals for the foundation or principle of being, its activity, duration and stages of progression. Everything arises from the first ten numerals. These, again, are comprehended by the first four whose united sum is ten." The number four was sacred, therefore, to the Pythagoreans, who made oath by it and held it solemnly binding. Ten is their symbol of the universe.

The numeral of a substance is its foundation in the divine intention, and can be only that and nothing else. The agreement of all universal numerals of beings and their actions forms the harmony of the whole. One is the name and character of the Highest, the Earliest, the Endless. ONE is the centre of all, the foundation of all being.

To Pythagoras is universally attributed the honor of making geometry a science, which, with arithmetic, held the mysteries of creation. "God geometrizes and worlds are born." He discovered the problems to be found in Euclid to-day.

It is, of course, extremely difficult to trace all of the teachings of Pythagoras, because they were transmitted through his students, being always oral and handed down by word of mouth. Yet, though he wrote nothing, others have written much, so that those who desire to know may discover the central thoughts of this great mystic, which are full of interest, often becoming fascinating.

Pythagoras worked for thirty years in his school, and his influence was felt not only in Crotona, but in surrounding towns, in the bringing of greater concord, and of laws tending to purity of life. And then came the end, through the hatred and jealousy of a student who had failed to be received by the Master, Cylon, by misrepresentation, raised a mob which attacked the school and burned the buildings within which many of the inmates met death. It is not known whether Pythagoras perished there or escaped, but for political reasons the school was never reopened. The influence of this wonderful philosopher has never died, but lives, as all truth does, to make the world a better place, and a happier, for evolving humanity.

Thy life is like a violin
That by the Master's hand is played;
Though crude and thin
Its tones begin,
Yet ever, as He plays again,
Sweeter they echo from within,
And answer with a purer strain.

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The Need for Simplicity

By Gertrude Mercia Wheelock

FULL and complete awakening to the existence of a fault is the first step toward its correction. The American Nation is daily becoming more alive to the realization that some step has got to be taken, whereby our rising generation can be saved from the awful calamity that threatens from the nervously strenuous life which the majority of its people are leading to-day.

Hundreds of years ago, before this Nation had opened its eyes, as it were, on the world, a philosopher, whose name is now a household word, gave us this warning: "Always bear this in mind—very little indeed is necessary for living a happy life."

Did he foresee the age when his words would ring out as a warning to a mighty nation? Did he dream that the time would come when those words would possibly have to be used as a life text by a nation who would lose sight of its need for strength in the mighty effort after supremacy?

What are we gaining by all this hurry, this restlessness that robs us of the best in life? The answer comes back—Gold, fame, position in the social, political, commercial or professional world. This, then, is the secret of the nervous wrecks, the crowded asylums, the hundreds of worthless, charity-seeking creatures, who should be leading happy, independent lives, but who instead are cumbering the highways and byways with their worthless personalities.

Ambition is a necessary adjunct to a successful life, and ambition if used in the right direction can bring only happiness to its possessor; but ambition for gold and fame, and ambition for the highest and best in life, are two entirely different qualities and lead their possessor along entirely different roads.

If we train our children to have a love for personal adornment and the material things of life, which mean a constant outlay of money, and neglect to train them to love the woods, the flowers, the birds and all the beautiful outdoor life, we are committing a sin which will cast its blot not only on our children, but on their children and on the generations to come, until we cannot fathom the mischief wrought.

The babe on the mother's knee will turn with laughing face and outstretched arms to catch the sunbeams that dance on the nursery floor. Why, therefore, try to dazzle its sight with the tawdry baubles manufactured for this purpose?

Children, whose whole thought and mind should be centered on healthy, vigorous, outdoor amusement, are housed in theatre and dance-hall for pleasure, which they should not know for years to come, if ever, and thus the young life is trained to artificial modes of living and the evil is started. One by one they reach out and grasp other and more alluring pleasures until the field is exhausted, and they turn back, even at the threshold of life, worn out physically and mentally from its demands. Too late they realize that the true happiness of life has slipped from them, and that they have been spending precious years in a mad pursuit of its phantom.

What are the best things of life, and how can we get them? The surest way is to look for those who are truly happy and follow in their footsteps. We may not find them at once, for they do not advertise their happiness to the world; but watch carefully the life that flows on smoothly and evenly; look for the face that no trouble or sorrow seems to mar; examine the inner workings of that life, and you will find that the key to its happiness and the rock of its foundation is a pure and firm faith in God. This must exist first, and from this will flow all the things that make life worth living and bring a true and lasting happiness.

In the heart of the man or woman who loves God is a tiny seed, which as life goes on grows and expands, throwing out tiny shoots, which in time become living branches; these branches reach out and envelop all around them until they are drawn into harmony and unity with humanity. This tiny seed is love, and our faith in God strengthens and nourishes it daily, and gives us the power to send its influence out to others.

This love guides us in the use of our time, and

while it is right that we should devote our portion to the work of the world, the gaining of bread and clothing, it is also right, and not only right but our duty, that we should spend some portion among the beauties which God has created for our enjoyment and instruction.

To gaze on the majestic beauty of mountain or ocean, to watch the sun as it rises in its glorious beauty over the world, to listen to the songs of birds—these things should be a source of keen enjoyment to us; and unless they are such, we are not using our life to its highest good.

Living close to Nature, finding in her changing seasons and wondrous and beautiful works the thoughts and influence of the Master Mind—this is the secret of happiness, and without this life we are not complete. Until we can get into harmony with Nature, find in her moods a solace for our varying moods and in her beauties a gratification of our love for the beautiful, we are not getting the best out of our lives. This love, then, when developed, will affect humanity to the extent of pouring into every life that comes in contact with ours a purer element.

Every Christian who has this love of God and of His universe in his heart holds a sacred responsibility, for our Nation is threatened with a grave danger, and only the constant endeavor of those who have tasted of these joys and know their value can save it from destruction.

The fulfilment of this duty does not lie in teaching a class once a week, or in making an address when occasion offers; it lies in constantly giving by example to everyone who meets you the result of a life rightly lived, of abstaining absolutely from the pleasures and indulgences which corrupt, and of upholding constantly the true methods of living. It consists in leading simple, honest, clean, natural lives, finding our pleasure in Nature's garden, living so close to God that everyone who knows us will feel the sweet, pure influence of His presence and be drawn into the hallowed circle of His love.

Cause and Effect are factors essentially logical, and although the effect does not always follow in the Time and Order man believes natural, God—the Mighty Cause, Alpha and Omega—has charged His ministering spirits with the control of these affairs.

Enemies No Longer

A WAR correspondent to the daily press gives a striking picture of a Russian and a Japanese soldier he met after the battle of the Shaho:

"The Japanese, who had belonged to Nodzu's army, had been wounded in the last night's attack on the village. Left behind, he found himself in the morning in the midst of a heap of dead friends and foes. With the dawning of light he saw a Russian lying propped against a tree. The giant opened up peace negotiations.

"Yaponitz!" he said, holding out his uninjured arm in token of friendship.

"Rouskes!" replied the little brown man in ready response, also with extended hand.

"Then the Russian contrived to reach the side of his newly found friend. By dumb show they speedily learned the extent of each other's injuries. The Japanese had no emergency ration, but he found Russian brown bread a tolerable substitute for his accustomed rice. Roughly they bandaged each other's wounds.

"The pair spent a fortnight in the same field hospital, and were inseparable. The giant's uninjured arm was ever at the service of the little figure hobbling along with a stick, and their devotion to each other was wonderful.

"When the moment of separation came and the Russian had to leave with a batch of prisoners for Matsuyama, it found him weeping, and he was only consoled when he was given permission to embrace his little Yaponitz."

Oftimes nothing profits more than self-esteem, grounded on just and right well managed.—Milton.

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

—Thomas Tusser, 1515.

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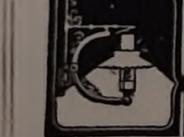


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A Lesson
THE birds begin the day with a song,
With a song that is joyous and bright;
They trust and are happy through all the long day,
They fear not the lonely night.
But when the dark shadows come creeping apace,
They warble a sweet good night,
Then trustfully sleep until time to awake
With a song for the dawning light.

Let us learn the lesson the little birds teach,
And begin every day with a song
Of praises to God the dear Father of love,
Then trust Him through all the day long;
And when the night comes, with a sweet little song
Of thanks for His love and His care,
Like the little birds, sleep till the dawning of day,
Then awake God's great love to declare.

—Fannie Herron Wingate.

We Should Smile

THE thing that goes the furthest toward making life worth while—
That costs the least and does the most—is just a pleasant smile—
The smile that bubbles from the heart that loves its fellow-men
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again.
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent;
It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.
There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile;
It always has the same good look—it's never out of style;
It nerves us on to try again when failure makes us blue;
Such dimples of encouragement are good for me and you,
So smile away; folks understand what by a smile is meant—
It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.

The Lake Champlain Quaker

THE people who love it will defy you to find a more beautiful lake anywhere; and, anyway, if the voyagers to the New World had discovered nothing else, it would have been worth all the trouble they took coming over. Big and gracious, and commanding as some dear princess, it sweeps to the northern border, and the mountains range themselves on either side, watching and adoring.

The largest island in the lake is long and wide, and has several townships of its own. Somewhere about 1785 a family of Quakers came from the south and found the place. "The Lord," they said, "has led us into ways of peace. Here we will live, and the blessing of heaven will be with us." They labored at their wholesome toil and their minds were filled with wholesome thoughts. Sun and storm succeeded sun and storm, and the years passed, and they found rest unto the third generation.

In 1861, when the stricken country cried for men to save her, the note of war came to the island, and the great-grandson of the first Quaker was drafted.

"But it will be no use," he said. "I shall never fight. My mother taught me it is a sin. It is her religion and my father's, and their fathers'. I shall never raise my hand to kill anyone."

The recruiting officer took little notice. "We'll see about that later," he commented carelessly.

The regiment went to Washington and the Quaker boy drilled placidly and shot straight. "But I shall never fight," he reiterated.

Word went out that there was a traitor in the ranks. The lieutenant conferred with the captain, and all the forms of punishment devised for refractory soldiers were visited on him. He went through them without flinching, and there was only one thing left. He was taken before the colonel.

"What does this mean?" demanded the officer. "Don't you know you will be shot?"

The Quaker was a nice boy with steady eyes and a square chin, and he smiled a little. "That is nothing," he said. "Thee didn't think I was afraid, did thee?"

The prisoner went back to the guardhouse and the colonel went to the President, to Lincoln, who was great because he knew the hearts of men. The case was put before him—of the mutinous Quaker who talked of his religion, the soldier who refused to fight, who defied pain and laughed at the fear of death.

Lincoln listened and looked relieved. "Why, that is plain enough," he answered. "There is only one thing to do. Trump up some excuse and send him home. You can't kill a boy like that, you know. The country needs all her brave men wherever they are. Send him home."

So the Quaker went back to the island, to life and duty as he saw them, and his children tell the story. —Lippincott's.

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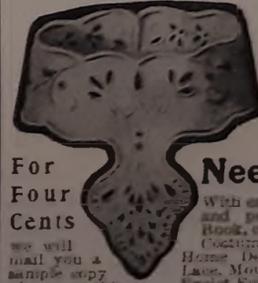
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"Make Yourself at Home"

FROM whence this hospitable phrase?

Straight from God. This was "the word." "To you is given dominion over all things. Make yourselves at home."

Who has done it? Who in all the ages has ever had even a faint realization of his right to occupy the earth? Who ever regarded it as a home to enjoy—as an abiding-place?

It has never been anything to anyone except a stopping-place between trains. There was nothing to do after the first train dropped the passengers at the depot of birth but to wait for the final express which would dump them into the grave.

Some brave souls have endeavored to get something out of the inexplicable environment. They have concealed their heartache with smiles in the vain endeavor to cheer up their sick and sorrowing neighbors. But cheer can only be dispensed by the cheerful, and where are they? We have had the cheerful endeavorers, and they have certainly accomplished wonders with their lives, considering that they were simply wandering about the great caravansary station waiting for the unlimited to pull up.

Is it strange that so many of God's children have endeavored to satisfy themselves with husks when they knew nothing of the pure wheat, not to speak of the hidden manna? Is it any wonder that men have grabbed and stolen to be rich, and that women have sold their bodies to lust for the sake of the so-called home and the baubles and the finery such transactions would bring them?

Money has been the sole desideratum because it was the only thing that would secure a temporary surcease of misery. Money provides the drug or the liquor that temporarily dulls the senses during the period of enforced detention at the depot. Money is the only thing to be depended upon. There is no God but money.

Just as physicians have always doctored symptoms, so has the whole human family worked with effects instead of causes. It found itself possessed of power to suffer. Sickness and poverty inhered "in the plan." To be able to crawl feebly about was all that one could expect in this "vale of tears," this place of waiting, where the wreck or the exit whistle was likely to blow at any moment.

And yet God said: "I have given you dominion over all things; make yourselves at home."

A dim echo of the spoken word must have vibrated down the ages, for this is what men have said to each other in all climes and all languages since ever man has had a history. No word has been dearer or oftener caressed than the word home, and yet its basic meaning is only just dawning upon the earth.

Every human being instinctively feels that he has a right to a home. If he has money enough, he builds himself a house. He carefully insures and furnishes it, gives a "warming" to his friends, and after a little wonders why he is not quite satisfied. It is a constant outlay of expense, and he fears he may not be able to keep it up. Fear in various forms assails him. He is no happier in this house than in the one he hired. He expected to find a home, but is disappointed. "After all," he says to himself, "there is so little time to enjoy a home. Men work hard to provide for their families the comforts of life, and the first thing one knows something happens. It doesn't pay to try and make a home."

This in a greater or lesser degree is the prevailing feeling, and all because there is not in the human mind any fundamental idea of the truth of possession. What can one expect of waifs, strays and beggars? There are multi-millionaire tramps, hundred-thousand-dollar tramps, and tramps without a cent in their pockets, and as far as observation goes the latter are quite as happy as the others. They, of course, do not think so. The fellow who has got the money they envy and sometimes steal from, exactly as those higher up steal from towns, cities and governments.

The nabob in his palace says to his guest: "Make yourself at home." The dirty tramp who has found a hayloft says to his pal: "Make yourself at home." They have no conception that this was the welcome of the Infinite to the race—the nabob no more than the other. They are equally ignorant and equally unhappy because equally insecure. They have no continuing city. Haylofts may be far apart, and the palace menaced by the bellowing of a Wall Street bull.

These builded and bric-à-braced houses will never know the feeling of home until their occupants understand their relation to the universal home. Then symmetry will be sanctified and art glorified. Now we say, "Ars est lingua, vita est brevitatis." Then effects will not transcend causes. Things will not outlast the man. The marble statue, the work of man's brain and hand, will not possess more elements of immortality than the one who created it. Art and life will be consciously one, for art is life.

Do try and make yourselves at home in God's great mansion, which was willed to you from the beginning. We are all proprietors. There is health, happiness and abundance right here and now for every inhabitant of the planet. There is nothing omitted from this royal bill of fare, nothing necessary to their attainment but a realization of Infinite justice.

To him who overcometh shall be given—what? The security of a home. What is to be overcome? Our doubt of Omnipotent Love.

No pen can describe the joy that comes from a glimmer of this truth. It is first seen in flashes; then it grows more steady, and we find our homesickness giving place to contentment, which grows more permanent as we become more aware of the Almighty love which guides and guards us.

Do make yourselves at home.

Eleanor Kirk.

The New Atlantis: A Vision

By S. W. Hibbert

Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal Peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.

—H. Coleridge.

We were sitting on the deck of one of our great liners in midocean, reveling in the beauty of a calm, moonlit night at sea. The "we" consisted of three people—the Poet, the Musician, and (for want of a better title) the Appreciator—myself.

"How peaceful the scene is," I exclaimed, "the very sea would seem asleep!"

"Peace beginning to be,"
quoted the Poet.

"Deep as the sleep of the sea
When the stars their faces glass
In its blue tranquillity;
Hearts of all upon Earth,
From the First to the Second Birth,
To rest as the wild waters rest,
With colors of Heaven on their breast."

The words were new to me; I was eagerly asking the names of the author and poem, and did not at first notice that the Musician had slipped away.

"Ah!" said the Poet, "he has an inspiration; let us follow him"; and we hastened after him into the saloon. There, seated at the piano, our gifted friend was soon setting the lines just quoted, with their lilt and haunting cadence, to exquisite music; a fairy air, dainty in the extreme, to a sweet, rippling accompaniment.

At his request the Poet quoted the second verse:

"Love, which is sunlight of Peace,
Age by age to increase,
Till Anger and Hate are dead,
And Sorrow and Death shall cease,
'Peace on Earth and Good will'
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far-off, infinite bliss!"

As I retired to rest the refrain rang in my ears. What marvel that the moonlit sea, the Poet's words, and their beautiful setting should weave a spell? I dreamt most wondrously. For lo! methought we drew near to our journey's end and gazed eagerly toward a great roadstead which gradually grew more distinct. It was full of vessels, and, as we glided among them, one thing astonished us—there were no men-of-war. On every hand were merchantmen, very fine vessels one and all, with the flags of nearly every nation fluttering at their mastheads. Then we noticed that although this was evidently an important seaport and a great city, of exposed position, there were no fortifications or guns to be seen! Moreover, it was strikingly beautiful, viewed as it was to great advantage from the sea, for everywhere we saw trees and greenery; it looked indeed a "Garden City"; each house, great or small, was surrounded by open ground, almost to the water's edge.

As we stepped on shore a silence fell upon the three of us, a strange and unaccountable hesitation; we did not even know the name of the land upon which we stood. At this moment a kind voice on my right greeted us with: "Good afternoon, gentlemen. I see you have just landed, and are perhaps strangers here." We turned and saw in the speaker a gentleman of about forty years of age, with a face as kindly as the voice, and we immediately assured him that we were in the position he surmised. He continued: "My name is Alexis, at your service. I have only been here long enough myself to be able cordially to recommend my hotel. Will you come and see it?" He summoned the hotel—I had almost said "busman"—motor-driver or chauffeur would be more correct, and we were soon speeding with all the smoothness of electricity along the broad promenade to a fine building standing back from the roadway in its own grounds. Here everything was on a grand scale, the entrance hall and reception-rooms, and we feared the scale of charges would be equally magnificent. A clear statement of these in every room set our minds at rest, and after we had completed our arrangements and taken some light refreshment, we gladly accepted our new friend's offer to guide us round the city.

"This is my first visit to New Salamis," Mr. Alexis remarked; "it has long been my desire to see it. We Bostonians pride ourselves on being more interested in associations literary and historical than the majority of our New England brethren, and we sent many settlers here at one time."

"The city bears a famous name," I remarked.

"You will think it strange, but I do not know what country this is."

He disguised any astonishment and said: "New Salamis was the name given to the capital of the island of Atlantis; it is so truly sea-born Salamis!"

"Atlantis!" we exclaimed with one voice. "I thought Atlantis was a myth!"

Mr. Alexis looked at us in wonder, then replied that the world was amazed when, after the great earthquake in the middle of the twentieth century, the long-submerged island once more rose above water, proving the origin of the shallows to the northwest of Africa.

"But," I cried in bewilderment, "it is only 1904 now; what can you mean?"

"You have voyaged far if you left home so long ago! We count it 2012. How new you will find the conditions around you! Then did you never hear of that vast convulsion which made so many changes? The upheaval in the North Atlantic which raised this island upon which we now walk caused a corresponding depression and sank once more that great sandy waste, once the desert, now the Sahara Sea, which has vastly improved transit in North Africa; it raised and drained the Congo Valley and all the low-lying forest and morass land which made Central Africa so deadly to the white man."

Many more things of great fascination to our twentieth century minds we heard as we strolled through one of the beautiful parks. Presently we emerged on another fine thoroughfare, and remarked on the cleanliness which prevailed, and on the clearness of the atmosphere, the more striking as Mr. Alexis was pointing out that the great buildings we took for erections of flats at least, were merely factories.

"No smoke?" said our friend; "that is a nuisance no longer submitted to even in England!" and we murmured our approval. "Besides," he continued, "Atlantis has no coal of her own; it was necessary to use electric power or to make a patent fuel, and both are used, the one as inexpensive as the other. No," to a question from one of us, "radium will always be costly to produce, and it is only used in hospitals and for scientific purposes."

We now arrived at the portals of a vast temple, a combination of ancient Greek grace, Egyptian proportions and of modern art. As we entered, the organ pealed out a soul-stirring wave of sound, and an anthem arose from a choir in which the voices of both sexes were exquisitely blended, and the words that they sang were these:

"Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'"

"Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies;
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

When we came away I said to Mr. Alexis: "I notice three striking things. Unlike its warlike namesake, New Salamis does not fortify its harbor; there are no tombs of warriors with tattered flags in their cathedral; and the anthems tell of the glories of Peace."

"Ah!" he replied, "now you touch the most far-reaching achievement of these modern days. True, in 1904, you were still subject to the terrible scourge of war."

At this we gazed at him with mingled doubt and delight, and he began to tell us at once how the change had come about.

"Then it seems," he said, "that in your long voyage" (that was his kind way of alluding to our ignorance) "you never heard of the last great war, in which so many nations became involved, and the engines of death were so passing terrible that, after the carnage ceased, and Peace—so called—was established, it was universally decided in the great Congress of 1950 that war had become impossible, was a relic of barbarism, and that decision by arbitration must be final. Of course, there were many who demurred; there were thousands whose only profession was that of killing, to whom Peace meant monotony; but gradually that feeling has given way to one of infinite relief. Then, too, Atlantis arose about that time, and the colonists who flocked to her shores determined that she should never learn what war meant. It was said, you remember, that of old she sank with a warrior race upon her, and it seemed she had arisen as a seal upon the world at Peace."

He explained the evidences of wealth and comfort by the immense sums of money accruing to the State which had no vast armaments to keep up. "You will see no poverty here," he added, "nor, indeed, in the Old World either; everyone is educated to a trade and has an equal chance in life, and at fifty-five need work no longer. The old are pensioned, if need be, by money once spent on means of destruction."

Then, as if the sum of human happiness on earth were complete, my dream grew faint and fainter; the voice which told of all these ideals accomplished faded into the strains of the anthem to which we had listened, and I awoke with its words in my ears like the sound of a silver bell:

"I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'"
—The Herald of Peace.



The Story of a Widow, an unfurnished house and her two uneducated boys



THIS is a pretty good world after all," said Mrs. S., "and I'm glad I have been able to get so much happiness out of life. It's stranger than fiction how little it takes to lift one out of the depths of despair to the mountain tops of gladness and satisfaction. Just when I felt as if the sun would never shine again, it came from behind the clouds, brighter, clearer and more life-giving than ever. It was the same world, the same old sun, the same woman, but what a difference! The change was in myself. I realized more fully than ever before that I was able to make my way and provide not only for myself but for others.

"Suddenly bereft of my husband, the best, truest and dearest man that ever lived, I found myself face to face in a strange place with what, to me then, was a cold, cold world—no money, no friends and my two growing boys to clothe, feed and educate. What was I to do? The burden seemed more than I could bear, and, like most women, I sat down and had a good cry. Into the ears of some of my acquaintances I poured the story of my grief and utter helplessness, but I soon discovered that others had troubles of their own and did not care to be burdened with my sorrows. There was the turning point. Right there I learned the greatest lesson of my life, that humanity extends a helping hand a thousand times more cheerfully to the one who tries to help herself, and throughout the years that have followed I have dwelt on the bright side of life, and it is astonishing how success has followed my efforts. I often wonder if it is possible that I, who have the pleasant home and am in such easy circumstances to-day, am the same woman that a few short years ago almost gave up in despair. Truly I am—my own efforts, my own determination and the opportunity which opened to me at that time, and which is open to every woman today, placed me where I am. It is truly wonderful what you can do, and I would strongly advise you to take to



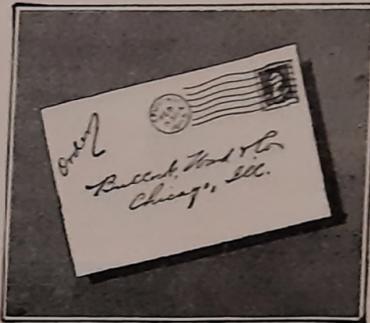
yourself some of my experience.

"By the merest chance I happened to be reading one of those interesting monthly fashion and story papers—I cannot recall just where it was published, but that doesn't matter—when I was attracted by the advertisement of Bullock, Ward & Co., the great Mail Order Premium House of Chicago. I read it over, every word of it, and I was very much impressed with the offer they made. They seemed to talk right to me, and it struck me just when I was reading that there was the very thing I was looking for. At any rate I had to be up and doing, and, although I had never been interested in anything like this before, I decided to write them and learn more about their plans. The few days waiting for their reply were indeed anxious ones to me, but when their letter came I felt that at last I had fallen upon my feet. They gave a far better chance than I ever expected, and with it all seemed to be really anxious to do everything in their power to help me along. I suppose this was only business on their part, but be that as it may, with the confidence they gave me I could feel it in my very bones that I was bound to be a success. I sat down and read every bit of printed matter they sent me; I spent an hour or so real pleasantly looking at that beautifully illustrated book they sent out, and when I thought I had everything well in hand I started out. I never felt more like a big schoolgirl in my life; I knew I would succeed, but then



you know how you hang back and hate to make the first start. I was indeed surprised how easy it all came,

once I got over that foolish timidity. When I had taken orders for about \$10 worth of goods among my friends and neighbors, a couple of packages of Tea in one house, some Coffee and Spices in another, Laundry Soap, Toilet Soaps, Perfumes and Flavoring Extracts in others, I thought that was doing fine for one day, and sent in my orders. You see, I was only a beginner, and I wanted to make sure that everything was all right, so I waited for proof, but when the goods came with the beautiful Kitchen Cabinet I had chosen as a premium, my joy knew no bounds. The Soaps, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Flavoring Extracts and Perfumes were simply fine, and the Cabinet was the handsomest I had ever seen. I had at last found one large concern that did exactly as they agreed. When I went to deliver the goods some of my friends, who had given me my first order just to help me, were so pleased to find that they were getting better goods than they could buy in their local stores and much cheaper, that they then and there made up some big orders, because Bullock, Ward & Co. manufacture and import nearly 100 different articles that every housewife needs every day. I had almost forgotten to say that they trusted me for the goods and didn't ask me to send any money until I had collected for them. Could you imagine anything more liberal?



"So it went along, getting better and better, and now look at my home, with all the kitchen furniture, three bedrooms, one in mahogany and the other with brass and oak, nice curtains, carpets and toilet sets. Then the room I love so well—my dining-room—with dining-table, china cabinet, chairs and sideboard full of beautiful dishes, also my parlor—well, you can imagine how it would be furnished, not an article missing, even to the striking clock and lovely lamp. Out on the lawn the hammock and all sorts of convenient things to be found in every part of the house. Sometimes when I needed money instead of the premium I sent them only one-half in cash what the order amounted to and kept the other one-half for my work; thus on every \$10 order I sent in I made \$10 clear profit, because I was never at any expense for freight, the firm always reimbursing me for that, and when I had my house furnished fully and completely how independent and comfortable it made me feel to be able to count on a good salary for myself each and every week, out of which it has been easy to clothe and to send my two dear, manly, loving boys to college, so that they will be fitted to take their place in the world.

"Right down in the bottom of my heart I love this work, and outside of the money I have made out of it I have had all kinds of fun and pleasure. Why, at our clubs which I have formed, the 'Ward Clubs o' Ten,' as we call them, I have had more real, downright satisfaction than I can express. We get together at the different houses, have our little games and entertainments, and have a fine, jolly time, and while we meet for business, yet the social side of it all adds very much to the enjoyment. But then I always forget that



everybody doesn't know all about these clubs, and when you are writing to Bullock, Ward & Co. ask them to inclose you one of their little booklets which tells you all about them. This contact with my fellows as I go about my daily occupation is developing some part of my character every day. I have learned that there is a feeling of friendship, true sisterly love which, if cultivated and developed along the right lines, will make us bigger and broader women. Why should I keep the knowledge of this great plan to myself? Other women would be glad to know how they can help themselves, and if the knowledge which I have been fortunate enough to gain will add to their comforts or pleasure, I'll leave it to you to judge whether I am not reaping my reward.



"I have often wondered why so many women waste the flying moments that they were intended to improve. In going around among my friends it many a time caused my heart to ache to hear some of them repining because their neighbors had better things than they, when all they had to do was to follow my example and take advantage of the offers made by Bullock, Ward & Co. It never seems to occur to some women to save up their pennies for about a month for Soaps, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Extracts, Starch, Baking Powder, etc., etc., and get these premiums for themselves. It doesn't take a very large family to use \$5 or \$10 worth of such goods a month, and see how many fine premiums you could have in the course of a year.

"There isn't a woman, whether she is rich or poor, whether living in the city or on the farm, whether married or single, or, like me, a widow, but what should write to that reliable, old established and absolutely square firm of Bullock, Ward & Co., 56-58 North Desplaines Street, Chicago, and ask them to tell her more of their plans and send her from their two beautifully illustrated books. They will answer promptly, I know.

"Merely a postal will bring them to you. Better write for them to-day. Surely here is a field open to every ambitious woman and man. What one woman can do another can equal. The opportunity is at hand; all you have to do is to take advantage of it. If you need money to provide yourself with the actual necessities or luxuries of life, with a little earnest effort on your part you can easily provide yourself with everything your heart desires, while on the other hand you can make your home much more attractive and comfortable with those little extras, such as Furniture, Silverware, Dishes, Lamps, Glassware, Clocks, Cutlery, Curtains, etc., etc., without having to pay out a single cent. Bullock, Ward & Co. have built up their very large business by always providing their friends and customers with the very best goods, better than you can buy in your local stores, and at lower prices, besides giving you free these useful presents, which they describe so fully in their beautifully illustrated book, and which they will send you free if you ask for it."



Fraternity

By Mrs. Mamie Dutton

It is thus Webster defines fraternity: "It is from the word *frater*, meaning brother; of or pertaining to brethren; becoming brothers. Fraternize—to hold fellowship; fraternity—a body of men associated for their common interest, business or pleasure; a company; a brotherhood; a society; men of the same class, profession, occupation, character or tastes."

"With what terms of respect knaves and sots will speak of their own fraternity!" says South. "Fraternize—to associate; hold fellowship as brothers; to have brotherly love; to bring into fellowship or brotherly sympathy."

Does Webster say it all; or are there volumes hidden between and beneath these few simple words? I think such is the case. These words are but the touch-buttons of a mighty, magic spring—touch them, speak them, feel them. Fraternity! Brotherhood! What a revelation! The whole world is before us—and more—the universe. What a panorama of love and beauty; for is not God our Father—are we not all brothers? The scope, the magnitude of its fullest meaning overwhelms our little human minds; we cannot comprehend it till we grow, till we learn of the Master. Fraternity—brotherly love, that divine gift from God Himself—is imbedded in every living soul. Let some great calamity, disaster or distress befall, how quickly the cold scales of formality, selfishness and indifference scatter and Fraternity gleams forth like a beautiful sunburst after storm.

The cry, the hunger of every human heart is for fellowship, it is the deepest, strongest, most irresistible impulse of the soul. The kindly helpful associations and appreciations of brothers make humanity happier, better; that spurs us on to effort, to development, to achievement.

Fraternity is as old as humanity itself. We read it in ancient hieroglyphics of Egypt. We trace it in the symbols of Masonry graven ages upon ages ago. We discover it buried deep in the archives of the earth. We hear it from the lips of Confucius, in the teachings of the Vedas; from the teachers, preachers and philosophers of all time. It is strong among the street urchins as well as the "smart set"; among the humble laborers and the political ring; we feel it in our own hearts and experience.

What is this wonder-working power, fraternity? A vibrant, living principle; a tie no words can utter; a bond no eye can see; a chain no hand can touch; yet how tangible, how real a thing it is—soul touching soul, heart reaching heart. This is what the Master meant when He said, "A new command give I unto you, that ye love one another even as I have loved you."

How the eyes kindle and glow; how hands clasp closer; how the heavy heads are lifted; how tired hearts leap with new vigor, and lonely, sad lives are brightened by the mighty, magic sparks of Fraternity.

We may each become a centre, a dynamo of this brotherly love, and radiate to all we meet something of its potency and sweetness. When this power speaks through the soul, though no word be audible it reaches far and wide.

When fraternity commands, there is no question; obstacles vanish, persecution ceases, critics are silenced, slanderers are dumb; all the world—all that is—gives ear and bows in obeisance.

Walt Whitman rightly says, "The base of all metaphysics is the dear love of man for his comrades, the attractions of friend to friend." It bids us

"Speak well of all
Twill be a medicine to thine own frail heart.
Think well of all,
Nor let thy friendship at foibles start
That opportunities to our humanity.
True love hath in itself the principle
Of patience unto death."

The true spirit of fraternity always whispers of love, moderation, tolerance and broad charity; maybe it is the twin of sweet charity, for it thinks only for the good of each and all—it considers not the injuries which have been done you but bids us to forgive and forget.

"No man lives unto himself alone;
Who lives unto himself lives to none;
The world's a body, each a member is
To add some measure to the public bliss."

Thus fraternity is mutual dependence, helpfulness, strength, a binding together; it prevails through all matter, all life, all the universe; it draws atoms together, is the sustenance of organisms, the life of the affections, the bond of friendship, the zeal of patriotism; it unites the family, the nation, the race.

It is the soul of the social systems, the strength of man and the protection of woman. We may liken a fraternity, a society—our camp, if you will—to a piano composed of numerous strings; some fine, some coarse; some long, some short; some tender and delicate, some strong and heavy; no two alike, but all needed for one completed whole; bound together by the law of harmony; capable of marvellous wonders under the Master's touch. Do we, as they, when He calls forth our tones, ring clear and sweet and true, or do we jangle out of tune?

Fraternity does not mean a strife among us as to who shall be the greatest, but that each should do



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the duty which comes, faithfully, truly, for the good of all. Fraternity does not mean that we should condone or acquiesce in wrong-doing, but that we should be patient with each other; patient with our mistakes and blunders; it means a kindly helpfulness in overcoming faults and rectifying errors.

"God gave us hands—one left, one right;
The first to help ourselves, the other
To stretch abroad in kindly might
To help along our eternal brother.
Then, if you see a brother fall
And bow his head before the weather,
If you be not a dastard all,
You'll help him up and stick together."

Fraternity is adhesive, cohesive, amalgamating, uniting—it is the real secret of all so-called fraternal orders. It is fostered under the solemn oaths of obligation, nurtured by the ceremonial rites of initiations, strengthened by the mystic passwords, sealed by the magic handclasp. It is that mysterious, invisible, invincible bond uniting men closer than the ties of blood; it is the potent factor of all achievement; each step in progress is the result of the irresistible oncoming of united thought, united hearts, united souls, united effort for a common cause.

Fraternity is a holy, sacred kinship, binding each to each and all to God; the fulfilment, the secret of the millennium.

Live Up to Your Name

Not only do a man's friends, but particularly his enemies, insist that he shall live up to his name. It is a wholesome discipline. In a new country two or three houses set down in a howling wilderness are denominated a city. It is a mere name at first, but if all goes well, other metropolitan features are added in due time. I remember a most interesting visit which I once made to a university in a new commonwealth. The university consisted of a board of regents, an unfenced bit of prairie for a "campus," a president (who was also professor of the arts and sciences), a janitor, and two unfinished buildings. A number of the village children took courses, which, if persisted in for a number of years, might lead to what is usually termed the higher education. One student from out of town dwelt in solitary state in the dormitory. The president met me with great cordiality, and after showing me "the plant," introduced me to the student. It was evident that they were on terms of great intimacy, and that discipline in the university was an easy matter, owing to the fact that the student body was homogeneous.

Now it would be easy for one under such circumstances to laugh at what seemed mere pretentiousness. "It was nothing more than a small school; why not call it that and be done with it?" The reason for not doing so was that it aimed at being a university. Its name was a declaration of purpose. "Despise not the day of small things." The small things may be very real things; and then they have a trick of growing big before you know it.—S. M. Crothers, in *Atlantic*.

To Wait or Work

To wait is harder far
Than constant, wearing toil!
Yet He whose now we are,
Whom we have served by toil,
Receives, as incense sweet,
Our waiting—service mete.

Plutarch on What a Good Act Does.—Nothing can produce so great a serenity of life as a mind free from guilt and kept untainted, not only from actions but purposes that are wicked. By this means the soul will be not only unpolluted, but not disturbed; the fountain will run clear and unsullied, and the streams that flow from it will be just and honest deeds, ecstasies of satisfaction, a brisk energy of spirit, which makes a man an enthusiast in his joy, and a tenacious memory, sweeter than hope. For as shrubs which are cut down with the morning dew upon them do for a long time retain their fragrance, so the good actions of a wise man perfume his mind, and leave a rich scent behind them. So that joy is, as it were, watered with these essences, and owes its flourishing to them.

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Dog That Saved Thirty-four Lives Killed on Mt. St. Bernard

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Word comes from Geneva that Barry II, the best dog ever owned by the St. Bernard Hospice, is dead from a fall. It was reported some time ago that Barry had been stolen, but he was really killed while in the performance of his duty. Three men who were climbing the Alps from the Italian side probably would have perished but for the appearance of Barry. He conducted them safely to within two hundred yards of the hospice, when he slipped and fell sixty feet into a new opened crevasse. His skull was crushed.

Barry saved thirty-four lives. Once he brought a baby in his mouth to the hospice and then returned to aid its parents, who were saved by his agency. He was twice swept away by avalanches. The monks sang a special Te Deum in his memory.

Golden Rules for Health, Long Life, Joy and Happiness

By C. H. Hassall

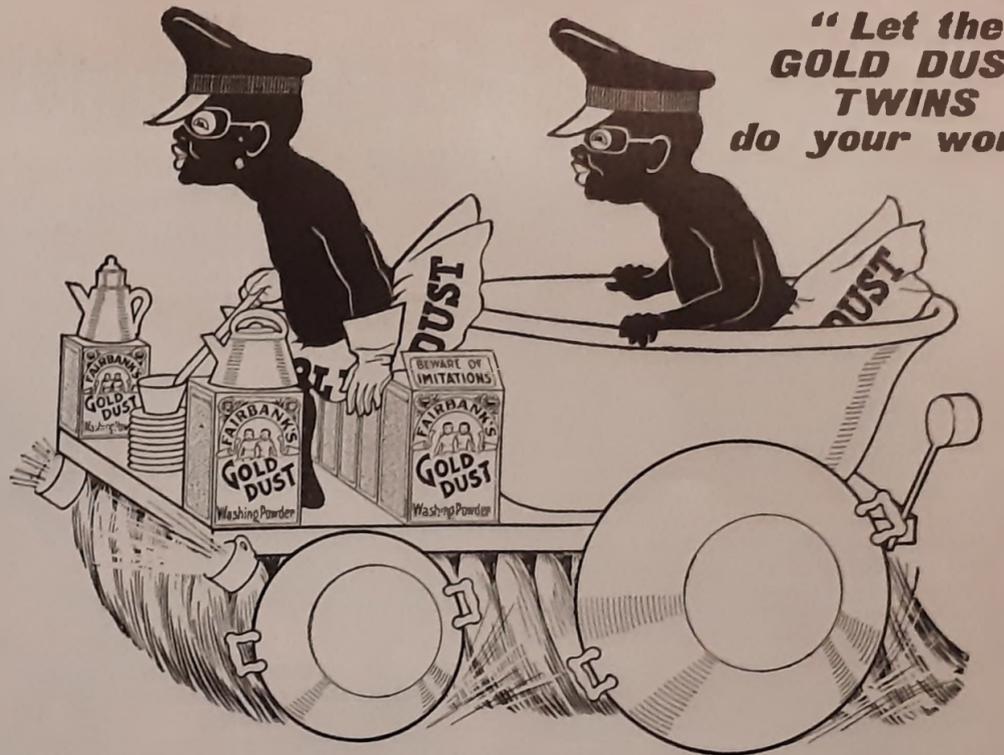
"RETIRE to rest early, thinking good thoughts, and having a loving sympathy for all, thus closing the door against all evil while you sleep. Let your first thought on awaking be that you are a divine soul. Seek to act in harmony with your higher and true self, realizing that you are at one with our Heavenly Father and with all other divine souls."

"Take a hand-bath over the whole surface of the body every morning, using cold water, followed by a brisk rub; take open-air exercise before breakfast."

"Let your diet be natural, such as nuts, fruits, grains, vegetables, etc., cooking as little as possible. Do not drink while eating, but drink a gill of tepid water by sips an hour after each meal. Let the meals be partaken of punctually if possible at stated hours, so that the stomach may not only have ample time for digestion, but also ample time for rest. Three meals per day are the average for strong, healthy people, but in childhood, sickness or old age four meals are necessary, remembering that we must not live to eat, but eat to live. The rising generation should be reared on natural foods and they will not look for any other. Healthy recreations, athletic sports of the finer sorts, gymnastic exercises, physical drills, conduce to the health and strength of the body. Walking should be engaged in by all, also deep breathing, limp and rigid exercises, etc."

"The mind must be cultivated in the arts, sciences and the best and purest literature. Music (instrumental and vocal) tends to develop the mind and soul, and brings hearts in unison and harmony. Pleasant and agreeable games, pastimes, etc., of refined character, should find a place in our lives from time to time. Let the young ever remain so, and let the matured and aged mix with the plays and games of the children, for they not only give joy to the little ones, but add to their own health and happiness. Listen to and obey the voice of God in your soul. You are not far from the Kingdom. The Kingdom of Heaven is within you. Seek to destroy disease and the germs of death by cleanliness in dress, habits and pure home life. Do not make your bodies receptive by fear and dread of contagion as you grow in faith, hope and love, controlling the lower forces of nature by your divine will, till God's will shall be done in earth as it is done in heaven, so that at last there shall be universal reign of peace, joy and love. Let us seek to realize the Kingdom of Heaven within, where the Divine One is patiently awaiting revelation. Our joy will then be full; Divine consciousness shall be ours; we shall see as we are seen, know as we are known. We shall then understand the saying of the Master: 'I and my Father are One.' We shall then go out no more forever."

Never talk or think of failure or adversity. Be determined to succeed, and permit no thought nor word to suggest anything else. No matter if things to-day go wrong. This shall also pass away. The world is your friend, though it may seem at times to be against you. The world seems to be against you because you have not met the world in the right way. Change yourself. Be a friend to everybody—the whole world. Expect everybody to be good to you, and desire constantly to be of real service to man. And ere long fate will change. Believe that everybody is against you, and you rub them all the wrong way. Know that the true side of mankind is a true friend to every aspiring soul, and then place yourself in touch with the ideal in man; meet only his better side, and your life, as well as the life of the world, is made richer thereby. Never think nor speak of failure nor adversity. Think success, speak success, breathe success, attract success, live success and be saturated through and through with absolute faith in your own success. Believe that the whole world is for you, that nothing is against you; and as your faith is, so shall it be unto you.—Eternal Progress.



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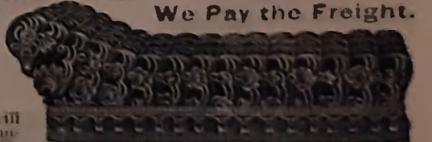
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KING MFG. CO., 770 King Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

The Hidden Psychic Factor

It is good news that smallpox is to be banished. It is announced from North Adams, Mass., that a new specific has been discovered for its cure, and that it has proved successful in a recent case. The product which does the business is called "anti-streptococcic serum." But if, as assumed, vaccination confers immunity, where is the need of a new specific?

The great causative forces in nature are unseen. But the attention of the world is almost entirely centered upon their seen and phenomenal effects. Facts are relatively temporary and superficial in comparison with the laws or principles of which they are the expression. Man is an epitome of nature, a microcosm, and in him there is a corresponding order of cause and effect, a realm of causation which is elusive and which escapes observation.

Hardly a week passes without the announcement of a new serum, nearly or quite perfected, which is to abolish some disorder, and one would infer that illness should be speedily outlawed. If the endless passing procession of theoretical specifics did not pass into oblivion after a brief stay provision would have been made for every malady. Just now everything depends upon serum.

The brief period of success which attends any new heralded discovery is due to a hidden psychic factor. Were it otherwise none would be transient and no diminution of power would follow. The mystery, assertiveness, faith, suggestion and novelty make a commotion in the psychic atmosphere which penetrates to the subconscious realm, and in proportion to its intensity the physical responds to and expresses it. A little time passes, the psychical qualities fade out and its power is gone. Something new must take its place. Faith, or effective suggestion, can rest but temporarily upon anything external or material. Perpetual power comes only from what is higher, and not from the relatively lower. Historical proof is everywhere.

When vaccination was more mysterious and novel than at the present time, and opinion as to its efficacy more positive and united, a good old-fashioned "scar" was held to be valid for a lifetime. Not so now. It has become too common and uneventful. Owing to controversy and familiarity the psychic factor has become uncertain and the former constant auto-suggestion of immunity feeble.

Since the advent of Dr. Brown Séquard's "Elixir of Life" about fifteen years ago the number of lymphs, animal extracts, serums and anti-toxins produced and positively recommended has been legion. Their effectiveness and durability have just corresponded to the impression made upon the public mind. In passing, it may be said on general principles that the injection of alien animal secretions into the human "temple" is offensive, not only to spiritual ideals, but to a refined hygienic purity.

The power of the hidden psychic factor is well illustrated in the history of the Keeley gold cure for inebriety. For a time it was a very general topic, and cures were numerous and quite uniform. Thousands went to the Keeley Institute, and there were dramatic accounts of long processions of men with bared arms waiting their turn for the magic touch. To them it was magical. They thought the gold did it. Not in the least. The cure was within themselves. Some cures were permanent, for the powerful suggestions reached deeply enough to form a thought habit, but many fell back after a longer or shorter period. As time went on the mystery and positive expectation waned and finally disappeared. Who depends on gold now?

The same principle is operative in patent medicines. Whatever their quality, if widely advertised, the cuts of smiling faces of those who have been made well will greet one on the printed page. Until there is some cultivated recognition of unseen forces, things of the sense plane must be covers for real potency. So long as bacteria are held to be the cause rather than the accompaniment of disordered conditions, remedial efforts will be confined to results instead of causes. Not long after the passing of the "Elixir of Life" Dr. Koch's lymph was brought out to kill the minute organisms which prey upon the lungs. Where is it now compared with pure air, deep breathing and high thinking? Bacteria appear as scavengers where there is an inviting soil. The conditions are made ready by plain violations of psychical and hygienic law. If on account of the violations the system becomes loaded with such impurities as furnish the fuel for smallpox, it requires only some contact force without to kindle it. The "disease" is just nature's frantic effort to expel the morbid material and purify the system.

Many people claim that a chestnut or potato carried in the pocket, or a special ring worn upon the finger, has cured, or warded off, rheumatism. How many, especially during childhood, have rubbed a wart with a split pea or bean, and with its decay, if they really expected such a result, the wart disappeared. It is true that to be effective the thought or belief must be genuine and not put on for the occasion. Unless there is a little genuine faith it does not set through the subconscious

Every Woman Can Be Beautiful

Superfluous Hair Destroyed Forever by a Wonderful Electrical Invention—Without Pain—Without Injury—Without Expense. A Godsend to Every Tortured Woman.

YOUR DUTY

Beauty is woman's birthright; without it she is righteously unhappy and with it she sways nations. Superfluous hair is the commonest of the annoying blemishes that mar regular and perfect features and otherwise beautifully clear and healthy skin. Woman's sphere demands of her that she shall be attractive; her triumphs in society and the every-day walks of life are easier and more positive if she possesses the magic charm of beauty. Superfluous hair is a blot upon Nature, a needless bar to perfect self-confidence and not only destroys the magic charm which perfect beauty inspires but deprives the afflicted one of the necessary self-assertion that enables her to take the place in the world that is hers by right.

EVERY WOMAN CAN NOW HAVE BEAUTY WITHOUT INJURY

As far as superfluous hair is concerned, for the world has been given a great invention by an experienced man, which is a never-failing method for the removal of this embarrassing blemish. This great invention is called the MAHLER ELECTRICAL APPARATUS and is manufactured by Daniel J. Mahler, of East Providence, R. I., who has been established over twenty years as a specialist in the treatment of superfluous hair. He has tried every known method of treatment with both American and foreign remedies, and finds after twenty years of continuous practice that the only way to bring about a quick, permanent, painless, non-injurious cure is by the use of his new electrical device.

If you are a woman afflicted with Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Red Veins, or Birthmarks, you need the MAHLER ELECTRICAL APPARATUS. You will find it is absolutely and without question the most inexpensive, the least painful, the most thorough and the very best of any method or process for the removal of superfluous hair, etc., to which your attention has been or may be directed. If you are afflicted with Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Red Veins, or Birthmarks just remember that the perfect remedy, the quickest remedy, the surest remedy, and the most inexpensive remedy is offered you.

The MAHLER ELECTRICAL APPARATUS stands alone on a plane raised by its own great worth and merit as the only device which is offered women, afflicted with the humiliation of Superfluous Hair, etc., with which she can operate on herself in the privacy of her own home and at her own convenience. There's no need of suffering longer the humiliation of these marks to perfect beauty. Operate on yourself with the MAHLER ELECTRICAL APPARATUS in your own home, and remove these defects and take your place and station in society and have your own little triumphs as well as your neighbor, who may be less brilliant than you though her face and neck may be clear and beautiful.

EVERY OTHER KIND OF TREATMENT IS INJURIOUS

Every kind of treatment excepting electricity is injurious. This information is placed at your disposal simply to let you know that the MAHLER ELECTRICAL APPARATUS is not an accidental

D. J. MAHLER 3138 Pawtucket Ave., East Providence, R. I.

It affords me a great deal of pleasure to insert the above announcement of Mr. Mahler in THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, as I know him personally. Mr. Mahler is an expert of remarkable ability.—PUB. THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.



discovery but that it is the result of long study and research and experiment. Mr. Mahler will positively guarantee that nothing except electricity will effect a lifelong cure. He will also guarantee by making a binding oath and giving a legal guarantee that the MAHLER ELECTRICAL APPARATUS is a never-failing means to rid oneself of every form of hair blemishes.

Drugs will not only destroy hair but will blacken, discolor and irritate the skin.

The roots of the hair lie about one-eighth of an inch below the surface of the skin, and until those roots are destroyed the hair will continue to grow and be a continual source of bother. No application will destroy this root or papilla unless it is powerful enough to eat the skin down to the level of the hair root, which, of course, is not practical or advisable. The MAHLER ELECTRICAL APPARATUS carries the electricity to the very roots of the hair by means of a very thin needle and just enough of this wonderful power is utilized to produce death to hair life—this has been calculated to a nicety and regulated accordingly so that every woman, no matter who she is, can use the APPARATUS successfully at her leisure moments. Full and complete instructions are sent with your Apparatus

and Mr. Mahler holds your case under his personal attention until every hair is destroyed.

ANY WOMAN CAN OPERATE IT

The illustration, herewith, conveys an idea of the manner of using the APPARATUS and the ease with which it can be operated in one's own home. Specialists have been using this method for some time, but their charges are excessive and the treatment therefore only within reach of the wealthier classes. With the MAHLER ELECTRICAL APPARATUS the patient does her own operating in the privacy of her own home, at an outlay of but the small initial price of the device. GENTLEMEN use the MAHLER ELECTRICAL APPARATUS to destroy hair above the beard-line and to thin out excessively heavy beards.

If you value experience, knowledge and a solid financial standing at anything, you will see that all correspondence and all business relating to the removal of superfluous hair is sent to D. J. Mahler, at East Providence, R. I. Any bank, any mercantile agency, or any reputable business house in Rhode Island will testify to Mr. Mahler's ability, standing and long career in honorable business dealing.

Mr. Mahler's business occupies one whole building. Mr. Mahler always speaks the truth; you can rely upon his advice and upon your dealings with him.

POINTS With the MAHLER ELECTRICAL APPARATUS there is absolutely no danger of scarring or even brasing the skin, so mild and easily regulated is the current of electricity and so firmly is the needle held. With the MAHLER ELECTRICAL APPARATUS superfluous hair is destroyed permanently, completely and quickly, and without pain—and the surface of the skin shows no mark or signs of treatment. Rough, red, wrinkled, sallow, wan, pimply, ugly skins are transformed into skins of exquisite beauty. Write to-day—write quickly and secure Mr. Mahler's illustrated book and interesting treatise, **ALL FREE!** Write to-day—and above all—write to the originator, the inventor, the leader of all specialists who destroy superfluous hair.

Boys and Girls

This is an IMPORTED, Brass-Mounted German Stereopticon, showing large and handsome Colored Pictures. With it we give 50 colored pictures, many very funny, including 2 moving-picture slides. The lantern is over a foot tall and nearly a foot through. We know that it will delight you. Send us your name and address for only 24 packages of **BLUINE** to sell at 10 cents each. Every one will buy because every housewife should use **BLUINE** on washday. Return our \$2.40 received from the sale and we will send you the lantern and outfit at once. Address

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By means of the **J. B. L. CASCADE**

Have you read of the wonderful cures made by the Internal Bath? Do you know that it goes to the root of all disease and eradicates the cause? Do you know that many of the greatest physicians of the world, including such authorities as Loomis L. Danforth, M. D., Prof. Obstetrics, Homœopathic Medical College, N. Y.; Dr. Herman J. Boldt, Professor at the Post-Graduate Hospital, endorse and prescribe this treatment? Do you know that such eminent people as the U. S. Sen. A. P. Gorman, Md.; Ex-Gov. Goodell, Vt.; Adm'l Tyrtoff, St. Petersburg, Russia; Col. A. O. Granger, Girard Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; Gen. T. S. Peck, G. A. R.; Miles Devine, Chicago, Ill.; Lillian Russell and a host of others use the Internal Bath? Is not this worth investigating?

It Makes Beautiful Complexions.

It Cures Constipation.

It Prevents and Cures Appendicitis.

Vital facts are set forth in detail in a book entitled, "The What, The Why, The Way," which we will send free to every reader of this publication. It is a book of facts that no one can afford to neglect. It tells you the real secret of health. It tells you facts you should know. We will send it free for 30 Days.

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Dept. 9-G, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

mind. Even pure superstition, if honest, may set the subtle forces to work, but the effect is not likely to be permanent. People look right through and beyond the inner power upon some outside object from which the influence is supposed to come.

The history of the "king's touch" for the cure of king's evil (scrofula) which was quite effective for seven centuries in England, furnishes a striking illustration of the working of the principle in question. It was indorsed as being regular and reliable by the Church of England, the medical profession and the people in general. By virtue of his office the king was the channel for divine potency. The universality of the belief gave it wonderful power. "The Order for Touching" remained in the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England until A.D. 1719. The ceremony was dramatic and very impressive. A single king (Charles II) has a record of touching 92,107 afflicted persons.

It would seem that an age of great knowledge and development like the present ought not to be at a disadvantage when compared with a relatively ignorant and superstitious one. But with all our intellectuality we have become materialistic and unbelieving, with little or no faith in the unseen. Knowledge should be combined with an intelligent faith, but the latter is lacking. In the midst of such a heavy psychic atmosphere reliance upon a higher law will not come spontaneously, but it may be cultivated. It is an orderly, but not an easy accomplishment, and must be based upon spiritual reality, instead of credulity and superstition. It will involve some isolation from the materialistic sweep of the time. If the normal spiritual hunger of this generation were rationally satisfied fanatical movements would have no drawing power. A higher consciousness and a more rational rule of the ego over its subordinate kingdom may increasingly be made a practical and everyday accomplishment. The physical and spiritual elements in man's nature may be awakened from latency and occupy their legitimate place and potency. Then the higher forces will come purely and efficiently in their own character, and not be crippled by a halting and deceptive power requiring a material mask.—Henry Wood.

If some beggar comes to ask alms at my door, shall I see nothing in him but his rags, and his face drawn with poverty? No, assuredly not. I shall see his soul through my soul, his humanity through my kindred humanity; and, in our eyes, two identical destinies will greet and love each other.—Charbonnel.

Character Building

BEAUTIFUL thoughts make beautiful lives,
For every word and deed
Lies in the thought that prompted it,
As the flowers lie in the seed.

Back of each action lay the thought
We nourished until it grew
Into a word or into a deed,
That marked our life-work through.

Gracious words and kindly ways,
Deeds that are high and true;
Sland'rous words, and hasty words,
And deeds we bitterly rue.

The Garden of Life it beareth well,
It will repay our care.
But the blossom must always and ever be
Like the seed we're planting there.

"Keep thine heart," the Life Guide saith,
"With daily, diligent care,
For out of it are the issues of life,"
Be they foul or be they fair.

On things that are pure and of good report
Our hearts must daily dwell,
If we would see Life's garden full
Of blossoms that please us well.

For beautiful thoughts make beautiful lives,
And every word and deed,
Lies in the thought that prompted it,
As the flower lies in the seed.

A. E. Godfrey.

We boast our light; but, if we look not wisely
on the sun itself, it smites us into darkness. The
light which we have gained was given us, not to be
ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things,
now remote from all knowledge.—Milton.

There is a poem hillside repeat,
Copied by hedges, sung on the street.
How rhyme the colors purple and gold
We're by the poet told.

Two good neighbors dwell in harmony,
Two good neighbors we rejoice to see,
Bright purple aster, bright goldenrod.

**The "EAR-BOOK"
For Deaf People**

By George H. Wilson.

SUPPOSE you knew a man who had been Deaf for twenty years?

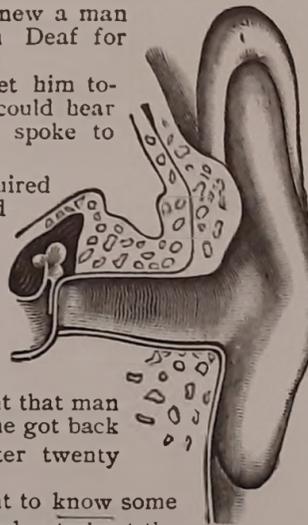
Suppose you met him to-day, and found he could hear every whisper you spoke to him?

Suppose you enquired about him, and found that he was one of the most reliable and responsible citizens of Louisville, whose word could be absolutely trusted?

Wouldn't you want that man to tell you just how he got back his full Hearing after twenty years of Deafness?

Wouldn't you want to know some of the things he found out about the Ear and about Deafness in fifteen years' study of both, and of his own case?

Well,—that is just what George H. Wilson, of Louisville, Ky., tells in his 200-page "Ear-Book."



Mr. Wilson is almost as well known in Louisville as Marshall Field is in Chicago, or John Wanamaker in Philadelphia.

And he was, for twenty years, almost the Deafest man in his native city.

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Few men have studied the Ear so earnestly and thoroughly as Mr. Wilson had to do for his own sake.

What he positively knows about Deafness is personal and practical.

It is not mere book knowledge, but the actual facts tested out by his own hard experience.

"The Wilson Ear-Book" therefore should be read by every man or woman who has Ear trouble,—who is Deaf or threatened with Deafness.

This "Ear-Book" will be sent Free to any Doctor, or other person, who will clip out this advertisement and send us, with it, the name and address of one Deaf Person in his locality.

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**The Sheldon Method of Curing
Spinal Curvature
AND
Kindred Ailments.**



Mr. P. B. Sheldon, the inventor of the appliances made by us, suffered from Spinal Curvature for years. In turn he tried nearly every known form of support, with little relief and no cure. He finally invented a spinal appliance which enabled him to assume and maintain a natural, upright position. This Appliance is an important part of the Sheldon Method of curing Spinal Curvature. It gives an even, continuous, perfect support to a weak or deformed spine; average weight only 16 ounces; is cool, comfortable, durable, pliable, and capable of easy and accurate adjustment. Put on and taken off easily as a coat; causes no inconvenience in working or exercising, and is not noticeable under clothing. It is designed for men, women and children. It is the only safe and humane appliance to place on a young child, because its elasticity and ease of adjustment permit full growth and development.

With it is furnished a marvelous absorbent application which takes all pain and soreness out of the back, makes the stiffened muscles relax and assists in the straightening of the spine. A book outlining a system of special physical exercises also accompanies the appliance.

By this remarkably successful method, you can be treated and cured in your own home of any form of spinal trouble. The price of the combined treatment places relief and cure (if a cure is possible), within your easy reach. Each Appliance is made to individual measurements and fits perfectly. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union and the endorsements of noted physicians. We guarantee satisfaction or refund your money at the end of thirty days' trial. No matter how long you have suffered, there is still bright hope for you.

Write and tell us about your own or any case in which you are interested. We will send you our catalogue, which fully explains, by word and picture, how Spinal Curvature, weak back, stooped shoulders and weak abdomen are relieved and permanently cured by the Sheldon Method.

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Our stock of Silk Ribbons, from which we put up these 35-cent packages, consists of Crown Edge, Gros Grain, Melre, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocade, Striped Ottoman, and various other styles of Plain and Fancy Silk Ribbons suited to the wants of our lady friends.

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SAFE FROM ATTACK



WHEN YOU KNOW JIU-JITSU

What would you do if attacked by a thug at close quarters? You never know when you may meet with such an attack.

This is only one reason why every man and woman should know Jiu-Jitsu, especially women. With Jiu-Jitsu strength and size count for naught. It enables a little woman to overthrow a big, powerful man. It therefore affords sure protection from attack by thieves and thugs.

You do not have to be strong to win with Jiu-Jitsu. Nor do you have to practice much to excel at it, but if you care to practice this perfect form of exercise, it will develop great strength more quickly than any other method of exercise known. It also teaches quickness, lightness, agility and grace of movement.

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To prove how easy it is to master the secrets of this fascinating art, in your own home, without apparatus of any kind, and to show you the difference between the real Jiu-Jitsu and the imitations that are being advertised, Mr. Y. K. Yabe, formerly director of the Ten-Shin Ryu School of Jiu-Jitsu in Japan, will send to anyone writing for it a complete lesson in real Jiu-Jitsu free of all charge.

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The art of Jiu-Jitsu as taught by Mr. Yabe is the method of physical training, and the system of offense and defense, used by the Imperial Japanese soldiers for thousands of years. Much of the efficiency of this method is due to a number of simple but easy tricks, by which an assailant can be overthrown.

Until recently it has been a crime of high treason for anyone to disclose these secrets outside of the Imperial Schools, but Mr. Yabe secured permission from the Mikado to teach these arts in the United States.

If you wish to learn the art of self-defense: If you wish to know the tricks and secrets which will enable you to overcome anyone: If you wish to know the system which has made the Japanese the hardest, strongest, bravest and toughest people in the world, not withstanding their small size: If you wish to enjoy perfect health and to indulge in fascinating exercises that make you strong and vigorous: Write to-day for Mr. Yabe's free lesson and full particulars of the art of Jiu-Jitsu.

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FRYER

Learn the Truth

Do you know

that the main cause of unhappiness, ill-health, sickly children and divorce is admitted by physicians and shown by court records to be ignorance of the laws of self and sex?

Sexology

Contains in one volume—Illustrated

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
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- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

By William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.

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Write for "Our People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

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You and Me

A TEAR-DROP fell among the flowers
One dark and dismal day;
It mingled there amidst the falling dew.
I plucked the rose it rested on—
To me it seemed to say,
There's sorrow in this world for me and yet
enough for you.

The sunlight glistened o'er the lea,
I smiled and raised my head;
The swallow's note rang out so light and free
I gently kissed the rose I held
And softly whispered low,
There's happiness in store for you and yet
enough for me.

I sat where the silence was speaking,
And chanced to look into my Soul;
I found there all things I was seeking,
For my spirit encompassed the Whole.
—Wilcox.

Let Us Rejoice

LET us heartily rejoice that through the dark pathways of our life we may be guided by the Over-Ruling Goodness as our Light.

Let us realize the privilege of being emancipated from the bondage of prejudice and mere tradition; of being able to lift up our minds ever so little above the clouds and tumults of the present to the serene and everlasting Light—that is changeless and shadowless, forever in the Holy Silence of Being!

Indeed Thou dost work to prepare conditions that Thou mayest bless unborn generations of men! As the bee makes honey in its season for another race of beings to eat, so we, men and women, not with a sour determination, but with a spirit of joy, enter into the high duty of conspiring, as far as we can, with the overwhelming tendency of Thy Perfect attraction, which bears us up and all the world onward and upward to Thy Living Light.

Some have money; some have talent; some have grace; some have beauty; some have art; some have genius; whatever the gift, its place and appointment are sacred as benefactions from Thee.

There is no life so aimless, so idle, that may not be worked into the texture of Thy Providence. There is no mind so childish that it may not hold the great invisible hand reaching down to it through the seeming darkness and so be led upward into the Light.

Just to be tender, just to be true;
Just to be glad the whole day through;
Just to be merciful, just to be mild;
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet;
Just to be helpful with willing feet;
Just to be cheery when things go wrong;
Just to drive sadness away with a song.
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and Right.
Just to believe that God knows best;
Just in His promises ever to rest;
Just to let Love be our daily key—
This is God's will for you and me."
—J. P. Cooke.

Mother Who Laughs

THERE are many conscientious fathers and mothers who make themselves and their children miserable by taking youthful foibles too seriously.

It is an innate propensity of a child possessed of average good health and spirits to make older people laugh with him; not at him, but at things that seem amusing to his own sense.

And the mother who has the blithe and ready humor to enter into his fun becomes his loved companion.

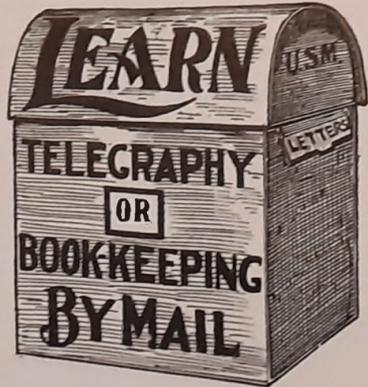
He heads her rebukes and bends to her correction without ill feeling, where sternness would arouse his pride and ire, for he is assured that she is ready to share all his innocent pranks, and that her disapproval has no foundation in impatience or injustice.

And when the day arrives when childish things are put away, and the grown men and women look backward to their early homes, with what a throbb of pleasure they say, when things happen, "Mother would appreciate this; she had the quickest sense of humor of any woman you ever saw!" And underneath these light words is the thought, "How happy that dear mother made us all, and how I love her!"—*Woman's Life*.

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How Clara Doner Doubled Her Salary

A Story of Business Success Full of Inspiration for Others.

Limerick, N. Y. (Special Correspondence)—Miss Clara E. Doner, who is here on a visit to her parents, is receiving the congratulations of her friends on her success in business life. She is now head bookkeeper in a business house in Rochester, N. Y., and the story how she rose to her present position, and how she qualified herself for it, is one that is full of encouragement to others. In the course of a conversation with your correspondent, Miss Doner said:



"I left my home in Limerick because it was necessary that I should earn my own living, and, as you know, there is absolutely no way to do that in this small place. I first succeeded in getting a position as saleswoman in a city store, but the most I could earn was \$6 a week. I decided to study and prepare myself for a better position, and after reading an advertisement of the Commercial Correspondence Schools of Rochester, N. Y., I answered it. I received a copy of their booklet, 'How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper,' and an offer to teach me bookkeeping free and their assurance that they would use their endeavor to place me in a position when I was qualified to keep a set of books. Every promise they made me was carried out to the letter. I owe my present position entirely to the school, and I never shall be able to repay the Commercial Correspondence Schools what they have done for me. When I decided to take a course in bookkeeping, I knew absolutely nothing about the subject, yet by the time I had finished my eighteenth lesson, Prof. Robert J. Shoemaker, the Vice-President and General Manager of the Schools, procured for me my present position as head bookkeeper with a large manufacturing concern at exactly double the salary I was formerly earning. The knowledge I received through the course has given me every confidence in myself, and in my ability to keep any set of books. In fact, I cannot say too much in favor of the most thorough, practical and yet simple course of instruction which is contained in the bookkeeping course as taught by correspondence by the Commercial Correspondence Schools. I could not have learned what I did in a business college in six months. Besides, if I had taken a business college course, it would not only have cost me \$60, but I should have had to give up my daily employment in order to attend school. As it was I was able to study in the evenings and earn my living during the day, and I did not pay one cent for the instruction until I was placed in my present position. I have said all this for the Commercial Correspondence Schools out of pure gratitude for what that institution has done for me, and entirely without solicitation on their part. I am going to tell others what the schools have done for me, and I shall be glad to answer the letters of anyone who may be interested in taking the course I did. They will never regret doing so. I have just indicated a friend of mine to take the bookkeeping course, and I expect her to succeed just as I have done."

Miss Doner started on the road to success after reading the Commercial Correspondence Schools' free book, 'How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper.' A limited number of these books will be sent absolutely free to ambitious persons who sincerely desire to better their position and add to their income. Send your name and address on a postal card today to the Commercial Correspondence Schools, 126 A Commercial Building, Rochester, N. Y., and receive the book by return mail. It tells you how you can learn bookkeeping and pay your tuition after a position has been secured for you. If you are without employment, or if you are engaged in uncommensal or unremunerative employment, you should send for a copy of this book. Miss Doner studied less than two months, yet in that short time qualified herself for a responsible position and doubled her income. Any ambitious young man or woman can do as well as she did.

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The Awakening of Man

By Frederic W. Barry

THIS is an age of discontent; an age of reformers and new schools of thought. But it is strange how long it has taken for individuals to perceive the one real pressing issue of this age—the Awakening of Man.

A wide survey has been taken of the old systems of thought; their imperfections exposed; new radical measures of change have been suggested, and in some quarters carried out. But it is only recently that any widespread recognition of Self-culture has shown itself. Man is only just now beginning to awaken to the fact that he possesses infinite powers within him—that his Mind is an ocean of boundless resources, his will a centre of eternal energy.

All these glorious potencies have been hidden within or behind the veil of matter; the real Man has been asleep.

This is an era of great Manifestation. Changes and transformations are rapid and on an enormous scale. The earth is being made to Live, by the Awakening of the Life that is Man's own being.

While we can have the utmost sympathy with and active participation in the new external remedies and measures, calculated to bring happiness on the earth—an important work resides within the circle of one's individual kingdom—starting with a renewing of the personal self, then extending in greater or lesser degree outside.

Individual moves are of more importance than organized moves, valuable as the latter may be. Immediate health, success, progress, as well as benefits for others, come from individual moves.

Hampered as we are by various social restrictions, some might inquire how it was possible to move alone.

Habit is very powerful. Nothing but habit keeps people in the same old grooves. To think outside of the old way, different to the old way—this is to be man's only salvation. To allow one's thoughts to be free—to be courageous—to trust the best ideal which each one possesses, always leading to still better ideals in due time—this is to be awakened and resurrected, to enter a new life at once.

We cannot make any just prophetic statement in detail of what this land will be like in the near future. The genius of men is making such undreamt-of changes in Living, affecting all people in every department of their life, that we cannot say what kind of Living will be ours in years to come. We must be prepared for change; for loss and decay of our carefully reared structures—but out of their ruins alone can be resurrected glorified creations. Nothing is lost. Our apparent failures and disagreeable circumstances have great value in the realm of Experience.

By moving onward, according to the highest guidance of our minds, we reach, after climbing repeated obstacles, successions of goals without number, each one greater and better than before.

This need for perpetual change, for awakening, does not make the need for repose any less.

It is reposeful action, then, quiet assumption of Man's authority over materials, the infinite faith in Self, that is to win the day.

Immediately! There are various little opportunities around us; by making something of them we step toward larger ones. Habit need no longer keep back the inner potencies. We need not allow ourselves to be enchained by customs. Even the rulings of our present social system need no longer stem the currents of our activities.

Let us give ourselves expression. Make over this neglected, undisciplined Earth. First making over our own little circle or world.

If such a little seems possible, let that little be done; new possibilities will then disclose themselves—and the way to master them.

For some, whose life has been filled with wear and strain, a special period of rest is the first thing to have. This may be made a season of meditation and real awakening—without any mental strain whatever.

We must learn how to order our days, with varied ends in view. We must not go to extremes of work or idleness—or at any rate not stay at these extremes for any length of time.

To be balanced is to make the most of life. To refuse to worry over anything is to invite health and success. To be superbly Self-reliant is to be a master of fate.

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WIN

Q It isn't what you used to be, it's what you are today that makes you what you're going to be tomorrow.

Q You who mean to get ahead then, are going ahead now.

Q There's just as many letters in the word present as there are in the word success—the magic seven. Tomorrow is too late, one over the line—eight.

Q "Tomorrow-men," "after-a-whilers"—they are they to whom the Sheldon School of Scientific Salesmanship means nothing. We have no students in the land of "Pretty-Soon."

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Q Decision is the condition precedent to success.

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Q It gives the man on the road the mastery of the principles which underlie sales-success. You are in debt to your salesmen; you owe it to them to increase their effectiveness, to help them to help you. They are in debt to you to do the best they can.

Q We have advertising booklets that we are sending out that tell all about The Sheldon School—what it has done for the greatest commercial houses in the country—what the Sheldon Course does for the man on the road—for you out there on the firing line; for you out there on the selling end of your business campaign.

Q You—the salesman—determined to make more sales next year than this—more this than last—you need this Correspondence Course.

Q You—the employer—who expect your salesmen to lead the trade—both of you, each of you are doubly duty-bound to find out what The Sheldon School is, and what it is doing to make men win.

Q Your address will bring the descriptive booklets; they're well worth sending for; you ought to have them.

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The Air We Breathe

By Jean Holland

Written especially for
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

The health of the mental and bodily functions, the spirit, temper, disposition, the correctness of the judgment and brilliancy of the imagination, depend directly upon pure air.—Huxley and Youmans, *Physiol.*

It seems as if the intellect resembled that law of nature by which we now *inspire*, now *expire* the breath.—Emerson.

The air we breathe is the only thing we have which comes to us absolutely free and without cost. It is priceless because it is the one thing necessary to sustain life. Without it we die instantly. We may be able to live for many days without food, a much shorter time without water, but never without air to fill our lungs.

Man owns the earth, and to a great extent controls the water supply; but "God breathed into man the breath of life" and has sustained him with an everlasting supply of air, which no single individual, corporation or Trust has been able to monopolize.

There is supposed to be as much difference in the quality of air as of water or food, but our manner of inhaling it and expelling it from our lungs determines our health, happiness and long life.

The mountain air seems fresher and more invigorating than the confined air of the valley or the house. The sea air has another quality, and gives new life and energy to those having always lived in the interior; but is at times too strong to sensitive persons long accustomed to it, who in turn find benefit from the inland. The air from the pines is said to be healing, like balsam taken into the stomach. Many physicians send their patients to Southern California, to Florida, France and Italy for the air, which is universal, but which, to the mind of man, is of different quality in these different countries. Dr. Garrett Newkirk says:

"The first problem is to get pure air and to get it all the time. Pure air is to be had out of doors, never in a house. Furthermore, pure air is not to be had in a neighborhood of houses, barns and of many animals. To obtain air, the freest from contaminating dust, pure lung food, one must go to a place where there is little else but air between the earth and the sky. The secret of all good in Southern California air consists in the fact that between the mountains and the sea there lies a zone protected and equalized in its temperature, with infrequent rainfall. These conditions make possible the living out of houses in the open." Yet Dr. Newkirk adds: "The air in itself is everywhere practically the same," and "that as many die in California as elsewhere who might live, but—if, it," etc.

The whole truth in a nutshell is, not the kind of air we breathe, or in what place, but in our manner of breathing it and the attitude of mind that controls the act. If we are told by one whom we look upon as authority that we must go to this place or that in order to live, we must go, unless we can rally our God-given rights to think and act for ourselves.

We know that the air of the daytime is different from the air of night, because during the day the air is warmed and vitalized by the sun. The air at night is good air to breathe, and it is important that we freely admit it into our sleeping-rooms, else we breathe over and over again the confined air of the closed apartment; while we do not breathe as much air when asleep as when awake and active, we must try and have it always pure.

It has become quite a fad for consumptives, and also for perfectly healthy people, to sleep out of doors, even in winter, protected by a veranda and the warmest clothing.

People now select the upper floors of the "skyscraping apartment houses" in the city, thinking that they get more of God's sunshine, better air and less dust from the street than can be obtained on the first or second floors.

We all love to inhale the breath of the honey-suckle and the rose while comfortably seated on the veranda of our country homes. As before stated, the special advantage of air in different localities is largely a mental condition. You can in any place breathe in the breath of everlasting life if you only breathe out the breath of Infinite Love to all mankind.

On the day of Pentecost, when the disciples acted like men drunk with wine, because of the activity of the Divine Spirit, was the air surrounding them different from that of other days? No. They were filled with the Holy Ghost—spirit or breath—and they spoke the word of God with boldness.

The holy spirit or breath came from the inner, and was not the outer or physical breath. This was inspiration direct from God, and is, in a mean-

ure, the inspiration of the poet and all who come close to the Divine Power.

The fact that many of the most inspired writings have been written under adverse conditions—on beds of sickness, in caves and prison cells—is proof that the power was not dependent upon the inhalation of the outer or physical air alone.

By breathing impure air we generate impure thoughts, and unless we have control over our mental condition such thinking leads us into evil, sickness and finally death.

However, one need not go to Mt. Pisgah, the Vale of Cashmere or to Pasadena to witness the "Tourament of Roses" that welcomes the New Year on each January 1; but you *must* reach the mountain-top of consciousness to obtain that which is called *inspiration*.

Coming back to the everyday side of the subject, we are told that among the "Fresh Air Children" who are annually transplanted from the city slums into the green fields of the country, there was one who grew weary and sick at heart and said he "didn't like it, and wanted to go home." In his childish simplicity he spoke his mind. Of what benefit was the change of air and scene to the homesick lad, who longed for mother and the familiar scenes of the street?

So with the man of business and responsibility. He does not want to be told what he needs. To go away at a critical time means an extra tug to his already overloaded mind; but when he is free from his care he can go in peace, with a light heart, and all the world looks good and beautiful to him.

You may recall the fact of Mark Twain's purchase about two years ago of a beautiful villa in Florence, where he conveyed his beloved, invalid wife, full of hope that the beauty of Italian skies and the soft, southern air might stay the hand of the Destroyer; but alas, her soul had passed on to its creator when her body was returned to her native land.

The girlhood home of Mrs. Clemens was Elmira, N. Y. She was the daughter of Jervis Langdon, a wealthy lumber merchant. You will recall a story of her girlhood, when she was bedridden for several years. Her father spared neither expense nor trouble in his effort to restore her to health. At one time he had a car specially constructed, with no unsteady motion, in which she was conveyed to New York, where she received all the aid that was possible from material science—to no purpose. On her return to Elmira her family, in despair and as a "last resort," sent for a man known as a "Quack," but who had performed wonderful cures. He came, stood by the bedside of the beautiful but prostrate girl, and spoke a word of faith—something like the Master—commanding her to "arise and walk." She did so and grew in strength, and after a few years became the wife of Samuel L. Clemens.

Happy the one who does not leave the Supreme Power as a "last resort," and does not trust alone to air or sea or sky, for "the kingdom of heaven is within you," and the God that creates is the power that heals.

"If"

If everyone were wise and sweet,
And everyone were jolly;
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should grumble or complain
And nobody should labor
In evil work, but each were fain
To love and help his neighbor—
Oh, what a happy world 't would be
For you and me—for you and me!

And if perhaps we both should try
That glorious time to hurry;
If you and I—just you and I—
Should trust instead of worry;
If we should grow—just you and I—
Kinder and sweeter-hearted,
Perhaps, in some near by and bye,
That good time might get started.

I Will Go My Way

I will go the way and my song shall save me,
Tho' grief goes with me ever abroad;
I will finish the work that the strange God gave me,
And then pass on to rest.

I will go back to the great world-sorrow,
To the millions bearing the double load—
The fate of to-day and the fear of to-morrow:
I will taste the dust of the road.

I will go back to the pains and the pities
That break the heart of the world with moan;
I will forget in the grief of the cities
The burden of my own.

There in the world-grief my own grief humbles,
My own hour melts in the days to be,
As the wild white foam of a river crumbles,
Forgotten in the sea.

Edwin Markham.

In dethroning self you are enthroning soul.

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In compounding an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery

"MODENE"

Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. IT CANNOT FAIL. Modene supercedes electrolysis. Used by people of refinement, and recommended by all who have tested its merits. Modene sent by mail in safety-mailing cases on receipt of \$1.00 per bottle. Postage stamps taken. Address, Modene Manufacturing Co., Dept. 119, Cincinnati, O.

EARN GOLD WATCH

Our STEEL-WIND AMERICAN movement watch has SOLID GOLD LAD CASE, ENGRAVED ON BOTH SIDES. Fully warranted timekeeper of proper size, appears equal to SOLID GOLD WATCH GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. We give FREE to Boys or Girls for selling 25 Jewelry Articles at 10c each. Send address and we will send Jewelry postpaid, when sold send \$2.00 and we will SEND WATCH EXACTLY AS DESCRIBED by return mail; also GOLD LAD CHAIN, LADIES' or GENTS' STYLE. RAND MFG. CO. Dept. 122, CHICAGO

BURN AIR-IT'S CHEAP NO STOVE LIKE IT!

Consumes 205 Barrels of Air to one gallon of Kerosene. Penny fuel, burns like gas, hottest fire, won't explode, saves fuel and fuel bills. No coal, wood, dirt, ashes-to-wick, no valves, easy operated, handsome, durable. Grand cooker, baker, quick work, and kitchen. 12000 Harrison Wickless. Valveless Oil-Gas and Air Burners sold 1 month. AGENTS WANTED \$40 Weekly. GREATEST MONEY MAKER. Guaranteed. All Agents sent anywhere. \$3 up. Write. FREE proposition. 30-day trial offer. World Mfg. Co., 5009 World Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOR 12 YEARS OUR PREMIUMS ALWAYS THE BEST. COMPARE WITH OTHERS.



No. 159—Extension Table.
Hardwood throughout, solid oak top, 42 in. square when closed, 6 ft. when open. Massive 4-inch legs. Highly polished.
For selling 8 doz.



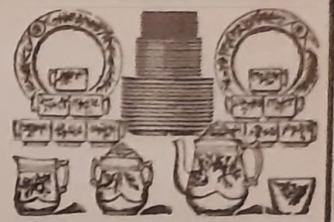
No. 8030—Ladies' Skirt
Walking length, good quality oxford gray melton cloth, beautifully trimmed, stylish, well made and serviceable.
For selling 1 doz.
(See our line of tailor-made suits, dress skirts, fall and winter waists, etc.)



No. 349—Parlor Suite
Elegant 3-piece set, divan, arm chair and reception chair. Steel construction, velvet upholstered, frames of rich mahoganyized larch, all pieces full size and strongly built. For selling 6 doz.
(Also bargain in 5-piece set, as well as odd and fancy parlor pieces.)



No. 312 Petticoat



No. 715—Tea Set
56 full-size pieces, beautifully decorated in best floral design, blue or green. Genuine Arcole ware, in newest shapes.
For selling 2 doz.
(We have a complete line of dinner sets, toilet sets, glassware, etc.)



No. 411—Morris Rocker
An improvement over the old Morris Chair. Solid oak, finely finished, height 41 in., width 30 in., seat 22 in. square. Upholstering, best velour.
For selling 3 doz.



No. 1005—Writing Desk
Daintily fashioned, yet strongly built of solid oak, 47 in. high, 27 in. wide. French plate mirror 6x8.
For selling 2 1/2 doz.
(6 other ladies' desks, roll top desks, book-cases, etc., in great variety.)



No. 104—Brass Trimmed Iron Bed
Three coats best white enamel, large brass knobs, height 56 in., width 4 1/2 ft.
For selling 2 doz.
(Our Catalogue shows a splendid offer in muslin underwear, hosiery, corsets, etc.)



No. 185—Knives and Forks
6 knives, 6 forks, heavily silver plated, full size, neat pattern.
For selling 1 doz.



No. 339—Clock
Oak case, finely carved, height 22 in., 6 in. dial. Correct timekeeper, eight-day movement, strikes hour and half hour.
For selling 1 1/2 doz.



No. D219—Roman Chair
Made of seasoned birch, beautifully finished in rich mahogany. Height 24 in., width 30 in., seat 16x21.
For selling 1 1/2 doz.



No. 165—Rogers' Silver Set
The old and original brand. It pays to get the best. 26 full size pieces, hand engraved, attractive pattern, 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 teaspoons, 6 table-spoons, 1 sugar, 1 butter, in leatherette case, satin lined.
For selling 8 1/2 doz.

IT IS EASY TO EARN THESE Beautiful Premiums.

Why not earn a beautiful and useful premium easily by selling what the people want and will buy again. You will be agreeably surprised to find how pleasant the work is. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell "Mother's Salve," the greatest cure known for Catarrh, Croup and Colds. The world never saw its equal for healing Cuts, Burns, Sores, Chaps, Piles, etc. Every jar is guaranteed; our first customers are our best ones.

Frank Rainie, M.D., of Manistique, Mich., says: "Mother's Salve is all right. I prescribe it to my patients." Ask your neighbors; nearly everyone knows of our wonderful Mother's Salve. Mrs. J. J. Ward, of Freeport, Fla., writes: "I am thankful to know that there is one honest firm selling honest goods through the mail. I have been selling your valuable remedies for five years and have received many premiums, all of them better than you claimed."

Our new Illustrated Catalogue of Reliable Goods shows nearly one thousand premiums besides those shown here, any of which we offer free to ladies and girls for selling only a few jars of "Mother's Salve" at 25 cents a jar. We give many valuable premiums for selling only one-half dozen. Compare our premiums with other premiums in this paper and you will see our offers are the best ever made by a reliable firm.

Remember, no money required in advance. Your credit is good with us. Just say you will try; send your name and address and we will mail six 25-cent jars with large premium list and full instructions. If you cannot sell them you may return—no harm done. Write now—don't delay. Established 12 years. Satisfaction guaranteed.

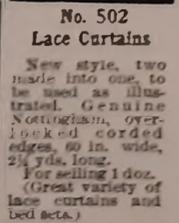
MOTHER'S REMEDIES CO., 76 Kinzie Street, CHICAGO, ILL.



No. 6350 Child's Coat
Three-quarter length, melton cloth, double breasted, storm collar, loose back, with belt, colors red, blue.
For selling 1 1/2 doz.
(Our line this season of misses' and ladies' coats, jackets, capes, furs, etc., is stronger than ever.)



No. 01045 Hanging Lamp
Solid brass frame, 30 glass pendants, hand-decorated dome, automatic spring extension for high or low ceilings.
For selling 2 1/2 doz.



No. 502 Lace Curtains
New style, two made into one, to be used as illustrated. Genuine Nottingham, overlaid corded edges, 60 in. wide, 2 1/2 yds. long.
For selling 1 doz.
(Great variety of lace curtains and bed sets.)



No. 4192—Boy's Suit
Two-piece, heavy-weight blue cheviot, Norfolk, two pleats in front and back, and belt to match. Well lined and strongly sewed.
For selling 1 1/2 doz.
(Other styles in double-breasted, three-piece and cadet suits.)



No. 796 Dresser
Princess design, solid oak, beautiful finish, base 44x21, height 70 inches. French plate mirror 18x36.
For selling 5 1/2 doz.
(Our Catalogue shows 6 other patterns.)



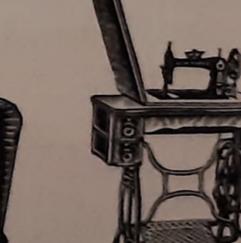
No. 3150—Kitchen Cabinet
Finished in light, natural colored maple, top of base 28x42, kneading board 17x23, one drawer and two bins. Solid bolted legs. Top 28 in. long, 30 in. high. 1 large and 4 small drawers.
For selling 8 1/2 doz.
(Five other styles for selling from 2 doz. up.)



No. 816—Steel Range
For hard or soft coal or wood. Made of the best blue steel. Heavily riveted and properly lined. 6 eight-inch holes, large oven, flush reservoir, all trimmings necked. Body 29 in. high, top 24 1/2 in., weight 300 lbs.
For selling 1 doz.
(Don't get a stove until you see our bargains in cook stoves, heaters, gasoline and oil stoves.)



No. 4030—Reed Rocker
Full size, extra quality, strongly built, finely finished and roomy.
For selling 2 doz.



No. 4321 Sewing Machine
The "New Model" has full high arm and drop head, up-to-date in all attachments. Manufacturer's guarantee with each machine.
For selling 6 1/2 doz.



No. 316 Mantel Clock
Beautifully enameled wood, with marble columns, gilt ornaments and bronzed top figure. Eight-day, hour and half hour cathedral strike, 30 in. high, with acorn, 18 in. wide.
For selling 3 doz.



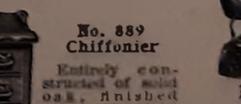
No. 965 Rocker



No. 838—Couch
A new style, up-to-date Hardwood frame in mahogany or oak, elaborately carved, massive claw feet. Upholstered in beautiful velour. Steel construction, 6 ft. 4 in. long, 2 ft. 4 in. wide. Best couch offer ever made.
For selling 3 doz.
(6 other beautiful designs in our Catalogue.)



No. 839 Chiffonier
Entirely constructed of solid oak, finished golden, highly polished, 25 in. high, 32 in. wide, 19 in. deep, 3 brass trimmed drawers, 28x14.
For selling 3 doz.
(Other patterns with mirrors.)



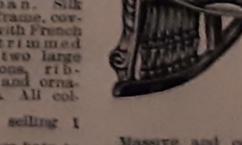
No. 6221—Enamel Set
14 full-size pieces, best double-coated purple blued, white dots, glass finish, 3-quart tea kettle, 2-quart coffee pot, 4-quart covered kettle. Other pieces in proportion.
For selling 2 doz.
(We also have fine linens and premium table cutlery and a complete assortment of hardware.)



No. 2049—Ladies' Hat



The season's latest—a "Tommy Atkins" Turban. Silk wire frame, covered with French felt, trimmed with two large pompons, ribbons and ornaments. All colors.
For selling 1 doz.
(Other hats to suit.)



Massive and comfortable, quarter-sawn oak, highly polished, elaborately carved front posts, 14 heavy turned spindles on sides, seat 19 in. square, arms 19 in. long and 23 in. from floor. Durable and beautiful.
For selling 3 doz.

Direction

By Richard Rolf

Faint are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is later;
 Faint is the rustle of down, but the secret that clings it is rarer;
 Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
 And never was poem yet writ but the meaning outlasted the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
 Never a rose that flows, but a majesty sceptres the flowing;
 Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did entice him,
 Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Both of the ravens that thrubs the painter is hinted and hidden;
 Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is hidden;
 Under the joy that is felt in the infinite issues of being;
 Crossing the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;
 Vast the cradle and bedchamber, but vaster the inward chamber;
 Back of the sound breaths the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
 Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive grows of receiving.

Spare is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
 The heart of the water is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
 And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where these shine,
 Twin voices and shadows swim outward and the essence of life is divine.

What to Teach Your Boys

Teach them how to earn money; to be strictly truthful. Teach them shorthand and typewriting, economy in all affairs, to be polite in their manners. Teach them arithmetic in all its branches, history and political economy. Teach them, by example, how to do things well. Teach them the care of horses, wagons and tools, and to avoid tobacco and strong drink. Teach them habits of cleanliness and good order, to ride, drive, jump, run and swim. Teach them careful and correct business habits, and how to get the most for their money. Teach them to avoid profane and indecent language, to be easily self-reliant and aggressive. Teach them to be neat and present in their appearance.

Among all the graces of character, do not forget to cultivate that of gratitude. It keeps a genial warmth in your heart that will make things grow and bloom, joys and hopes within, words and deeds without. *Feed, say and live a joyous Thank You!*

How to Make Bread at Home in Three Minutes.



MRS. HOUSEKEEPER, do you know the one thing about making bread which, if improperly done, spoils your batches of bread, breaks housewives' hearts, and makes bread making seem a mysterious occult science?

It isn't the recipe, for there are very few recipes which won't lay the foundation of good bread.

And it isn't the materials—for most materials are usually pure.

And housewives have been known to get poor bread even when they've used the very best materials—isn't that so?

Now, the most important thing about bread making is in mixing the flour and liquids and in kneading the dough.

And what makes that so important is those wonderful little plants we call yeast.

For yeast, you know, when properly combined with the flour, plus ordinary air, produces an element which makes the dough "rise."

So that the yeast and the air must be uniformly mixed with the flour or the dough won't rise uniformly. That's easy to understand, isn't it?

Consequently, in kneading dough, you have to see that the yeast is thoroughly mixed with the flour and that there is plenty of air all through the dough.

Now, to do this by hand is next to impossible, for you must pound and knead the dough thirty minutes—the hardest work a woman can do.

Then, if the mixture isn't right, all your hard work is for naught, and no human hand can always insure the right mixture—no matter how experienced that hand may be.

That's why only one woman in a thousand can make delicious home made bread—and why so few women care to try to make their own bread.

Yet, it's so easy to make delicious home made bread if you use the Universal Bread Maker. With the Universal you do not require any previous knowledge of breadmaking—all you have to do is to prepare your liquid, containing the yeast, sift your flour, then pour in all the liquid then all the flour—then turn the handle for only three minutes.

Think of that—only three minutes. At the end of that time the rod of the

Universal Bread Maker

the most important part of the Bread Maker, an exclusive feature we have protected by patents in every country on the globe—will have thoroughly and scientifically mixed the yeast with the flour so that the minute yeast plants are in close touch with all the tiny particles of the flour.

Then the dough will be folded over itself so that plenty of air will be put into it. You see when the Universal Bread Maker has folded the air into the dough this air surrounds each yeast and flour particle, causing the bread to thoroughly rise. Because the air, yeast and flour form the gas that makes dough "rise."

You couldn't do these things by hand, or with any other Bread Maker than the Universal, for there's no way of kneading dough scientifically and thoroughly, other than by the Universal Bread Maker. And there's no disagreeable work—no pounding—or slapping—no back straining.

The Universal Bread Maker invariably makes most delicious home-made bread at the mere cost of 25c a pound loaf. You pay the baker at least 5c a pound loaf—for just bakers' bread.

If you use only two loaves of bread a day or 730 a year the Universal Bread Maker will save you at least \$12.50 a year, or 9 times its cost—the retail price is only \$2.00.

You can buy the Universal Bread Maker at your local dealer's. We have a book on the Universal Bread Maker, telling what it does and why it saves at least \$12.50 a year, which we'll gladly send you free.

Just drop us a postal. Address: LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, 21 Commercial St., New Britain, Conn.



HOW TO RAISE MONEY EASILY & QUICKLY FOR YOUR CHURCH AID SOCIETY, SCHOOL, NO RISK or any other purpose,



Send us photographs (any size) of church and pastor, or other subjects and we will reproduce together in beautiful half-tone, on 200 SATIN ALUMINUM TRAYS, WALL PLACQUES, DESK BLOTTERS or CALENDARS, all of one or assorted; names, etc., lettered as directed. Make beautiful salable souvenirs. Yourself and fellow-workers can quickly sell at 25c each.

KEEP \$30.00, SEND US \$20.00 any time within a month. We send Express Free. NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE, but \$2.00 will be accepted, cash with order. Satisfaction guaranteed. One sample and booklet, "How to Raise Money" (\$2 to \$200), free. Additional samples 10c each. Above articles as advertising souvenirs for merchants, etc., same price.

WISCONSIN MFG. CO., Dept. 61, MANITOWOC, WIS.

The Washer that Works Itself—

—and Pays for Itself

HAVE you got running water in your house?

Well,—if you have enough pressure on it I'll make it do all your washing without any work.

You can just throw the clothes into the tub, turn a tap, and our new Self-Working Washer will do the rest.

Now I know this sounds too easy and too good to be true. But it is true, every word of it. Here is the proof that it is true.

I'll send you one of these Self-Working Washers, to your own house, on a month's free trial.

I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket and I won't ask you a cent as deposit, nor a note, nor security in any form.

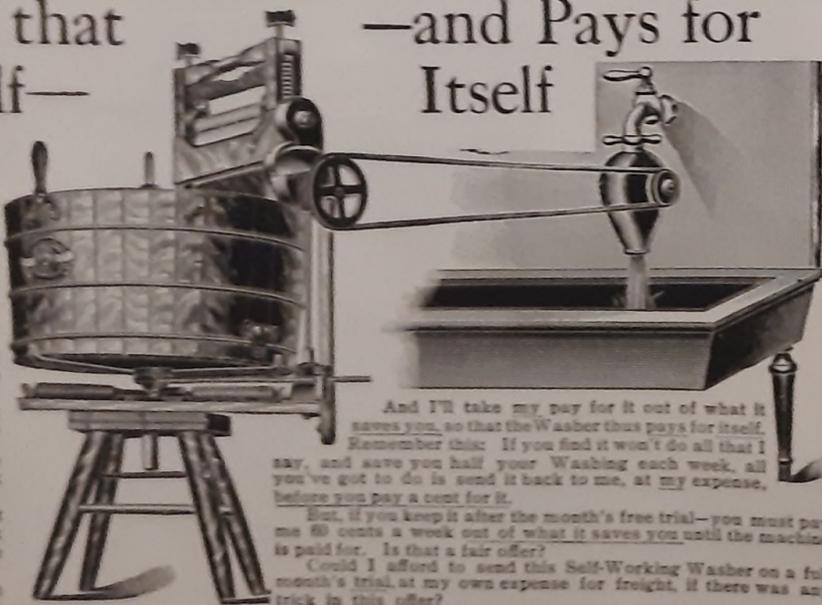
I'll just trust any one I believe trustworthy with this whole machine. I'll take all the risk and expense of the Test myself.

If you find our Self-Working Washer won't wash clothes without your doing a thing to work it but turn a tap, then send it back to me at my expense.

If you find it won't do better washing than the Washboard, with far less wear on the clothes, send it back to me at my expense.

If it won't do the Washing in less than half the time your Washerwoman could do it, without the machine, then send it back to me at my expense.

Half your Washerwoman's time costs you about 60 cents a week. That is about \$30.00 a year. Our Self-Working Washer will save you that \$30.00 a year for the ten years it lasts, or \$300.00 in all.



And I'll take my pay for it out of what it saves you, so that the Washer thus pays for itself.

Remember this: If you find it won't do all that I say, and save you half your Washing each week, all you've got to do is send it back to me, at my expense, before you pay a cent for it.

But, if you keep it after the month's free trial—you must pay me 60 cents a week out of what it saves you until the machine is paid for. Is that a fair offer?

Could I afford to send this Self-Working Washer on a full month's trial, at my own expense for freight, if there was any trick in this offer?

How could I make any money out of this kind of offer if the Washer wouldn't do all that I say it will?

Will you try our Self-Working Washer a month at my expense? If you haven't got running water in your house, I'll tell you how this Washer can be worked without it.

Drop me a line today for further particulars. Address: R. F. Bieber, Treasurer 1900 Washer Co., 507 Henry Street, Binghamton, N. Y. 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

The Hope of Misfortune

PAIN is a soul tonic. Sorrow often brings out the best there is in us. Happiness does not develop character. It gives it surice brightness and decks it with prismatic bubbles. It takes the deep-reaching arm of misfortune to trouble the depths and bring out the pearls that lie there. The most magnetic faces are lined by thought and noble care.

Strong, unselfish love, even if misplaced and unappreciated, ennobles the lover. It is the frivolous, vanity-born emotions that fritter away character and make faces insignificant. To fail in high aim after earnest and honest effort, is not failure. The gain it brings in strength and discipline will appear in other directions.

Misfortune has often, in the history of the world, been the means of making a poet, orator, philanthropist, scientist or statesman out of a person whose career, but for the misfortune or physical disability, would have been commonplace and influence limited.

Often in life we get cruelly crippled morally by a disappointment, a sin, or a mistake, and we feel that our life is spoiled and we cry out against fate. In our short-sightedness, we do not perceive that the checkmate at the outset has turned the tide of our being into deeper channels.

In his "Scarlet Letter," Hawthorne has shown us the terrible moral crippling suffered by Hester Prynne. The wrecking of her reputation and the pangs of remorse were the cause of her developing from an ordinary housewife into a strong spirit of ministration, charity and helpfulness.

Any mistake or sin repented of and its consequences patiently borne, will be the means of strengthening and deepening the moral character.

It is under the warm sunshine of happy success that the meeds of selfishness spring, misfortune searches them with her tears, and they wither, giving room for a nobler growth.—Charles Musbach.

Very beautiful is the spirit of peace, and it says, "Come and rest." Bickerings, quarrelings, party divisions—these must be forever abandoned by him who would establish peace.

War will continue so long as men allow themselves, individually, to be dominated by passion, and only when men have quelled the inward tumult will the outward horror pass away.

Self is the great enemy, the producer of all strife, and the maker of many sorrows; he, therefore, who would bring about peace on earth, let him overcome egotism, let him subdue his passions, let him conquer himself.—James Allen.

Meet patiently each trial, grief and care,
 God knoweth what is best for us to bear.
 Have we of sorrow more than seems our share?
 Without it, we might miss the mansions fair.
 What seems a trial to our blinded eyes,
 May be a priceless blessing in disguise.
 Trust God's great wisdom and the end will tell
 That through His love He doeth all things well.

This Time I Want You to Write Me

I have sent a large sample of my Kosmeo free to many other readers of this magazine, and before this offer is withdrawn I want to send one to you. Don't put off your acceptance of my offer. Don't forget it again. Fill out the coupon and mail it to me—will you not do it now?

I Only Ask You to Try My Kosmeo Free

and I know what the trial will prove or I would not risk making this offer to you. Simply send me the Coupon at the bottom of this page—but send it at once, please—before you forget—before you turn this page fill out the coupon and mail it to me.

Put on your face, neck, shoulders and hands some of the Kosmeo that I send you. Let it stay a few moments—wipe it off—that is all—positively all that you need to do.

Kosmeo requires no exhausting massage or rubbing. Its reward is not a distant promise but is felt at once. It is positively unlike any other preparation you have ever used—you not only see the effect, you feel it—immediately.

Kosmeo makes and keeps the skin soft, clear and velvety—looking as fresh as a young girl's—feeling as fresh as it looks.

I am a Grandmother with grandchildren old enough to go to school. This photograph was taken in 1894 by Tompkinson, Chicago. Kosmeo has kept my skin fresh and my complexion youthful and I KNOW it will give you a nice clear complexion. Kosmeo contains no mineral oils.

The Kosmeo Sample that I want to send you, is well worth writing for. It is absolutely free to you. (The stamp on your letter is all that you risk, and I will repay even that, if you ask it, after you receive and try the liberal sample of Kosmeo.)

Kosmeo is sold by all high grade druggists (in only one size jar) 60c. If your druggist does not sell Kosmeo, send me his name and he will send you a full size jar of Kosmeo postpaid. Be sure to send your druggist's name.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, 1247 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, 1247 Michigan Ave., Chicago.
 Please send me, free, a sample of your Kosmeo and your Kosmeo booklet. I promise to read carefully the little book you send me and to try Kosmeo daily.

My druggist's name is.....
 His address.....
 My name.....
 My address.....

Does he sell Kosmeo?
 Write "Yes" or "No."

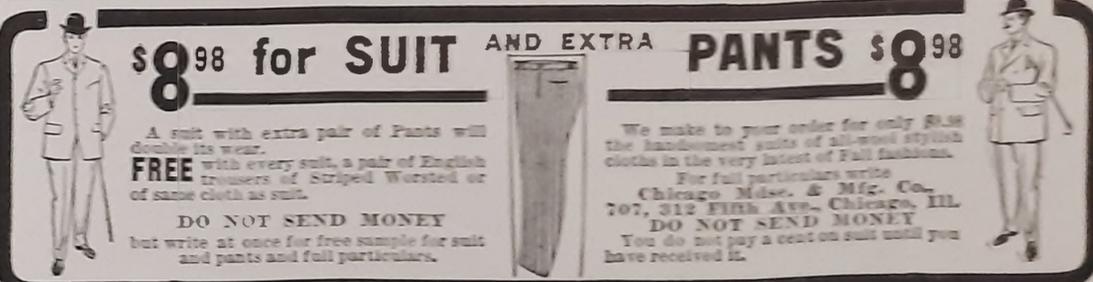


\$8.98 for SUIT AND EXTRA PANTS \$8.98

A suit with extra pair of Pants will double its wear.
FREE with every suit, a pair of English trousers of Striped Worsted or of same cloth as suit.

DO NOT SEND MONEY
 but write at once for free sample for suit and pants and full particulars.

We make to your order for only \$8.98 the handsomest suits of all-wool stylish cloths in the very latest of Fall fashions.
 For full particulars write Chicago Mfg. & Mfc. Co., 707, 312 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.
DO NOT SEND MONEY
 You do not pay a cent on suit until you have received it.



\$9.95 for this Big Handsome Nickel Trimmed Steel RANGE

without warming closet or reservoir. With high warming closet, porcelain lined reservoir, just as shown in cut, \$13.95. Made with large oven, six No. 8 cooking holes, regular 8-1/2 size—body made of cold rolled steel plate. Burns wood or coal. All nickel parts highly polished.

OUR TERMS are the most liberal ever made. You can pay after you receive the range. You can take it into your own home, use it 30 days, if you do not find it exactly as represented, the biggest bargain you ever saw, equal to stove sold at double our price, return it to us, and we will pay freight both ways.

CUT THIS AD OUT. Send it to us and we will mail you **FREE** our new special Stove Catalogue, describing this handsome steel range. Also the most complete line of stoves and ranges in the world. All shown in large illustrations, full descriptions, at prices much lower than any one else can make you. Catalogue explains our terms fully.

DON'T BUY A STOVE of any kind until you get our new large stove catalogue and read about our wonderful stove offer. Meet liberal terms and lowest prices ever made. Also explains how to order.

MARVIN SMITH CO. CHICAGO.



RAILROADING. WANTED FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN for all North American Railroads. Experience unnecessary. Firemen \$75, become Engineers and earn \$200. Brakemen \$60, become Conductors and earn \$150. Unequaled opportunity for strong, ambitious young men. Name position preferred. Send stamp for particulars.
 RAILWAY ASSOCIATION, Room 134, 227 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

I Am the Paint Man

2 Full Gallons Free to Try—6 Months Time to Pay

I AM the paint man. I have a **NEW** way of manufacturing and selling paints. It's unique—it's better.

Before my plan was invented paint was sold in two ways—either ready-mixed or the ingredients were bought and mixed by the painter.

Ready-mixed paint settles on the shelves, forming a sediment at the bottom of the can.

The mineral in ready-mixed paint, when standing in oil, eats the life out of the oil. The oil is the very life of all paints.

Paint made by the painter cannot be properly made on account of lack of the heavy mixing machine.

My paint is **unlike** any other paint in the world.

It is ready to use, but not ready-mixed.

My paint is made to order after each order is received, packed in hermetically sealed cans with the very day it is made stamped on each can by my factory inspector.

I ship my pigment—which is white lead, zinc, drier and coloring matter freshly ground, after order is received—in separate cans, and in another can I ship my Oil, which is pure old process linseed oil, the kind that you used to buy years ago before the paint manufacturers, to cheapen the cost of paint, worked in adulterations.

I sell my paint direct from my factory to user at my very low factory price; you pay no dealer or middleman profits.

I pay the freight on six gallons or over.

My paint is so good that I make this wonderfully fair test offer:

When you receive your shipment of paint, you can use two full gallons—that will cover 600 square feet of wall—two coats.

If, after you have used that much of my paint, you are not perfectly satisfied with it in every detail, you can return the remainder of your order and the two gallons will not cost you one penny.

No other paint manufacturer ever made such a liberal offer.

It is because I manufacture the finest paint, put up in the best way, that I can make this offer.

I go even further.

I sell all of my paint on **six months' time**, if desired.

This gives you an opportunity to paint your buildings when they need it, and pay for the paint at your convenience.

Back of my paint stands my **Eight Year**, officially signed, iron-clad Guarantee.

8 YEARS GUARANTEE

This is the longest and most liberal guarantee ever put on a paint.

For further particulars regarding my plan of selling, and complete color card of all colors, send a postal to O. L. Chase, St. Louis, Mo.

I will send my paint book—the most complete book of its kind ever published—absolutely free. Also my instruction book entitled "This Little Book Tells How To Paint" and copy of my 8 year guarantee.

O. L. Chase The Paint Man
 611 B Locust Street
 St. Louis, Mo.



The Mental Aspect

TRUE education consists in the discipline and culture of the mind, the control over gross appetites, the holding in check of all violent emotions, the subjugation of all animal feelings. These are all essential to the well-balanced mind. The individual who suffers from violent moral or mental emotions cannot be considered a truly educated person. For the enlightened mind will refuse to permit violent emotions when conscious of the injurious effects from the same.

When we look about us and see the great mass of people who are discontented we cannot help but appreciate the necessity for a change of the mental state. The real cause of this depraved condition is lack of knowledge on the part of the average individual as to the method of controlling his mental machine. What good would our modern improvements be to the man of a savage tribe? He would not know the methods of operation. So it is with the man of to-day who has inherited a highly organized brain that has received no self-discipline or culture. What is needed is education along the lines of mental culture. Discontent must be replaced by content. The fact must be impressed that the future health depends upon the ascendancy of mind over body, or in other words, in order to establish wholesome habits of wisdom and temperance, our moral feelings must predominate over the animal. There must be a cultivation of the subjective mind. May I call your attention to a beautiful life where worry, anger and fear does not exist? Behold this beautiful temple in which the spirit of God dwells. Upon that face I see the words "love, charity, content." The emotions are controlled, the cultivation of gentle and loving feelings has caused this beautiful life to ascend above ordinary humanity. This is not an imagined life, but a case that we meet now and then where the laws of true mental culture have been applied. The difficulties have been overcome that always beset the beginner. So by the frequent practice of self-control and the exercise of patience and forbearance we have as a result a mind that has eliminated anger and worry, the two great man-killers of our age. Our bodies are both constructive and destructive, neither exceeding the other in health. When one becomes above the other we have disease. Mental conditions have their effects upon the physical body. The two great passions, anger and worry, when they take possession of the mind not only take control of all the bodily functions, but entirely suspend some. These passions are destructive and produce disease. Worry is first and last a depressant. It may excite for a time, but only as an irritant, followed by depression of the organ excited. It can be positively asserted that excesses do not lead to disease nearly as readily as does anger and worry. Taking all these facts into consideration, and knowing it is in our power to control these evil mental habits, the neglect to do so seems to be a crime beyond all pardon. From the earliest history we discover that evil passions are bad habits of the mind. Many recognizing the fact have, by constant suggestions, overcome some of the most depraved mental habits.

"Young men! let the nobleness of your minds impel you to their improvement. You are too strong to be defeated save by yourselves. Refuse to live merely to eat and sleep. Brutes can do these, but you are men. Act the part of men. Prepare yourselves to endure toil. Resolve to rise; you have but to resolve, nothing can hinder your success if you determine to succeed. Do not waste your time wishing and dreaming, but go earnestly to work. Let nothing discourage you. If you have but little time, improve that little; if you have no books, borrow them; if you have no teacher, teach yourself; if your early education has been neglected, by the greater diligence repair the defect. Let not a craven heart or a love of ease rob you of the inestimable benefit of self-culture. Labor faithfully, labor fearlessly, and look to God, who giveth wisdom and upbraideth not, and you shall reap a harvest more valuable than gold or jewels."

The mental habits of men can be controlled, if we only think so. Decision of character is but another name for mental culture. Science proclaims to the world a new doctrine—which exposes all creeds and isms. We are all liable to concern ourselves too much about names and terms and too little about modes of action. Some cannot accept a thing to be true unless a demonstration is made above all power of dispute. Man has within himself a power that has endless resources. We can call it what we wish—the ego, the subconsciousness, or, as I prefer to term it, the subjective mind—nothing escapes this ever-watchful something. Without it life is but a mechanical, or better, a dry anatomical contrivance that exists without thought of true living. By constant self-suggestions—starting as a child—we by degrees build our thought-world. The individual who constantly gives way to worry, anger and fear is not benefiting the world or himself, but is in fact destroying the very framework of his mental and physical existence. If you are inclined to be discontented, and if these mental parasites annoy

you, try nature's mode of relief, and as you suggest to yourself the uselessness of such habits, through this avenue of auto-suggestion the power that is within you will proclaim boldly the fact that it and it alone is heir to your mental throne.

Some have inherited a predisposition to worry and fear. I call to mind a man who in his childhood never knew a father's love or a mother's care—but as the father returned home from his day of toil he carried the facial expression of discontent—the mother was constantly fretting about her life—and so this boy was reared—stamped by inheritance, molded by environment. Who could expect but that he would be a man governed by his passion?—and so he was. But as nature has endowed even the lowest creature with some spark of vitality, so she reveals to the apparently lost individual, through his inner consciousness, a method of reformation. So to this one who was so raised, enlightenment has come, causing him to study the true philosophy of life, and as a result he has cast aside such evil habits of the mind as worry, anger and fear, and he is not only a blessing to himself, but a benefactor to the world. Discontent has filled the world in all walks of life. Turn where we may, anger, worry and fear have full sway. In the prisons, upon investigation, we discover that at the root of all the trouble is this restlessness of mind.

But someone says the drink habit is the cause. Those who are experienced know that not until we have the mental discord do we have the resort to intemperance. It is such a simple remedy, we all neglect to grasp it, but nevertheless the message to the world is, "Live content, live honest, eliminate worry, anger and fear, permit your purer self to predominate—yes, if you please, even to dictate—and you shall shine before men as God intended—made in His own image."

Few recognize that they have within themselves the essential powers of greatness. The testimony of all who have become distinguished—as we understand it in this world—is that violent emotions are not permitted, and by constant self-suggestions all the gross appetites come under control and the evil habits of the mind become a thing of the past. Some spend their life in vain attempts to find happiness by reaching outward, while a less effort in reaching inward would lead to the goal of calm content and happiness. Study the self, remembering that the ego, the subconsciousness, or, as some are pleased to call it, the subjective mind, will guide thee. You need no other, for it is the instrument of the omnipotent—and by thus following the dictates of your conscience you need have no concern of the present or fear for the future. As Brown says: "In all the universe of God there are no two souls alike. There are no two with the same work to do. There are no two whose talents are rivals or whose gifts conflict or interfere." How this thought ought to put an end at once to all the envy of life, grieving at another's good! It was never meant to be. I could not gain it if I tried.

On the other hand, what I can do my neighbor cannot. Why should either of us be jealous of the other, or imagine that we conflict? Each human soul can say: "I am unique. In all the worlds and worlds, in all the ages and ages, there has never been anyone like me, and in all time there shall never be again. I have no double." How true these words seem! We all differ. We all have our mission. We all agree and are alike in that each of us has a divine spark, a subjective mind or soul. Let us for the sake of ourselves and the good of humanity cultivate it by cheerful self-suggestions and not destroy and pervert by harmful ones.—*Brose M. Horn.*

Autumn Days

These autumn days, so clear and cool,
Through which the Father speaks,
In every hue and shade of light,
A truth for him who seeks.

The ripened fruit, the golden sheaf,
He gives alike to all,
And bright tints of the autumn leaf
To cheer us ere they fall.

The Father's care with plenty blest,
Ere autumn bids good night,
And trusting seeks repose and rest,
Wrapped in her robe of white.

Oh! who can live these autumn days
Of beauty, love and trust,
And not voice forth a song of praise
To nature true and just!

ROSE M. WILLIAMS

A Guaranteed Watch for \$5.45



These figures tell exactly what we are doing—selling a \$20.00 watch for \$5.45. We don't claim that this is a \$40.00 watch or a \$30.00 watch, but it is a \$20.00 watch. A leading watch manufacturer, being hard pressed for ready cash, recently sold us 10,000 watches—watches actually built to retail at \$20.00. There is no doubt that we could wholesale them to dealers for \$12.00 or \$13.00, but this would involve a great amount of labor, time and expense. In the end our profit would be little more than it is at selling the watch direct to the consumer at \$5.45. **The Evington Watch**, which we offer at \$5.45 is an im. 21 jeweled, finely balanced and perfectly adjusted movement. It has specially selected jewels, dust land, patent regulator, enameled dial, jeweled compensation balance, **double hunting case, genuine gold-laid** and handsomely engraved. Each watch is thoroughly timed, tested and regulated before leaving the factory, and both the case and movement are **guaranteed for 25 years**. Clip out this advertisement and mail it to us to-day with your name, post office address and nearest express office. Tell us whether you want a lady's or gent's watch and we will send the watch to your express office at once. If it **antiflexes** you, after a careful examination, pay the express agent \$5.45 and express charges and the watch is yours, but if it doesn't please you return it to us at our expense.

A 25-Year Guarantee will be placed in the front case of the watch we send you, and to the first 10,000 customers we will send a beautiful gold-laid watch chain, free. We refer to the First National Bank of Chicago, Capital \$10,000,000.
NATIONAL CONSOLIDATED WATCH CO.,
Dept. 215, CHICAGO.

By The Big Four to New York

—breeziest and gayest of autumn pleasure spots!

There's life and color at "the roofs"; Coney is calling; at the theatres new stars are beginning to twinkle; the kind of people you like to see are pouring into town.

If you'd rather watch the leaves turn, buy your tickets via Big Four to

New England Autumn Resorts!

Fast trains—convenient hours—courtesy and comfort all the way and the best meals on wheels when you "take the Big Four."

Write for particulars to

Warren J. Lynch, Gen'l Pass. Agt.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

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YOUR
HAIR
AND
EARN
\$500.**

To advertise our wonderful HAIR GROWING preparations where they are at present unknown, we offer 50 cash prizes—\$500 in GOLD, FREE. Whether you are entirely bald, or have just begun to lose your hair, or never having had much, now wish it luxuriant, YOU HAVE AN EQUAL CHANCE to earn a small fortune and in any case will GROW LUXURIANT HAIR to pay you for your trouble. We find that each new patient is the means of sending us so many others that we can easily afford to pay large sums for new patients. WRITE TO-DAY! The particulars are free, but if you will enclose 5c. to help us pay postage, we will send you a trial treatment consisting of a bottle of Hair Grower, box of Dandruff Cure, a bar of Terebene Soap and a book on the care of the hair which will enable you to become a Hair Specialist yourself. All this sent free in sealed package if you will send 5c. to help defray postage. Address DR. A. W. RHODES CO., Hair and Scalp Specialists, Lowell, Mass.



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WHEN you have tried ALL OTHER removers, use mine. ONLY ONE SURE WAY to take hair off face, neck, arms, etc., so it never returns. DISSOLVES THE ROOTS. HELEN DOUGLAS TREATMENT will do it without injuring the most delicate skin. NOTHING ELSE WILL. I have the true secret. Write for information that will MAKE YOU HAPPY, sent sealed in plain envelope. My personal attention given you.

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OF HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS. A booklet that tells of the HEALING POWER within yourself. It is based upon the teachings of the Hindu Adepts and Masters of India. This booklet sent for a 2-cent stamp. Address

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A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY IS HERE OFFERED TO OUR READERS
WORK FOR A RELIABLE HOUSE.



No. 216 Ladies' or Misses' Cloak

Heavy melton, 42 inches long. Plaited back, with belt, collar and cuffs, velvet trimmed. In black or brown. For selling 4 doz.



No. 01045—Hanging Lamp

Patent spring extension, 14-inch band decorated dome shade—30 prisms, complete. For selling 3 doz.



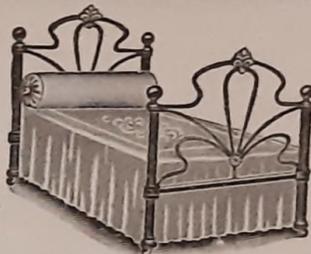
No. 71—Cuckoo Clock

Hand carved, height 21 in., width 14 in., bird cuckoos every hour; accurate timepiece. For selling 3 doz.



No. 11—Heating Stove

Burns hard and soft coal, or wood. Nickel plated top, foot rails, drafts, etc. For selling 3 doz.



No. 674—Iron Bed

Height 55 inches, 3 coats best white enamel, brass trimmed. For selling 3 doz.



No. 3024 Oak Rocker

Our best, all quartered oak, roll seat, 19 inches wide, back 29 inches wide and 24 inches high. Front posts carved. For selling 4 doz.



No. 501—Oak Sideboard

Well built, beautifully finished, showy design, top 42 x 21, bevel plate mirror 18x24, weight 180 lbs. For selling 8 doz.



No. 14—Arm Rocker

Of golden oak, high back, elegant arms, well padded seat. For selling 2 doz.



No. 1208 Lyon & Healy Mandolin

9 ribs, highly polished, sweet tone and well made. For selling 2 doz.



No. 45—Extension Table

Solid oak, well made and beautifully finished, new pattern top, 42x42 inches when closed. For selling 4 doz.



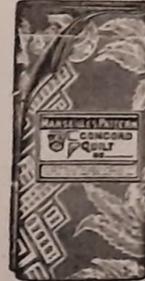
No. 13—Silver Set

Neat shell pattern, good quality, wear forever; 6 knives, 6 forks, in satin-lined case. For selling 2 doz.



No. 75—Clock

5-day, half-hour strike, correct timepiece, oak case, 22 in. high, 6-in. dial. For selling 2 doz.



No. 116 Bed Spread

Fine quality, in white, 72 x 88 in., neat patterns. For selling 1 doz.



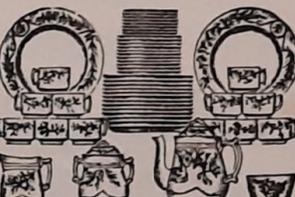
No. 396—Lace Curtains

Nottingham pattern, 49 inches wide, 3 yards long. One pair for selling 1 doz.



No. 73—Chiffoier

Solid oak, hand polished, top 18x33, bevel mirror, 12x18, 5 drawers and hat cupboard, weight 130 lbs. For selling 5 doz.



No. 125—Tea or Dinner Set

Fine quality, 56 full size pieces, elegantly decorated; our best crockery offer. For selling 3 doz.



No. 27½—Gondola Couch

Hardwood frame, best figured velour covering in attractive colors; size 28x76; spring edge, seat and head. For selling 4 doz.



No. 1250—Guitar

Full size, beautiful mahogany finish, excellent tone, a genuine Lyon & Healy instrument. For selling 3 doz.



No. 165 Rogers Silver Set

26 full size pieces, handsome pattern, hand engraved; 6 each knives, forks, tablespoons, teaspoons; 1 sugar, 1 butter, all in satin-lined case. For selling 4 doz.



No. 16—Ladies' 7-in. Hand Bag

Grain seal, fancy braided handle, contains full size card case and coin purse. For selling 1 doz.



No. 4030 Reed Rocker

Full size, very comfortable, elegant finish, strongly made and perfectly balanced. For selling 3 doz.



No. 168—Kitchen Cupboard

Of oak, strongly built, 7 ft. 7 in. high, 3 ft. 3 in. wide, glass doors, 2 drawers, etc. Weight 110 lbs. For selling 4 doz.



No. 20 Washing Machine

One of the best made, family size, weight 62 lbs. For selling 2½ doz.



No. 423—Parlor Couch

Quartered oak, carved frame, spring edges and head, size 30x73 inches, weight 130 lbs. For selling 5 doz.



No. 112 Parlor Lamp

Beautifully hand decorated flowers in natural colors, height 18 in., complete. For selling 1 doz.



No. 3109 Upholstered Rocker

Parlor rocker, solid oak, rodded arms bolted to back, turned spindles, upholstered seat and back. For selling 3 doz.



No. 200 Combination Desk and Bookcase

Solid oak, French plate mirror, large glass door in bookcase, and a complete, full size desk. For selling 3 doz.



No. 312—Brown Fur Scarf

Fine double scarf over 70 in. long, with 6 large 12-inch tails, and ornament at neck. For selling 2 doz.

HELP WANTED.

LADIES AND GIRLS: We want you to help us introduce among your friends our celebrated "RED CROSS" Flavoring Extracts and earn any of these PREMIUMS or your choice of several hundred others. Our Extracts sell at 20 cents and are quickly sold, because extracts are used in every family. Ours once bought are always asked for again—and our first customers are our best ones. We sell them on a guarantee—money back if not satisfactory.

In this advertisement we illustrate a few of the many hundred PREMIUMS we give, which are fully described in our New 150-Page Catalogue.

WE HAVE PREMIUMS FOR SELLING 1 DOZEN UP TO 40 DOZEN, and you are at liberty to stop work at any time and select your premium from this big assortment. We believe our offer to be the most liberal ever made by a reliable firm. You will be surprised to find how pleasant the work is, and how quickly you can sell the Extracts. By our plan you are not overstocked with goods until you find for yourself how many can be sold.

NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE. Your credit is good with us. Fill in and cut out the Coupon below and send it to us at once; we will then send you by mail, postpaid, 1 dozen assorted "RED CROSS" Flavoring Extracts to commence with; also our Big Premium Catalogue. If you can't sell them we will take them back; but there's no can't about it—you can. Do it now.

PETERSON & CO., 95 Kinzie Street, Dept. 2, Chicago, Ill.



No. 72A Chiffoier

Select oak, nicely polished, 5 roomy drawers, brass trimmings, top 18x21. For selling 4 doz.



No. 90 Morris Chair

Oak frame, finely polished, best velour upholstery; a perfect reclining chair. For selling 4 doz.

CUT THIS OUT NOW

PETERSON & CO., 95 Kinzie St., Dept. 2, CHICAGO, ILL.

Send me one dozen Extracts, assorted flavors, and premium list, both by mail, postpaid. I will try my best to sell them and select premium later.

Name

Post Office

Street..... State.....



No. 555—Ladies' Dress Skirt

Fine quality Thibet cloth in black or navy, trimmed with taffeta folds and feather-edge braid. For selling 2 doz.



No. 35—Kitchen Cabinet

Top 26x48 in., 2 large flour bins, 2 drawers, one divided into compartments. For selling 4 doz.



No. 3—Ladies' Writing Desk

Solid oak front, finely finished, very artistic drawer box. For selling 3 doz.



No. 3457 Rocking Chair

Quartered oak back and seat, all turned spindles, high back, solid and well braced. For selling 3 doz.



No. 2535—"Tommy Atkins" Hat

Imported English felt, piped with silk velvet, trimmed with two wings and shirring, in all colors. For selling 1 doz.



No. 205—Dresser

Quarter sawed oak. Top 20x42 in., plate mirror 22x28 in., weight 140 lbs. For selling 7 doz.

God's Resting-Places

LIFE is not all toil. God gives us many quiet resting-places in our pilgrim way. Night is one of these, when, after the day's toil, struggle and exhaustion, we are led aside, and the curtains are drawn to shut out the noise, and He giveth His beloved sleep, in sleep giving the wonderful blessings of renewal. The Sabbath is another of these quiet resting-places. God would have us drop our worldly tasks, and have a day for the freshing of both body and soul. . . . Friendship's trysts are also quiet resting-places, where heart may commune with heart, where Jesus comes, too, unseen, and gives His blessing. All ordinances of Christian worship—seasons of prayer and devotion, hours of communion with God—are quiet resting-places. Far more than we are apt to realize do we need these silent times in our busy life, needing them all the more the busier the life may be.—*J. R. Miller.*

Fear not, little flock. It is the Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.

Alchemy

AND know ye not soul speaks to soul?
I say that words shall pass;
Words are but fragments of the glass,
Silence, the wine within.

The Spirit giveth utterance;
The voice of *Him* that lives,
Speaks in the sacred silence
And understanding gives.

And know ye not love's as a chord
Struck by an unseen hand?
The fragrance of a rose that blooms
In some fair southern land?

Love is the alchemy that turns
All dross to purest gold;
The Depth of Peace that doth enfold
The grace of Harmony.

Harriet L. B. Rowell.

Look for sunshine. Dream of it when you can't see it.

Never Too Late

It is never too late to be happy;
It is never too late to smile;
It is never too late to extend a hand
With a cheering word once in a while.

For there's never a sorrow or worry,
In all this green-covered earth,
But is followed soon by a gladsome joy
And a generous measure of mirth.

To transcend selfishness is the only road to truly noble attainment, and though at first our resurrection may appear difficult because it involves a breaking away from old ideas and methods, like all really great accomplishments the "lion in the way" is encountered and must be surmounted not far from the entrance gate or threshold. To be born anew, to understand something of the meaning of a raised and regenerate life, it is not necessary to undergo any religious convulsions or to experience spasmodic conversion; though sometimes a climacteric period is reached in the soul's experience when two roads are discernible, and it has become impossible to choose the new path without abandoning the old.—*Colville.*

**HANDSOMELY
DRESSED IN
SILK AND
LACE**

**FULL
JOINTED
BODY**

**WATCH
AND
CHAIN**

**Nearly
Two Feet
Tall**



The New Mechanical BIG BEAUTY

FRENCH BISQUE

DOLL

"The Girl from Paris"

NEARLY TWO FEET TALL

Latest Doll Wonder of the Century. Dolly can be dressed and undressed, also sleep and call for its little mother as naturally as any real live baby. A handsome imported doll, beautifully dressed in silk, lace and satin. Easily earned by disposing of only THIRTY articles at ten cents each.

This new premium production, "The Girl from Paris," is a large size, imported French Doll, with latest improved patent mechanical talking attachment, and is, without doubt, one of the largest and most elegantly dressed dolls that was ever given away by any concern as a premium.

"The Girl from Paris" is a beauty and will be highly appreciated by every girl who receives her.

Dolly's pretty head is made of bisque, with long, natural curls. Her handsome costume is made of silk and lace, fancy trimmed picture hat, lace trimmed underwear, stockings, pretty satin sash with silver finished buckle, dainty shoes, watch and chain, etc., complete, neatly and beautifully dressed in the latest French doll fashion. The picture of Dolly does not do her justice, as it is not possible to show up her beauty and elegance in this illustration. However, to see her is to love her, as she is a big beauty.

We desire to call your attention to the fact that "The Girl from Paris" is not a cheap, stuffed rag affair, but a full-jointed bisque doll, elegantly dressed from top to toe. Nearly two feet tall. The only real talking doll in existence that can say papa and mama and not easily gotten out of order. No unsightly strings to pull or break, and no disappointment. Simply press the button under dolly's arm and she will speak Papa and Mama as plainly as any living baby. This new talking attachment is patented, therefore "The Girl from Paris" is the only talking doll that gives satisfaction; all others are cheap imitations.

GIRLS, write us at once for outfit, and we will promptly mail to your address thirty useful fancy articles, to dispose of at ten cents each; when sold, remit us the money (three dollars) and we will promptly forward to you, carefully packed, one of our lovely Talking French Dolls, "The Girl from Paris," nearly two feet tall, as illustrated and described in this circular.

We are a reliable concern and do exactly as we advertise. Order the thirty articles at once, and receive this Big Beauty Doll in time for the holidays. Address at once

CHAS. B. THOMPSON, Importer,
951 Thompson's Building, Bridgewater, Conn.

Blessed Are the Merciful

I HEARD a voice through leafy covert's ringing,
 "My peaceful home is here;
 I fold my wings over my tender nestlings—
 At night I feel no fear;
 But when the day is bright and glad around me
 And I would venture from my hidden nest,
 My mother-heart with dread and fear is crying
 'Do not my home molest!
 Be merciful to me
 If thou wouldst blessed be.'"

I saw a child rest on his mother's bosom,
 So warm and close and dear;
 In loving arms the mother gently held him
 Safe from all harm and fear.
 With frightened eyes a starving little kitten
 Peeped through the door; I heard its plaintive cry:
 "I am bereft of mother-love and comfort,
 Oh, help me or I die!
 Be merciful to me
 If thou wouldst blessed be."

I heard a voice, heartrending in its pathos,
 A voice so clear and strong
 It told me of a faithful love unequalled,
 As firm as life is long.
 Stronger than man's, because unselfish, patient,
 A love that naught but death itself could still.
 It was a dog, neglected, starved, forsaken,
 Yet pleading for good will:
 "Be merciful to me
 If thou wouldst blessed be."

I saw a horse plod o'er the dusty highway
 With toiling step and slow;
 His fading eyes and drooping head asked mercy;
 He got instead a blow.
 And as he struggled on his weary journey
 With painful effort faithful to the end,
 I seemed to hear an inward voice repeating,
 "Who will this message send?
 Be merciful to me
 If thou wouldst blessed be."

And then, far off, I heard a chorus singing,
 Sweet voices in the sky.
 I prayed the crowd to stay a while and listen;
 They paused, and then passed by:

"Blessed are the merciful, blessed are the merciful
 For they, for they shall mercy receive.
 Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these
 Ye did it unto Me.
 To the least of these, to the least, the least of these."
 —Herald of Peace.

Bacon has beautifully said: "The communicating of man's soul to his friend works two contrary effects. For it redoubleth joys and cutteth griefs in halves; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less."

Cheerfulness

By Herman A. Ewald.

How full of meaning that word really is! Cheerfulness gives elasticity to the spirit. Spectres fly before it, difficulties cause no despair, for they are encountered with hope, and the mind acquires that happy disposition to improve opportunities, which rarely fail of success. The fervent spirit is always a healthy and happy spirit, working cheerfully itself, and stimulating others to work. It confers a dignity on even the most ordinary occupation. Cheerfulness does not depend on one's circumstances or conditions. It is a matter of one's spirit, not of one's possessions. A bright face and sunny looks are often seen on one who is in sickness or in bodily pain. Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. One glance at it lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realm of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within; even though it be a very plain face, its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through the veins for joy and scatters the shadows of gloom and despondency. Hide your aching heart behind a sweet smile—and laugh. Laughter is a tonic. It should be indulged in for health and comfort's sake. Titus used to say that he had lost a day when it was passed without laughter. The pilgrims of Mecca considered it so essential a part of their that devotion they called upon their prophet to save them from sad faces.

Giggling is silly. In its use and propriety it differs greatly from laughter. Do not giggle. But have a good hearty laugh once in a while. Cheerfulness makes men pre-eminently useful. If you wish to live a useful life, then prolong it and make the most of it by wearing a cheerful countenance. Cheerfulness gives us physical, mental and moral vigor. It is the normal atmosphere of the soul. Does it pay to be cheerful? Let us see whether we can prove it. Here is a man with a gloomy mind, his whole expression is that of dissatisfaction; with dark and downcast eyes he looks into the future, and everything that passes his way is displeasing to him. In the morning he gets up late so as to shorten the hours of the day, then he goes heavy of heart to his work, not because he likes to work, but because he must work. He has never a kind word nor a joyful look for those with whom he comes in contact, and the whole world seems to work against his luck and fortune, at least he imagines it so; he is never satisfied, although he may have an income of ten thousand dollars a year. But now let us draw a picture of a cheerful man. In the morning after rising, he first brings thanksgiving to God for another new day, then he greets in a friendly manner all the members of his family; his expression or appearance of countenance is joyful and happy, and with a glad and cheerful heart he begins his work, not thinking of himself but how he may please others. He always has a kind word for the broken-hearted, and his hands are always ready to serve those who are in need of help. He is never too tired to take a step for the helpless or speak a friendly

word to the poor, for it causes him great pleasure to see others happy. His work is of great value, for experience teaches us that the most effective is the full-hearted work, that which passes through the hand or head of him whose heart is glad.

Do your work with smiling eyes;
 Let the sun of gladness rise,
 Cheerfulness will clear the skies.

Do not show your snarling teeth
 When you're out upon the street;
 Smile on whom you chance to meet.

No one fears a smiling face
 When the eyes show naught but grace.
 Truly, smiles are heav'n's embrace!

Fret Not Thyself

THE little, sharp vexations,
 And the briars that catch and fret,
 Why not take all to the Helper,
 Who has never failed us yet?

Tell Him about the heartache,
 And tell Him the longings, too.
 Tell Him the baffled purpose
 When we scarce know what to do.

Then, leaving all our weakness
 With the one divinely strong,
 Forget that we bore the burden
 And carry away the song.

Phillips Brooks.

One Hundred and Three Years Old

MRS. HANNAH DUNHAM RECEIVED MANY CALLERS—
 WELL AND HAPPY

Mrs. HANNAH DUNHAM, Hopkinton's oldest resident, celebrated the one hundred and third anniversary of her birth at her home in the quiet little village of not long since.

Mrs. Dunham lives with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kempton. She is now quite feeble, but up to a few years ago retained all her faculties to a remarkable degree. She has been a resident of Hopkinton for sixty-nine years, going to live with her daughter after her husband's death in 1871.

She has been a lifelong member of the Hopkinton Congregational Church and noted as a true Christian worker. The celebration was not elaborate, on account of Mrs. Dunham's feeble health.

If you have experienced the same forms of suffering over and over in the material world, know that in the spiritual world you may experience over and over the joys that are spiritual. There is nothing earthly which may not be considered a type of the heavenly. Prepare for the higher experiences and they will come to you, *even now*.

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Shipped Direct from Factory to Home



GIVEN for using or selling \$10 worth of our goods.

FORM A CLUB OF TEN

Become a customer and receive these two chairs for your services. Thousands of ladies are doing this in their spare time with great success. Why not you?
Let us send you full particulars.



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Greatest Money Saving Proposition

This Country Ever Knew. Let us Prove it to Your Entire Satisfaction.

To convince you we will ship a \$10 assortment of your own selection of our high-grade Toilet and Laundry Soaps, Teas, Coffees, Cocoas, Chocolates, Spices, Baking Powder, Flavoring Extracts, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Etc., and this \$10 Morris Chair all for only \$10 on approval.

WE GIVE THIS MORRIS CHAIR or this large polished solid Oak Chair

As a Premium with Only \$10 Worth of Our Goods.

Don't decide within yourself that we cannot do this. We can do it and make a fair profit too; the secret lies in the fact that we manufacture on a large scale and sell direct to the consumer.
This Morris Chair is made of solid Oak, finished in Golden Oak or imitation Mahogany, thick reversible hair cushions, covered with an excellent quality of velour, full spring seat, automatic adjustment for raising or lowering the back. Altogether, a well-made, durable, handsome chair and a bargain at \$10 in any retail store. This large solid Oak chair is a wonderful bargain and pleases everybody.



30 Days' Free Trial

on both Premium and Goods

If you are not then satisfied that this is the greatest bargain you ever heard of we will cheerfully refund money in full including freight charges. Our goods are all guaranteed strictly pure and high-grade. Our premiums we take pride in giving the greatest possible values.
These chairs are only two of nearly 300 useful and valuable articles given with orders for your own use or for selling \$5 worth and up. Illustrated Furniture Catalogue and Fashion Book sent FREE. It shows Ladies' Suits, Skirts, Waists, Furs, Desks, Bookcases, Tables, Sideboards, Lamps, Dinner Sets, Lace Curtains, etc., in fact nearly everything needed for the home.
Freight allowance of 50 cts. worth of goods given with each \$10 cash order.

We give this fine white Bed Spread, 70 x 80 inches, for securing one new customer.

Write for Catalogue and full particulars about our Club Order Plan and FREE Sample Case. Write to-day. Do It Now.

CROFTS & REED, 840-850 Austin Ave., Dept. 231, CHICAGO, ILL.

Silence

THEY who are won to silence have passed the gaudy gates of Vanity Fair—the gates that open outward to the Purple Hills of Dreams. They have famished 'mid plenty and roystered with sick heart—and the noises they brewed and the beautiful dreams they spilled on the dusty highways and the soft lies their eyes have told are no more. For them the reign of the Real has begun. In silence they hear—and their souls are the noiseless footfalls of the Eternal.

Caked in these whispering south winds, burnished by these eternal suns that warm without scorching, swaddled in these white wrappings, gulped thus in the immurmurous—they are the supreme critics of life. Before the tribunals of the taciturn the strident is rapped to order, and the gilded gabbler of the portico is sentenced to wear the motley and caper with fishwomen.

With shout and laughter we garish the days; but Sorrow comes with finger lifted to her puckered lip, and we are silent; or if we cry aloud it is where no one may hear.

Each action contains the germ of a destiny—each action is a distinct individual in embryo—and if we had a finer spiritual organ we should find in these great silences of the soul destinies and embryos and veiled fates in myriad procession. The best of us, as we are, immured in our limitations, deafened by bodily hearing and blinded by bodily eyesight, can hear them, sometimes, scratching their messages on the walls of our being as they pass by. Some fire their way out of the eternal silences, or tunnel their way to the day, and in the blatant world-days are pounded to the smut called action.

I see a huge crowd pacing the boulevards at midnight. Fanfare, pell-mell, cackle—eyes that rove from point to point in anxious quest of elusive Pleasure; fruitless pincings to and fro, inutile phrases whispered to gold-sodden, paunchy disciples of "sociability" by papier-mâché women—each soul in reality gaping at each other. I see also a narrow room on the top floor of a house shrouded in silence. A youth holds Shelley's poems in his hand. "Swiftly walk over the western wave, Spirit of Night"—he has begun that exquisite invocation written by the Boy of Spezzia Bay. With half-closed eyes he treads with Shelley the western wave and is afloat in the Spirit of Night, and he has heard more than all the mottled mobs of the boulevard, for he listens, while the mobs have only heard.

To be mewed in the marmoreal silences, to fall with sated visage and cloyed tongue and a self, hewed to a million diversities, upon this downy bed canopied and curtained with gauzes and textures of strange patterns—to hear the uproar, tragic in its inutility, inutile in its tragedy, dwindle to a world-buzz, then cease entirely—it is to feel the rapture of calm, the ecstasy of conscious surcease, a passionate peace.

There are an awe, a wonder, a sheen of the ethereal in all fine silences. We here breathe upon the adamantine—and the adamantine is not; we give ourselves to float upon a far-winding stream tinted with ancient sunlights—a bubble drifting upon a greater bubble, blown from pipes greater than Pan's. On these stilled waters we may be immersed without fear of drowning. It is immersion without submersion, reality without illusion—and we are hidden, yet seen of all.

Hamlet's silences are the most impressive parts of the play—in his soliloquies we recognize the soul of the troubled Dane. The destinies that lure him to the catastrophe evolve their deviltries in silence. The secret of the tragedy is spoken by no mouth—it is a presence unseen, unheard, but not unfelt by that inner nerve that responds to the Idea in which the muddled action of the play is cradled. The secret of Hamlet is spoken by no one. It is transmitted in silence.

And with what subtle, silent motions do the destinies weave their filaments of adamant around the trusting Othello—damned by a fine virtue, undone by his own nature, discovered, routed and bludgeoned to earth by an ingrained optimistic faith in the goodness of mankind. Iago is the fiend par excellence of dramatic literature. He is the quiet, grim architect of a most magnificent palace of pain. His sense of touch is exquisite. His building is a destroying. And yet in nothing that he says, in nothing that is heard, do we discover the depths of his extreme infamy. It is left to silence—to the imagination. It is Othello who goes out in utter spiritual darkness; and though Iago is gyved, he stands triumphant—and silent. In that silence of Iago in the bedroom of Desdemona the Eumenides have paused to survey their work. Iago was but their instrument. From that seething brain wherein they held their cabals they spied one who loved his fellow-beings well but not wisely.

In those deep recesses of our being where the ashes of our dreams lie inurned in their bronzed, time-worn receptacles; in those caverns of the underworld, where our projected but abrogated selves murmur against the decree that has sentenced them to those barren words—in all that past that is not, yet is overwhelmingly, we recognize something of the marvellous, something that may not be uttered even by the heart to the brain.

Ecstasy is mute. Shadows curl around "I Will"

—and acts are the undoing of dreams. "I Will Not" is bred of the higher view. If it is cold at the poles of ultimate negation, it is so only in spiritual prospect. When one has fought his way there he has cast his laprobes of illusion behind. The sense of opposites is lost. There is neither cold nor heat on these silent promontories—there is placidity, the urgency to rest. The calm of a half-humorous disdain bathes us. The soul is a rendezvous for shadows—the mind the Rialto of the dead. Postponements are postponed—and it is on the condition of perpetual silence that Eternity has made her assignation with Time.

Thought laps us all about and we are hemmed in by dreams. Speech and act at best are but a stammering. Our confessions to each other are stutterings. The finest revelations are made to ourselves. Who has never paid a pilgrimage unto himself has never touched the Kabala. The Mecca of motion is oblivion.

Elate youth darts upon Life and with rough hand and strident voice seizes his tinsel trophies. He takes the universe for his 'scutcheon, and by the divine right of vascular palpitation he claims the circling worlds. Blatant youth! where dost thou run—or, rather, where runnest thou not? In mid-life his cries have withered to a whining acerbation, and our Don Quixote has dwindled to a vinegary critic. His elder age is a discreet silence. Old age should hold its tongue. Like the walls of old houses, it has secrets to tell.

There is no soul born to flesh-woof that has not on a day heard the drumbeat of retreat sounded in his ears. We have fought and wept, replied and defied—but in the Unconscious our genius is chiseling the Hour—that fateful hour that shall put clamps upon our affirmations and sew up our lips with the golden threads of taciturnity. Our scale of life-values has been wrong. The battles we have fought have only served to cloud our brains with the dust of combat. We see we have been trying to measure Eternity by the minutes—thenceforth we shall eternize the minutes. We smile—and take the veil.

In silence there is universality. Lonely souls seek the solitudes of nature because it is there the dreams of spiritual liberty come true. In these chaste fastnesses are creatures disburdened of trammels. Winged and crawling things empty their souls of impulse as they list. In the wilderness desire and attainment are one. The spirit soaked in these silences participates in the wild riot of life—riot without uproar; revels that are mum; endless muffled motion. The soul passes into all living things. The silent observer becomes the spirit of the place—and his meditations are spun into the crannies of each shadow and the crevices of unapprehended worlds.

Here man regains his lost kingdom—and sits proudly throned on Self. He feels himself at the very core of Being, flush with every conceivable future. He is coalesced, welded into a One. What has been is jettisoned, what is to come is unvisited. It is Nirvana without annihilation. The squirrel that darts up the tree carries a human soul with it, and the bird that flies overhead is chanting a finer song than it knows, for it warbles for two. The forest dreamer rides on the crest of yon fiery cloud—and the slime on the tarn—that is he, too. The individual is blotted out, and the mystery of the one in many—thenceforth it is no mystery.

This is the only liberty man can ever attain, and the path lies through silence. Each must go his own way. There is a supreme release for each, but two cannot find it together. The unthwarted will, equilibration, quiescence, the suffusion of dateless days—would these be yours? Then rivet yourself to the silences, put your ear to the dark shell of Night, and fly the hubbub.

Man is a phenomenal fragment, a temporal circumstance, a momentary coagulation of debris on the infinite stream of Being. His personality is dispersed in meditation or in death. In the vast upper silences the infantile me of daily blab fades like the shadow of a dream. The whole universe of things lies stretched before us like islets in an ocean. The radiating streams of Time flow back to their sources and drag with them the ages.

Like a Greek naked and sweaty from the games who plunges into a cooling stream, so we, sweaty and distraught, fresh from the satanic saturnalias of action, may plunge into the lustral calms, the healing silences—and forget.—Mind.

Identity

If that new life beyond this breath
Should mean, oh, love, for you and me,
Oblivion of identity,
I'd call it death.

Tho' 'twere a Whole harmonious
That we should be dissolved into,
We'd find in that (I hold it true)
No life for us.

You must be you, and I be I.
There is no other help nor hope,
An individual horoscope,
Or else we die.

—Susie M. Best.



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If you have rheumatism send us your name to-day. You will get by return mail a pair of MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS, the celebrated discovery which is accomplishing such marvelous results in all the rheumatic countries of the world. Try the Drafts thoroughly, then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not keep your money. You are the sole judge. We can afford to make this offer only because the Drafts do cure, and people are willing and glad to pay for them.

MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS are worn as shown and cure by reaching the capillaries through the large foot pores and absorbing acid impurities directly from the blood, without which purification rheumatism cannot be cured. Thousands all over the world are already rejoicing over their safe and inexpensive cure without medicine, and we have their grateful letters to show. Don't you want to try this treatment free? Write to-day to Magic Foot Draft Co., 1072 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Our valuable book (in colors) on rheumatism comes free with the trial Drafts. Send no money—only your name and address.

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BOYS, send to us for 20 packages of Blaine which you can easily sell at ten cents each. Return us the \$2.00 received, and we will at once send free postpaid, a Regulation-size Rugby Football, consisting of a tested bladder made of the best rubber and a surgically sewed leather cover. It is warranted to stand rough work.

Send your address. We trust you with the Blaine. Satisfaction guaranteed. We also give other athletic goods. **BLAINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 250 Mill Street, Concord Junction, Mass. (The Old Kohn E. Firm.)**

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New, Quick Process.



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NO HUMBURG, FAKE OR TOY PROPOSITION.

An Honest, Legitimate Enterprise, Backed by an Old, Reliable, Responsible Firm; Capital \$100,000.



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We Manufacture Complete Outfits, All Sizes.

WHAT IS THE USE OF YOUR SLAVING LONGER FOR SOMEONE ELSE?

Why not start a business for yourself, reap all the profits and get a standing in your locality?

If you are in someone's employ, remember he will not continue to pay you a salary only so long as he can make profit out of your labor.

In this era every bright man and woman is looking to own a business, to employ help and to make money.

It is just as easy to make money for yourself as it is to coin money for some grasping employer, who pays you a small salary each week.

If you are making less than \$30 weekly it will pay you to read this announcement, for it will not appear again in this paper.

If you read it and take advantage of the opportunity offered, you will never regret it. To own a business yourself is certainly your ambition.

We start you in a profitable business. Teach you absolutely free how to conduct it.

To show you what others have done, we quote the expressions of a few who have made money in the plating business.

"MR. REED MADE \$88.16 THE FIRST 3 DAYS." Mr. Cox writes: "Get all I can do. Elegant business. Customers happy." Dave Crawford writes: "The first week I had my outfit I made \$42.75." E. D. Waterbury writes: "Am 60 years old. Just completed job 1800 pieces tableware. I clear about \$6.00 a day profit."

Gentlemen and ladies positively make \$5 to \$15 a day at home or traveling, taking orders, using, selling and appointing agents for PROF. GRAY'S Latest Improved, Guaranteed Plating Machines and Outfits. NO FAKE OR TOYS, but genuine, practical, complete, scientific outfits for doing the finest of plating on WATCHES, JEWELRY, KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS, CASTORS, TABLEWARE OF ALL KINDS, BICYCLES, SEWING MACHINES, SWORDS, REVOLVERS, HARNESS AND BUGGY TRIMMINGS, metal specialties; in fact, all kinds of metal goods. HEAVY THICK PLATE EVERY TIME. GUARANTEED TO WEAR FOR YEARS. No experience necessary.

There is really a wonderful demand for replating. You can do business at nearly every house, store, office or factory. Almost every family has from \$2 to \$10 worth of tableware to be plated, besides watches, jewelry, bicycles, etc.

Every boarding-house, hotel, restaurant, college or public institution has from \$5 to \$75 worth of work to be plated. Every jeweler, repair or bicycle shop, every dentist, doctor and surgeon, every man, woman and child you meet has either a watch, some jewelry, bicycles, instruments or some articles needing plating.

Besides the above there are hundreds of patentees and manufacturers of metal goods, bicycles, sewing machines and typewriter repair shops who want their goods plated, or to whom you can sell a plating outfit, furnishing them supplies for doing their own plating.

Retail stores who handle hardware, harness, tableware and plated or metal goods all need a plating and polishing outfit for refinishing goods that become worn, soiled, rusty or tarnished.

Every Undertaker requires a plating outfit for repairing and finishing coffin and hearse trimmings which are soiled, tarnished or worn.

Manufacturers are making and selling tons of new tableware, jewelry, bicycles and various kinds of metal goods every month which has only a very thin plate, which, in a few weeks, wears off, making the goods unsightly, unfit for future use unless plated.

Manufacturers of new goods do no replating on old goods whatever, but try to force the public to throw away the old and buy new at high prices, but this only makes the plating business better.

The more new thinly plated goods sold the greater will be the demand for plating. Plate some articles for your friends and neighbors by Professor Gray's Process, and it quickly proves to them its genuineness and merit and that your plating is much thicker, will wear better and longer



Factory and Warehouse of Gray & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Capital \$100,000. Employ 300 to 300 people daily.

than a large percentage of the new goods. Your trade is then established, and within a short time you will have all the goods you can plate.

Plate a few articles for your friends, call a few weeks, a few months, or five years later, and you will find the plate satisfactory, and they will give you every article they have needing to be plated.

When you deliver the goods plated to customers they will be well pleased, in fact, delighted with the work, will pay for it promptly, and you will be given on an average twice as much work to be plated as they gave you the first time you called.

YOU CAN DO PLATING SO CHEAP

that every person can afford to have their goods plated.

No tidy housekeeper will allow worn and rusty tableware to go before a guest when it can be restored and made equal to new.

No person will wear jewelry or a watch, or ride a bicycle, or use a typewriter, sewing machine, or any machine made of metal from which the plate is worn off when they see samples of your work and hear your prices. People in this day and generation are too sensible and economical to

throw away their old goods and buy new when they can have their old goods replated for so small a cost, making them, in many cases, better than when new.

The best part of the plating business is that it increases fast and is permanent.

Put out your sign, secure your outfit, do a little work, and quickly you will be favored with orders. If you do not wish to do the plating yourself you can hire boys for \$3 or \$4 a week to do the work the same as we do, and solicitors to gather up goods to be plated on commission.

It is not hard work, but is pleasant, and especially so when your business is netting you \$20 to \$35 a week for 5 or 6 hours' work a day.

This is only a minimum income which may be earned by anyone who is not lazy; hustlers should make \$100 weekly.

TREMENDOUS PROFITS.

The profits realized from plating are tremendous. To plate a set of teaspoons requires only about 2c. worth of metal and chemicals; a set of knives, forks or tablespoons about 3c. worth. The balance of the price received for the work is for the agent's time and profit.

Agents usually charge from 25c. to 50c. per set for plating teaspoons, from 50c. to 75c. for tablespoons and forks, and from 60c. to \$1.00 for knives.

We allow you to set your own price for plating. Get as much as you can. You will have no competition. You know what it costs to plate the goods, and all you get over cost is profit. Some agents charge much more than the above prices, while others do the work for half and still make plenty of money.

Let us start you in business for yourself at once, don't delay a single day. Be your own boss. Be a money maker. We do all kinds of plating ourselves. Gold, Silver, Nickel, Bronze, Brass, Tin and Copper. We have had years of experience, and are headquarters for plating supplies. We manufacture our own dynamo and outfits, all sizes, and send them out complete, with all tools, lathes, wheels and materials; everything ready for use.

We teach you everything, furnish all receipts, formulas and trade secrets free, so that failure should be impossible, and anyone who follows our directions and teachings can do fine plating with a little practice, and become a money maker.

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THE NEW DIPPING PROCESS is the latest, quickest, easiest method known. Tableware plated by dipping, taken out instantly, with a fine, brilliant, beautiful surface. All ready to deliver to customers. THICK PLATE EVERY TIME. WEARS 5 to 10 YEARS. A BOY PLATES 100 to 300 pieces tableware daily, from \$10 to \$30 worth of work, profits almost 1000 per cent. Goods come out finely finished. No polishing, grinding or work necessary, neither before or after plating.

You will not need to canvass. Agents write they have all the goods they can plate. People bring it for miles around. You can hire boys cheap to do your plating, the same as we do, and solicitors to gather work for a small per cent. Put a small advertisement or two in your local paper and you will have all the plating you can do. The plating business is honest and legitimate. Plating on our machines gives perfect satisfaction. Wears for years; customers are always delighted and recommend you and your work.

We are an old established firm, have been in business for years, know exactly what is required, furnish complete outfits, the same as we ourselves use, and customers always have the benefit of our experience. We are responsible and guarantee everything. Reader, here is a chance of a lifetime to go in business for yourself. We start you. Now is the time to make money.

FREE—WRITE US TO-DAY

for our new plan and proposition; also valuable information how the plating is done. Sit down and write now, so we can start you without delay. If you wish to see a sample of plating by our Outfits, send 2c. postage. Send your address anyway.

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The above firm is thoroughly reliable and do just as they agree. —Publisher NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.

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Be Your Own Boss and Earn all the Money You Really Deserve. I Will Give You the Opportunity. READ EVERY WORD and Learn How YOU, Like Thousands of Others, Can Devote Your Time to a Straightforward, Honorable Work which will Easily Pay from \$3 to \$5 Per Day.

I mean just what I say and the marvelous success of those associated with me is positive proof that my method of work is as attractive and remunerative as can be offered by any reputable individual or company. The plan I desire to present to you is entirely new and it makes no difference where you live or what your line of work may be, I will offer you the chance of a lifetime to establish yourself in a permanent and profitable business in your own locality.



Yours for Prosperity, HARRIET M. RICHARDS.

I will give you the opportunity to become associated with a well established business of many years' standing whose foundation is just as solid as the rock of Gibraltar, and if you act upon my advice under our new plan

A PROFIT SHARING BOND

will be issued to you, under my direction, so that you will be placed in a position to participate in the profits to be derived from a business which readily appeals to all classes of people and offers to both men and women, who are willing to work, a rare opportunity to make money. With this new and original Profit Sharing Bond System, which I have referred to, you are sure to be liberally rewarded for every effort you put forth under my direction, and you will become, as it were, a working partner in a very pleasant and permanent position, which will yield you handsome profits the year around. In fact, I really feel that any man or woman who cannot make money under this new system which I will unfold to you, cannot make money at anything, and I know if you will only take the time and pains to investigate the value of the splendid position I can offer you, you will be satisfied that I am in a position to show you how to make more money than you have ever had the opportunity of making in the past. Indeed, I have a most attractive proposition to offer to any man or woman desirous of improving their financial condition, and all I want is that you, or anyone desirous of earning money, should write to me for full particulars. I will gladly answer your inquiry free of cost, and I feel sure when you have learned all the details you will readily appreciate the value of the splendid position I have offered you.

I WANT YOUR HELP AND WILL PAY WELL FOR IT

for I desire the assistance of only honorable and energetic people, who are able to appreciate the great value of our wonderful Profit Sharing System. The business I wish you to become associated with has been well established for over ten years, and today I can refer you to many assistants throughout the country, who are making more money than they have ever had the opportunity of making before in all their lives. I repeat that I mean just what I say, and I can furnish abundant proof of every statement I have made, and I hope if you are interested in improving your financial condition you will not hesitate to write to me at once, for I can give you a position that will easily yield

FROM \$3.00 TO \$5.00 PER DAY.

It has been my pleasure to make many homes happy and prosperous by furnishing desirable employment to hundreds of people, and I can easily send you letters from many of them setting forth the value of the position I am offering to every man and woman throughout the country who is willing to give good service in order that they may earn a desirable income, and if you desire to become closely associated with a business that stands for integrity and honor, I will use my best efforts to establish you in a permanent and profitable situation which will yield you a handsome income throughout the entire year. I want your assistance, and if you are interested do not fail to write to me at once. Your letter will receive my prompt and careful attention, and I know you will be more than pleased with my reply. Address: Harriet M. Richards, Escaper, - Box 446, - Joliet, Ill.

Aspiration

AMBITIONS? Yes, I confess to some—
The dream of the whole world's good;
That I may be here when at last shall come
The era of Brotherhood;
When my heart is still and my lips are dumb,
That I may be understood.

I would be clear—a transparency
Through which the light could shine;
A window through which the world might see
The glimpse of a day divine;
And nothing, O Lord, should be of me,
But all should be Thine, be Thine.

I would be selfless, would leave all thought
Of my little life behind;
Till, into the wider life upcaught,
The larger self I should find;
Till into my soul the sense were wrought
Of oneness with all mankind.

I would my life were in concord sweet
With the universal key;
That my heart with the heart of the whole
might beat
In the infinite harmony;
That each lack of mine could be made complete
By fulness, O Lord, from Thee.

From out of the mists of the ages gone,
In the world's morn dim and gray,
From goal to goal I have traveled on,
And my spirit discerns the way;
I have traveled on till this fuller dawn
Breaks into the younger day.

Because I beheld a supernal beam,
I've borne with the death and dearth;
My soul on fire with a golden dream,
I've come through the gates of birth;
I saw on the hills of the future gleam
God's kingdom upon the earth.

I know my endeavor will never cease
Till some happy hour to be,
When all of the nations shall smile in peace
And all of mankind is free;
And then, O Lord, I can claim my reward
By losing myself in Thee.

—J. A. Edgerton.

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.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

How noble is a display of a man's divine heritage; and how few have hitherto availed themselves of their infinite and universal privileges.

With their little notions of life and their mean conceptions of self, men have indeed led a poor existence—poor in health, wealth, wisdom. When their cry has been for "More," it has only been for the things that bind and cramp, for chains and manacles. At least, this has been the use which the really valuable things have been put to.

Materials, means of expression, implements of power, are right enough—whether they are in the form of money or anything else; but they must be made to serve. In the past, character has been made to serve; soul has been made a cheap commodity.

A universal consciousness, with all its vast glorious and practical possibilities, is yours, when you assume an imperial attitude. You must testify to the celestial character of your soul, its identification with the infinite; you must exalt your nature, recognizing your oneness with all.

Look without and look within; seek, watch, open your eyes, be candid with your soul, be faithful, true. Allow the illuminations of truth to inspire you; let the messengers of wisdom whisper new ideals to you, as shall be done if you only—Let.

Open wide the gates of your universality, O Soul Individual, incarnation of the Absolute.

Let the spirit have utterance from behind the veils of material sensation. Let the divine come to the front—it is now the time.

Let your soul look out of your eyes when you see poverty or suffering or fretfulness. It will do much toward righting things.



GIVEN TO GIRLS

THREE BEAUTIFUL DOLLS

Two large twin sister dolls, elegantly dressed, perfect beauties and a Sweet Little Baby Doll that will please the hearts of many thousands of little mothers. We give the three dolls FREE for selling only 34 of our fine Handkerchiefs.

HOW TO OBTAIN

YOUR CHOICE OF ANY OF OUR FINE PREMIUMS BOYS, GIRLS you can obtain entire doll outfit, football or baseball outfits, sweaters, punching-bags boxing-gloves watches etc. Your choice for selling only 34 of our fine hemstitched handkerchiefs at 10c. SEND NO MONEY, write at once, premium sent day money is received. Express prepaid AMERICAN HDKF. CO. 82 PASSAIC ST. PASSAIC, N. J.



GIVEN TO BOYS

A COMPLETE FOOTBALL OUTFIT

Consisting of a pair of intercollegiate football pants heavily padded, sleeveless jacket sewed with best and strongest linen, handmade eye-let for lacing, fine quality worsted belt. Boys we give this complete football outfit for selling only 34 of our fine Handkerchiefs.

"I Guarantee To Grow Hair."

To Prove It, I Send a Trial Package Free by Mail.



My discovery actually grows hair, stops hair falling out, removes dandruff and quickly restores luxuriant growth to shining scalp, eyebrows and eyelashes, and quickly restores gray or faded hair to its natural color. Write to-day.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

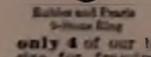
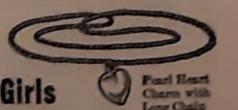
for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to J. P. Stokes, Mgr., 343 Poso Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing a 2-cent stamp to help cover postage.

I have never tried Poso Hair and Scalp Remedy, but if you will send me a trial package by mail, prepaid, free, I will use it.

Give full address—write plainly.

ALL FOUR PREMIUMS

GIVEN TO Ladies and Girls



To introduce our house we are giving away ALL FOUR of these beautiful premiums for selling only 4 of our beautiful art pictures at 25c each. They are large size for framing, in many colors, and sell like "hot cakes."

Remember, you get all four premiums for selling only 4 pictures (no more). We pay all post-
age—trust you with the goods and take back any not sold. Just write to-day.

Address: R. S. SEARIGHT, Mgr., 63 Washington St., Dept. 29, Chicago, Ill.

Abundant Love

FILL life's cup so full of love
That no evil may creep in,
Then will earth soon be transformed,
And no more be courting sin.
Peace, sweet peace, will fill the soul,
As the rule of love holds sway,
Angel voices then will sing
Through the long millennial day.

Hearts o'erflowing with God's love
Make the sunshine of the world,
Love and kindness e'er should then
Have their banners all unfurled,
So that all may see the way
To the Heavenly Father's light,
Which illumines earth with joy,
Filling it with sweet delight.

Martha Shepard Lippincott.

Household Commandments

1. MAKE your household one harmonious whole, no matter how small the scale.
2. Use only what you can comfortably afford in good quality and ample quantity.
3. Let your home appear bright and sunny. It is not easy to be unpleasant in a cheerful room.
4. Treat your servants wisely and kindly, and it will be impossible for them to either impose or oppose.
5. Have time for everything, and be never in a hurry.
6. A certain formality is necessary to save everyday life from triviality, and freedom from looseness.
7. Do not forget that "society" is the death of home life, hospitality its flower.
8. Know how to talk and how to listen, how to entertain and how to amuse.

CHILDREN should have free choice, but also protection and guidance while they grow strong enough to make it. See that their torches are alight when they explore the caves and catacombs of the past.

Opportunity

By Edward Rowland Sill

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream;
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by
foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge
And thought: "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That true blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing!" He snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering, crept away, and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore, beset,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand.
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed the enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

*"Since what we choose is what we are,
And what we love we yet shall be,
The goal may ever shine afar;
The will to win it makes us free."*

Send for our Success Booklet. It will surprise you. Free.

LADIES=DO YOU WANT=GIRLS
To Earn these Handsome and Useful Premiums Easily?

36 PIECES. IMPORTED DECORATED CHINA.



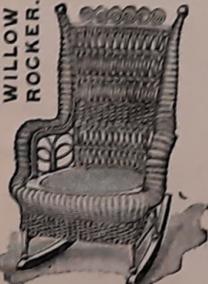
36 PIECE CHINA TEA SET.
Warranted pure china. A beautiful and artistic set. Given for selling 24 boxes Grandma's Remedies at 25 cents a box.

If so, go among your friends and neighbors with **Grandma's Wonder Healing Cream and Pain-Killer**, a wonderful, old-fashioned, curative remedy for Catarrh, Piles, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Croup, Colds, Burns, Sores, Cuts, etc. Put up in neat and attractive salve form and sells for only twenty-five cents a box.



WHITE AND BRASS BEDSTEAD.
Given for selling 48 boxes.

WILLOW ROCKER.



WILLOW ROCKER.
Given for selling 30 boxes.

LADIES' NICKEL WATCH.



LADIES' NICKEL WATCH.
Given for selling 18 boxes.

We trust you. No money required in advance. A reasonable length of time allowed to dispose of Remedies and make return. We will treat you fair and right in every way. In offering **Grandma's Healing Cream and Pain-Killer** to the public, you can do so with the greatest confidence, as a reliable remedy of merit that will give the very best of satisfaction.

6 SILVER NAPKIN RINGS.



6 SILVER NAPKIN RINGS.
Given for selling 12 boxes.

OAK DESK.



OAK DESK.
Given for selling 36 boxes.

Ladies, send us your full name and address, plainly written, and we will mail you **six boxes Grandma's Remedies**, on trial, with full instructions, premium lists, etc. Write us at once and we will forward Remedies without delay.

We offer a large number of useful and handsome premiums not shown here, consisting of Sideboards, Couches, Kitchen Cabinets, household articles, etc. Remember, we offer you no trash to sell, but an article of standard merit.

Order the six boxes at once, as a starter, and address plainly,

GRANDMA'S REMEDIES CO.,
No. 1 Bank Building, New Milford, Conn.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.



LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.
Given for selling 36 boxes.

HAND CARVED. OAK WALL CLOCK.



OAK WALL CLOCK.
Given for selling 6 boxes.

GRANDMA'S REMEDIES
ONLY 25c. A BOX
WONDER HEALING CREAM
WONDER PAIN-KILLER

LADIES' GOLD LAID WATCH.



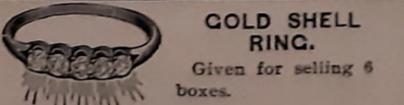
LADIES' GOLD LAID WATCH.
Given for selling 36 boxes.

WHITE LILY WASHING MACHINE.



WHITE LILY WASHING MACHINE.
Given for selling 48 boxes.

GOLD SHELL RING.



GOLD SHELL RING.
Given for selling 6 boxes.

100 PIECE DINNER SET.



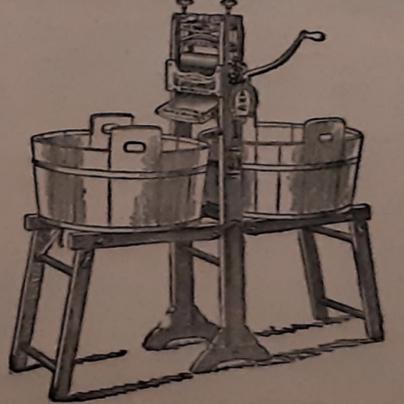
100 PIECE DINNER SET.
Given for selling 48 boxes.

PARLOR LAMP.



PARLOR LAMP.
Given for selling 24 boxes Grandma's Remedies at 25 cents a box.

WRINGER AND FOLDING BENCH COMPLETE.



WRINGER AND FOLDING BENCH COMPLETE.
Given for selling 30 boxes Grandma's Remedies.

LADIES' GOLD CLOCK.



LADIES' GOLD CLOCK.
Given for selling 24 boxes.

OAK MORRIS CHAIR.



OAK MORRIS CHAIR.
Given for selling 42 boxes.

LADIES' HAND BAG.



LADIES' HAND BAG.
For selling 6 boxes.

CREDIT GIVEN TO LADIES.

What She Best Likes

A WOMAN likes to be truly loved and to be told so. She likes some noble, honorable man to be thoughtful of her, kind and considerate of her welfare.

When well and becomingly dressed, a quiet notice of it is always appreciated.

A word of praise for a nice dinner or supper often more than compensates her for the worry and work of preparation.

She wants her husband not to be her supporter but her companion, remembering that it is the kind word that brings her greater happiness than a new set of dishes, though presents like the latter are always welcome.

She likes to be made to realize that she is good for something besides being a mere household drudge.

She likes to be petted occasionally, but not in public. The little private pet names are very dear to a woman's heart.

Live to the New

DIE to the old; live to the New;
Grow strong with each to-morrow;
Else drag with thee to life's dull end
A lengthening chain of sorrow.

Goethe.

MAKE THE CHILDREN HAPPY.

The Red Maple

"A subtle red
Of life is kindling every twig and stalk
Of lowly meadow growths."

"My life is a brief, brief thing,
I am here for a little space.
And while I stay
I would like, if I may,
To brighten and better the place."

Faith is to the soul what knowledge is to the mind.

Birdie's Farewell

FLY away, little birds,
It is time that you go;
Cold winter is coming,
With wind and with snow.

Fly, fly, pretty birds,
To the South fly away,
Where the sun and the flowers
Are bright every day.



Extraordinary Book Bargain Marriage and Morality

Dr. Paul Edwards' Great Book

WE are able to offer our readers a great bargain on Dr. Paul Edwards' great book, "Marriage and Morality."

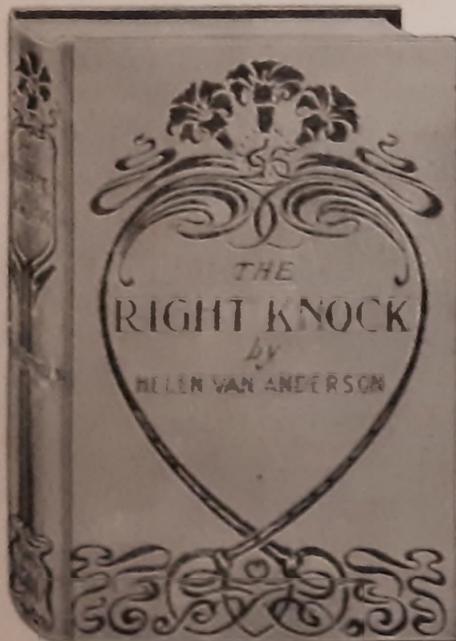
Dr. Edwards left on a journey to foreign countries some time ago, and as he wished to turn his books into ready cash, he requested us to dispose of them to our readers at one-half the regular price.

The regular price that Dr. Edwards received for this book was 50 cents a copy, and we now are offering to send it to YOU, postage prepaid, for only 25 cents a copy. We ask you to send your order in promptly before our supply is exhausted. This is truly a wonderful book, as it treats the sex question in a clear, dignified manner, and gives a striking picture of Marriage in the dark ages of the past and as it may and should be in this wonderful century of light and progress.

Every Person Should Read This Book. The author truly and rightfully says that "Marriage and Children are the Foundations of the Government." There can be no success without Morality, and Marriage preserves the home, which is truly the foundation of everything.

Send 25 cents in postage stamps right away and we will send you a copy of this remarkable book, "Marriage and Morality."

Don't delay, as our supply is limited. Address
BOOK DEPARTMENT NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON'S THE RIGHT KNOCK

is a Book you need in your home, in your place of business, on your travels and everywhere.

WHY?

Because it tells you how to live day by day a happy, healthy life. It tells you how to get well if you are sick, and how to answer the questions nobody ever answered for you. It gives you a new view of life.

The Right Knock contains Twelve Lessons on Christian Healing in the form of a story simple enough for a child to understand. Thousands have been healed and helped to heal others by applying its teachings.

"A great peace came over me while reading it and I feel relieved of a heavy burden. It is a wonderful book, full of spiritual food, and I thank you a thousand times for it," writes EMMA J. MYERS, one of our subscribers.

"The Right Knock helped me cure my mother's eyes. She was almost blind."—L. J. B., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"I have distributed seventy-five copies of **The Right Knock** among my friends. It is a remarkable book."—REV. WM. GIBBONS, Colorado.

"My little boy wanted me to read from **The Right Knock** all through his illness. He said it made him feel better."—A GRATEFUL MOTHER.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER

If you will send us only \$1.00 for one year's subscription to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, and 30 cents extra to pay the necessary expenses we will send you "Absolutely Free" one copy of the greatest of works of "Spiritual Healing."

This is a Special Offer As we earnestly desire to secure your subscription to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, we have concluded to make you this Extra Special Offer, namely: If you will promptly send us \$1.00 to pay for one year's subscription to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, and 30 cents extra to pay transportation charges, etc., we will send, all charges prepaid, as a free gift or premium, one copy of this excellent book. By accepting this unusual offer and becoming a subscriber to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, you will help to spread the knowledge of Health, Happiness and Prosperity, besides securing Free one copy of this most excellent 250-page work. Elegantly bound. We know that you will appreciate the liberality of this special offer and promptly send us your subscription to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, New York City.

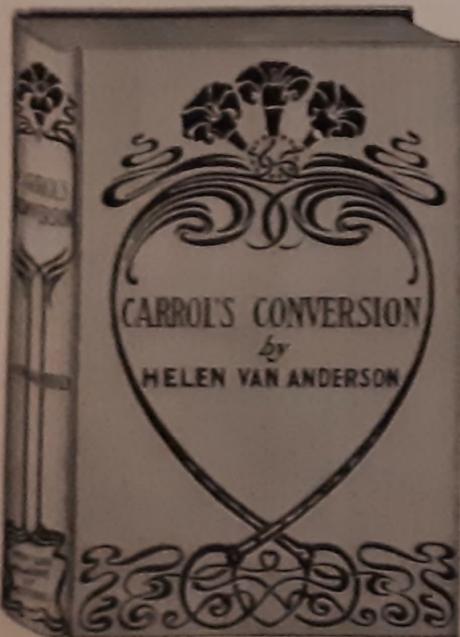
NOTE.—Present subscribers can receive a copy of this great book by sending \$1.00, and we will extend their subscription one year.

CARROL'S CONVERSION

...BY...

Rev. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON

LIBRARY EDITION



Beautifully and artistically bound in cloth
150 Pages
Full size of book 7 1/2 x 5 inches

A twin to THE RIGHT KNOCK, and invaluable to those who want to live the highest spiritual life, and who desire to help others to live it.

THE VOLUNTARY HELP SOCIETY as pictured in "CARROL'S CONVERSION" should be a pattern for all who wish to work together for the good of their fellows.

You who read these words need such a book as "CARROL'S CONVERSION," for it will give you COURAGE, SYMPATHY and an UNDERSTANDING of human life and character that will make you a light in your neighborhood.

It is a story of just such people as you know. This is one reason why it can help you so much.

W. J. CHEVILLE says: "CARROL'S CONVERSION" is intensely interesting and most ennobling."
LEWIS VICTOR DURAND says: "Helen Van-Anderson's great book, 'CARROL'S CONVERSION,' is the best book I ever read."

"The reading of your beautiful book brought me the Christ-light and life. I am as one born again," said an earnest woman to the author.

"I think that prayer of Mary's over her sick child would almost raise the dead," writes one who has read "CARROL'S CONVERSION" as a revelation.

"We are reading 'CARROL'S CONVERSION' for the fourth time."—KATE HIXON.

Our Special Offer: We want you to become a yearly subscriber for the NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES. Accordingly we make you this UNUSUAL OFFER, namely, if you will promptly send us \$1.00 to pay for one year's subscription to the NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES and 30c. extra to pay for the cost of postage, etc., we will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE, without any extra charge, one copy of the regular library edition of "CARROL'S CONVERSION."

This book is beautifully and artistically bound in cloth, contains 350 pages; the full size of the book is 7 1/2 by 5 inches. It is printed on expensive dull-finished paper; the type is of good size, clear, plain and distinct so that it can be easily read.

THIS IS AN EXCEPTIONAL OFFER and we urge you to accept it promptly. All you have to do is to send us a total of \$1.30. The \$1.00 will pay for one year's subscription to the NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES and 30c. will cover the contingent costs of sending you one copy of Helen Van-Anderson's book, "CARROL'S CONVERSION."

Address, THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE of Mysteries, 22 North William St., N. Y. City
NOTE.—Present subscribers can receive a copy of this great book by sending \$1.30, which will extend their subscription for another year and pay the necessary costs of sending the book, "CARROL'S CONVERSION."

My Own Private, Beautiful, High-Bred Pony, "PRINCE," With Elegant "Rumble" Rubber-Tired Cart and Fine Custom-Made Harness, All Delivered Free

ALL CHARGES PREPAID BY MYSELF, AT YOUR OWN DOOR CHRISTMAS MORNING. This elegant prize will not cost you a single cent of your own money. As was mentioned in the September issue of "Our Magazine," I have decided to donate Prince, my private pony from my own stable, to the children of the subscribers to "Our Magazine."



SHOWING "PRINCE" WITH HIS "RUMBLE" RUBBER-TIRED PHAETON AND CUSTOM-MADE HARNESS, JUST AS HE WILL BE DELIVERED, ALL CHARGES PREPAID, CHRISTMAS MORNING. PRESIDENT ELLIS'S LITTLE DAUGHTER AND PET COLLIE ARE IN THE PHAETON.

MY children have driven and enjoyed Prince, and now they, as well as myself, wish him to go to some boy or girl whose family are subscribers and readers of "Our Magazine." Prince is a beauty. He was last year successfully entered in the Brooklyn Horse Show. There he was the centre of all the young people's attention and loving caresses, as he now is at my home, and as he always will be wherever chance may send him when this contest closes.

THE OFFER

THIS offer is open to any boy or girl not over eighteen years some member of whose family is a subscriber to The New York Magazine of Mysteries. If no member of your family is a subscriber now, they can subscribe through you, after you have answered this announcement and received full particulars. The contest closes promptly December 11. I have the contest close on this date so you will have time to write me if you are to have the prize, and so that I may have time to ship (all charges prepaid) the Pony, the Phaeton and the Custom-Made Harness. By having the contest close at this early date there will be ample time for you to write me if you are to have the Pony, Cart and Harness, and plenty of time for me to ship all to you, so they will be sure to arrive Christmas morning, or, if you prefer, the night before. Always please remember that all the transportation charges will be paid by myself and you will not have to lay out one cent.

MY REASON

YOUR parents, as subscribers to and readers of The New York Magazine of Mysteries, know how much interested I am to make "Our Magazine" the very best possible. They know how sincere I am. They also know how much I have accomplished. Now I am going to tell you my reason for giving away my own private Pony and Complete Outfit. It is this: I have made up my mind that I have been neglecting the younger element in the families of my subscribers. I have made up my mind that we should be better acquainted, and that we should become more so each and every Christmas. After I had fully considered and become awakened to the above facts, I wondered to myself How I could get nearer each year to the younger members of my large reading family. I thought to myself, when I start out to make these youngsters my friends I must be sure to begin and end in the right way. You see I have been a boy myself, and I know of no surer way to lose young people's friendship than to fail to keep every promise which is made to them. I gave the matter a good lot of deep thought for two or three days, trying to make up my mind so that I might hit just upon the right thing.

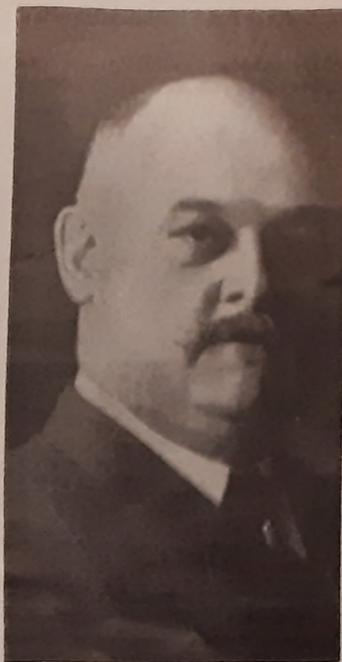
ALL AT ONCE

ALL at once the happy thought struck me: Why not have my own children send their pet Pony, Prince, Phaeton and Harness to the winner? I am convinced that this is the right way to begin to become better acquainted with my young friends who are members of families who are subscribers to "Our Magazine." And I want to mention here that I hope each and every Christmas to offer you, my young friends, a beautiful special prize from myself personally. In this way I hope to get nearer you and have you get nearer me, to cement our friendship closer and closer as the years pass by. I want you to know that everything I write or say to you is as true as the Gospel. I want you as a friend because you can depend upon me every time.

ANOTHER DIFFICULTY

AFTER I had made up my mind to give you my Pony and Outfit, and was happy in my own thoughts that this was so nicely and satisfactorily

settled, another difficulty stared me in the face. I said to myself, if you are going to make all these young people your everlasting and true sincere friends, will not some of them be disappointed if they do not get the Pony and Outfit? What are you going to do for them? You surely must not make any mistake. You must make every boy and girl who tries for the Pony and Complete Outfit a firm friend. Well, for a while I was again puzzled. It is my intention and I promise you that you shall all be thoroughly pleased and satisfied when next Christmas morning arrives. I wish every boy and girl who is not over eighteen years old and who is a member of a family which subscribes for "Our Magazine" to compete for Prince, his rubber-tired "Rumble" Phaeton and Custom-Made Harness. Write me now. I will send you full particulars how you can secure the Pony and Complete Outfit.



PRESIDENT CHARLES E. ELLIS, WHO HAS DONATED "PRINCE" AND COMPLETE OUTFIT TO "OUR MAGAZINE" BOYS AND GIRLS.

NO BLANKS

IF you will promise me that you will do your level best to have Prince, his Phaeton and Harness delivered to you Christmas morning (all charges prepaid by myself), I will here promise you that should you not succeed, I will send you a Savings Bank Book from one of the largest and strongest savings institutions in this country, with a capital and deposits of over \$10,000,000, with a deposit in it commensurate to your efforts, made out in your own name. But, remember, I want you to try for the Pony and Outfit. My reason for giving the Savings Bank Book is that none of my young friends shall be disappointed. Remember, also, that it makes no difference where you live, far or near, in a small or large town, you have the opportunity just the same. I want you to feel that you have found a new and powerful friend in whom you can trust; one that you know will treat you as you justly expect, who wishes to have you become a nearer and closer friend each future year. Now, to repeat my wishes. I ask of you kindly to answer this now. I wish to hear from you at once personally. I wish to send you personally Prince and his Complete Outfit. If you do not give me the privilege it surely will not be my fault. If you do not get Prince and his Complete Outfit, you shall have a Savings Bank Book, for I am bound that you and I shall be firm friends from the time your answer is received. Just as soon as I receive your letter saying you wish to compete for the Pony and Phaeton and Harness, I will at once write you personally and send you full and explicit information how you may have Prince and his elegant rubber-tired "Rumble" Phaeton and fine Custom-Made Harness, delivered Free at your door on Christmas morning, or the night before, if you wish. Please write now; the sooner you write the easier it will be for you to get the Pony and Complete Outfit. If you write me to-day, I promise you that next Christmas morning you will be glad that you did so. Be sure and address "Pony Department." Yours, most sincerely for continued friendship,

CHARLES E. ELLIS, President,

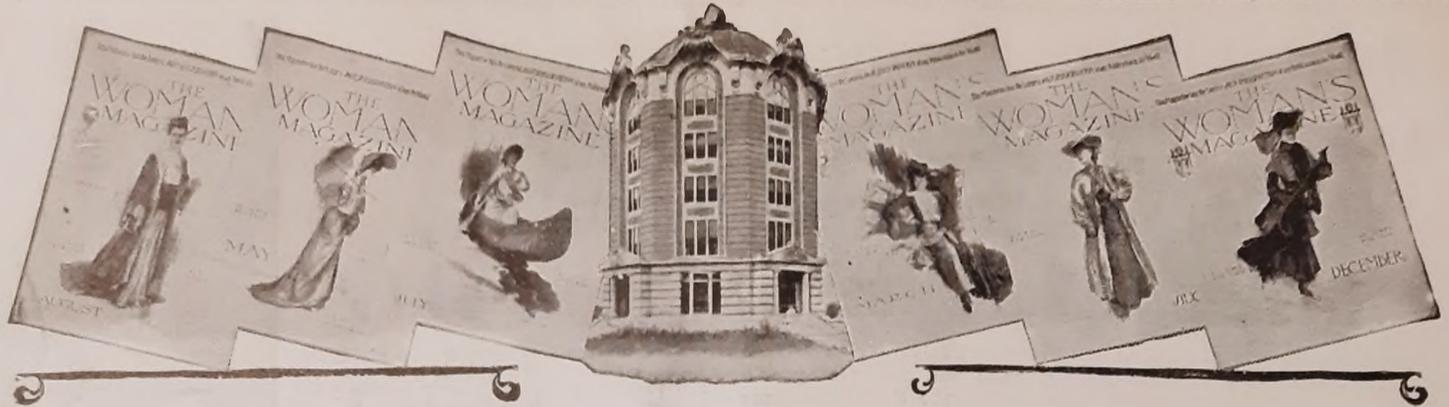
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St. Louis County } ss.:
Missouri

July 6th, 1905.

Personally appeared before me this day A. P. Coakley, Advertising Manager of The Woman's Magazine, St. Louis, Mo., who, being duly sworn, states that he has access to all records necessary to secure an accurate circulation statement of The Woman's Magazine, and under oath affirms the circulation of The Woman's Magazine for the months of July, 1904 to June, 1905 inclusive, was as follows:

July, 1904 . . . 1,654,620	January, 1905 . . . 1,631,697
August . . . 1,680,310	February . . . 1,636,525
September . . . 1,660,220	March . . . 1,619,520
October . . . 1,668,980	April . . . 1,621,800
November . . . 1,667,755	May . . . 1,589,608
December . . . 1,603,420	June . . . 1,593,640
Total for 12 months . . . 19,628,095	
Average per month . . . 1,635,674	

A. P. COAKLEY,

Advertising Manager,
The Woman's Magazine, St. Louis, Mo.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this Sixth day of July, Nineteen Hundred and Five.

C. M. CLAWSON,

[Seal] Notary Public, County of St. Louis. My term expires October 20, 1908.



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