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T. G. NEWMAN, EDITOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1902.

1489 Market-st. Between 10 & 11th-Sts.

No. 7.

A WISE CONCLUSION.

Could I but step outside of self and for a moment be
Where others are and look at this clay form, I then might see
What seems to them my glaring faults and straightway face about
And move along some better, and—
Could I step down from all conceit that makes me think my own
The only way to think and speak and act, ah, then alone
Could I direct my walk of life and not a failure be,
Then might I feel my future home would give some peace to me.

Could I look back into myself, entrenched within the clay
And scan with perfect wisdom all imperfect points each day,
I might arise to heights attained by no one on the earth
In knowledge, love and manhood's great and true intrinsic worth.

Could I cast off the selfish "me," lift Ego from his cave,
No doubt but I could see then why some men this planet crave;
No doubt but I could see the cause, and some good reason sense
Why just a few can own the earth and round it build a fence.

Could I but look through other eyes I might be just as they
And seek to crush beneath my feet the weaker in my way;
I then might think it right to hoard my money by the cord,
Or build fine churches here and there to please a selfish Lord.

Were I to have another brain, another tongue and heart;
Were I to be another man and play some other part.
I might be worse than I am now ten thousand-fold;
So let me as I now appear remain—I'm growing old.

DR. T. WILKINS, Chicago, Ill.

BORDERLAND

Dreams of Treasure.

When I was only 7 years old I lived with my parents at a villa in Trieste, Austria. For weeks I had the same dream, although not nightly—namely, that in the night time I found myself at the bottom of the garden in my nightgown, scratching at a little heap of earth, and found copper, silver and gold coins, and suddenly looking up, I found before me, and watching me, the sister of the landlord of the villa, an old, haggard woman. Having dreamed this so often, I naturally related it to my mother, who repeated it to her friends. These friends, who were of a superstitious nature, tried to induce my father to buy the plot of ground in question, but he would not listen to such absurdity, as he was an unbeliever in Spiritualism. Well, some years later the land-

lord had occasion to build a lodge at the bottom of the garden, and while digging for the foundation a large sum of money in copper, silver and gold coins was discovered. How is it that a mere boy of 7, without any knowledge of the place or of the history of the owners of the grounds should have such a dream, which turned out true?—*Spectator*.

Heard Her Father Call.

That the "dead" can come back to warn the living is believed by the children of Mrs. Christina Binninger, of St. Louis, Mo. Hilda Binninger, 16 years old, says she was awakened by her father's voice early one morning and warned to look after her mother. Only for this warning, the woman would have died from morphine and chloroform, which she had taken with suicidal intent, in order, she says, to join her husband, who was killed several months ago.

According to Hilda, she was awakened by a voice which seemed to call her from a distance. It sounded like that of her father. She struggled against paying attention to it and tried to go to sleep, but the call seemed imperative, and she finally sat up wide-awake in response to a more determined call than any. The voice warned her to look out for her mother, and reaching for her, caught her hand, which was cold and clammy. The young girl ran from the house to the home of a neighbor, who summoned a doctor. —*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Grandfather Was Living.

Lucy Berkheiser, of Allentown, Pa., had revealed to her in a dream that her grandfather, whom she thought dead, is alive. Ten years ago her father died, and a few months later she heard that her grandfather was also dead. The report was never contradicted.

Several weeks ago she had a dream, in which her father seemed to appear to her and tell her that her grandfather was still living, and that she should write to him. At the suggestion of some friends to whom she related the dream, she wrote to the postmaster at Schuylkill Haven, where she knew Mr. Berkheiser had at one time resided. The letter finally reached the grandfather, and he answered. —*Chicago American*.

Goethe's Prophecy.

A few years ago a translation from Eckerman appeared in the London *Spectator* citing the powers of prophecy exercised by the German philosopher and poet, Goethe, which, in view of the rapid developments now being made in the proposed isthmian canal, are exceedingly apropos. At a dinner in his own house Goethe turned the conversation on Humboldt, and remarked that Humboldt had shown by the river passages into the Gulf of Mexico that a canal might perhaps be cut connecting the gulf with the Pacific Ocean, but that he, Goethe, believed that all this was reserved to a grand spirit of enterprise. He would be astonished if the United States failed to take advantage of such a canal. One may foresee, said he, that that youthful country will have seized upon and people, within 30 or 40 years, even the wide stretches of land beyond the Rocky mountains.

The Pacific Coast abounds in secure harbors and there will arise important commercial towns which will become the intermediaries of a great intercourse between China and the East Indies and the United States. Goethe maintained, however, that the practicability of this commerce could never be attained by the Cape Horn route, and said that it would be absolutely imperative for the United States to effect a cutting between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific ocean. "And I am certain that they will achieve that aim. I should like to live to see it."

Referring to the Suez canal, Goethe foresaw its completion, and said: "I should like the English to be in possession of canal of Suez." Remarkable foreshadowings, these, of a mind perhaps the most brilliant of any that ever graced German literature. —*Light of Truth*.

Prejudice cannot affect infinite life, nor change its methods. The Right moves ever onward in its own course; and it uses every stumbling stone thrown in its track for a step in still higher successes. —*Life*.



The Coming of the Loved One.

Letter from Dr. J. M. Peebles.

Stepping aboard the "Sierra" in San Francisco I recalled these words:

Oh, Homeward Bound's a welcomesound,
But outward bound are we,
With swelling gale and rending sail,
And rush of roaring sea.

When the witty Irishman, fond of tramping, was told that a rolling stone gathers no moss, he quickly replied: "Neither does the setting hen gather any fat." Extremes are to be avoided. Oysters neither travel, nor reason, nor love. They exist—simply exist and nothing more. This should never be said of man.

Never do I tire of these beautiful words of the good Quaker poet, Whittier:

I know not where his islands lift their
fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot, drift beyond his
love and care;
And so beside the silent sea I sit with
mull'd oar,
Knowing no harm can come to me on
ocean or on shore.

Toiling, travelling, foot-weary,
and tempest-tossed, by land or by
sea, 'tis sweet to stand consciously,
calmly feel that I cannot

Drift beyond his love and care.

Talk not to me of an all-diffusive, gaseous force—of an unconscious, non-intelligent impersonality, misnamed God; but rather of Alfred R. Wallace's "Great Supreme Mind," of Theodore Parker's "Our Father and Our Mother, Too," or of A. J. Davis' "Great Positive Mind of the Univercoelum," embodying life, consciousness, intelligence, purpose, wisdom and love.

WERE YOU SEA-SICK?

Certainly not! Why should I be? I know it is popular and fashionable to be ill upon the waters, and yet a most foolish fashion. Nothing is more unnecessary than seasickness—nothing more untidy and indelicate in outward expression than the vomiting of nervous sea-voyagers. Cease—cease your seasickness and be well. Is not the Ego, the incarnate God within, mightier than the waters of the ocean, greater than the lifting and falling waves? Stand erect, oh, mortals, dare the winds, defy the mad tossing waves, and say: "I am well. It is the waters that roll and toss, not I. It is the ocean that is sick and troubled, not I."

WHY TRAVEL?

"Why do I travel so much, crossing continents and stormy seas?" I am often asked.

Why do you, oh, questioner, travel so little? What are we here vested in mortality for, unless to see, to investigate, to experience, to analyze, to speak a friendly word, and extend to thousands the helping hand? Why not magnetically girdle the globe, giving off brotherhood thoughts and cordial hand shakes to all races and tribes; and so, the more deeply, practically intensify the doctrines of fraternity and human solidarity? God's stars rise and set, and sparkle alike in the land of the north star and the southern cross, and His sun sheds its shimmering rays alike upon Americans, Australians, Orientals and Occidentals. All are brothers, and castes whether based upon blood, or gold in Calcutta, London, or New York, are curses. It was the sumptuously-faring miser in the parable of old that lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and not Lazarus at the gate.

RACIAL BLENDING OF PEOPLES.

For the first few days out from the shore the steamer passengers spend their time in looking alternately at the ocean and at each other. Later they smile, become cautiously acquainted, and then gravitate into little cliques and social clans. A Methodist minister on board, Rev. Mr. Pearson, bound for Honolulu, was a happy make-up of volubility, eloquence and ecclesiastical impudence. Invited to preach on a Sunday, he did not have the good grace to invite an English clergyman present to take any part in the religious exercises. Given the power, and there would be little difference in liberality between Methodist, English, and Roman Catholic bishops. Each would delight to reign and rule supreme in the religious realm. Bishops and priests need careful watching.....

These blendings of nationalities on steamers and journeyings the wide world over are socially stimulating and mentally broadening. If we go back to the pages of history, we find the ancient Briton blending with the Romans, and subsequently with the Picts, Scots, Danes, Saxons and Normans. For more than 1,000 years these tribes and races crossed and recrossed, until they have been molded into one grand homogenous mass, and denominated Englishmen.

Turning to the United States, now mourning for their assassinated President, we find the foundation of our nation laid by the most enterprising of these same sturdy Englishmen. They landed on the American coast, conquered the wilderness, organized a new government closely allied to the old, and invited the people of the wide world to come and join them. The Slavs, the Germans, and some of the Latins, mingled together, and in a few years became Neo-Anglo-Saxons, with a mixture of Norman blood, which might now be denominated Anglo-Norman American. This great law of evolution still going on in the United States, in Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia, is melting these races into one grand English-speaking humanity, proud alike of a Shakespeare and a Tennyson, a Humboldt, an Emerson and a Longfellow.

This comparably new race of men, already gigantic in proportions, is built upon the strongest foundations upon which a permanent society or nationality can exist—energy, justice, and the reign of law. The different sections of this new race have a common language, a common literature, the same common laws and customs; and withal, the trend of industrial civilization giving them a mighty political and expansive power, destined to ultimately utilize, enlighten and govern the world—Britain and America hand in hand for ever.

HONOLULU AND THE PLAGUE.

When in Honolulu some six years since, this lovely group of twelve islands was native governed. They are now overshadowed by the American flag. What wonderful changes in these few years! Tram cars, railways, colleges, new hotels, enlarged museum and city library, and other marvelous improvements, saying nothing of the burning of the filthy Chinese and Japanese portions of the city because of the plague. The Chinese and other foreigners now demand \$2,000,000

for their losses. They will get much less than \$1,000,000. This bubonic plague, the child of stench, rat-impregnated dirt and excrement, seldom affects Europeans or Americans. The plague began in Honolulu with the rats, cats and dogs. It is a glandular disease. Only one white woman died with the plague, and this she contracted from taking into her bed and sleeping with a bubonic affected dog. Women that sleep with dogs, kiss purring cats, and carry poodles in their arms, should be sent to reform schools, or private lunatic asylums. Soap, sanitation, education, and salvation, should be more closely associated in the Chinese and Portuguese portions of all cities where these foreigners abound.

The natives, the original race of these islands, are fast dying out. They have been too civilized with competition, war, tobacco, whisky, syphilis, and sectarian Christianity. Honolulu prints five daily journals, and they were afire with contention concerning the sale of adulterated foods, unhealthy meat, and the right of every physician to treat leprosy at Molokai, the lepers' island, the stiff-necked regulars insisting that no one should treat a leper unless he first had a permit or diploma from the Examining Health Board. Theosophical and medical igotry are twin brothers, and both, thank the gods, are gradually, yet surely, dying.

Sunday, Nov. 13, an English clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Lindley, read the English Church service on our steamer, and not only invited, but insisted upon my giving the religious address. This I did, occupying nearly half an hour. The people everywhere seem pleased with the Spiritual Philosophy, providing the word Spirituality is not mentioned. Though a rose smell as sweet by any other name, the honest botanist calls a rose a rose. The churches must ultimately accept the spiritual phenomena and its higher philosophy, or die.

AN OLD EPITAPH.

Never reading, I cannot wisely pronounce an opinion upon the novels which literally glut American, and, I see, the English book-markets; but, from what I can learn, they are, with few exceptions, unreal to life. They lack a higher ideal. They pander to sentiment. They mislead the imagination. They intoxicate the passions, and withal, tickle rather than teach science, ethics, or moral philosophy.

But an accompanying friend, to rest my tired brain, read to me lately several chapters of "Eben Holden," called familiarly "Uncle Eb." He was a character natural to the life of New England, where I was born, and where, when flaxen haired, I revelled in my jolly school-boy days. This "Uncle Eb."—no church member—was an original character, ignorant of school-book learning, eccentric, conscientious, intuitive, industrious, and honest.....sickening later in life, and nearing death's icy door, he wrote his own epitaph, unique in sentiment as it was odd in expression. Here it is:

I ain't afraid.
'Shamed of nuthin' I ever done;
Always kept my tugs tight;
Never swore 'less 'twas nec'ssary;
Never ketch'd a fish bigger'n 'twas,
'Erlied 'n a hoss trade.
'Er shed a tear I didn't hev to;
Never cheated anybody but "Eben Holden."
Goin' off somewhere now—dunno the way, nuther—

Dunno 'f it's east, 'er west, 'er north, 'er south,
'Er road 'er trail;
But I ain't afraid.

There is something comically grand in this queer epitaph, "I ain't afraid." Though a physician and in sanitariums for years, I never met any class of persons so afraid of death as Christians.—*Harbinger of Light.*

The Peach Orchard.

R. B. DICKIE.

The Summer solstice reached at last,
Whose power all nature feels;
The halcyon days were running past,
With Autumn at their heels.

So it was on this occasion. I could sense the advancing fore-runners of the coming season. This experience, in some respects, was much like the one I gave in the JOURNAL of Dec. 28, 1901, so I need not recapitulate. It was one of those lovely August days that portend the coming of Autumn. All nature was still, calm and quiet, with a kind of yellow, hazy atmosphere, when you could hear "the burr of grasshopper" and the "chirp of the cricket." It seemed as though the two worlds had come closer together, and I could almost see and hear the inhabitants on the other shore.

It was a good time for meditation, and my mind was in a mood for it, only I was lonely. I had gone into the orchard to pick peaches.

In order to give the reader an understanding of the situation, it is necessary to make a "confession."

I had one of the best neighbors that heart could wish, whom I will designate as "Friend," (not a new one, either), "nearer than a brother," and living so near that we associated daily; very obliging—willing to do me a good turn at any time, and even to sacrifice for my welfare. Our relation in these regards was mutual. But there was a dark day in store for me. One evening I was shocked to notice and feel that there was a great change in my friend's deportment toward myself—a huge iceberg, as it were, with its chilling atmosphere had drifted in between us. The heart, eye and hand that were once and always so warm, loving and true, had become cold, indifferent, alienated, and all for no just cause as I could see.

What could I do? What should I do? What must I do? I reacted that I had done nothing to offend, and therefore resented it, retaliated and flung back the coldness that was shown to me. Being of a very sensitive nature, however, it took a great hold on me.

In this sad and lonely condition, even while mingling together in the daily affairs of life, my soul was weighed down with grief, almost constantly, for over two years, the burden of which seemed to be hurrying me on toward the grave. I could feel that my life was fast ebbing away. I went to my daily labor lonely and with a heavy heart. The exercise of mind was more fatiguing than that of the body.

It so happened that my friend went away on an extended tour, and that enhanced my loneliness. I will acknowledge right here that I had not yet fully realized the philosophy of the golden maxims given to the world by ancient savants, as well as by more modern writers—ostensibly those of the Testament Scriptures. Jesus said:

"And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them."
 "Love your enemies, and do good to them which hate you."—
 St. Luke vi:27.

St. Paul said: "Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath." "If thine enemy hunger feed him," etc.

"Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good."—Romans xii:20-21.

The New Testament records are just full of such good advice, showing that it is better for ourselves, as well as for the other party, to live by the Golden Rule. Any may read and study these Scriptures with profit for themselves. The efficacy of good thoughts, good will and prayer is also shown in these Scriptures. In the 11th chapter of St. Mark Jesus said: "And when ye pray, forgive, if ye have aught against any, that your Father also, which is in Heaven, may forgive you your trespasses."

Present-day writers, metaphysicians and philosophers of the new century, are writing a good deal on the power and value of good thinking. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," saith the Scriptures.

Our mental attitude, in a great measure, shapes our destiny, and helps build our character, as well as bodily structures. To keep all evil thoughts of persons and things out of our minds, inspiring and giving nothing out but love and goodwill, are the best means to establish our own health and happiness, as well as an auxiliary to that of our neighbor. I had not yet learned how to cast off that selfishness that I was unaware that I possessed. I tried to fasten it all on the other party, and argue with the invisible power that I had given no cause for offence, and yet that did not settle the matter—I was still troubled.

As I kept pondering the matter over, these different passages of Scripture, so applicable to the case and so unlooked for, would be presented to my mind, in which I could clearly see that I should shoulder a part, if not the whole, of the blame. I reasoned that my friend might not be so much to blame, after all. I had courted sweet revenge, and for a long time held out, but the mighty power of prevailing Love conquered the selfish, stubborn will at last.

I hope the reader will pardon me if I have digressed from the recital of the incident. Let us go into the orchard again, where I was picking peaches and in deep meditation. I was suddenly and severely struck with an impression and the verse of a hymn by the inspired Dr. Watts. It was on Love, and taken from 1 Cor. 13, on Charity. The verse was:

Were I inspired to preach and tell,
 All that is done in heaven and hell,
 Or could my faith this world remove,
 Still I am nothing without Love.

The hymn commences:
 Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
 Or nobler speech than angels use,
 If Love be absent I am found,
 Like tinkling brass—an empty sound.

It is putting it very mildly to say that I was convicted; I was completely converted. I could now see the folly and selfishness of harboring evil thoughts. All things seemed changed from bad to good. By the ingress of Love, hatred had taken its flight.

The "iceberg" had sunk into oblivion, and the chilling atmosphere had been exchanged for one

of joyous warmth and sunshine. In the mind's ear I seemed to hear the sweet melody of the feathered songsters—chanting their joyous songs of praise to the hand that formed them, and us, and all the beautiful scenes that surround us. I could hear the clear, sparkling brooklets murmuring in their monotonous tone as they poured over pebbles and projecting rocks on their way to the bosom of Mother Ocean.

All nature seemed to smile on me. The flowers looked more beautiful than ever,
 The green of the trees looked far greener than ever,
 And all nature was calling: "Good neighbors, don't sever."

Upon these presentations my soul feasted. It was a glorious transition from the rankling in my heart to a peaceful Paradise—to the "sweet fields of Eden." Oh, what an inspiration! The experience of that memorable hour can never be spoken, or forgotten.

Truly, it was a foretaste of that heavenly home prepared for and by those who aspire to things high and holy, noble and good, and whose hearts are full of undying Love.

Roseville, Cal., Christmas, 1901.

The Bright Golden Peaches.

Parody on "The Old Oaken Bucket," by R. B. Dickie.

How dear to my sight are the bright golden peaches,
 As into the orchard I bring them to view;
 They hang on the trees where the slender bough reaches,
 In every variety, olden and new.
 The wide-spreading vineyard with orchard close by it,
 The fig-leaves that rustle in every soft breeze;
 Grapes, red, white and blue, make an exquisite diet,
 And even the huge peaches that hang on the trees.

CHORUS:

The downy-cheeked peaches, the sweet, blushing peaches,
 The bright Solway peaches that hang on the trees.

The bright golden peaches I hold as a treasure,
 For often by day as I seek the cool shade,
 They hang all around me unstinted in measure,
 The fairest of fruit Mother Nature has made.

How fondly I view them with heart all aglowing,
 (For always such food with my stomach agrees).
 I pressed them, 'fill nectar their cheeks overflowing,
 And ripe for the harvest they fell from the trees.

CHORUS:

The downy-cheeked peaches, the sweet, blushing peaches,
 The bright golden peaches that fell from the trees.

How sweet from the green, waving boughs to receive them,
 And satiate Nature's demands for a while.

Not a full grown-up bullock could tempt me to leave them,
 Though butchered and baked in the "barbecue" style.

But when far away from this loved situation,
 I'm plodding along in the snow to my knees,
 I'll wish I was back to the sunny plantation,

Where peaches so plentiful hang on the trees.

CHORUS:

The downy-cheeked peaches, the sweet, blushing peaches,
 The large, luscious peaches that hang on the trees.
 Roseville, Cal.

The Spiritualist Training School.—The sixth session of this school will open on the Cassadaga Camp Grounds, Lily Dale, N. Y., on Tuesday, May 13, and close on Thursday, July 10, 1902.

Important Suggestions.

LIDA BRIGGS-BROWNE.

I have just finished reading the articles in the PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Jan. 25 relative to the arrest and conviction of two worthy mediums in Los Angeles for practicing their God-given powers without a license. My sympathy goes out to them, and suggestions are given to me by my invisible friends as to the best methods of preventing similar occurrences in the future.

If we wish to be recognized by the masses as a religious organization and expect the consideration due such a body, we should organize as a church and thus avoid conflict with civil authorities. As long as our meetings are conducted on the plan of shows and entertainments by charging admittance at the door, and mediums use their gifts as a business occupation, just so long will they be liable to be licensed and our meetings not called religious ones. Our test mediums are now classed by the masses as mere fortune-tellers instead of religious teachers, pointing the way to higher thoughts and actions, and as those who can give proof of immortality.

The workers are doing the best they can under existing circumstances; it is the system that needs to be changed in order to get the best results.

Why can we not lay aside petty differences and organize into one grand whole; place the money that is now expended in renting several halls in one city into a common fund, and build a nice church; employ a good inspirational speaker to teach spiritual truths, also a message medium to assist in the work, both to be located for at least one year. Let the Philosophy be taught on Sundays and messages be given at the week-day meetings, all being free. Of course, there should be fine music and many social organizations connected with the church. In this way we can become a moral power in the community. We should take advantage of the methods used by other churches in growing strong in numbers, and it would not take many years before our fair land would be dotted with spiritual churches, giving lucrative employment for all our teachers and mediums.

Unless we do this or similar work, our beautiful truths will soon be taught by the liberal churches under another name, and all the struggles that our pioneer workers made for the cause of Spiritualism will count for naught. We ought to become more altruistic and show forth in our lives the beauties of the philosophy we teach, and organize on the true foundation of brotherly love. We will then command the consideration of the world at large for ourselves and our spiritual ministers.

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No notice will be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for publication must be authenticated by name and address of the writer—if not for publication, then as a guaranty of good faith.

Communications not accepted will be returned if stamps for that purpose accompany them. They will not be preserved more than 80 days, after being received at this office.

Newspapers sent to this office having matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article.

This JOURNAL will be sent to subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, and all the arrearages are paid.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 15, 1902

We Shall Never be able to discover the truth by searching for error. Always look for the truth, cherish the truth—and let error take care of itself.

Professor Totten has attempted to honor the Yale University by naming a newly discovered universal cycle, "Yaleon." The Yaleonian cycle is a period of 4,320,448 years, the great eon of conjunction; that is, all the planets, together with the sun and the moon, are in conjunction once every cycle or eon of 4,320,448 years.

Mormonism is increasing all over the country, and some of the orthodox people are becoming alarmed at its success. An exchange says: "It is reported two Mormon churches are in active operation in Brooklyn, one in Manhattan, one in Philadelphia, and a strong and growing Mormon settlement on the borders of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and the strongest church in a section of 50 miles from Jersey City is Mormon."

"It is further stated, Mormons own land from the Rocky mountains to the Sierras, and control the politics of four Western States. Two thousand Mormon missionaries are actively pursuing propaganda work. 60 in the State of New York."

The Temple project in Oakland is progressing satisfactorily. The *Bulletin* of last Sunday gave a quarter of a column of description of the building and the purposes for which it is to be erected, speaking very complimentary of the whole thing. The daily press is treating us much more favorably now than at any time heretofore.

This is Quite Amusing.

Occasionally a Spiritualist medium is found who departs from the line of moral rectitude in some way or another. This fact is often heralded over the country by the press, and with flaring head-lines proclaimed to the world, and is used by our enemies to show that Spiritualists are not as good members of society as ministers and church members.

Departures from moral rectitude in the pulpits and pews of the churches are generally hushed up as soon as possible, and quickly hidden from view in order to prevent a damaging effect upon the orthodox religionists. Frequently, however, it crops out that there are "wolves in sheep's clothing" among the clergymen of the Christian Church, and demoralizing scandal is the result.

In light of this the following item from the *Press* of Grand Haven, Mich., is amusing:

While Muskegon and some of our other neighboring cities are bathing in demoralizing ministerial scandals, our own Grand Haven has been for years past absolutely free from them. Not a tongue in this entire commonwealth can or does wag at the occupant of any local pulpit. Our pastors are gentlemen who appreciate the sacred nature of their calling and observe its solemn ethics to a nicety. They are never under the influence of liquor; in financial matters honesty is the invariable rule; in their dealings with women they are reserved and circumspect.

It may be well to know that the pastors of the churches of Grand Haven are moral men, but it is pretty hard on Muskegon and the neighboring cities by which the contrast is made. Of course, it should be naturally expected that clergymen are moral and honest, and, therefore, Grand Haven may not have anything to boast of in that line only by comparison with other immoral and dishonest clergymen in neighboring cities. If the churches and leaders of the people are not moral and honest, how can they expect others to be? The argument is funny and the whole thing sadly amusing.

The Presbyterians are now holding a national convocation in Washington, D. C., for the purpose of revising the creed of that body so as to make it more simple and easily understood. This was the announcement made in telegraphic dispatches.

The object is to secure a formal expression of doctrine that will be more definite and convey to the laymen a clearer idea of the subject than the present declaration.

The Gibbs Co-operative Colony is located in the Santa Cruz mountains, Cal., 69 miles from San Francisco and 23 miles from San Jose. W. D. J. Hambly, 45 So. Seventh St., San Jose, is the secretary from whom all particulars may be obtained.

Persecution of Mediums.

We have repeatedly said that the case in Los Angeles, where Dr. and Mrs. Chesbro have been arrested and fined for not obtaining a license to practice mediumship, should be appealed to the highest courts in America.

They are members of the Mediums' Protective Association of San Francisco, and the secretary of that organization has requested us to publish the following urgent appeal for assistance in appealing the case:

THE CHESBRO CASE.

TO THE EDITOR:

This is a case in which all mediums and Spiritualists should take a deep interest. If they can enforce a license in Los Angeles, it will no doubt be done in other cities of the State, and mediums everywhere may be called upon to pay a license, or suffer arrest. This is what is meant if this case is lost, and if they can enforce any license at all, what is to prevent them from imposing a large one? If this case is appealed and decided in our favor, it will settle this license business.

This is a matter which concerns every medium, the only difference being that some one else is now the sufferer. Every medium should take a personal interest in this appeal to the higher courts.

As this licensing of mediums abridges our rights under the Constitution of the United States of America, every Spiritualist should take a stand for our rights and our liberties.

This case should appeal to the members of the Mediums' Protective Association because two of its worthy members have been arrested and fined. Let us unite in sustaining them in defending their rights.

Those present at the meeting of this society last Saturday decided to circulate subscription lists for money to assist in defraying the expense of the case. Contributions will also be received at the headquarters of the State Association, and we would also ask all Spiritualist and liberal societies in the city to do what they can to aid in this matter. Spiritualism is on trial in this case, and it is a matter which concerns us all. Let us stand together and carry on this fight, and cheerfully contribute as our means will allow.

J. T. ROBERTS, Sec.

As usual, the prosecution works for delays, in order to weary these persecuted mediums, as is shown by the following letter from Dr. Chesbro written last Sunday:

Our case came up in the Superior Court before Judge Smith on Feb. 8. The prosecuting attorney claimed that he required more time to prepare for his pleading. Our attorney, Earl Rogers, indicated his desire to proceed. The Judge said: "We have ample time today, and it might be some time before we have as good an opportunity to try this case, as it has already been postponed twice." The court, therefore, granted our attorney the privilege of presenting the defense, which he did, giving the prosecuting attorney a reasonable time to hand in his "brief," when the Judge will render his decision. G. E. CHESBRO.

Attorney Rogers quoted at length the definition of religion

as enunciated by James Freeman Clark, says the Los Angeles *Herald*, and took the stand throughout an eloquent address that Spiritualism was a religion, and that the acts of the mediums complained of were simply parts of the rites and exercises of this religion. He said:

Because a fee was charged he claimed that this did not make it any the less a religious rite; and he drew a comparison between these practices of the Spiritualists and the Catholic church.

If the decision in this Court should be against the mediums, it must be appealed, until we obtain justice, and our inalienable rights are respected.

Truth cannot be proved to another person—it must be realized by each one individually.

The Reviewer.

Any of the books noticed in this Department can be obtained at this office. When to be sent by mail, add 10 cents on the dollar, of the price, for postage.

A MAN FROM MARS, by Carra Depuy Henley, Los Angeles, Cal. Price, 75c.

This book describes an interview with Prof. Darlington, who claims to have clairvoyantly visited the planet Mars, interviewing its inhabitants and witnessing their joy and happy life, as well as learning the facts about the progress of science and art there to be found.

He was conducted about by a guide, who informed him of many discoveries made by their scientists, among which was the subjugation of the elements; overcoming the law of gravity; the disintegration of metals, whereby they are separated into their component colors, as exemplified in flowers and found in the rays of the sun; the reduction of water to solid crystal, without freezing, traversing the air by electric currents, of which he had given me an example; concentrating, centralizing and reversing magnetic forces and affinitive attraction, by which matter is gathered in the growth of the animate and formation of the inanimate; the source of energy in the pulsation of the heart, by which life, dependent thereon, could be prolonged forever; solidifying and establishing continuity in mercury; the reduction of all metals to mercurial form; the transmutation of metals; the source and production of cell life from inertia.

Of all branches of photography landscape is the most popular with amateurs; not that it is the easiest, but because an ever-varying field is open to picture-makers. A few simple rules for success are indicated in the *March Delineator* in the first of the series on "Pictorial Photography," by Juan C. Abel, former editor of the *Photographic Times*.

"Romance of the Red Star" is interesting as a novel—being a comprehensive history of man as a spirit here and hereafter. It contains 572 pages, and is substantially bound in cloth. For sale at this office. Price, \$2.50; postage, 20c.

Death and Afterwards, by Sir Edwin Arnold. Price, 75 cents. For sale at this office.



From the Sec. of N. S. A.

TO THE EDITOR:

The Cause is doing well in Washington. Three spiritual societies are holding well attended Sunday meetings. The Cause is well represented during the week by the Ladies' Aid meetings, and the work—public and private—of our local mediums.

Mr. J. Clegg Wright has ably served the First Association through January, and Mr. Altemus has supplemented the evening lectures with spirit messages. During February Mrs. M. T. Longley will lecture at Masonic Temple under the inspiration of her guides, and Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler will give spirit messages following the evening lectures. W. J. Colville is expected to be here the first week in February to greet his many friends.

The secular press is very friendly, as a rule, to Spiritualism, and the various magazines are doing justice to our claims. Such courtesies from editors and writers outside our ranks deserve mention and commendation.

Our missionary work is extending, and we need funds to increase it in all directions. We are also seeking to establish a Mediums' Home, under the direct supervision of the National Association, and many other plans are forming for the good of humanity.

The N. S. A. is besieged for missionaries and literature from all quarters, and we are responding to the calls as well as our funds will permit. This association has had much to do in the line of testing wills that have left money to our Cause, and which have been contested by private individuals. One of these cases—in Indiana—is still pending; we do not know what the result will be, but the N. S. A. has its lawyer employed to defend our rights.

Another will case in Kansas has been decided against the will and the Cause of Spiritualism, the Court deciding the man was of unsound mind for having favorably mentioned the N. S. A. in his will. This case has been one of great expense to our Association, but we felt it our duty to seek to secure our rights. It is but another instance of the improbability of Spiritualists securing justice in the Courts, or of persons having their wills respected after they have passed on, if they happen to favor Spiritualism. It therefore behooves all Spiritualists to give what they can to the Cause while they are in the flesh and to do their best for the blessing of humanity. MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec. Washington, D. C.

Letter from Los Angeles.

TO THE EDITOR:

We have held parlor test seances in our home each Sunday evening for some months, I lecturing, my husband following with tests, to an intelligent audience of cultured, thoughtful people, through whose entreaties I made the arrangement.

MRS. JOHN W. HENLEY.
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How fascinating English history really is? That England, during the past thousand years, has given to our literature more heroes and heroines than all the rest of the world and ages? What do you know of the private and personal lives of her queens, who, as well as being stately sovereigns with passions of love and hate, were living, palpitating women?

Do you know of that king and queen who stood barefooted, and "all naked from their waists upward," in the great hall of Westminster? Or what plumber's dog licked the blood of a king? Or why Henry VII hanged his four English mastiffs as traitors? Or what king apologized for taking so long to die? Or why Marlborough and his duchess were disgraced?

Do you know the story of Thomas á Becket and the Emir's daughter? Of fair Rosamond Clifford's bower in the labyrinth at Woodstock, and the telltale silken thread on Henry's golden spur that led to her becoming a nun? Of Richard II and the fatal trap-door of Vidomar? Of the dreadful warning that hung over the bed of Isabella of Angouleme? Of the queen who was discovered in London, disguised as a cook-maid?

Do you know how the mere fact that the Duchess of Marlborough putting on, by mistake, the Queen's gloves, changed, as Voltaire says, the destinies of Europe? Or why the great Elizabeth and her prime minister had to deal secretly with Catherine de' Medici's tailors? Or what that which passed between "Nan" Boleyn and King Hal beneath the yew-tree in the cloistered shade of Sopewell nunnery, meant to Wolsey?

Those who are interested may have specimen pages of a work that will show how English history may be had in quite a different way from that presented by Hume, or Rapin, or Macaulay, or Guizot, or Hallam, or Froude.

Pamphlet sent on request.

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Local News Summary.

Folsom 3044.—This is the new number of our Telephone. Hereafter please use it when desiring to communicate with the office of the PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL or Occult Book Store.

Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 909 Market St., San Francisco, at 10:30. Free spiritual library. Visitors welcome. C. H. WADSWORTH.

Mission Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in Mission Opera Hall, 2131 Mission St., San Francisco. Friends of the Lyceum movement are always welcome. The regular monthly entertainment is held on the last Saturday evening of each month. W. T. JONES.

LADIES' AID SOCIETY.—Headquarters at 805 Larkin-st., San Francisco. On the last Friday evening in each month dancing will begin at 8:30, interspersed with musical and literary exercises. Admission ten cents. Business and social meetings every Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. All are invited. Take the Elevator.

Society of Progressive Spiritualists Meets at 805 Larkin St., San Francisco, at Occidental Hall, Supreme Court building, every Sunday evening at 7:30 p.m. MRS. R. S. LILLIE, of Boston, is engaged for the present season.

Demonstrations of a future life were many at 805 McAllister St., San Francisco, last Sunday, by Mme. Young, who gave messages from the "dear departed" to those present, after an inspiring lecture by Mrs. Sarah Seal.

Mrs. C. J. Meyer's tests and readings at 335 McAllister St., San Francisco, last Sunday were both consoling to her audience and convincing.

Mrs. Eberhardt had a fine audience at 3250 22nd St., San Francisco, on Sunday evening and will celebrate the fourth anniversary of her mediumship at the same place on Thursday evening, Feb. 13. The hall has been newly papered and decorated and electric lights put in, forming a very pleasant place in which to meet our spirit friends. The JOURNAL congratulates Mrs. Eberhardt upon the work accomplished during the last four years.

The Mission Lyceum will give a Washington's birthday entertainment and dance on Feb. 22 at Mission Opera Hall, 2131 Mission St. There will be a short program, a dance and refreshments. All friends of the Lyceum are requested to attend, as the workers need assistance and encouragement. Admission, 10 cents.

The Progressive Spiritualists opened their last Sunday evening service in Occidental Hall with the usual song service, and Mrs. Sadie Cooke at the piano. Mrs. R. S. Lillie spoke in answer to the questions: "How distinguish impressions from ordinary thoughts?" and "To what extent are we free?" The difficulties involved in the first question were explained from the standpoint of the speaker; but the second question, the speaker said, "involves responsibility, destiny and even the God question." Economics and the social and industrial condition of humanity in our day are also related to this question. These meetings are held every Sunday evening at 305 Larkin St., San Francisco.

The Mediums' Protective Association is making an effort to raise some money to aid Dr. and Mrs. Chesbro of Los Angeles to make their legal fight against the license evil. The arrested mediums are members of this society. Subscription papers are being circulated, and contributions may be left with the attendant at Spiritualists' headquarters, 305 Larkin St., San Francisco, or with any member of the society.

The Sunflower League held its regular meeting on Thursday evening, Geo. D. Keeller, M. D., and Mrs. Ellen Voorhies of Chicago were elected members. The membership now extends over many States of the Union and deep interest is felt in its objects and purposes. Much interest is now centered in the coming Valentine party, when all who attend will not only be presented with unique souvenirs of the day, but will enjoy a pleasant evening. Remember the date, Feb. 14, at 8 p.m. E. K. HEAD, Sec.

Oakland.—Mr. Wheeler opened the subject, "What and Where is Heaven?" at Fraternal Hall, Sunday afternoon, Feb. 9, and was followed by Mrs. Cowell, Mrs. England, Pres. Preston and others. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that heaven was within us and surrounds us at all times. Mrs. Sophia Seip followed with psychometric readings.

Prof. Allen delivered a short address at 7:30 p.m. and was followed with messages by Mrs. Cowell and Miss Dixon. On Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3 p.m., Prof. Allen will deliver a short address and Mrs. Seip will give readings. Mrs. Cowell and Miss Dixon will give messages at 7:30 p.m.

An entertainment and social dance will be given at Fraternal Hall, Tuesday evening, Feb. 18. T. E.

Geo. D. Keeler, M. D., physician and surgeon, of Chicago, is in San Francisco in attendance on his patient, Mrs. Voorhies, who is here for the benefit of her health. The Doctor is a mystic and a Grand Master of the Temple of the Magi and a spiritual adept. He is at present at 21 Taylor St.

The Ladies' Aid Society met as usual on Wednesday afternoon and transacted their routine business, after which spirit messages were given by some of the mediums present, and a pleasant social time followed. There were quite a number of visitors present, who were welcomed by the president, Mrs. B. F. Small, and introduced to the members of the society.

Spiritualists' Temple Association, Woodman Hall, Oakland, 2:30 p.m. Earnest advocates of the Cause assembled and participated in the conference. The subject under discussion was: "How to Ascend the Spiritual Alps." At 7:30 p.m. Dr. Savartha delivered the last of a series of lectures to a cultured audience. We were especially favored with two solos from Prof. Valland de la Croix, formerly director of the Knickerbocker Conservatory of New York. Messages from the spirit world were given by Jas. R. Little, Mrs. A. Smith and Miss V. Sundberg. C. F. VAN LUYEN.

Universal Spiritual Association.—The subject for discussion last Sunday was "Responsibility." The hall was full and the interest good. Mrs. Usher presided and Miss Freddie Lee furnished the music. This meeting has stood the storms of seven Winters and still lives and prospers.

The Oakland Spiritual Society met on Wednesday at Unity Hall, 856 1/2 Isabella St., and there was not a vacant seat. Mr. L. E. Cole rendered some fine melodies on the violin, and while playing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and the audience singing, Dr. Palinbaum became entranced; Alfred Cridge spoke through him with great pathos and dignity, while every heart throbbled and all eyes were moist. Addresses were made by Mrs. R. Stewart, Pres. Preston and Mr. Thos. Ellis. DR. A. L. ASTOR, Sec.

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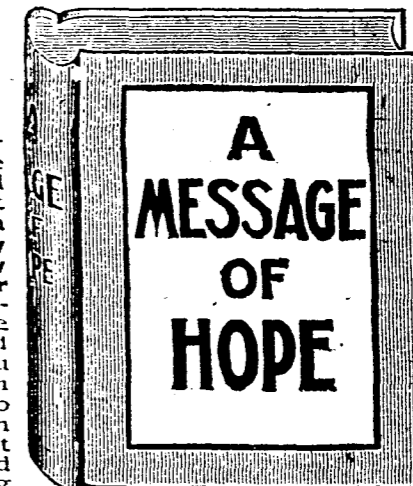
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Dr. Peebles' Institute of Health, composed of some of the leading physicians of the country, have perfected their method of healing so that it can almost be said that there are no incurable diseases. This system of treatment is a combination of Medicinal Remedies, Psychic Treatments, combined with a system of Hygiene and Physical Culture, and is so perfected that any one can take it in their own home without detention from their business. Years ago the Doctor concluded that Nature had wisely provided a cure for all diseased conditions just as she had for all injuries, such as cuts, bruises, etc., and he at once set to work to discover what this mighty power might be and how it could be used. After almost half a century of persistent study and investigation, he, with his able staff of co-workers, has given to the world a perfected system of treatment that is destined to revolutionize the art of healing the sick. The entire country is astonished at the almost miraculous cures performed by these physicians, but the Doctors claim there is nothing mysterious about it at all. They say they are able to cure thousands of those pronounced incurable by other physicians because they work in harmony with and employ the mighty healing forces of Nature in addition to their mild yet potent medicinal remedies. In a perfectly natural manner it builds up the system, enriches the blood, improves the digestion and appetite, gives strength to the nerves and muscles, and repairs wasted tissues and organs, causing the invalid of many years to rejoice after having been told by the local doctors: "There is no hope for you."

Mrs. J. D. Stevenson of Hillsdale, O., in writing the Doctors after a three months course of treatment thanks them heartily for curing her of a long standing case of female trouble and falling of the womb. Miss Daisy Burke of Kalama, Wash., who was completely cured of such a condition, writes: "I am almost the only person around here free of this dreaded disease." Harry McClure of Pittsburgh, Pa., corner Fifteenth and Bingham streets, who had been troubled with kidney trouble and rheumatism for years writes after four years of treatment with local doctors: "I cannot express in words the hearty endorsement I give your wonderful treatment." Mrs. Joel Curtis of Method, N. C., writes: "I cannot thank you enough for the good you have done me. You cured me of asthma two years ago and I have not felt anything of it since. I recommend you to all suffering humanity." P. Wilcox of 912 N. Francisco Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes: "When I wrote you I was suffering the torments of the damned with my stomach and had been told by the best physicians in Chicago that I had about two months to live. As a last chance I wrote for your free diagnosis and you told me I had a severe case of inflammation of the stomach. Under your treatment and sound advice I improved from the first and am today in better health than in years. Most hearty endorse you and recommend your treatment to all."

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It makes no difference how serious your case may be or how long you have been suffering there is positive hope for you in this grand treatment. If you have not read their late book entitled "A Message of Hope" and do not understand their wonderful system of treatment you should write them at once for it. It will give you the key to this GRAND TREATMENT and explains fully how thousands of chronic sufferers are being cured after giving up all hope. If you will write them a plain, truthful letter about your condition they will go over your case carefully and send you free of charge a full diagnosis and their expert opinion of your case and candidly tell you what treatment you should have and the probable length of time it would take to cure you. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity to come into correspondence with these eminent physicians. They can tell you your exact condition and whether or not your case is curable and will give you their services in diagnosing and advising. ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT COST. Write them at once for their opinion on your case and their grand book, entitled "A Message of Hope." Address: DR. PEEBLES INSTITUTE OF HEALTH, Dept. Battle Creek, Mich.



Mr. H. C. McClure, who has been ill for some time in Los Angeles, is reported to be improving and we hope will soon be well again.

The Sunflower Stock Company gave a Valentine Party in Occidental Hall, on Friday evening, Feb. 7, under the management of Mrs. Jennie Robinson. Mr. Geo. Dfrew was floor manager and Miss Helms furnished the dance music. Light refreshments were served, and a card party in the parlor adjoining. The dance programs were printed on the backs of artistic valentines. The Misses Edith Norton and Mabel Pfeifer executed a fancy dance, and Messrs. Robinson and Duncan gave a character sketch and song with encore. Mr. Fred Manchester rendered a popular song in his usual pleasing manner.

Owing to inclement weather, the attendance was not as large as expected, but those present had a thoroughly enjoyable time. The platform exercises were concluded by Miss Mabel Hoyt with a fancy dance. The chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Mrs. A. S. Norton, is deserving of much credit for attention to details and consequent absence of friction.

Benjamin Fay Mills lectured to a large audience at Golden Gate Hall Sunday night on the subject, "The Woman of To-day."

Mrs. Scott-Briggs, of Los Angeles, is a duly accredited agent for the PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and we hope she may take many subscriptions in and around Los Angeles.

Spirit Messages were given by Mrs. Eberhardt last Sunday evening at 3250 22nd St., San Francisco.

The Sunflower League (a State organization auxiliary to the State Association) held its semi-monthly business meeting at the Spiritualists' headquarters, 305 Larkin St., San Francisco, on Thursday evening, Feb. 6. President Norton, of the State Association, suggested that the League undertake the celebration of the 54th anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. The suggestion met with much favor with those present, and the matter will be definitely settled at the next meeting on Thursday evening, Feb. 20, at the same place.

A card party and light refreshments followed the business meeting, with some vocal and instrumental music.

"Thought as a Mode of Motion" was the theme of Henry Harrison Brown's address Sunday evening at Odd Fellows' Building. It was handled in a scientific manner. He claimed that in Telepathy man had at last found the facts that enabled him to declare that Thought is force. This fact he calls "Man's Greatest Discovery." He showed how man, by controlling force, had made civilization, and said that as man learned to control Thought-Force he would master present conditions and eliminate all sickness, poverty and unhappiness from himself. Next Sunday his theme will be: "Love as a Form of Motion."

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou has just received her third appointment as Notary Public from the Governor of California. We mention this because it will be a great convenience to Spiritualists and Liberals who want to have work done in that line. They can call at 1170 Market St. and Mrs. Ballou will very gladly wait on them. She is an old-time worker in the Cause, and we congratulate her upon this third term as Notary.