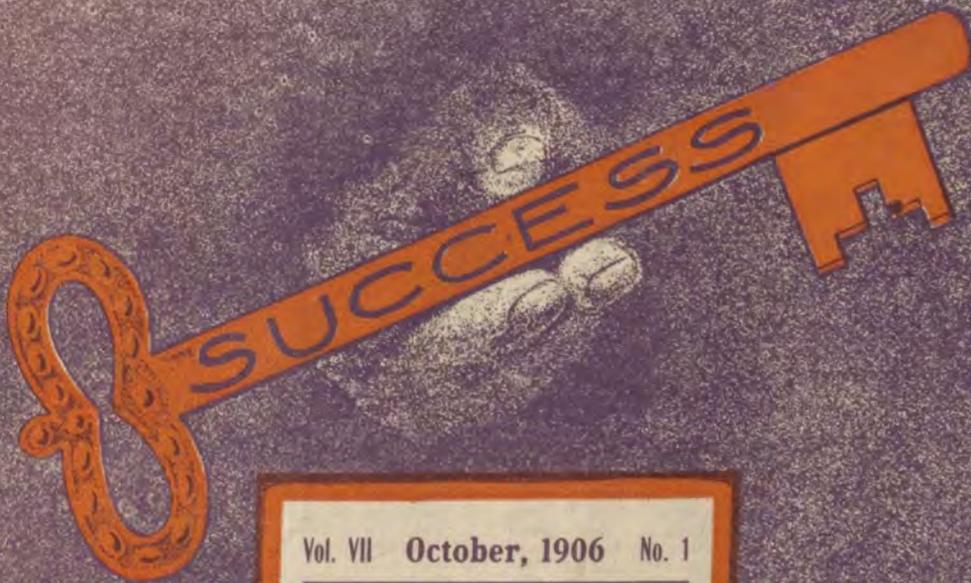


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Continued as "Effortimidy"

THE SEGNOGRAM



Vol. VII October, 1906 No. 1

How We Will be Saved By A. Victor Segno
A Western Adept By William Walker Atkinson
R. Huckleberry-Bush By Ellen R. C. Webber
Immortality By Sivey Levey
Our Brothers By H. M. Walker

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"But on and up, where Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hills."—Milnes.



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In these two words we have the gist of it all. Keep hustling! Today—tomorrow—the next day—always! We have never done enough so long as there is more to do. It is not enough to choose a calling and wish for success. Plod on! Keep plodding! Don't stop to let someone pat you on the back for having decided what you want to be. It is well to have made a choice; yes, it is very well. But, dear Goodness! that isn't enough! Mercy, no.

Whatever your decision, look sharp that you do not spoil it by dwelling too long upon it. Nothing counts so much for community advancement as individual advancement: and nothing aids in the individual's

108



The handsome 130-page book just published by The Segnogram Publishing Company, from the pen of H. M. Walker, has sprung at once into popular favor. It is a book that lays bare the heart bickerings of Life, and touches the chord of fellowship in every man's heart. You will want it; you should have it. It will carry you over many obstacles in your pathway, and make life seem dearer and yourself more worthy. Every page in the book says something—has a mission—and will inspire you to reach the highest and best.



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THE SEGNODEGRAM

Volume Seven

OCTOBER, 1906

Number One

Thought Waves

ALMA MORGAN KINNEY

(Love)

I sent a wave-thought out from me,
Clothed with love and sympathy;
It kissed the cheek of anguished grief,
To the sorrowing heart it gave relief.
It vibrated on at a rapid rate,
Leaving all it touched in a happy state;
It circled on in joyous glee,
'Till it brought my love-thought back to me
Heavily laden with gifts divine
And richer blessings were surely mine.

(Hate)

I sent a wave-thought out from me,
Freighted with hate and misery;
It entered the home where love did reign
And created discord, fear and pain;
It filled the merry heart with fears,
The ringing laugh, it checked with tears;
It paused on the verge of pleasure's brink
And the cup of sorrow they did drink.
My hate-thought, too, returned to me,
Groaning with pain and agony.
Alas! I realized when 't was too late,
I was the cause of my wretched state.

Silence thy tongue, guard well thy thought,
For peace of mind cannot be bought;
If successful waves you'd draw to thee,
Then vibrate love, hope, charity.

How We Will Be Saved

Special Article by  A. VICTOR SEGNO



THERE are two subjects on which I feel that every man has a right to his own opinion—Religion and Politics. Therefore I purposely avoid them in my writings. I make this statement because the title at the head of this article may lead you to suppose that I am going to air some religious belief. I am not, therefore you can read it without prejudice.

In all ages the prominent figures in history were those who either advocated or opposed some religious belief. The greatest events chronicled had to do with some persecution of the people who believed in the salvation of the Soul from sin. More lives have been sacrificed to these beliefs than to all other causes combined, and all this great loss of life resulted because there was inborn in man an instinct or innate knowledge that he was not perfect—that there were better and higher possibilities within him and that he could not reach this higher state until he had been saved from his sinful ways. Such a universal instinct must have resulted from a universal cause. What others felt a thousand years ago we feel today.

It is evident to each of us that we possess the discernment or instinct to distinguish between right and wrong in our thoughts and actions. In spite of this knowledge which has always existed, the human race has advanced but little, if any, in a moral sense in the past two thousand years. Just as heinous crimes are committed today as were ever committed before. Just as much dishonor is evident everywhere, and stealing goes on on a larger scale than ever known of in history.

In every direction we look we find wonderful advancement in learning; in knowledge and in the general intelligence of the whole race, but the moral instinct has not kept pace with the mental and physical. And this condition exists in spite of the preaching and teaching of the churches. It is evident that there is something wrong with our system of education. What use

is there to give men more education if it doesn't make them better citizens. Education only makes it the easier for them to do wrong—it gives them the opportunity to take advantage of the innocent.

We are told that God made man in his own image. That being so each of us is a child of God, and we have by virtue of our parentage inherited the powers of our Father. Therefore we are all Gods in our own right and there can be no limit to our power when properly used.

The above remarks are simply preliminary to the presentation of the following theory:

What is it that tends to hold the base and criminal instincts of humanity in check? The fear that others will know who committed the act, and the fear of punishment. Then it is evident that if none could accuse and there was no punishment crime and wrong doing would immediately increase a thousand fold, and if all could instantly see or know the acts of all others, wrongdoing would cease almost entirely. No man will commit a wrong in the presence of others if he knows that the punishment must follow. Self preservation being the first law of nature we will protect ourselves even though we must sacrifice our desires. While it is evident that dishonorable acts will decrease in proportion as the means for hiding them are removed it is also certain that good acts would increase as the true motives became visible and the discouraging elements were removed.

Is it not the publicity that is now given by the press of the country to the methods and acts of certain trusts, frauds and criminals that brings them to justice and destroys their power to harm humanity? Rapid publicity means quick extermination of crime.

I wish to make a prediction regarding the future morality of the race. In observing the shadows cast by coming events I see

the means by which it will unconsciously and naturally work out its own salvation.

While the press assisted by the telegraph is doing much good, unfortunately it is not in all cases managed by responsible men who adhere to the truth, and consequently it often does more harm than good. There is a better and more reliable means of transmitting information—a natural means, that is just now receiving the attention of many thinking minds.

The coming age will be known as the Mental Age, for the people are rapidly awakening to the fact that the mind is superior to the physical and material in life; that the brain is the most important organ in the body. Study along the mental and psychological side of existence has revealed another sense, called by some the psychic, and by others the sixth sense, and by many intuition—which means to know without visible reason.

My investigation and experiments, as well as those of many others, has demonstrated that the brain is a natural telegraph instrument. That it is constantly receiving and dispatching messages. And that what we term thoughts are the brain messages. That all intelligence comes to us as thought pictures in the brain, and that if no thoughts came to the brain we could find no intelligence there.

While these thoughts or messages come to and go from the brains of all humanity yet the people have until recently failed to recognize their cause and purpose. Consequently they have in the past been the servant, instead of the master of, the greatest power in the universe—intelligence! Nature intended that man should use and direct this power for his own advancement and the advancement of the race. This and coming generations will make a study of the mental forces and learn to harness them just as we have learned to control electricity, wireless telegraphy, etc.

I predict that within a hundred years the telephone and telegraph will, to a great extent, be displaced by a natural telegraphic system. Having the human brain as the dispatching and receiving instrument and the messages, intelligently directed thought messages. As each new student is added to the class of Intelligents, crime and wrongdoing will constantly grow less and less. Why? Because the use of this power to attract and receive thoughts will make it possible for each student to know what all the world is thinking, planning and

doing. It will give publicity to all evil thoughts and acts, and make their discovery and the punishment to the person absolutely certain. To do an evil under these conditions would be to publicly announce it and our own destruction, for our act would be known by all it concerned. In fact, to think of doing the act would be equal to sending a warning to the public, who, knowing of the intention, could prevent it by taking us in charge before we actually committed the wrong. Hence you will see that it is just as serious to think wrong as it is to carry out the thought.

The vanity existing within humanity, if no other reason, would force men to do the right that they might win the respect and commendation of their fellowmen. When that day comes, and it is not far distant, there will be no means of covering up or hiding criminal acts or wrongdoing. There will then be no use for lawyers, judges, lawmakers, jails, policemen, detectives, spies, etc. There will be no success for dishonorable, dishonest business people. Men will no longer resort to lying and misrepresentation because such acts would be their undoing. There can be no more gain from attempts to cheat. Honesty will be the only policy in use.

The people will then practice right thinking as they now practice deception. Every man will be the friend of every other man. Humanity will live and work together in loving friendship; and hatred, fighting and selfish motives will be forgotten. Business will become a science and profits be based upon a standard ratio, instead of being as now based upon the principles of the highwayman—take all you can get.

When the people understand how to attract and receive the thoughts which emanate from the brains of others all motive for dishonesty will have passed away, and every man will meet on an equal footing. Then the people will have no need to pray to an unseen power to save them from their sins, for there will be no sins. By the use of their own power they will have worked out their own salvation.

Those who have not yet made a study of their Brain Telegraph may ridicule this solution and its author. It has ever been thus through all the ages. We persecute those our meager intelligence is unable to understand.

I would not advance this thought at this time did I not know that it will be understood and appreciated by many of the readers of this magazine, who are honestly

searching for the true solution of the problem of the ages.

To those who have not seen the progression of events which are leading to the result I have predicted, I say keep this article. Study it and study your thoughts. Try to learn why they come to you, how they come and from where. See if you cannot corroborate the messages that come to you from your friends and associates—those in harmony with you.

When all humanity is in harmony, all brains will vibrate with one accord and all will attract the intelligence which is rightly theirs.

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GENTLEMAN in Australia desires to correspond with lady in America, or other parts, for mutual benefit. Student occult sciences preferred. OCCULT, Honiton, Yorkes Peninsula, South Australia.

I WOULD be pleased to hear from the readers of THE SEGNOGRAM by souvenir postal card, as I am getting a collection, and hope they will favor me with a few. MRS. DAN SCHEIBLE, 3009 Graceland Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.

ARE you burdened with sickness, blues, drink-habit or mind troubles, that you wish to overcome? Try my absent mental treatments. Enclose a self-addressed envelope and \$1.00 for a week's treatment, or \$3.00 for one month. Address, MRS. LYDIA A. CORNWELL, Long Beach, Cal., Box 547, F. R. D. No. 1.

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Fortunes in the Food Business

\$12,000,000 accumulated in seven years by one concern.

\$20,000,000 accumulated in nine years by another is the history of two American Food Companies.

Every \$100 invested in these concerns in the beginning, is today worth about \$100,000. No commercial industry on the globe can show such results.

86,000,000 people in the United States to be fed three times a day, and the majority of them looking for some kind of food that will agree with their digestion or relieve some kind of intestinal trouble, tells the simple story of these rapidly made fortunes.

There has never been a set of conditions so favorable to any one enterprise as the present time is to the Natural food business. This partly explains the unprecedented success Christian's Natural Food Co. has made. This company was organized about one year ago with a very small capital. Since then it has outgrown two factories, and at the last stockholders' meeting, August 10th, it was unanimously voted to construct a large modern factory with sufficient capacity to meet our present demands, and provide for future growth which is now a fixed certainty.

In order to make these improvements, the first allotment of development stock will be offered October 5th at par—\$10 per share. Write for my new food company booklet in which all details of this opportunity are explained.

It would be well to make reservations for the amount of stock you would like to own.

This stock is offered to the readers of this magazine, because I know they are interested in advanced thought and food reform, and, all things being equal, I prefer the dividends and profits of our business to go to this class of people—because they will cooperate with us in building up a great institution on a great principle.

CHRISTIAN'S NATURAL FOOD CO.

Eugene Christian

Food Expert, President.

7 E. Forty-first St., NEW YORK city.

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Are you Strong, Energetic, Untiring?

Are you Hopeful and Happy?

Are you Cheerful and Optimistic?

If not, something's the matter. You're *not sick*, perhaps, but you're *not well*; feeling out o' sorts; meals don't set well on your stomach; little things annoy you; you say you're growing old.

You're what you are, because you've been neglecting yourself; because you've omitted some of the most ordinary precautions necessary to preserve your youthful vigor and spirits.

Now don't stop reading this right here with the remark, "Another patent medicine ad!" for it isn't.

This is something the vendors of medicines, patent and pharmaceutical, would both be glad *not* to hear of, something they'd be glad to abolish—if they could.



DR. CHAS. A. TYRRELL

How would you like to regain your youthful vigor and spirits by devoting only an occasional five or ten minutes to the care of your internal machinery, just as you new devote it to the care of the surface of your body every day.

What would you say of an engineer who would keep all the bright surfaces of his machine shining like silver and allow all the bearings and interior mechanism to become clogged and gummed and congested? You'd say he wasn't a careful engineer, wouldn't

you? Well, it's money to mustard seeds that that is exactly what you have been doing all these years—scrubbing and polishing the surface of your body till it shines. Powdering and oiling and soaping—having in mind always that cleanliness is akin to Godliness.

But have you given a thought to hidden things? You've probably taken pills and elixirs until you're sick and tired of them and they never did you any permanent good.

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It is rational, even the most unthinking can understand and appreciate the reason for it. It's as simple as washing your face. Thousands are practicing it. Millions ought to.

We're not going to play on your fears by telling you, you're sick, when you are probably not. If you get sick you know it. We simply say to you—there's no sense in being sick.

We want to send free to every person, sick or well, a simple statement setting forth this treatment. It contains matter which must interest every thinking person. If you live in New York you are earnestly invited to call, but if you cannot call, write for our pamphlet, "The What, The Why, The Way," which will be sent free on application.

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Effects of Certain Foods

In an article on "Postponing Old Age," by William Kinnear, in the *Medical Age*, the author says:

"Retarding physical decay and thus producing a possible suspension of old age is not so visionary as it may seem in the present startling period of strange discoveries. The possibility of living 200 years in average good health seems to many a wild sort of scientific dream. Every week, though, we read of people who have lived to be 100 and 110 years old. Let us not be surprised at anything. We cannot defy death, but we may by searching find secrets of Nature and apply them to the renewal of the organs whose decay is constantly going on in the body. Anatomical experiment and investigation show that the chief characteristics of old age are deposits of earthy matter of a gelatinous and fibrinous character in the human system. Carbonate and phosphate of lime, mixed with other salts of a calcareous nature, have been found to furnish the greater part of these earthy deposits. As observation shows, man begins in a gelatinous condition; he ends in an osseous or bony one—soft in infancy, hard in old age. By gradual change in the long space of years the ossification comes on, but after middle life is passed a more marked development of the ossific character takes place. Of course these earthy deposits, which affect all the physical organs, naturally interfere with their functions. Partial ossification of the heart produces the imperfect circulation of the blood which affects the aged. When the arteries are clogged with calcareous matter there is interference with the circulation upon which nutrition depends. Without nutrition there is no repair of the body. To repair the waste of the body, so that the exquisite equipoise called perfect health may be maintained and the decay and blockage which advances with age may be kept at bay is to prolong our years. Mr. De Lacy Evans, of London, who made many careful researches in these regions of science, comes to the conclusion that fruits; fish, and poultry and young mutton and veal contain less of the earthy salts than any other articles of food, and are, therefore, best for people entering the vale of years. Beef and old mutton usually are overcharged with salts and should be avoided. If one desires to prolong life, therefore,

it seems that moderate eating and a diet containing a minimum amount of earthy particles is most suitable to retard old age by preserving the system from functional blockages. Ossific matter deposited in the body must be dissolved as far as practicable. To produce this desired effect, olive oil, distilled water and diluted phosphoric acid are perhaps the most efficacious and the least harmful. Hence, to sum up the most rational modes of keeping physical decay or deterioration at bay, and thus retarding the approach of old age, we should avoid all foods rich in the earth's salts, use much fruits, especially juicy, uncooked apples, and take daily two or three tumblersful of distilled water with about ten or fifteen drops of diluted phosphoric acid in each glassful."

(SUCCESS)

Hot Water for Indigestion

Dr. Dabbs of London says: "It would be better for dyspeptics—of whom, in this rapid-eating and quick-living age, there are always likely to be too many—if they could come to realize what an absolute remedy (in many cases) hot water is. It has been incontestably proved that so far as gastric digestion goes the mucous membrane of the stomach absorbs no water at all—water flushes it, but is not absorbed by it, and hot water passes through it far quicker than cold water. This is an important truth, because people with sluggish digestions had far better be helped by having the stomach so cleansed and emptied than be left to slowly mal-digest the final stages of a meal through flatulence and suffering and unrest.

(SUCCESS)

Tea Causes Nervousness

John Wesley wrote in 1748: "I could not imagine what should occasion the shaking of my hand till I observed it was always worse after breakfast, and that if I intermitted tea drinking for two or three days it did not shake at all. Upon inquiry, I found tea had the same effect on other persons of my acquaintance, and therefore saw that this was one of its natural effects, as several physicians have often remarked." After a daily practice of tea drinking for twenty-seven years Wesley left it off. The effects of relinquishing it fully answered his expectations. "My paralytic complaints are all gone, my hand is as steady as it was at 15. I saved up £50 (\$250) a year."

Apples for the Brain

Apples are said to contain more phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable, and it is claimed that this makes them specially adapted to renewing the nervous matter of the brain and spinal cord.

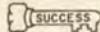
Perhaps for the same reason, rudely understood, the old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body.

As far back as the tenth century medical authorities were enthusiastic in their writing over remarkable curative properties of different fruits. In more modern times this has been revived, and nearly everyone has heard of the "grape cure," the apple, peach or strawberry cure.

One writer is said to have recommended in special cases eating twenty pounds of strawberries a day. The same writer gained reason by the exclusive use of cherries.

These cases savor of the ridiculous, but there is no doubt that the so-called "grape cure" for indigestion and other evils has resulted in great good to persons trying it.

The fruit should be of good quality; if it is not and grapes are sour and watery, the patient may be harmed rather than benefited.



Green Salads and Vegetables as Medicine

We consider green vegetables to be far more valuable than a dose of medicine. They contain true medicinal properties in the form of salts for the body. Asparagus will purge the blood. It acts beneficially upon the kidneys. Spinach and dandelions also act beneficially upon the kidneys. Lettuce and cucumbers cool the blood. Celery tones the nerves and produces healthy sleep. Onions, leeks, and garlic increase the blood circulation, promote digestion, and increase the flow of saliva and the gastric juices. Peas and beans are muscle-forming. Tomatoes act beneficially upon the liver. In fact, every product of vegetable, choose whatever one you will, possesses elements suitable for the body. Eat plenty of vegetables and less meat!



Love is best shown in sacrifice, and blossoms sweetest in the white garments of purity.

Hygiene of Teeth

The Chinese, who for a long time have been considered as a civilized nation, generally have excellent teeth. In their houses tooth-brushes and tongue-scrapers can always be found, and the teeth are carefully cleaned after every meal. A sailor in Canton always keeps his tooth-brush in the front of the boat and he uses it after every meal. Indians also, who usually eat only soft food, clean their teeth after every meal, with the root of the sugar-cane or a piece of hard wood. It is very important to brush the teeth after every meal, and the use of clean water is sufficient; but occasionally the use of tooth powder, consisting of a mixture of pure soap and precipitated chalk, is very good. As an antiseptic, the addition of powdered and clean charcoal can be recommended, but it also can be used alone. A very pleasant and suitable mouth wash is one drop of cinnamon oil in a large glass of water. If we compare the condition of the mouth and the teeth of people who use the above preparations daily, with others who do not pay careful attention to them, we shall find a great difference between them, particularly with children. The excuse sometimes made that animals never use a tooth-brush and still have excellent teeth, has no foundation. With animals, the food itself serves as a cleanser of the teeth, and if the animal eats unsuitable food the effect will soon be apparent by a decay of the teeth.



Men Wanted

Men whose word is their bond.

Men who possess opinions and a will.

Men who will not lose their individuality in a crowd.

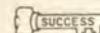
Men who will be as honest in small things as in great things.

Men whose ambitions are not confined to their own selfish desires.

Men who are not afraid to take chances, who are not afraid of failure.

Men of courage, who are not cowards in any part of their natures.

Men who will not have one brand of honesty for business purposes and another for private life.



The discovery of what is true, and the practice of that which is good, are the two most important objects of philosophy.—
The New World.

Home Neglect

BY MRS. P. E. WILLIAMS

I was so impressed with the article "Mandy's Mother," which appeared in The Segnogram last month, that it sent a thrill through my soul which could only resound through this silent medium, the pen.

Too much cannot be said upon the subject and, oh, how sadly true it is that we find Mandy's Mother all too often as we walk through life.

Then again as we find her going on and on in her careless, neglectful way, it sends a deep thrill of pain to my heart to find poor Mandy's Mother ignorant of her wrong.

What a pitiful sight it is to see little Mandy, with three or four small sisters and brothers, playing out upon the street; half-dressed, unclean, showing all signs of utter neglect; and then as my mind's eye wanders to the back door of Mandy's home at 11:30, I find the poor woman deeply buried in the mysteries of "The Lost Heir," a very interesting novel, which must be finished before the afternoon meeting of "The Lambs."

The kitchen range is cold, the breakfast dishes stand upon the table as they were left at seven. Poor Mandy's Mother had once thought of sweeping, and the broom lies half reclining at her side. The front curtain is torn from the pole at the middle, and as poor, tired John comes at twelve, is it any wonder that his temper rises, and from the barn you can hear deep oaths uttered in anger?

On his way home John has met the children, and the gentleman who rides a way with him asks the question: "Are these youngsters yours?" And with a feeling of deep regret John answers, "yes."

Is it any wonder that when John enters the door of his home and is confronted by the past-described scene, that he turns in a rage and fairly throws the chairs that lie one upon the other upon the floor?

Then for one short moment does Mandy's Mother seem awakened to a sense of her neglect, but as she rises from her chair and meets John's eyes, now flaring with anger, she is all too ready to quarrel with him and then the hasty words that pass between them make home seem to both a hell on earth.

As day by day we go through life we will find Mandy's Mother in one form or another, but if we who know and try to do

better than this, would in kindness, not with reproachfulness, try to teach Mandy's Mother her duty to home and children, do you not think she would try to improve?

I have often thought that Mandy's Mother thinks: "Well, no matter what I do no one will think better of me, so I'll just let things go." And with a sigh, Mandy's Mother sits down and neglects what she has to do.

But in this age of advancement it does not look as if Mandy's Mother could live on in total blindness of the duties around her. But I would say this, to all who have a home to care for with their own two hands: Never, never, let that feeling of *let go* take possession of you.

You are placed within the home to protect it, not neglect it; and as the duties of a new day awaken with you, arise with a determination to do your best.

And if he who works has to work by day to earn your living, work to his interest as well as your own. Keep your husband encouraged, not discouraged, and nothing will tend to keep him so more than a nice, clean, well-kept house, and a steaming dinner waiting upon the kitchen range. Meet him with a smile, not a frown, and if anything has occurred to make him angry, sit down to dinner together with your children looking clean, mannerly, happy, and reason—not quarrel—with him.

I believe a woman should make home the most beautiful, attractive place on earth; and if her means be small—as mine always have—let her use every effort to do the best she can with what she has. If it be a towel for a stand-cover, let it be beautiful in cleanliness; if it be cheese-cloth for curtains, let them be beautiful in hanging and whiteness. We can all be beautiful, and make home beautiful in our own way, and whenever we meet Mandy's Mother let's take her by the hand and try to show her how *she* might make *her* home a beautiful little haven for John and the children.

(SUCCESS)

In nothing does a girl show herself underbred so much as when lacking in respect and deference to her mother, except when such affront is offered to her father. If such an one had the gift of seeing herself as others see her, she would feel nothing but disgust.

The behavior of father and mother toward each other sets an example that will probably serve as the standard of conduct in the households of which the children in their turn will be the heads.

Did you ever know

A Cereal Coffee which your wife could prepare you for an early breakfast?

Did you ever know

A coffee of any kind that would not boil over when cooking?
If not, you have never tried

NUTRITO!

A Cereal Coffee that makes good in 5 to 8 minutes' boiling; you can't make it boil over; no dirty sediment in the cup, and age does not make stale. And as to flavor, well, that's where Nutrito always gets a customer.

Six-Ounce Sample

Mailed to any address for a dime—'nuff for three breakfasts.

GIRARD CEREAL CO.

L. B. 31.

GIRARD, KANSAS.

Pono will Cure YOU

Of any Skin or Scalp disease, or the treatment need not cost you a cent. This wonderful remedy has healed thousands—why not you give it a trial?

Read what Charles Fannel says about PONO:

"PONO REMEDY COMPANY, Gentlemen:—About three years ago, my son, who was about nine years old, was bitten on the hand by a dog. Blood poisoning soon set in and I at once employed a physician, who treated my son for nearly three months. The disease took the form of blistering sores and rapidly spread over the hand and by contact it was carried to the face, over which it continued to spread. Seeing that medical treatment was a failure, I became alarmed and commenced the use of your PONO SKIN AND SCALP FOOD, with the most gratifying results. It gives me great pleasure to state that within a few days my son was completely cured by the use of less than one jar. Every person should always keep your valuable "PONO" on hand to use in case of accidents. Yours truly,

CHAS. FANNEL, 2117 Willard Ave., Los Angeles, Cal."

That's what PONO SKIN AND SCALP FOOD does. And read this from Miss Olive Roth:

"Gentlemen: Enclosed please find one dollar for one jar of Pono Skin and Scalp Food. It is the finest remedy for dandruff that I have ever used. I have tried so many, but nothing has done for me what this has. I cannot recommend it too highly.

OLIVE ROTH, 609 E. Fifth Ave., Knoxville, Tenn."

That's worth talking about, isn't it?

We wish you could read all the letters we have received telling of the wonderful merits of PONO. It is a powerful antiseptic—it is absolutely non-poisonous—you can eat it without harm—but

PONO will absolutely Cure

EXZEMA PRURITUS
ITCH POISON OAK
ULCERS HIVES
BLOOD POISONING DANDRUFF

Erysipelas, Ringworm, Gangrene, and a dozen other germ affections and diseases of the skin and scalp.

All you have to do is to apply PONO to the diseased surface. The first application gives relief, and a reasonable number of applications a permanent cure—if not, you can have your money back for the asking.

PONO is packed in screw-top jars, price one dollar each, postpaid (foreign postage extra). It's worth twenty dollars a jar—that's likely what you would be willing to pay a doctor to cure you. **Cure yourself with PONO.** Or if you are not ready to order just now, send for our free booklet "B" on The Cure of Skin and Scalp Diseases.

PONO REMEDY CO., Los Angeles, Cal.

Correspondence Course in "Voice Placing"



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fail to send for free prospectus. Address:

CARL YOUNG, 63 F, Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Catechism of a Married Man

A married man has been bold enough to write a catechism on the married question. The questions and answers are unsurpassed in their cynicism. A few are:

What is marriage?

Marriage is an institution for the blind.

When a man thinks seriously of marriage what happens?

He remains single.

When a man marries, has he seen the end of trouble?

Yes, but it is usually the wrong end.

What is greater than a wife's love?

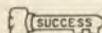
Her temper.

Do married women suffer in silence?

Yes; they all suffer when they may not talk.

What is a mother-in-law?

See General Sherman's definition of war.



A Remedy for Hemorrhoids

A correspondent writes as follows: "A few weeks ago an inquiry was made in your department of The Times for a remedy for hemorrhoids. Tell your patient to get a cake of cocoa-butter (to be had of any drug store) of the purest kind, and cut it into cone-shaped pieces about the size of the first joint of the little finger, only a little more pointed, and as long as the cake is thick. After each movement of the bowels insert one of the pieces of cocoa-butter in the rectum, pushing it up well into the bowel and leave it there to soothe and heal, repeating it again and again after each evacuation, until a cure is effected.

"Regular physicians use this remedy, but mix other things with it—opium very often; but as opium is a deadly drug it does more harm than good. Just the plain, pure cocoa-butter is all that is needed.

"My brother-in-law had bleeding piles very bad, and he was cured by this simple remedy. A friend was so troubled with them that he was obliged to be in bed, and he was cured. Other friends that I could mention have been cured by it. I have never known a case where it did not prove beneficial.

"If one wants to be economical, the shavings of the cocoa-butter can be melted in a tablespoon and poured into small thimbles and allowed to harden; cut holes in a piece of cardboard to support the thimbles until cool and hard.

"And, Mr. Editor, tell sufferers from constipation, in the morning before arising to lie on their backs, throwing the arms up over the head as far as is comfortable and to breathe deep and full for about five minutes. Do this slowly and fully, thinking all the time of what you are wishing to accomplish. Don't be thinking of the day's work or pleasure, but thinking of having the obstinate matter in the bowles move down and vacate. Do this every morning, and after a little time you will find your bowles moving naturally, and by keeping it up the good habit will be established.

"The writer of this had suffered from a child from this trouble, but is now free from it. In going to stool, if the bowles seem stubborn, stand erect, clasping the hands over the head, and breathe deep and full. This will be found of great benefit."—L. A. Times.

If You Would Be Popular—

- Be helpful.
- Be sociable.
- Be unselfish.
- Be generous.
- Be a good listener.
- Never worry or whine.
- Study the art of pleasing.
- Be frank, open, and truthful.
- Always be ready to lend a hand.
- Be kind and polite to everybody.
- Be self-confident but not conceited.
- Never monopolize the conversation.
- Take a genuine interest in other people.
- Always look on the bright side of things.
- Take pains to remember names and faces.
- Never criticize or say unkind things of others.
- Look for the good in others, not for their faults.
- Forgive and forget injuries, but never forget benefits.
- Cultivate health and thus radiate strength and courage.
- Rejoice as genuinely in another's success as in your own.
- Always be considerate of the rights and feeling of others.
- Have a good time, but never let fun degenerate into license.
- Have a kind word and a cheery, encouraging smile for everyone.
- Learn to control yourself under the most trying circumstances.
- Be respectful to women, and chivalrous in your attitude toward them.
- Meet trouble like a man, and cheerfully endure what you can't cure.
- Believe in the brotherhood of man, and recognize no class distinctions.
- Do not be self-opinionated, but listen with deference to the opinions of others.
- Never utter witticisms at the risk of giving pain or hurting someone's feelings.
- Be ambitious and energetic, but never benefit yourself at the expense of another.
- Be as courteous and agreeable to your inferiors as you are to your equals and superiors.
- Do not bore people by telling them long, tedious stories or by continually dilating on your own affairs.

Labor, if we would but perceive it, is one of the greatest of earthly blessings. It rewards with health, contentment of mind, cheerfulness of spirit, and sound, refreshing sleep, few of which blessings of life are long enjoyed by those who do not daily, in one form or another, labor.



Immortality



[BY SIVEY LEVEY]

There is a legend, quaint and old,
Which I, when quite a child, was told.
The Phoenix lived—a wondrous bird—
Five hundred years; and then occurred
The marvel of its funeral pyre:
Consumed entirely by the fire,
The Phoenix, when the flames did wane,
From its own ashes rose again.

The caterpillar thinks it queer
To live a life so dull and drear;
Then darkness deep and long is his
Imprisoned in his chrysalis.
But after that comes life renewed,
With fresh ambition he's imbued;
He wins his fight, and bye-and-bye
Comes forth, a radiant butterfly.

Man bravely takes his work in hand
And builds a city fine and grand.
Then quaking Nature, in a mood
That bodes nobody any good,
Brings all the city tumbling down.
Man says, Amen; and then, My town
Will I at once with zeal restore,
And make it grander than before.

When we are tired and overworked,
When nothing has been missed or shirked,
We regain strength by taking rest,
And with content our minds are blest.
The life we live is but a breath;
And after life, what is there? Death.
Death which conquers woe and strife—
And after Death, what is there? LIFE!

And we can take our lessons from
The hopeful seasons as they come.
The summer goes, the autumn goes,
And then comes Winter with its snows.
But in Man's heart hope brightly burns,
For after winter, Spring returns.
And there's the proof of what I sing—
After Winter comes the Spring.



HEALTH
CULTURE

MENUS

PREPARED BY
Mrs. A. V. Segno

FIRST MEAL

Bartlett Pears Blue Plums
Brazil Nuts
Nut and Fig Sandwiches
Unfermented Grape Juice

SECOND MEAL

Riced Cabbage
Browned Parsnips
Graham Bread Ripe Olives
Green Cream Cheese Salad
Pumpkin Pie



FIRST MEAL

Sliced Oranges Pecan Nuts
Oatmeal Scones with
Raspberry Jam
Baked Apples

SECOND MEAL

Fruit Soup
Ripe Olives Celery Nut Rolls
Young Beets Japanese Salad
Indian Pudding

TO PREPARE

Nut and Fig Sandwiches.—Remove the hard ends from one-half pound of figs, wash, chop fine, boil in a little water. When it becomes cold, spread one of the slices of buttered bread with this marmalade, and the other cover with a layer of peanuts chopped, and place the two slices together.

Unfermented Grape Juice.—This refreshing drink may be made for about three or four cents a bottle, and is good the whole year through. Pick over the grapes, rejecting all unsound ones; almost cover with cold water in a porcelain-lined kettle, heat slowly (mashing) and cook until all the juice is freed. Drain in a jelly bag. Measure the juice, add one-third of a cupful of granulated sugar for each quart, boil for four minutes, bottle and seal.

Riced Cabbage.—Select a nice head of cabbage; take off the outer leaves; have a kettle of boiling water with a little salt in it; put the cabbage in whole; partially cook it; take it out; have ready a cup of boiled rice and a cup of blanched English walnuts; turn back a leaf at a time, fill in with rice and nuts; then tie up in a cloth; put back into a fresh kettle of boiling water and finish cooking; then serve with a cream dressing.

Green Cream Cheese Salad.—Color cream cheese with pounded spinach; sprinkle on lettuce leaves and serve with summer salad dressing. Make the regular French dressing, but add last the yolks of one or two hard-boiled eggs, according to the amount of dressing used. Mash the yolks thoroughly into the dressing or press them through a sieve to avoid lumps. This is an excellent dressing to use in hot weather, as it does not seem oily.

Pumpkin Pie.—Prepare the pumpkin in the regular way, but instead of making a crust, use the recipe for cornmeal crust as given for raisin pie in Menu No. 86: Butter a pie dish, then sprinkle the butter thoroughly with cornmeal; shake off the meal that does not cling to the butter, and the crust is then ready. Fine cracker crumbs may be used instead of the cornmeal if desired.

TO PREPARE

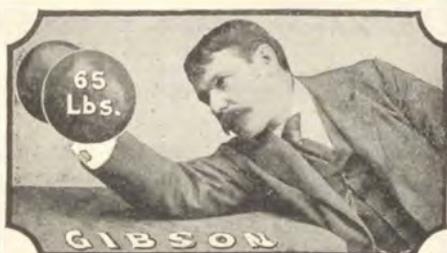
Oatmeal Scones.—Dilute a cupful of well-cooked oatmeal porridge with one cupful of milk, add a tablespoonful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of brown sugar and a saltspoonful of salt. Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with one cupful of whole wheat flour and add to the porridge mixture; beat briskly, then add more flour, sufficient to make a dough that can be rolled out; the consistency of the porridge will have to determine the amount of flour necessary. Roll half an inch thick, cut with a biscuit cutter and bake on a hot oiled griddle.

Fruit Soup.—One cup water, one tablespoonful sago or bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one cup of raisins steamed fifteen minutes; one cup cranberries or rhubarb juice; one cup strawberry juice; put sago in warm water in a double boiler, boil till clear; add sugar and raisins, the cranberry or rhubarb juice; add strawberry juice; run through a colander; add a few strawberries; heat and serve.

Nut Rolls.—Mix a pound of English walnuts, ground, with a teaspoonful of salt and juice of half a lemon, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Put together two tablespoonfuls of flour and one of butter. Thicken a cup of boiling milk with this; season and mix with the nut mixture and a well-beaten egg; set to cool. Form into small rolls, dip in egg and cracker crumbs and fry quickly a light brown.

Japanese Salad.—A half pint of mashed hard-boiled egg yolks, a bunch of minced watercress, one-half teaspoonful of dry mustard, three tablespoonfuls of minced olives and just sufficient lemon juice to moisten all into a mixture easily formed into balls. Then roll the balls into boiled rice, after which heap them on to shredded lettuce and surround with mayonnaise dressing.

Indian Pudding.—Mix well together one cupful each of molasses and cornmeal, pour over them one quart of boiling milk, beating carefully to keep the mixture smooth. Add one-half cupful of butter with one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, ginger and salt. When the batter is quite cold turn it into a buttered dish, pouring over it a pint of cold milk, but do not stir. Bake slowly for three hours and serve with whipped cream.



No use trying to

get your muscle up to this pitch with dumb-bells, chest-weights, etc. Muscle alone won't do it. LET ME TELL YOU of an easy way to enlarge your arms ONE INCH or more, breathe naturally and increase your strength 50 PER CENT in ONE MONTH. Develop your chest, shoulders and legs to a wonderful extent, strengthen your HEART, LUNGS, NERVES and all the INTERNAL muscles. Rid yourself of catarrh, rheumatism, writer's cramp, dyspepsia and constipation, and attain robust health, great strength, youthful vigor and a clear complexion.

Dr. R. L. Smith, of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Your System and the Hercules Club increased the size of my arms an inch, and my strength fully 60 per cent in thirty days."

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Address, R. GIBSON, Boston, Mass., Box 3559 E.

STOMACH TROUBLE Cured with Food.
 Don't pooh pooh this. The ignorant pooh pooh things. I cure stomach trouble with Food--by scientific combinations of food.
 Write for my booklet "Results from Eating" sent free. It may give you a hint that will change many an hour of suffering into pleasure, or many a day of disease into ease and health.

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 7 E. 42nd St., New York City.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FOR 2 CTS.

All matters of business, love, marriage, and health treated by greatest Astrologer living. 2c stamp and date of birth brings best Horoscope. Wonderful prophecy. Pleased patrons. PROF. NAHOMI, Dept. 83, Bridgeport, Conn.

Advice to Girls

Do the little things, and then if you have time dream of the great things.

Be natural. Remember there are others as lovely as you are.

Have many friends. A chum usually is disappointing and leaves a sore spot which might have been avoided.

Be conservative. Your acquaintances do not want your confidences.

At all times be womanly. A masculine girl does not retain admiration.

Be careful not to grieve over the wickedness of others; watch yourself, "lest you grow a few sprigs of ungodliness."

Remember that you are judged by your actions. "Do noble things, don't dream them all day long."

Be pleasant at all times. A smile does more good in this world than all the preachings.

Some young women, when receiving a man's call, contrive to make him feel in a homelike atmosphere. They are natural, friendly, informal, but without undue freedom of manner. They make him realize his welcome without stirring his vanity, show sympathy in his interests, but without adulation. The cheap conquests made by flattering men's vanity are responsible for much married infelicity.

Be quick to believe good. Believe the good until the evil is evident.

Think beautiful thoughts. "Beautiful thoughts are angels bright."

100 Health Culture Menus 50c

with a Recipe for each dish

It will cost you just half a cent to learn how to prepare the dishes for a Health Culture Meal. More information about Health Foods in this book than you can find in any cook book on the market. We shall be able to fill orders for Mrs. Segno's One Hundred Health Culture Menus Cook Book by the 1st of September. We regret that there has been some delay in bringing out this valuable book, but it has been unavoidable. We assure you that those who have their orders in for some time will feel richly repaid for having waited when the book reaches them. If you have not ordered yet you should do so at once. Remember the book costs only 50 cents and contains 100 pages of solid matter, giving the names of dishes and telling how to prepare them. It is handsomely printed on strong, durable paper, and bound in flexible covers. Get a copy and learn the secret of health and beauty by eating. Address,

The Segnogram Publishing Co.

Los Angeles, Cal.

R. HUCKLEBERRY-BUSH

By

Ellen R. C. Webber

ORIGINALLY, our hyphenated friend was a little red huckleberry, of the variety common to the fire-swept portions of the British Columbia wild woods.

Circumstances, not in any way related to talent, brain or merit, raised her in the world to a position far above her former associates.

She sprouted, took root, and looked down upon her kind, from the blackened jagged top of an old cedar stub, relic of a stately green forest giant, but of late years sadly come down in the world.

Environment did much for the little red huckleberry. Soft rains, mild winds, and frequent treats of warm sunshine, mingled in trial and blessing to strengthen and develop the tiny plant so strangely placed in life.

A very rainy summer shut out the greater strength of the July and August sunshine; and over this, Little Red Huckleberry grumbled and grieved.

"I cannot put forth good fruit while such dark clouds hover around me; and the showers of troublous rain chill and dwarf me. I was born for the bright sunshine! Give me the brightness that I need and crave—that is my inheritance—and I should rise higher and higher, and my fruits expand in brilliancy, till all the world would gaze and admire. But, though even men might wish to gather those fruits, they could not reach to my height. God meant me for some higher, greater work than is given to my brothers; I will try to find and do that work."

But all she found to do was to shade a tiny nest, and to give her ripe red fruit to feed the hungry nestlings.

However, the clouds and the rain were about her, and she whispered thanks that to her had been given this blessed privilege; and, though sunshine came none too often, her heart was warm, and kind, and glad—all through helping the helpless nestlings, and bending over the little nest.

Her distant companions in the burnt bush land below looked up and envied the plant so far above them; but they never knew how lonely was the solitary bush on the stub.

Another year came round, and cold and blizzard were forgotten in the kiss of the Chinook wind. The little nests were built again; the birds came once more for food

and sheltering love; and the little bush intended—oh, so much!

Under the influence of warm sunshine she began to raise her head a little higher; but clouds and showers were not frequent; and so the plant grew lofty, but failed to expand.

From her high position she looked across to the Gateway City on one side, and to the Royal City on the other; and she saw things that her original family had never dreamed of.

"In what manner," she sighed, "shall I distinguish myself from the lower orders of huckleberry kind? There is the black huckleberry, common as the commonest weed along the poor rocky lands of Maine and Nova Scotia;—but here in B. C. they are actually more sought after than our native scarlet berry. Now that I have been placed by a wise Providence in my present superior station, I feel that I must emphasize the superiority of my family over others who might claim relationship."

So the tall, slim bush grew deaf to the cries of the little nestlings who pleaded for protecting shade; and she stretched her head a little higher still, as she looked toward the two Mainland Cities, who had just been united by the holy bonds of tramway, and so were airing their best and most choice manners for the public eye.

But the little bush, as I told you, had not risen through brains; and she could not grasp in her mentality the great and the grand work that the newly united cities were doing for a whole nation—for more than a nation! She saw, understandingly, only the small and petty things; and she mistook them for the true gold.

"I would exchange my crop of scarlet fruit for one hyphen"—she sighed—"just one hyphen in my name."

And so she pondered, and studied; and even now began to wither.

But at last she made known to her little world—suddenly and without warning—that she was no longer the "Little Red Huckleberry"—but was, instead, "R. HUCKLEBERRY-BUSH."

For a time she seemed to thrive on the hyphen; and her head crept up a little higher still. And the clouds showed only silvery white on the distant horizon; and she dwelt in brightest sunshine.

Below, her old neighbors whispered

amongst themselves: "Has she forgotten, I wonder, that she was raised to her lofty position through the thieving of an old carion crow?"

"She thinks she has the whole earth up there," whispered another, "but I happen to know that it's only a few inches of rotten moss and decayed cedar."

"What is there to support her pretensions?" inquired a black huckleberry. "Nothing but a decayed and hollowhearted stub; and some day in late winter, when the East Wind and the Chinook get to boxing and wrestling, I'm thinking her pride may get a sudden fall."

"But R. Huckleberry-Bush lived on in sunshine, and when those below her were in shadow, she still saw only the brightest sunshine; no clouds, no rain.

Surely, she thought, she was the chosen of the exalted; she merited it all, no doubt. But the fruit on her spindling branches withered; her leaves grew wilted, then yellow; and the nestlings found neither shelter nor food from her tenderness.

The sap dried in her stalk; her roots grew brown and brittle; and still the head was held high, though dead and bare of foliage. And then one day came a crow and devoured the unprotected nestlings; and with his beak he dug into the scant soil for a beetle; and in so doing he dislodged the dry and withered R. Huckleberry-Bush—and she fell to the earth from which she came.

There was a little rustle amongst the huckleberry bushes below: "She did well," they whispered, "while she rested under a few clouds and was cleansed by showers, and got a fair amount of sunshine only. But she could not stand prosperity; she died of too much sunshine, just as we would do; for we must have cloud if we would have life; we must have shadow with sunshine. Poor little R. Huckleberry-Bush!"

And this was the little funeral oration whispered out there in the burnt land, with its little silver thread of tender, pitying forgiveness from those who had been looked down upon—who had received naught but scorn.

(SUCCESS)

Do not be discouraged by your faults; bear with yourself in correcting them, as you would with your neighbor. Lay aside this ardor of mind which exhausts your body and leads you to commit errors. Speak; move and act as if you were in prayer. In truth this is prayer.—Fénelon.

A Clever American Catechism

A writer who knows how to convey truths in the garb of grim humor evolved a catechism of the United States. A few of the good questions and answers are:

What are the principal products of the United States?

Historical novels and health foods.

Does the climate vary much in different parts?

Yes.

What is considered to be the hottest region in the country?

Zion City.

And the coldest?

John D. Rockefeller's safe deposit vault.

What common product is raised in the same proportion all over the country?

Babies.

What are these babies used for?

In the South to run factories. In the North to furnish new educational systems.

What are the principal trades in the United States?

Operating for appendicitis, writing advertisement poetry and going out on a strike.

(SUCCESS)

Bobby as a Court Crier

A Springfield lawyer has a son about ten years old and a daughter about twice that age. The boy has been around the courthouse a great deal with his father, and the young woman has a steady beau. The other evening the young man passed the house and the young woman desired to speak to him.

"Bobby," she said to her little brother, "won't you please call to Mr. Brown?"

Bobby knew the state of affairs and he hurried to the front door and called out in the usual loud monotone of a court bailiff:

"John Henry Brown, John Henry Brown, John Henry Brown, come into court!"

Mr. Brown came in and Bobby withdrew to a safe place.

(SUCCESS)

"Your grip on success depends largely on the other things you are willing to let go."

(SUCCESS)

When thou wishest to give thyself delight, think of the excellences of those who live with thee; for instance, of the energy of one, the modesty of another, the liberal kindness of a third.—Marcus Aurelius.

THE SEGNOGRAM

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EDITORIAL STAFF

A. VICTOR SEGNO

H. M. WALKER

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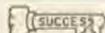
SHOP TALK

What is Doing at the Segnogram Home

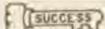
With this issue begins the seventh volume of THE SEGNOGRAM. From its inception the magazine has shown some mark of improvement with the commencement of each new volume, and today we are pleased to send it to you with its first two-color cover. It always is a pleasure to add some new feature—something to please our readers. As we advance, we find an increasing demand for new things and it is with some difficulty that we are able to keep pace with the requirements of the magazine field. But these demands are being met as rapidly as we can conservatively do so. That this new feature—the two-color cover—will be appreciated we feel assured. We have not added an improvement at any time that has not brought an appreciative response from our readers, and we anticipate at this time even a heartier response than has heretofore come.

But it is not praise and glory we are looking for. We want to serve our readers. We want to make

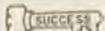
THE SEGNOGRAM a practical object lesson of what it teaches—successful, clean, Sincere Life—life with a mission, and a recognition of that mission, with the necessary strength and determination to carry it out. We feel that our improved cover design will contribute much to the appearance of the magazine, thus affording pleasure to the eye as well as food for the mind.



Owing to numerous letters received by us, relative to the advertisers who are using the pages of THE SEGNOGRAM, we feel called upon to adopt a broader policy than has heretofore been taken. Therefore, from this date, the advertising pages of THE SEGNOGRAM will be placed on the market the same as those of other periodicals of a like character. We shall not restrict our advertising pages. While we shall continue the sharp scrutiny of matter submitted for the advertising pages, we shall not take upon ourselves to recommend everything or anything appearing as an advertisement in these pages. We provide a market place, where the advertiser and purchaser can meet and transact their own business. Further than this we assume no responsibility. Carefully read the advertisements which interest you. If you are in the market for anything advertised in THE SEGNOGRAM you cannot find a better opportunity to get what you want.



Have you sent in your order for one of our books of The Segnogram Home? No? Well, you had better do so pretty soon if you want one of them. We printed only a limited number, and the supply is not going to last long. Here is what Mr. Chas. S. Clark, of Rochester, N. Y.—a publisher himself—says of the book: "I have received a copy of your book, 'The Home of The Segnogram.' It is certainly a beautiful thing. I don't believe I ever saw a nicer piece of printing. I am going to keep it." We appreciate these words of Mr. Clark, coming as they do from a man who is accustomed to the best in the printing art. The price of this book to our readers has been placed at the cost of production—50 cents. We have them well wrapped to carry in good condition as far as you want to have them sent—and will forward by return mail.



Owing to the illness of the artist having in charge the illustrating of "The Heart of Things," this book was delayed a month in publication, but we are happy to state that it has been on the market three weeks or more and has come at once into popular favor. All orders received to date have been filled and we can fill others as fast as they are received. Have you sent yours in? Hurry it along if you want a book well printed, clean, clear, concise and to the point—a book that appeals to heart and head, and means something.

Again



We can come before our readers and friends with a handsome Christmas offering

This time it is a gift that will appeal to the heart of every woman, and will make our enthusiastic Success People happy. Every man reader who has a home and wife will want to beautify the table by giving her a Success Spoon, and the young man who is "thinking about it," will want to make HER happy, and to do so will send for one of these handsome presents. It is sometimes difficult to decide upon a suitable holiday or birthday gift—to select something of service which is at the same time not common. We feel that we have this time hit upon the *very thing*.

The cut appearing on this page shows what we have selected. It shows the exact size of a new souvenir spoon and the handsome designs thereon. It is an exquisite thing; heavy sterling silver, made for us by the Shepard Manufacturing Company, silversmiths, of Melrose Highlands, Mass., whose reputation for quality and workmanship stands par excellent throughout America.

The design of this handsome sterling silver souvenir spoon is particularly appropriate and effective. In the bowl of the spoon, the artist presents a sideview of our new publishing house, and on the handle, intertwined by the adorable California poppy, the Success Key stands out boldly with the words "Los Angeles, Cal.," running down the handle to the bowl. Aside from the inspiring personal message that this spoon would convey to the person receiving it, it has an attractiveness that few such souvenirs carry. It is a silent messenger of good cheer and strength and faith; keeping ever before the eye of the user the prime object of life, and attracting to its holder the thoughts of others of success and self-unfoldment.



These spoons are now being made for us. They will be ready for delivery about the 15th of November. We expect to receive orders from all over the world. The spoons will be shipped, neatly packed in a box, and delivered to any address in Canada, Mexico or the United States at the price named; but if ordered to be sent to foreign countries, one shilling must be added to pay extra postage.

A limited number of these spoons have been ordered. If you would make sure of getting one, you should let us know how many you want and they will be reserved for you. The cash may be sent later. For those who would desire two different spoons, we have made arrangements to send with the "Spoon of Success" a smaller spoon of California, which will be mailed with the Success Key Spoon. The "Spoon of Success" will cost you \$1.50; the smaller spoon, \$1.00. You may order the Spoon of Success alone, to be sent to different addresses, or any number you desire will be shipped to you direct. When you see this spoon, you will agree with us that it is the best Christmas offering we have made. It is such an inspiring little thing, this Spoon of Success. It speaks to us of worlds yet unconquered—of things to be done—and spurs us on to greater achievements. It conveys to those we love in a simple, unostentatious way the message we have to deliver, and inspires them to DO and BE—to *Think and Live*. We are what we want to be; we see what we want to see; we do what we want to do; we have what we want to have—if we want and work hard enough for it.

Order a Spoon of Success today; pay for it on or before November 15th.

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THE SEGNOGRAM PUBLISHING COMPANY, Los Angeles, California

Our Brothers: *The Birds and Animals and Creeping Things*

By H. M. WALKER

HOW many boys and girls of the Segnoqram family have been bitten by a mosquito? How exasperating the sting is, and the z-z-zing—z-z-z-i-n-g-zing of the pesky little animals as they fly about your head looking for a juicy part of your anatomy that isn't covered by the bed-clothes at night—how wild it makes you—especially if you have exhausted your strength and patience trying to swat him, or rather her, for it is only the female mosquitoes that draw blood for a living.

It is about this troublesome insect that we shall talk this month. So much has been written about the mosquito that one fears to venture upon a topic so overdone, but there is so much of interest in the study of the insect, and it is so common and so mightily human in some of its proclivities that I think we might get some good out of it.

Most people think that the prime object of the mosquito is to draw blood. Just as we think, sometimes, that the prime object of our own lives is to fill our stomachs. But blood getting is a small part of the mosquito's life. The mosquito does not necessarily rely upon the blood of a warm-blooded animal for its nourishment. It is a plant-feeder—a vegetarian, as it were—and a much livelier specimen of its species it is when it lives upon the juices it draws from plants, than when it loads up on blood. If you doubt this, compare the drowsy, lazy, sluggish mosquito you find about your room with the snappy little fellow you find in the woods. He's a better mosquito when he lives as he ought to live. The blood of animals is the worst thing a mosquito can have, yet she eats it just the same. And so, when a female mosquito comes pleadingly to you and asks for a meal off of you, don't give it to her. It doesn't make any difference how blue-blooded you may be, it won't be as good for her as a meal of plant juice. And if she takes a tummy full of your red blood, your are perfectly justified in depriving her of it by a quick smack of the hand if you can do it, for she ought to be about her business, which isn't blood-getting.

A male mosquito is never so bloodthirsty as the female. In fact, he doesn't care

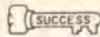
anything about the blood diet, but is content to live on what he can sip from water and any liquid substance. He is, like a number of his brothers of the Genus Homo, a great lover of beer and wine—and perhaps women, too. I do not know. But he is a much finer specimen of his kind if he sticks to the simple plant foods.

The life of the female mosquito is dependent upon the opportunity to propagate the species. We are told by men who know that, deprived of this, she soon goes to the bad, and life to her is a short season of lurid red, concluding with a swat and a blood spot on the wall. But when she has the opportunity of propagating her species the adult mosquito lives on and on until she acquires the blood-getting habit. In the summer she is busy with her eggs, and when the cold weather comes on she seeks a cave or crevice, a barn or the protection of an overhanging bank along a running stream, and there she hibernates. She will lay about 200 eggs before 10 o'clock in the morning, on the top of the water in a rain-water barrel or boghole, and, if the weather is fair, by 2 o'clock the same afternoon these eggs will hatch into wrigglers. You will find them in any rain water barrel or uncovered cistern. I do not need to describe these little fellows. You have seen thousands of them. They are wrigglers for about a week. While they are wrigglers they breathe through their tails. This accounts for them resting head-down on the top of the water as you frequently find them. During the week they are wrigglers they go through three transformations. In the last transformation in the pupae stage, they change ends for breathing purposes, and now breathe through two little trumpet-like openings where the ears ought to be. Finally, about the seventh day, the skin cracks open and out crawls a mosquito. It rests upon its molted skin until its wings are dry and then flies away to get busy puncturing things.

Civilization brings to the mosquito what it has brought to every race of men ever "civilized"—vice and death. Before man appears on the scene the mosquito is content to live as a plant-feeder. But as soon

as man comes the mosquito degenerates into a blood-feeder, and he begins to puncture you and I.

Funny, isn't it?



Value of Men

One potent factor that has received no attention and that well might have been sufficient in itself to show Japan that it was the part of wisdom to make peace rather than keep on fighting for an indemnity that never might be obtained, is the economic value of the human lives that would have been lost in a continuation of the war. It is likely that the losses in the way of killed and severely wounded—that is, so crippled as to be non-productive—would have been at least 100,000 men. In this country the average man capitalized according to his earning capacity, would be worth at least \$10,000. He is worth that to himself, and probably much more to the community, both in what he spends and what he produces—his production having a value considerably in excess of his wages. Wages are steadily rising in Japan, and it seems safe to say that value of the average man in that country would be at least half of the American figure—10,000 yen, or \$5000. Hence the loss of 100,000 men would mean the loss of 1,000,000,000 yen or \$500,000,000. This would mean the taking of practically that amount of the national assets. Such a loss in life and limb, taken together with the regular war expenses, would have meant a tremendous burden for the country. Japan's industrial future is of great importance and it will prove a wise step to have prevented the sacrifice of working forces of such value for its development.—Boston Herald.



A Will Written on the Sole of a Shoe

A fisherman in a New England town was fatally injured by a rock falling upon him as he was walking at the base of a cliff. When found he was dead, but clenched in one hand was one of his shoes, upon which he had written: "To whom it may concern: All my estate, including my deposit in the bank, I leave to my grandson, Walter Mahion, providing he does not marry before the age of 25; but in case of his marriage before that time the above mentioned to be used for the State for charitable purposes."—Detroit Free Press.

Superstitions of the Navajo

The mother-in-law joke must have originated with the Navajo, for after marriage a Navajo dare not look into the face of his wife's mother. If by chance he catch a glimpse of her it takes much fasting and many prayers to feel secure against dangerous results. It is no uncommon sight to see the most grave and reverend chief walk backward, run like a scared dog or hide his face in the depths of his blanket to avoid the dreaded sight.

To have luck in hunting it is necessary to scatter the sacred meal before the house, to place a small stone on a heap beside the trail and to offer a plume to the mother above.

To comfort one in distress or to ward off prospective distress the women and children wear red wristbands.

If they wish to be protected by those above on entering their home they take a pinch of sacred meal from a bowl kept in a niche in the wall and scatter it to the north, west, south, east, up and down, meanwhile saying some prayers.

To bring harm to the guilty it is only necessary to bury two bunches of owl or raven feathers near the place where the suspected one sleeps or lives, after presenting it to the six regions. The third bunch of feathers is buried near the owner's fireplace in the kitchen to protect him or her from invasion of enemies.

Dark colored or blue corn is connected with evil magic. The power of speech is attributed to it. This corn belongs to the witches, and is said to speak in absence of its owners and to tell their whereabouts or doings.

Should a person suffering from a snake bite look upon a woman furnishing nourishment to an infant, death would be the result.—[Albuquerque Indian.]



All the negro asks is that the door which rewards industry, thrift, intelligence and character be left as wide open to him as for the foreigner who constantly comes to this country. More than this he has no right to request. Less than this a republic has no right to vouchsafe.—Booker T. Washington.



And I smiled to think God's greatness flows around our incompleteness, round our restlessness His rest.—E. B. Browning.



A Western Adept



An Occult Story by WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

[Copyright, 1906, by William Walker Atkinson.]

SYNOPSIS

The first two chapters of this story were published in "THE MYSTIC," but the remainder of the story will appear in monthly installments in The Segnogram, the author intending to issue the story in book form later in the year. In the first chapter, the character in the story who tells the tale, introduces the reader to "Colonel Armitage," a strange character whom he meets in a hotel in an Eastern City. He describes the Colonel as follows: "He gave me the impression of a man who has seen military service in some warm country—the idea of a retired English officer who had served in India, coming naturally to one's mind when considering him. He was tall, slender, wiry, muscular, straight. His features were those of the Arab. His hair was black, streaked with grey—his eyebrows were very black, the grey not having appeared in them as yet, and from the recesses beneath them glittered or shone his somewhat peculiar eyes, which pierced you through and through, and at times seemed to burn into your very soul. His brow was high and intellectual, and his jaw was large and strong. His face was brown and weather-beaten, and yet seemed softer than those of many fairer men. His habitual expression was one of deep repose, carrying with it a decided impression of firmness and decision." The person telling the tale, describes how one evening he found himself in the deepest depths of pessimism and despair. He had endeavored to solve the Riddle of Life by intellectual reasoning, and found himself at the end of his mental resources as far from the goal as ever. He determined to end it all, and cheat life. He moved toward the drawer in which reposed the instrument which would still the fever of existence. He opened the drawer, and reached his hand for the weapon, but as he did so he found his arm and hand in the grasp of some other Will, which drew him back from the drawer, and caused him to move back into the centre of the room. Feeling the presence of some other person in the room, he turned and saw standing by the door his friend Colonel Armitage. In the second chapter, the Colonel tells the young man that he has reached an important stage of his progress along The Path, and that he is becoming sane at last—that he is on the eve of the Soul's Awakening. He tells him to think of him as one of the Illuminati, a Brotherhood whose work is to aid in the unfolding of the race. He bids him go to bed and take the rest he needs, and promises to see him again in the morning. The young man drops his eyes in thought, and when he looks up the Colonel has disappeared. He steps to the door and tries it, remembering that he had locked it early in the evening. He finds the door still locked and bolted. His brain in a whirl, he undresses and falls into a deep sleep, awakening at a late hour the next morning. The chapter given below takes up the story from this point.

Chapter V.

I sat still on the bench, watching the Colonel's form disappearing down the path. It was a secluded spot, and everything seemed to breathe an atmosphere of peace and calm. Nature seemed to have arranged everything to fit it with my mood.

I pondered carefully over the bit of truth that had been given me, and my mind set to work to arrange, classify, tabulate and analyze what had been passed on to it. I seemed gifted with a particularly clear intellect for the time being, and every thought seemed to be clear-cut and distinct—standing out in bold relief.

As the Colonel had pointed out to me, my consciousness gave me a very strong, clear, and distinct report of the existence of a real "I" lying at the bottom of my thought—at the centre of my conscious self. For the first time I realized just how clear and strong was this conception of the "I"—and the realization brought me a new sense of strength, reality and power. And then, I understood his reference to the fact that for a thing to be "real" it must be permanent, actual, unchangeable, fixed in its essence, though its relative mani-

festations might be deceptive. And although my consciousness did not assure me fully that this "I" was this exchangeable, permanent thing, yet it gave me an undoubted report of its "reality," and my reason was compelled to accept the logical conclusions, and identify that which I knew to be real with these attributes of reality.

And my reason compelled me to set aside first, the body; then the vital energy; and last the mental faculties, as changeable, impermanent things, and therefore not "real," in the full sense of the term. But in this mental analysis, I found that, indeed, there was *something* left after these "not-real" things had been set aside, and that something was the consciousness of the "I," which the intellect reported was the thing remaining, unchanged and unimpaired, and being, in fact, the thing that set aside the other things, and which announced itself by the feeling of "I Am."

Then I gave the Imagination full sway to see what message it would bring me. I found that, in imagination, I could exist without a body, vital force, or mind—the Imagination centering at last around the "I Am" consciousness, into which it could not penetrate. It was able to set aside the "not-I" qualities, one by one, but could not move or shake the "I" itself. It could not analyze, or split up this "I"—it could not set it at arm's length for consideration—could not conceive of it except in terms of existence and being. And, most wonderful of all, it could not image the "I" as dead or non-existent. I tried to do this last thing, but in spite of all my efforts the "I" would be in every death scene pictured by me, and of course it was always there alive, existent and being. It could not be gotten rid of by the imagination. Everything that the imagination was able to evoke had the "I" somewhere, in some way, considering and viewing the mental image. The Imagination, at last, reported this: "The 'I' cannot be avoided or gotten rid of, and it is beyond my power to image it other than fully existent, living, being."

During this period of concentration and meditation upon the nature of the "I" my mind seemed to become clearer and clearer, and so far from feeling drowsy, I never was more wide awake. It seemed as if my mind were endowed with a new power of perception, in all of its faculties. And I remember feeling that new regions of mentality were being opened up to me. I remembered the Colonel's term: Transcendent Plane, and wondered whether I was reaching its border line. And then a most peculiar thing happened.

I seemed to identify myself still closer with this mysterious "I" which dwelt at the center of my being—my consciousness seemed to move up to it, and I felt almost at union with it, and the lower mental sheaths seemed to fade away for the moment. I seemed to be in the way of becoming acquainted with myself. I seemed to be reaching out to it, and mentally calling it. The words "I-I-I-I" seemed to dance through my brain in a weird sort

of rhythm movement, as if some great central intelligence within myself were sounding the word in a deep bass, and every cell in my brain were echoing it in a wild harmony, the movement of which throbbed the very inmost chamber of my being. I became conscious of a peculiar vibration within myself, and then came a sense of an opening of some heretofore unexplored region of my mind—something in the nature of an unfoldment, or breaking forth, just as a flower might burst forth, casting off the confining and restraining sheaths. And then came to me a great experience, for in that moment a new consciousness awoke within me. Arising from the foul mud of negation, of the night before, arose the pure white lotus flower of the Realization of the "I."

It lasted perhaps but a moment, but in that moment was crowded the sensations of a lifetime. I had the sensation of being bathed in a sea of living light, which surrounded me in a mighty cloud, vibrating, pulsating, throbbing. And with it came to me an undoubted conviction of Reality. Like one entranced I found myself conscious of Being—a knowing impossible to describe—a knowing more real than any other form of knowing, and yet different. The words "I Am" took on a new and transcendent meaning, compared with which my former consciousness was but as a faint reflection. It were as if a covering had been removed from the "I," and that its brilliance was reaching the mind, magnified in intensity a thousand fold.

It was more than a mere awareness of being for the moment. I not only knew that I was—that I really existed—but I also knew that I always had existed, and that I always would exist. The sense of Being that came to be cannot be described to one who has never experienced it, more than can color be explained to a man born blind. And this "I" stood apart from matter, force or mind—it was a thing-in-itself, capable of using the phenomena of Nature as instruments of its Will. The sense of reality did away with all thoughts of birth or death—for it brought with it a knowing that the "I" never was born; never could die; never could be injured or affected by any element, principle or force. I became aware that the "I" was a solid rock, around which might beat the tempest, but which could not be affected by the fleeting and changing phenomena of Nature.

In that flash of consciousness, I realized not that I had a soul, but that I was a soul—not that I would be immortal, but that I was immortal—not that I would be in eternity, but that I was in eternity right then.

These and many other things came to me in the form of knowing, being projected into my field of consciousness from the Transcendent Plane of Mind. I was overcome, dazed bewildered, but the feeling of peace and calm that then came to me was beyond understanding, and was indeed a blessing. I found sold rock at last. I had been shown the secret of the I Am.

The mystic light faded away, and I seemed to sink down into my ordinary plane of consciousness—but yet how different everything seemed. I was a changed man, for no one who has had this experience is ever just the same again. And I may say that the sense of that consciousness has never entirely left me since that day. At times it seems to fade away until I almost think that I have lost it, but when I feel the need of it the memory returns to me, and strengthens and refreshes my entire being. The light once lit is never entirely extinguished, although at times it may burn low—when occasion arises it bursts into a bright flame. In hours of physical, mental or spiritual need, I

have but to throw myself back upon the memory of that moment, and I am conscious of the inflow of new strength and power, and I am able to rise above the things of the relative self.

This experience did not bring to me the answers to the Riddles of the Universe, neither did it solve the questions that perplex the active intellect—but it seemed to cause these questions to sink into comparative insignificance. I know now that there are other and higher mystic experiences into which the soul unfolds, but I date the sense of Power, Strength, Reality, that has since surrounded me, to this awakening into consciousness of the "I." Coming with it, I found a sense of at-home-ness in the Universe. It seemed as if I would be at home and content in any part of the Universe—it seemed that the entire field was open to my explorations. And time seemed to have taken on a new meaning—all ages; periods, eras, seemed mine—past, present and future. Cause and effect seemed to have released their hold upon me, or rather, it seemed that I could rise to a plane in which the law of causation was not in operation. I seemed to have developed from a vague, shadowy, nebulous thing, inextricable entangled and tied up with my body and mental moods, feelings, sensations, etc., into a clear-cut, real thing, independent of and master of body and mind, which were but my instruments and channels of impression and expression.

I remember arising from my seat, and walking many miles around the park, not as in a dream, but as might a visitor to the earth coming from some higher sphere.

It was dusk when I returned to the hotel. I sought the Colonel, but he was not in his room, or about the house. But, entering my room, I found upon my table a note saying: "Well, my boy, my hopes have been realized. You are sane at last. Take things easy—you are still on earth. Read something interesting, but not too heavy. Do not dwell too much on the wonders that have been revealed to you. Give the mind a chance to readjust itself to changed conditions. I will see you in the morning. Armitage."

And following his advice, I picked upon a well-worn copy of "Monte Cristo," that some former occupant of the room had left in the dresser drawer, and before long I was buried in the ever fascinating tale of Edmond Dantes and his wonderful isle. And, as the Colonel had intimated, it served to quiet down my somewhat excited mind, by diverting the attention into lighter channels. I now often smile at the advice and my choice of a book, but I now know that both fell within a well known rule of mental philosophy, in which the occult masters are thoroughly informed. The hint may help some of my readers when they feel themselves troubled with "Spiritual dyspepsia," if I may be pardoned for using the term. Let us not forget to keep our feet on the ground, though our mind be soaring above the clouds. The ground is good—and we have need of it, just now at least.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



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MORAL DRAM DRINKING

BY VIOLET DEFRIES, LONDON, ENG.

IT is curious to note how people who would not think of giving way to intemperance in drinking or eating, or who would defy with assurance the insidious drug habit, yet succumb to a kind of moral dram drinking, in its way as pernicious in its undermining of will power and character as the more serious and recognized sin. I allude to the various bad habits which sap our moral usefulness. Prominent among these comes the habit of pernicious literature. If we must read on our way to business, let us begin the day with something bracing, and not with an account of yesterday's horrors, or a tale of maudlin sentiment. Such writing is not to be dignified by the name of literature; but let that pass. Such unwholesome reading saps our energy and leaves us less fit for work. It undoes the good of the night's rest. And yet, to the persistent novel lover, it is at first hard to take up something more or less vigorous, at an early hour of the morning. I speak from personal experience and therefore sympathetically. If we can but take the first step, and stick to it for a reasonable time, the harm is checked; but beware of the insidious advances of the new novel. It draws one unless one is resolute. Another habit is the craving for sympathy. One sees quite sensible people, who meet life bravely, and for the most part cheerfully, meet and promptly exchange a list of their grievances. Afterward come the pieces of good news, but the grievance takes first place, and no matter how brightly it be told, it is obviously only an excuse for claiming sympathy. Sympathy is helpful and beautiful, but the undue demand for it creates a need which weakens the moral fiber. Perhaps one reason for this craving is the fact that the hardest thing to grow used to is the mutability of things. We see the inventions of today become the obsolete antiquities of tomorrow, without surprise. It is the order of things, and possibly we shall one day order our balloon with as much composure as we now stop a street car. But when this change touches us—our surroundings—our friends—our thoughts—we squirm and feel as if we were falling off the earth. It is this sense of helplessness that undoes us. If we could realize that "time and the hour wins through the longest day" we might not feel so wildly in need of instant sympathy.

A great help in fighting these moral weaknesses is the cultivation of vital en-

thusiasm. Mr. Atkinson, in his splendid article in the June number, "Something Doing," speaks of the need of enthusiasm. We must work hard, play hard, yes, and *rest* hard. Have you ever heard a child say, on the eve of an expected treat, "I want to sleep very hard so that morning will come quick"? People who can relax their minds and bodies perfectly, can do with far less sleep than those whose brains remain active and whose bodies lie kinked up. The former seem to sleep more in the time. Enthusiasm is a great factor of good health, and good health means good sleep. If we enthuse we are happy, and if we are happy we are well. But to enthuse you must be full of your work, whatever it is. Saturate yourself with it. Learn all about it. Read, study, observe it in all its branches and under all its headings. I am thinking of art at the present moment, but it holds for all work. We all know how the great actors, when playing great parts, study the play from its social, historical, geographical and dramatic position; that they read up the period, dress them in their stage clothes and work themselves up into the proper frame of mind. Well, that is what an artist in his profession should do. He should live, breathe and *be* his art. Of course relaxation is necessary or the brain might overbalance, but it is never wise, as some people do, to take up for rest work a study of a totally different character, demanding great mental effort in an opposite direction. It is like sending the stream alternately in both directions and then wondering that it never reaches its destination and that the channel is unduly worn.

Another great help is the gift of make believe. Women especially can benefit by this. If we were at a picnic we should gaily soil our hands pulling sticks to build a fire, and burn our cheeks blowing it. We should enjoy smoky tea and earwigs, bread and jam, and afterward we should, at the risk of falling in, lean over the bank and wash the dishes in the stream (if we were so lucky as to have one). But if the domestic help is suddenly removed from our midst we are apt to grumble at laying a fire with nice, clean sticks out of a tidy cupboard, and at washing dishes in a handy pan with plenty of convenient hot water. Why not make believe? Life is only a sort of picnic after all. We never know for sure what is coming next, and must be prepared to take all hazards cheerfully. A little rain or thunder won't hurt us. We shall come off better than the summer

clothes we cheerfully spoil if necessary for a day's outing. There will be fine days and uncomfortable days, but in the end we like the picnic. We want to go again—as Graham R. Tomson says in one of her poems, "We'd rather be alive than not." Wouldn't we? Then let us make believe and have a good time instead of a bad one at the world's picnic.

Some Good Advice

It was a fine thing that was said by a political leader to a singularly brilliant young man from college, who, with letters of unlimited indorsement from the presidents of our three greatest universities, asked for a humble place in the diplomatic service. He wanted to make that service his career. "Now, let me tell you this," said President Roosevelt to this same young man. "You may have an under-secretaryship, but let me tell you this," said he: "Don't take it just yet. You are only out of college. Take a post-graduate course with the people. Get down to earth. See what kind of beings these Americans are. Find out from personal contact. If you belong to exclusive clubs, quit them and spend the time you would otherwise spend in their cold and unprofitable atmosphere in mingling with the people, merchants and street car drivers, bankers and workingmen. Finally, when you get your post, do as John Hay did; resign in a year, or a couple of years, and come home to your own country, and again for a year or two get down among your fellow-Americans. In short," said he, "be an American and never stop being an American."—Senator Beveridge, in *Saturday Evening Post*.

Opportunity

Send forth your heart's desire and work and wait—

The opportunities of life are brought
To our own doors, not by capricious fate,
But by the strong compelling force of
thought.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Training the Left Hand

A writer in the London Mail says: "It is one of the good signs of the times that the use of the left hand is coming into fashion in education. Our children, let us hope, are not to be forever crippled by being brought up "one-handed." We are learning at last the absurdity of allowing one of our hands to fall into practical disuse, and the excellent names behind the newly formed Ambidextral Culture Society give ground for hope that common sense may prevail on the subject and lead to the development of a two-handed instead of a one-handed race. The founder and Secretary of the society, John Jackson, has embodied his philosophy in a highly interesting book on "Ambidexterity; or, Two-Handedness and Two-Brainedness," to which Major R. S. S. Baden-Powell contributes an introduction. The Major, like the late Queen Victoria, can write with either hand, and use the two hands interchangeably for any purpose. That, of course, is all that is demanded."

What Constitutes a Philosopher

This question has been propounded by many students, each of whom gives a very similar definition, but since the introduction of the many phases of the sunshine movement, it is generally admitted that a philosopher is one who is inclined to look upon the bright side, and he takes it for granted that an optimistic view of life is the proper thing. This is certainly a most delightful change from the attitude assumed by our fathers and mothers, not so many years ago, when a philosopher was pictured as an old, bewhiskered, quiet gentlemen who was supposed to know everything. In other words, a philosopher is one who is happy and need not necessarily be over-wise. This is most encouraging, for boys and girls, as well as adults, can be philosophic and can wield a mighty power in making the world better and brighter.

Politeness, or civility, or urbanity, or whatever we may choose to call it, is the oil which preserves the machinery of society from destruction.—Dr. J. G. Holland.

Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.—Shakespeare.

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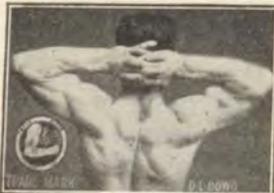
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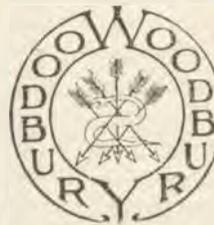
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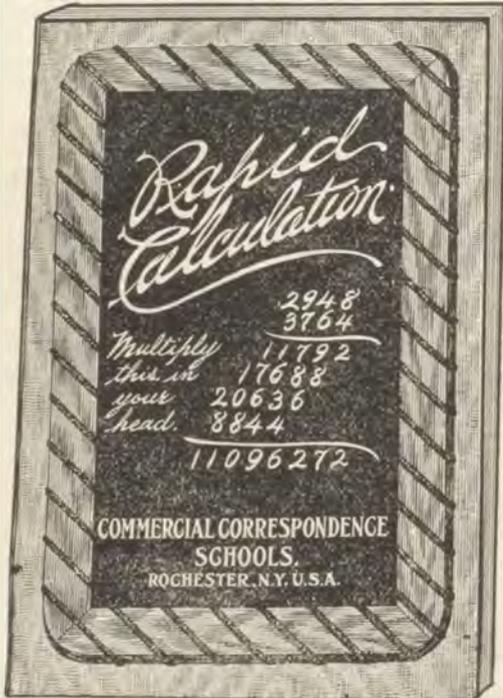
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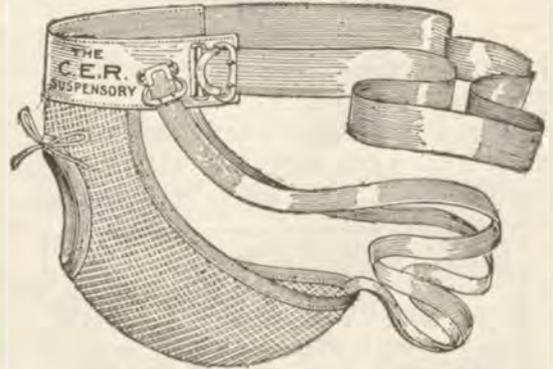
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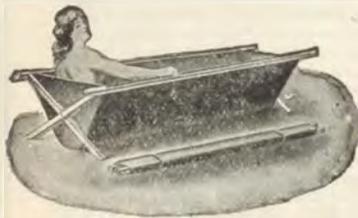


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"You see, ladies and gentlemen," said the conjuror, "the dollar has vanished. We shall soon find out where it has gone. You, honest countryman, over there, just put your hand in your coat pocket! I'll bet you'll find the dollar." "No; I've only something over eighty cents!" "Impossible; you must have the dollar!" "No, I haven't. That was a dollar you put in my pocket a while ago, but I've been out to have a drink since then!" Tableau.



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THE CONNECTING LINK.—Little Jessie was out walking with her elder sister and her elder sister's best fellow. Little Jessie had heard her elder sister talking jocosely in the home about Darwin's theory of the evolution of man and the connecting link. She was walking quietly between her elder sister and her elder sister's best fellow, they having hold of her hands. Suddenly a bright thought struck Little Jessie, and, childlike, she out with it. "Oh, Em," said she, "I'm the connecting link between the monkey and the man, ain't I?" She didn't go walking with them anymore.



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An ignorant manager-proprietor who, being present at an orchestral rehearsal, observed that the drummer did next to nothing, went up to him angrily to expostulate. "But, sir," said the drummer, "I'm resting—don't you see?" and he pointed to his part. "Sir," replied the manager, "I do not pay you to rest; I pay you to play!"



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promotion or position?
to win affection and love?
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"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"No," she replied.

And they lived happily ever afterward.

A young gentleman asks us, "What is the best method of popping the question?" It is a good deal like champagne—if it don't pop itself, there is something wrong about it.

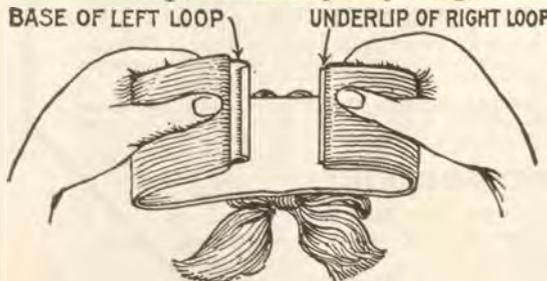


Mrs. Prunes: Surely, Mr. Bradley, you can't object to our hash.

Mournful Bradley: It isn't the hash I object to, ma'am, it's the rehash.

Have You Seen the Out-of-Sight?

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The large hook on the back of left loop is used to hook up into buttonhole or eyelet in centre of neckband behind to keep ribbon or stock in position. The Fastener may be locked and unlocked by a twist of the thumb and finger. Collars and Stocks are adjusted essentially the same as ribbons. Short ends of ribbons, bias silk, and tulle can be used to great advantage, adjusted as a stock. For Dress Collars, the Fastener is indispensable; it makes a perfect fit and closing which can never be attained by using hooks and eyes and featherbone.

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Of earthly habitation.
And if we have a dream
Or think we see a marble hall
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On mustard covered hill
Or Stretch of Poppy plain
We but recognize
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For—those out of the crowding millions
Who live beyond the desert
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Will come and build them
On the very spot
Where you and I thus see them,
For every ideal home
That has been built in fancy
By mind of man
Or woman since the breeze first played
The strings of the Aeolian harps
Beside a southern sea
Is native to this clime.
And each newcomer finds
In opalescent skies
And radiant sunshine
That which nourishes
The realization of his dream—
A home ideal
Upon an earth that's real.
And dotted o'er each hill and vale
From snow clad mountains
To the purple sea
In Sunny Southern California land
I see these homes
The fruiting of a blessing from above
Alighting—each new home

Each block and building
In its appropriate
And suitable abiding place
Filling the niche long dreamed of
By the man who came here
From the ruggedness of wintry climes
Hugging close unto himself
His life's dream
Seeking to be realized.
And hither all such men
Will come to tarry with us
And rejoice in life abundant
While yet they may,
Before they pass into
That other world of dreams
To which this is the Western gate, and
Where, alone, on all the earth
The setting sun reveals
Reflected in the placid sea
Its counterpart—
"The city of the Angels."
Here—all who will
May come and see and feel
And learn to know
The beauties of the life ideal
While yet on earth
Beneath our pleasant skies.
And, living here
In peace and plenty
We, as time rolls on
Into the twentieth century
Are destined to evolve
A sequence of the ages past
Into the prophecy
Of that which is to come.
Our labors, then,
Are not in vain
We but make paths of progress
To achieve the highest aim
Of man upon the earth.
Los Angeles has just begun
To realize her destiny
And you and I are here
To do our part, my friend,
In pointing out the way to those
Who follow dreams, that grow—
Into reality.

"Crowquill"

Act before October 10th

YOUR LAST CHANCE

A number of readers of **The Segnogram** have availed themselves of the opportunity to secure shares of stock in the Segnogram Publishing Company. Some who were fortunate enough to take advantage of the first offer of \$10 shares at \$7.50, have, during the past month, increased their holdings at the rate now prevailing—\$10 per share, or par value. The opportunity to get stock at this figure will remain open until October 10th, for readers residing in this country, and until November 1st if residing in foreign countries. All letters bearing date up to and including October 10th, if mailed in this country, or November 1st if mailed in a foreign country, will be received and the shares asked for will be issued at \$10 per share. After these dates, no more shares of this issue will be offered for sale. All stock bought up to and including these dates will share in the first dividend, to be declared January 1st, 1907.

For the information of anyone who is not conversant with the aims and objects of the Company, and the importance of its publishing business, we wish to state that we have been incorporated under the laws of the State of California, and are doing business as an incorporated publishing house. A handsome building has been erected, covering 45x95 feet, where we have our offices and workrooms. We have installed a complete book and magazine printing plant. The plant and building are paid for. We owe nothing on the building, plant or paper stock. It is our aim to make this business co-operative. We want to interest every man who wants to make his life successful, and every woman whose aim it is to better her condition and acquire an independent competency.

The capital stock of the Company is \$100,000. Of this stock we placed a block on the market some time ago, and are now giving you the last chance to get an interest in the concern with us. The par value of the stock is \$10, and this is the price at which we are offering it. Our desire is to raise a fund for prosecuting a more active campaign this fall. An active campaign will mean many thousand of new subscribers to our magazines and books. This in turn will mean thousands of new readers who will become active students of Mentalism and earnest workers for your success and the success of all.

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