A. L. NELDEN, The Beauty Specialist

Tells how to Gain and Keep a Fine Skin—How to Get Rid of Pimples, Blackheads, and all Skin or Sculp Diseases—Absolutely Free.

Dr. Nelden, founder of the largest Free Accident Hospital in America, and now the Chief Operator and Medical Director of the most thoroughly equipped and up-to-date private establishment in America, The Nelden Institute and Sanitarium at 16 East 28th Street, was for many years Chief of Staff to the greatest dermatological Institution in the world.

During that period he made several visits to Europe, not for recreation, but to study with minute microscopic attention the results of European experts in the ever-expanding domain of Plastic or Factual Surgery, with a view to adopting any of the methods of his professional brethren there, which might possibly be superior to those originated by him.

Dr. Nelden found in France and Germany this marked general distinction in the conditions prevailing. French experts of eminence pay more attention to the art of beautifying the human countenance by surgical skill, while Germans, in dermatology, pure and simple, has achieved the highest eminence. He also found in these countries that the tendency was to specialize; to divide and narrow the field of practice which he has always covered so broadly.

For example, one man devotes himself to the cure, treating nothing but diseases of that organ and feature, or even occupying himself with just one branch of that, such as the Surgical Straightening of the Nose Alone. Another concentrates his attention on rectifying projecting ears or remodeling protruding lips. Yet another makes it his sole business to remove superfluous hair, such as that unpleasant semi-masculine fringe of mustache that so often mars the comeliness of a woman's face, otherwise highly attractive to the manly sex, as Mother Nature meant it should be always; or, to quote a well-known American humorist, at least "as long as the human race go on humanizing themselves.

Still another European "Beauty Doctor" confines himself to the extermination of Blackheads or Pimples or the removal of wrinkles wrought by domestic troubles, business cares or advancing years.

So it went, and it surprised Dr. Nelden to find that he was regarded by his distinguished professional brethren abroad as a sort of a monumental wonder, an extraordi- nary specimen of the most extraordinary people the sun ever smiled on, our progressive, all more of similar value, hundreds and hundreds of times.

Another feature of Dr. Nelden's system that has been proving a God-send to afflicted humanity is the accuracy of his treatment of cases, at their own homes, though hundreds of miles away. In the sacred privacy of their own rooms, without the knowledge of even their most intimate friends, hundreds are receiving his treatment. Could you read the letters from those who, after taking his home treatment just a few days, have seen their Pimples vanish as if by magic; their Blackheads depart, never to swarm again; their hair take on a glossy silken sheen; and their eyes light, as it were, the joyous torch of youth, you would understand why, in their great gratitude, they unite with European voices in pronouncing him a monumental wonder—this great American authority on Beauty Culture and Plastic Surgery.

"NOW ADMIRE BY MANY!"

Thus Mrs. A. of Chicago writes: "You would have to have seen my face before I began your home treatment and see me again to appreciate the great change in my appearance. Everything in my whole life has improved. I have developed a desire to mingle socially. I am now admired by many while, before, I was even afraid to show my face anywhere. Words cannot express the gratitude I feel in having been, you might say, transformed. May God bless you!"

HAD TRIED OTHER KINDS

Miss W. of Boston writes: "I am so grateful that I am telling all my friends who are troubled in any way to write you. I tried nearly all kinds of facial treatments but never received any permanent result other than to waste my money."

COVET HIS GIFTS AND A RAISE

Mr. G. of St. Louis writes: "I would have saved hundreds of dollars, had I known of you sooner. Your home treatment has brought about two important changes in my life, which were uppermost in my heart for years, namely—the Partner in Life I most desired and Promotion in my Business."

If any reader of this is in any way affected and will write to Dr. A. L. Nelden, Room 66, No. 16 East 28th Street, New York, the Doctor will send him free his Home Treatment, and his advice, without any charge whatever. It costs you nothing to consult him by correspondence and you may learn in the privacy of your home how to control and improve your features, face and form. Do it today! Your confidential letter will be kept sacredly private.

ANDREW LNN NELDEN, M. D.

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Will cleanse, beautify, strengthen and preserve the teeth in a healthy and sanitary condition. Price, 25c.

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Teeth. A. P. Bell, The Expert on

address: Dr. Bell's Mouth Elixir

Dr. Bell's Mouth Elixir

Sold everywhere.

American Dentifice Co., New York
"Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be a land of souls beyond that sable sight, to which the spirits of wise and good in past ages may be carried, let us hope that from those beloved friends of man and nature who have lived and suffered in this world, men slow to hurt their friends in any wise, and yet of tender conscience, men not un candid in heart or long to be kind, in the other world there may be found compassion for those who are afflicted in this; and that there may be that kind of parcelling out of the good things of life among men, which is according to justice and reason, and in which we are all of one body. For even in the present life there is a partial transpose of the kind of life of any person other than himself."

—From Byron's Childe Harold.

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PYTHAGORAS

THE DOCTRINES OF THE FAMOUS GREEK PHILOSOPHER IN THEIR RELATION TO MODERN RELIGION, MODERN SCIENCE AND MODERN ECONOMICS

By JAMES REALF, Jr., K. P.

The sage of Samos, a son of Mnesarchus, engraver of gems, born on that lovely, luxurious island in the sparkling Mediterranean (about 582 B. C. conjecturally), is one of those historically mystic figures that appeal to the general imagination of the multitude as well as the special imaginations of poets like the very great poet who refers to Pythagoras in the stanza quoted.

Pythagoras, unlike Socrates, is reported to have enjoined on his disciples that they should not take notes or commit any of his utterances to writing, which may explain the considerable extent, account for the Pythagorean mystery or "Pythagorean enigma," as it has been styled by some writers.

Five hundred years after his death he was just as much, if not more, of an enigma to philosophers and historians as he was in modern times up to a recent period, when the comparative method of historical research began to be applied by trained minds to his case, and his true place in the House of Fame determined.

Lucrètius, the august Roman philosopher, author of "De Rerum Natura," a scientific poem on "The Nature of Things," apparently did not pay so little regard for, or else felt so much uncertainty about, Pythagoras, that he dismisses the Samian sage with but a line of allusion.

As a contrast with this almost utter ignoring of his claims upon attention that brilliant modern scholar, the Countess Martinegno Cesareo, writes thus: "Pythagoras was the Newton, the Galileo, perhaps the Edison and Marconi, of his epoch."

Had I been making this campaign, I should have put Tesla in place of Edison, not with any intention of depreciating the latter, but because the conjunction of the imaginative with the scientific faculty in Tesla's mind would seem more in accord comparative with the intellectual character of Pythagoras insofar as I am able to penetrate the Pythagorean mystery.

When one refers to the doctrines of Pythagoras, the general listener is at once apt to think of the idea of reincarnation or metempsychosis which ever since Ovid wrote the delightful "Metamorphoses" nineteen hundred odd years ago has been deemed the special doctrine or inspired message which Pythagoras gave to the world. This idea—that we are to reappear on earth and play new parts, which in the story following this page has been so powerfully illustrated by the famous Bishop Berkeley, and which Poe, as a master of the weird in fiction, utilized more than once in his writings—very likely was entertained and perhaps was taught by Pythagoras to some extent.

Whether to the extent pictured by Ovid in his exquisite tribute to the Sage, that is, to the extent of teaching that our souls and those of our kin or friends at times inhabit the bodies of various animals, is questionable. The subtle Samian, in his desire to induce considerate treatment of animals, may have intimated to his followers that such a doctrine was held by peoples in the Orient among whom Pythagoras had traveled in early life, and may have urged that it was a doctrine worth considering, since it would tend to make men slow to hurt their friends in animal guise. That Pythagoras ever asserted it as a positive fact on which to base an argument in favor of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals would seem to me doubtful; though, if one reads the charming passage in Ovid of which a partial translation can be found in Bultinch's Age of Fable, one is tempted to believe that Pythagoras did teach this just as the poet ascribes it to him; for it seems good enough to be true.

But while this ascribed "Pythagorean" doctrine is of dubious authenticity, it does appear clear that Pythagoras leaned to a doctrine still more curious, and may have taught it to the elect among his disciples; namely, the doctrine which denies the positive existence of matter—a thesis which the famous Bishop Berkeley maintained with rare ability in his day and which Mrs. Eddy in our day has exploited with such amazing practical success.

Here please take note that I am not a believer in Mrs. Eddy, but am simply stating a fact, known to all who have carefully studied this new development of an idea which antedates the Christian era, that this cult of Christian Science is an amazing practical success; and it is perhaps only fair to add that I know a number of cases where embracing it has greatly advantaged the individual in health and equanimity as well as in pocket.

In fact, that Pythagoras regarded matter as merely a temporary phenomenon is by no means unlikely. Plato, who must have been familiar with his teachings, discusses the doctrine of phenomena or phenomena in such a way as to show it was old in his day—a part of the body of Greek philosophical thought—and it is not attributed exclusively to any other Greek philosopher.

Turning from religion or philosophy, which are twins at heart, to the realm of economics, it is fairly well established that the Samian Sage urged the adoption of a social system corresponding to that which is now urged by earnest thinkers in various forms, all comprehensible under the general term, Socialism. The great Greek invited his followers to put all family rights into a common pool; endeavored to establish a share and share alike sodality. But in so doing, the comparative culture of the Orient seems to me not originating, but merely adopting, with certain original modifications possibly, a system so long a part of the inherited constitution of certain highly civilized communities along the Mediterranean.

The Socialism of Pythagoras, however, in some respects would jar the sensibilities of my distinguished friend, Professor Daniel DeLeon, for it was an aristocratic socialism; that is to say, a socialism in which the best were called from the general community to cooperate by themselves—a socialism of select groups.

And here we are compelled to take note that Pythagoras comes to the fore as the father of Physiogony, for the first test a candidate for admission into his immediate circle had to stand was a rigid examination or profound study of the candidate's countenance, and it is perhaps only fair to add that this just as the poet ascribes it to his elect, and probably curve by curve as to their figures, too, since the Greek generally set quite as much value on harmonious development of the body as on symmetry of the features. Beauty culture was inculcated and practiced to an extent unknown to modern times: whatever was un-beautiful was un-Greek.

The next investigation was into the inherited constitution of the candidate. Here we see a clear anticipation by Pythagoras of certain ideas on the subject of spri-"alia, which are slowly effecting entrance into the somewhat thick general skull of modernity. Only the other day a preacher of some note declared that he would never again wittingly perform a marriage ceremony between contracting parties one of whom was tainted with consumption.

If a candidate passed these tests fairly well a probation of two years—in some cases five—followed, and during this period the discipline of silence was obligatory.

To listen, not dispute, not even to ask questions, was the law.

(Continued on page 107)
A TALE OF THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

During the fall of the year 1827, while residing near Charlottesville, Virginia, I casually made the acquaintance of Mr. Augustus Bedloe. He was a strange man, remarkable in every respect and excited in me a profound interest and curiosity. I found it impossible to shun the gaze of his countenance, whether he was addressed to me or not, and I was conscious that in him I harbored the demon that had haunted me, and which I was determined to silence. His manner was peculiarly cold, and I could not help regarding him with a certain amount of horror. I was not prepared to assert, however, that it was a thing unknown. I could not have been more surprised at the sight of the operator, even when the invalid was unconscious of his presence. It is only now, in the year 1845, when my mind is in a more reasonable condition, that I dare venture to record this apparent impossibility as a matter of serious fact.

The temperament of Bedloe was in the highest degree sensitive, excitable, enthusiastic. His imagination was singularly vigorous and creative; and no doubt it derived additional force from the habitual use of morphine, which he swallowed in great quantity and without which he would have found it impossible to exist. It was his practice to take a very large dose of it immediately after breakfast; and the treatment of which I write, had very rarely been known in America. I mean the mode of alleviating the acute pains of his patient; and he had succeeded in alleviating the operator, even when the invalid was unconscious of his presence. It is only now, in the year 1845, when my mind is in a more reasonable condition, that I dare venture to record this apparent impossibility as a matter of serious fact.

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dissipate the equivocal sensations which had hitherto annoyed me. I arose, as I thought, a new man, and there stood before me, complacently on my unknown way.

"At length, quite overcome by exertion, and by a certain oppressive character of the atmosphere, I seated myself beneath a tree. Presently there came a feeble gleam of sunshine, and the shadow of the leaves on the grass fell faintly, but definitely, upon the grass. At this shadow, I gazed wonderingly for many minutes, and then looked up, suspected me with astonishment. I looked upward. The tree was a palm. "I now arose hurriedly, and in a state of fearful agitation—for the fancy that I dreamed would serve me no longer. I saw—I felt—I had perfect command of my senses—and these senses brought to my soul a world of novel and singular sensation. The heat became all at once intolerable. A strange odor assailed the breeze; low, continuous murmur, like that arising from a full, but gently flowing river, came to my ears, mingled with the peculiar hum of multitudinous human voices.

"While I listened in an extremity of astonishment which I need not attempt to describe, a strong and brief gust of wind bore off the incumbent fog, as if by the wand of an enchanter. "I found myself at the foot of a high mountain, and looking down into a vast plain, through which wound the river. On the margin of this river stood an Eastern-looking city, such as we read of in The Arabian Tales, but of a character even more singular than any there described. From my position, which was far above the level of the town, I could perceive its every nook and corner, as if delineated on a map. The streets seemed innumerable, and crossed each other irregularly in all directions, but were rather long winding alleys than streets, and absolutely swarmed with inhabitants.

"The houses were wildly picturesque. On every hand was a wilderness of balconies, of verandahs, of minarets, of shrines and fantastically carved oriel windows, battlements, lattices, with stately domes close veiled, elephants gorgeous caparisoned, idols grotesquely hewn, drums, banners and palanquins, litters with stately bearers and attendants, the mightiest jewels and gems. Besides these things, we seemed to feel, and to see, and a thousand other things and persons mingled together, as if that I really was. Now, when one dreams, and, in the dream, suspects that he dreams, the suspicion never fails to grow, and the sleeper is almost immediately aroused. Thus Novalis says in saying that "we are near waking, when we get conscious of what we dream." Had the vision occurred to me as I described it, without my suspecting it as a dream, then a dream it might absolutely have been, but, occurring as it did, and suspected and tested as it was, I am forced to claim it among other phenomena."

"In this I am not sure that you are wrong," observed Dr. Templeton. "But proceed. You arose and descended into the city."

"I arose," continued Bedloe, regarding the doctor with an air of profound astonishment, "I arose, as you say, and descended into the city. On my way I fell in with an immense populace crowding through every avenue, all in the same direction and exhibiting in every action the wildest excitement. Very suddenly, and by some inconceivable impulse, I became intensely imbued with per-

![Image](https://via.placeholder.com/150)

"I found myself at the foot of a high mountain, looking down into a vast plain."

...to the banks of the magnificent river.

"You will say, now of course, that I dreamed; but not so. What I saw—what I heard—what I felt—what I thought—had about it nothing of the unmistakable ido-

"Against the crowd which en-

...numbers, and driven to seek refuge in a species of kiosk.

"Here we barricaded ourselves, and—we looked after nature."

...from a loop-hole near the summit of the kiosk I perceived a vast crowd, in furious agitation, sur-

...of the suburbs of a gay palace that overlooks the river. Presently, from an upper window of this palace, there descended a man in gorgeous caparison, by means of a string made of the turbans of his attendants. A boat was at hand in which he escaped to the opposite bank of the river.

"And now a new object took possession of my soul. I spoke a few hurried, but energetic words to my companions, and having succeeded in gaining over a few of them to my purpose, made a frantic sally from the kiosk. We rushed amidst the crowd, and overwhelmed the rabble with flights of arrows.

"These latter were very remarkable and resembled in some respects the whistling arrows of the Malay. They were made to imitate the body of a creeping serpent, and were long and black with a barbed and scoured tail. One of them struck me upon the right temple. I reeled and fell. An instantaneous and dreadful sickness seized me. I struggled—I gasped—I died."

"You will hardly persist now," said I, smiling, "that the whole of my dream was not a dream. You are not prepared to maintain that you are dead?"

"In this I am not sure that you dream. You are not prepared to maintain that you are dead?"

...he at length said hoarsely to Bedloe."

...but, to my astonishment, he hesitated, trembled, became fearfully pallid, and remained silent. I looked toward Templeton. He sat erect and rigid in his chair; his teeth chattered, and his eyes were starting from their sockets." Proceeded he at length said hoarsely to Bedloe."

...the ground. But I had no bodily, no visible, audible, or palpable, presence. The crowd had dissipated. The city was in comparative re-

"Beneath me lay my corpse."

(Concluded on page 105)
Studies of Reality for the Education of Mothers and All-Round Development of Children.

By MARY MADELINE WOOD

"MISTER FANTSDIVIN"

"Janice, I want you to sit down and keep quiet for five minutes. I cannot have you bothering me all the time."

Mrs. Dutton spoke impatiently, for she was busy preparing for Thanksgiving, in which Janice was also interested, in a way, for it was the first Thanksgiving the little girl remembered, and she entertained very hazy ideas regarding it beyond the fact that mamma was cooking many delicious kinds of food, and the little palate was continually longing for "tastes." The child passed a moment to think. "Janice!" Mamma called her Janice only when she was very much in earnest, for "Jansey" sounded so much prettier and "more coddly." Yet everything smelled and tasted temptingly good. So a little hand was outstretched, and in her most coaxing tones the child pleaded:

Dust one tiny, teenty, teetsey little crumb, mamma, please?

But mamma did not stop to think; instead, her floury hand came down upon the outstretched pink-tinted hand of her little daughter with a sharp, stinging slap.

"Go and sit down," she commanded.

For a moment Jansey caught her breath, so unexpected and sudden was the blow. How it stung! Mamma's hand was so large and strong compared with the hand of her little daughter. Then the tears came. Jansey closed her eyes so tightly that the lids wrinkled and wrinkled in an odd way; yet despite this the tears would find their way out and roll down the little girl's cheeks.

She stole quietly to the farther corner of the big kitchen so as to be just as distant from mamma as possible, and sank down in a low chair. Presently Norah came in, and Mamma dropped a lapful of sugar and a bowl of 알 into her lap. But Jansey could not eat one. It seemed to choke her when she tried to swallow. She couldn't even smile back at Norah's smile, although her heart was a little comforted by the girl's unspoken sympathy. Then grand­ma, dear grandma, came. She seemed to know when the child was unhappy. It was a sudden little face that she saw, and she asked, laying one wrinkled hand upon Jansey's bowed head:

"What is the matter with grandma's little girlie?"

The child lifted a rebellious face: "I hate him!" she ejaculated, "I hate him!"

Why, Jansey, this is very sad," grandma said slowly.

"Whom do you hate?" Jansey was lifted from the chair and placed in grandma's lap, an angry little girl clasped close in loving arms.

"Old Fantsdivin'. I fort he was doin' to be nice, or mamma and Norah wouldn't be making so many doddles for him. But I hate him, I hate him! And—"

see Janey glanced timidly at her mother, then, placing her lips close to the dear grandma's car, whispered,

"I hate that mamma, too."

"Is that child sulking yet?" mamma asked.

But grandma led the little girl out into the sunshine, and told her the story of the first Thanksgiving held in this country, and sought to banish the thoughts of hatred which filled the child's heart by gentle, loving words.

"I don't know as I ought to have slapped Jansey today," the mother said late that evening, as the child lay sleeping in her little white bed.

"I know you ought not," grandma replied, "for your act and words were evil seeds, that sown in the child's heart sprang up and fruited immediately. The poor little baby had no idea what Thanksgiving was. You know that a year ago you were so ill that the dear old festival could only be thought of with fear and trembling, so Jansey remembers no Thanksgiving. The child had an idea that some one by the name of Thanksgiving was coming to visit us, and you were making all the preparations in his honor. I say 'his,' because she thought it was probably a man, 'sumpin' like my grandpa, only bigger,' and that perhaps he would take her on his knee and tell her stories. She was loving this 'Mister Fantsdivin' in advance, and I doubt not was weaving childish air-castles about him. But your reproach and punishment turned all the sunshine to clouds, and little Jansey, who should have been sweet of soul and tender of heart, 'hated that old Fantsdivin' and 'hated that mamma, too,' so she told me."

"But the child must be obedient!"

"Yes, but it should be obedience to the law of right. If you had explained to her how tired you were, and how busy, then turned her activity into some helpful channel, the little pink palm need not have smarted, nor the child's joy been transformed to anger."

"But the child must be obedient in the wisdom of serpents,' it certainly is the bringing up of a little child," said Mamma. Dutton.

"But mamma!"

"It requires only unlimited love and unswayed patience. Don't you suppose I know?"

The grandmother smiled just a little; the mother flushed slightly in silent reply.

Who Can Fathom the Heart of a Child?

Henry, a dear little boy of four, called with his mother upon a friend at whose home he met a little girl of two and a half. The tiny damsel at once lost her heart to commands; and with these marks of adoration, which, in the boy's eyes, and so insisted that he give the little lassie one of the large blossoms. This he stoutly, although not ungraciously, refused to do. Then, as might seem sometimes to make right in this very strange world, young Frances robbed Henry of one large blossom, and deliberately pulled off every petal. The child's lips trembled, his chin quivered, but he uttered no word until, the devastation complete, she handed the despoiled flower back to him. He took it from her outstretched hand, and with a griefed expression, and then with
In a recent issue of Collier's Weekly there appears an unwar­rented, slightly prejudiced, and illogical arrangement of the mov­ing picture show.

The author of the attack, A Minnie Herts, has not prepared her article without due consideration of some facts, but all the facts are not given, and some are either distorted or built upon a basis of calculation which does not meet the average percentage.

She states that, in Greater New York there were, at the time of her investigation, 485 moving-picture shows, catering to audiences of 291,000 daily. So far the figures are approximately correct.

The error is made, however, in stating that these audiences consist of children and young people. Anticipating my defensive reply, I will say that it would be far better were this the actual truth, but investigation reveals that only about 45% of the audiences are between 40 and 60. So much the remaining 25% are persons between 40 and 60. So much for the statistical figures.

Before attempting to present the true psychology of the moving-picture show, let me relieve the reader's mind of any feeling that I may be biased or perhaps interested financially, in the business end of this latest form of amusement. I am well acquainted with the American Mutoscope Company, who operated the machines. At that time I became interested in them from an educational standpoint and soon began to appreciate the value of the moving picture as something more than a form of amusement.

Since then I have made a very careful study of the possibilities involved and it was quite by acci­dent that two years ago I noted, and at once began to study, the psychological effect these moving­picture shows produced upon children. Outside of such scien­tific study I have no other interest in the moving-picture show business.

But the interest I have is quite sufficient to stir me to a defense of it and really the theme is worthy of more serious and able attention than I can give to it; is, indeed, of grave enough im­port to warrant the closest meth­odical study. Therefore it was with more than usual interest that I read the attack of A. Min­nie Herts in Collier's Weekly.

That anyone, who openly pro­fesses to have made a study of the effects of the moving­picture modern times, should find naught but condemnation for them, is remarkable, to say the least.

The article says: "Children really long for and desire above all things to see and realize in outward form the pictures of their fancy. The moving-picture show degrades this desire to the injury of the child." Can any statement be more illogical and untrue? Truly, the child does desire and long for a semblance of reality in its fairy dreams and what is more detrimental to the development of a child's imagi­nation than the lack of occasional realization of imaginative char­acters and scenes? Did not you and I cease to dream of fairies as soon as we found that they could never be seen? And did not we cease to imagine Jack's giant when we never could find a realization of one among all the bean-stalks in our garden or those of our neighbors? How could children learn the value of this invention?

Number three is a picture from an amusing film which depicts two young­sters boxing. Is there anything harmful or de­grading in this? Boys will be boys, and will fight. So long as they learn to fight fair, who shall forbid exuberant nature?

Number four is one picture from one of the most marvelous and curiously interesting films ever made. When seen upon the screen, the old Star Theatre at Broad­way and 13th street, New York, is quickly torn to the ground by hundreds of workmen with cars and horses who seem to work by magic; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, the building begins to grow again. Within twenty two minutes the building has been torn down and rebuilt; a thing which, in reality, took many weeks. Such pic­tures as these tend to prove the value of the moving picture for making records of historical events.

Number five is another picture of the story of the Princess in the Vase, showing the burial scene of that wonderful fairy story.

By the kindness of the American Mutoscope Company, I am enabled to publish on this page a number of pictures select­ed from millions of films sold by them for moving picture shows.

Illustration number one, to the right, is a scene of an old cabin in Lincoln's time. The moving pic­tures were taken at an exposition and give a better impression of the old negro life than could be obtained from books.

Number two is one film among the many of its kind that tells a story in which the latest scien­tific achievement is ex­hibited in practical opera­tion, for this picture shows the Morse system of wireless telegra­phy in use on board an ocean liner. How better could children learn the value of this invention?

The article says: "Children could learn the valuable mental asset of imagina­tion from a child if we at once attempt to check all semblance to a realism of these imaginative things? In another part this article says: "Dramatic instinct is the very root of the impulses which feed the imaginative life. To or­ganize this instinct in its rela­tions to education is to train the child to full human develop­ment." Granting this true, which every psychologist will concede, wherein, then, do the moving­pictures fail to provide food for this "dramatic instinct?" As a mat­ter of fact, do not the moving­pictures abound with more real, human drama than the studies
THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH OF THE FUTURE

SERMON BY A LAY BROTHER

Suredly Goodness and Mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

This has well been called the top song, the master-chant, of the great singer of Israel, and few minds can be found so dull as not to appreciate the splendor of the simplicity of its high poetry. The exaggeration of pictures presented is, verity, exquisite. The Lord in the gentle guise of a Shepherd; the lying down in green pastures; the Kendrick along beside tranquil waters; the contrast of this peacefulness and beauty with the valley of the Shadow of Death; the depiction of the subtle mental concept of death as a shadowy valley to the simple symbolism involved in those concrete things, the rod and the staff; the rise from this to the banquet spread, to be calmly enjoyed in the presence of enemies; the animating-up that Goodness and Mercy shall follow; that is, attendants or servants, and that the spirit shall dwell as a guest in the House of the Lord forever; such an harmonious thronging of images has rarely been surpassed, if, indeed, ever equaled in so succinct a compass in any poetry of any language known of us.

But, escaping from the spell of a purely intellectual revel in this beautiful piece of literature, a jewel of joyous art, let us possess ourselves of the spiritual picture as that is contained in this verbal and musical imagery. What does it convey? What does it radiate? Absolute Confidence and Absolute Serenity!

The very first line sounds the keynote of confidence. The resultant of serenity comes to us in the next verse: Thou preservest; table before me in the presence of mine enemies.” Quiet Confidence, Imperceptible Serenity, both absolutes in themselves; their vibrations of feeling and relation to each other as purely spiritual qualities capable of attainment here, right here on earth.

Now, it must not be rashly asserted that a serenity cannot be achieved without a perfect confidence or surrender of ourselves to the Power that leads us in the paths of righteousness for His name’s sake. Doubtless it can be, and has been, by many of stone mould, but it is hard serenity, my serenity that inspires others who may come within the chamber and charming circle of its rays. This serenity of serenity is more well expressed in some verses by the late Ernest Henley which have been widely quoted and as desert edifying, admired for their perfection of literary form.

Out of the night that covers me, Black as the pit from pole to pole, Yet I reach thee, and tall deeds whatever gods may be For my indomitable soul.

In the fell clutch of Circumstance I have not winced or cried aloud; Under the black clouds of Chaos My head is bowed, but my heart leads Theo’ this Day’s Life or Death.

This Day, be Bread and Peace my Lot! And yet the menace of the years ahead is here at least it is well that we will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

For still, however strait the gait, How charged with punishments the credo. I am the Master of my Fate — I am the Captain of my Soul.

But this, though fine as a literary feat, is purely pagan; purely in the pursuit of individual feeling and philosophy. Comparing then, do we not instantly instinctively feel that the other is much better than the one? Does it have the verity and value? There is naught of abject or cramping submission about it. On the contrary it is the param of an intellectual and a philosophic joy: a triumphant co-operation with Divine Will, a mergence of self in the Universal Consciousness. Truly, it seems to me that if all else in the Book of Books were destroyed, save the Lord’s Prayer and the Psalm of David, the universe would possess the essence of a religion and a philosophy of life combined; still would have a sufficient working hypothesis to meet all universal problems and to feed our nature’s deepest need.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

By Alexander Pope.

Father of All—In every Age
Thy work was the Watchword-—by Saint, by Savage and by Sage—Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Thou Great First Cause, least under
Who all my Sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art Good.

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from ill,
And binding Nature fast in Fate.

Yet not to Earth’s contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound;
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thou and Worlds are bound.

Let not this weak, unknown Hand
Press me Thy Bolts to throw
And deal Damnation round the Land
On each I judge Thy foes.

If I am right, the Grace impart
Still in the Right to stay;
If I am wrong, still may my Heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride
Or impious Discontent
And guard me from the Temptation
Or aught Thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel Another’s Woe;
To hide the Fault I see;
That Mercy may come, Thy Mercy to me show,
Mean though I am, not wholly so.

Since quickened by Thy Breath; Oft heard my name reproved
Thro’ this Day’s Life or Death.

All else the Sun
Thou knowest if best bestowed or not,
And let Thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar Earth, Sea, Skies,
One Chorus let all Being raise! All Nature’s Incense rise!
Would you know the truth of life, then seek it first in thought; and you will find it manifested all around you. Thought you cannot think the false; and the more the former prevails, the less room there will be for the latter. The truth will be typified in your conditions and surroundings. Whatever your condition may be, you are to the degree you will be, to which you gave birth in thought.

Now, Stop! Look! Listen! What is in your mind? Is it a thought of fear of the uncertainty of the future, a fear of illness, sorrow, suffering, loss of any kind or failure? If so, weed your mental garden at once. Tear out by the roots every element foreign to good! Stamp it out and leave a clear road for a train of thoughts full of joy, of happiness, of success, of health—which will speedily bear you to the peace that surpasses all understanding, and of station and affluence, and plenty, to the Land where want of any kind is never known. And that Land is Here and Now; not a realm far away beyond the distant horizon, seemingly never to be reached, but the Promised Land of Today.

To-day: do you know what that means? Well, then, just unfasten the bonds of dependancy that bind you, think for yourself, and be strong. Plenty, until your feet dance to the music in your heart and your hands, head and body become willing servants to obey your every command for a forward march of progress to a perfect prosperity.

This is your rightful heritage as a child of God, a child of a King, a Father who gave you royal rights to His Kingdom and blessed you abundantly with all that is good. If we but let His law prevail and move us in thoughts and deeds, it will lead us on to the Heights of Holiness and the Hills of Righteousness, to the bulwarks of our defense, when we again descend into the valley to sow the seeds we gathered on the heights; and surely the harvest shall be fruitful.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS

(Concluded from page 701)

with the arrow in my temple, the whole head greatly swollen and disfigured. But all these things I felt—not saw. I took interest in nothing. Even the corpse seemed a matter in which I had no interest. Conception I had none, but appeared to be impelled into motion, and flitted buoyantly out of the room by some unknown path by which I had entered it. When I had attained that point of the ravine in the mountains at which I had encountered the hyena, I again experienced a shock as of a galvanic battery; the sense of weight, of collision, of substance, returned. I became my original self, and bent my steps eagerly homeward. But the latter part of the night I did not lose. I vividly saw the real—and not now, even for an instant, can I compel my understanding to regard it as a dream."

"Nor was it," said Templeton, with an air of deep solemnity. "Yet it would be difficult to say how otherwise it should be termed; it was so unusual even that the soul of the man of today is upon the verge of some stupendous eventual discovery with which we content ourselves with this supposition. For the rest, I have some explanation to make. Here is a water-color drawing, which I should have shown you before, but which an unaccountable sentiment of horror has hitherto prevented me from showing you."

We looked at the picture which he presented. I saw nothing in it of an extraordinary character; but its effect upon Bedloe was prodigious. He nearly fainting. I do not wish to be paid. And yet it was but a miniature portrait—a marvellously exact one, to capture the man's own very remarkable features. At least, this was my thought, as I regarded it.

"You will perceive," said Templeton, the date of this picture; it is here, scarcely visible, in this corner—1780. In this year was the portrait taken. It is the like-ness of a dead friend—a Mr. Oldeb—to whom I became much attached at Calcutta during the administration of Warren Hastings. He was then only twenty years old. When I first saw you, Mr. Bedloe, at Saratoga, it was the miraculous similarity which existed between yourself and the painting that induced me to ac-cost you, to seek your friendship, and in bringing about those arrangements which resulted in my becoming your constant companion. In accomplishing this point I was entirely, and with much pain, by a regretful memory of the deceased, but also, in part, by an uneasy, and not altogether horrible, curiosity respecting yourself.

"In your detail of the vision, which presented itself to you amid the hills, you have described, with the minutest accuracy, the Indian city of Benares, upon the Holy River. The hills, the combat, the massacre, were real; everything was the proof of the insurrection of Cheyte Sing, which took place in 1780, when Hastings was put in imminent peril of his life. The man escaping by the string of tarbans was Cheyte Sing himself. The party was composed of a number of British officers, headed by Hastings.... Of this party I was one, and did all I could to prevent the horrid and fatal assault, and to save the man who fell, in the crowded alleles, by the poisoned arrow of a Beng-alice. That officer was my dear-friend, it was Oldeb. You will perceive by these manu-scrips" (here the speaker proc-essed the pages appeared to have been freshly written) "that, at the very period in which you fancied these things, I was engaged in delineating them upon paper here at home."

In about a week after this conversation the following paragraphs appeared in a Charlotte- ville paper:

"We have the painful duty of an-nouncing the death of Dr. James Bedlo, a gentleman whose amiable manners and virtues have long en-dared him to the citizens of Charlottes-ville."

"Mr. B., for some years past, has been subject to neuralgia, which has often threatened to terminate fatally; but this can be regarded only as the medium cause of his decease. The proximate cause was one of special singularity. In an excursion to the Ragged Mountains, a few days since, at slight cold and fever were con-tracted, attended with great determin-ation, and I have not wished to de-fiend to you. To relieve this, Dr. Templeton resorted to typical bleeding. Leeches were ap-plied to the temples. The operation briefly period the patient died, when it appeared—and it was witnessed by the leeches, had been introduced, by accident, one of those poisonous poisons which are now and then found in the neighboring ponds. This creature fastened itself to a small artery in the right temple. Its close resemblance to the medicinal leech caused the mistake to be overlooked until too late.

"Yet it would be difficult to say what is it but Oldeb conversed? And this man tells me it is a typographical error!"

I was speaking with the editor of the paper upon the topic of this remarkable accident, when it oc-curred to me to ask how it hap-pened that the name of the de-cased had been given as Bedlo. I remonstrated with him for this spelling, but I have always supposed the name to be written with an 'e' at the end."

"Authority? No!" he replied. "It is a mere typographical error. Authority? No! it is a mere typographical error. Authority? No! It is a mere typographical error. Authority? No! I am speaking with him for this spelling, but I have always supposed the name to be written with an 'e' at the end."

"Authority? No!" he replied. "It is a mere typographical error. Authority? No! It is a mere typographical error. Authority? No! I am speaking with him for this spelling, but I have always supposed the name to be written with an 'e' at the end."

"Then," said I, mutteringly, as I turned upon my heel, "then, indeed, has it come to pass that one truth is stranger than any fiction—for Bedlo without the 'e', what is it but Oldeb conversed? And this man tells me it is a typographical error!"

In a near issue will appear another story by POE: "Some Words with a Mummy," chosen because of its pleasant relat-ivity with the next article on the Mysteries of the Great Pyramid by Professor Wilkins, and this amusing Poe-story will be illustrated by W. J. Lockwood of Montclair, New Jersey.
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EDITORIAL

JUST A PLAIN TALK.

To you, my subscribers, my con­stituency of the heart and the mind, curiously scattered over the world, yet united by the bond of a true interest in this magazine, I am going to speak intimately this time, instead of writing the customary kind of editorial: little essays on themes an editor finds interesting to himself and believes or guesses will be equally interesting to others.

How do I know you are united by such a bond, invisible, intangible, yet stronger than steel? The answer is easy. Since this publication came into my hands with its issue for September, greatly delayed and since additional, apparently unreasonable delays were piled on the first one by circumstance quite beyond my control—though not beyond my patience or capable of shaking my faith—I have had from "earth's four corners" a pretty steady flow of letters by subscribers who have been wondering and grieving at not receiving their copies.

A study of these communications, had I not been already convinced by experience and by faith in myself, or rather let me say, faith in my aims, would have now been sufficient to assure me that I made no mistake, when I felt that the matter was too the plenary council meeting in my project, comparatively small though it be, the nucleus of a stable and a noble organization.

Subscribers have a right to feel aggrieved, not receiving regularly that for which they have paid in advance; but the vast majority of those who have written in to express the matter was that have shown themselves more grieved as aggrieved. The temper of the letters, mostly friendly, vigorous, has been notable. Only three have been trenchant, one of these an early complainant, to whom adequate explanation had been made. Some have characteristically opened that Uncle Sam was to blame, but the fact is that the Post-office is one of the most admirably conducted departments of our Government and the percentage of errors due to its employees is very, very small. Even when things are running regularly in a small business, with the highest facilities blunders will occur or wrappers may break. I shall endeavor, hereafter, to keep on hand a sufficient stock of back numbers to supply any subscribers who may fail to receive copies, but I am not able to promise any of the back numbers except the first, although I wish to complete a file, I will advertise free that desire so it can be purchased from another who, possessing extras, may be willing to sell it.

Now as to the future of this magazine. My editorial conceptions and aims are somewhat different from those of my predecessor, but I trust that its readers will find them agreeable—more—will find them satisfactory. I have taken all my life a profound interest, a deep delight, in the strange, the weird, the mystical, the occult. Most of my many writings in prose and verse bear witness to this. I believe in Hamlet, "there are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophies."

But while enamored of what let us call for lack of a better phrase the ethereal, I am also an ardent advocate of the claims of the practical. I have more at heart the bettering of this beautiful, visible, tangible world than that proving that ghosts hold communion with those imured in flesh. I believe in, and hope for, a life hereafter, but this life seems to me the business in hand.

So, while I am quite ready to print occasionally articles or stories dealing with adventures in ghostland, I could not conscientiously conduct a magazine which would make that its purpose. The idea of venturing to fopper a misused curiosity in matters "beyond the veil." Still, at the same time, I think it is well to ac­knowledge, that I think we have all, with our minds to be familiar with, any and all the curious beliefs or waking dreams of man.

And, to return to the number I have just printed, I should perhaps say something about the magazine, the eleven numbers devoted to "New Thought" and the philosophical Anarchist, who have come under her keen and sympathetic eyes and will write to them as their personal friend. She is a woman of high character and her writing has a grace of style graced on the abiding charm of sincerity.

Mr. Lewis, whose article "The Psychology of the Moving Picture" admirably answers an attack in Collier's Weekly on that "amusement of the children of the poor," is a young associate of mine in which I see the promise of many good things. Some of the art work of this number is by no means the excellent cover design, recommend his future contributions. I am the careful perusal of my immediate readers and the general copies.

Mrs. Ottalie W. Wigley, a Christian and a woman who makes her life's work to write, here is, a practical business woman, a hard worker for whom I entertain a great respect.

I am not a follower of Mrs. Eddy, but, as a writer I realize that many thoughtful persons wish to know more about Christian Science and I shall from time to time give liberal space to the articles as well as comments, or to the professors of "New Thought" or kindred cults.

I am not estopped by my own beliefs or mental preferences from prescending those of others. Drink I took upon as a colossal curse, a thing that tends to sap our civilization as a whole. In addition to the dangerous sighted on individual lives here and there. But if anybody can frame a reasonable defense of it or a writer attempt to defend it, I will print it side by side with its answer.

In the field of economics pure and simple the Individualist, the Socialist or the philosophical Anarchist are welcome to their say in this magazine, so the say be respectfully written.

I believe in Women's Rights; that they should have all the rights men have, anyway, and as many more as they can get by straightforwardness, not by cunning or chicanery. Yet I have no objection to printing an argument against the suffrage or one in favor of its curtailment, for that matter. I do not feel sure that foreigners, for example, should have a right to vote until they have sojourned here a goodly number of years and have passed special ex­aminations. I am inclined to think that the added enrichment of the negro with suffrage has brought more harm than good upon that race as a whole. I am willing to give space to good-tempered discussions of that kindred topics.

One of the original departments which upon my accession to the editorial chair I was at first dis­posed to drop was that entitled "The Future of the Negro." I was not sorry, I cause many years of travel and of study have inclined me to think that this world has too many religions and not enough science.

On reflection, however, I decided to retain it, not with set purpose of establishing a special theological cult or separate, specially labelled organi­zation, and decidedly not with any purpose of antagonizing any religion or branch of religion now appearing to the souls and consciences of mankind, but rather let me say, faith in my aims, that the sermons preached month upon month from this pulpit may appeal with equal force of intellectual in­sistence and moral insight to the intelli­gent Christian, Jew, Mohammedan or Buddhist alike, and may help to hasten the dawn of that day divine, when our sublime, but somewhat far­away concept of the Fatherhood of God shall be made closer and in­cised to us by a more vivid realization in, as well as in thought, of the Brotherhood of Man.

Finally, I invite you, my regular subscribers and my casual readers, let me have your opinions on anything that is in, or not in, this magazine. Your views will always receive respectful considera­tion. I have met in my half century very few persons from whom I could not learn something valuable, and I am just as ready to learn from my readers as I am to teach them—or to give them any message that has been given to me. I have just as much reason to believe myself, with the modesty of the true scientist, merely "picking up pebbles by the shore of the vast ocean of Truth."

HENRY J. WOOD.

ON THE BRINK?

Henry Legate, a man of much intellectual gift, said to me seven years ago: "The brain is now signalized by marvelous discoveries and inventions on the materialistic plane. During the next fifty years the pendulum will swing the other way; mankind will find itself making mighty discoveries and vast advances on the spiritual plane."

Since then I have been watching for signs. But, I confess, I have noticed no cessation of materialistic miracles. The era of the airship is at hand, and, no doubt, we shall be flying about with safety, and the auto, like the bicycle, go out of fashion. Yet it also seems to me there is a stirring of the mental atmosphere that promises to substantiate his prediction. Publications devoted to "New Thought" and to Occultism are multiplying rapidly. Telepathy is being brought forward with wireless telegraphy, though not yet sys­tematized or scientized. Perhaps we shall develop a sixth sense. Or, if it be Darwinian, what should evolution ever absolutely cease? The time necessary to develop an additional faculty might, of course, be very long; the inner sense is the longer the period of incubation requisite. A sixth sense? Ay, a seventh—and more. Why not?
in the class-room? And do not the moving-pictures, whether of a serious or humorous form, organize this dramatic instinct in its true relation to education?

Let me cite, briefly, instances where the moving-pictures do provide a better form of education than the lessons of the school. Thousands of children are taught in our public schools about the wonders of the mountains, valleys and plains of our West, and of Europe. Rude pictures are shown in the school books which purport to be scenes from life. But, in fact, the average school geography contains more space-filling sketches, untrue to life, than we find in the child’s fairy book. While on the other hand the moving-picture, regardless of the nature of the subject, whether humorous or serious, often reveals in startling reality the true beauty and wonders of the mountains, and usually the pictures accentuate the beauty and wonders of these

to picture mentally the difficult dramatic scenes that such words describe. Word-building is far more important to the child than picture-building, and if we study the child at the moving-picture show we shall see that it is constantly trying to interpret the situations to the setting of the words. Very often clever phrases are invented by the youngsters to explain an action on the part of the moving figure and this desire to understand and imagine what is, or may have been, spoken causes the deepest concentration, careful study, logical reasoning to a certain extent, and the constant anticipation of climaxes which develops another phase of the child’s imagination.

Many of the subjects shown are costly and elaborate elaborations of fairy stories. Thousands of children have been delighted with seeing the story of the wonderful “Cinderella,” and many others enacted before them in beautiful colors. The children follow the scenes with intense interest and try to recall the words which accompany each action and many return to

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE MOVING PICTURE.

(Concluded from page 101)

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PYTHAGORAS

(Concluded from page 10)

Pythagoras also preached the simple life; was the first of Greeks to postulate the existence of the soul, and the true wealth of a man consists not in the abundance of his material possessions. To one of the most luxurious people of his time, he said: “When the sun he denounced and ridiculed luxury. Thrift, according to him, was virtuous, not dress, which he deplored in a woman. On women he strove to impress the necessity of having charity toward and showing respect to the man whom she serves, so that the spirit of workmanship would be fostered. In the Pythagorean scheme (as Edward Abbey says in his biography of Zoroaster, read before the Royal Society of Canada not long ago), “Ethic, matter, electricity seem to merge and be the other stuff or product from which atoms grow.”

Where did Pythagoras get his ideas? This natural query modern researches have answered positively.

His large conception of the universe, his knowledge that the earth was round and was revolving around the sun, and his belief that the solar system in its turn was revolving about a central fire, all undoubtedly derived from the Egyptians whose positive knowledge of the earth’s rotundity and revolution has been amply demonstrated, as the very singular article in the September issue on the Great Pyramid stated.

The ideas of Pythagoras about immortality in general may be regarded as innate, but the specific ideas of reincarnation and metempsychosis he may have gotten, if indeed he had and taught them, from the East Indians and Persians among whom he sojourned.

There is a legend that he met Zoroaster in the train of King Cambyses, when that conqueror overran Egypt and that Zoroaster said to him: “Immortality will come with you.”

We do not know this positively, any more than we know the facts of the man Shakespeare, but we do know that Zoroaster was one of the noblest characters and spreaders of ideas in ancient days, and that in the realms of thought he left a name that shines like a star and remains a spell to conjure with.

by portraying human activities incident to the scenes. Can a child understand and appreciate, to a greater degree, the perils and the peculiarities of a rocky slope, when, instead of an inaccurate sketch, which lacks depth, focal atmosphere and detail, he watches with awe and wonder a mountain climber climbing one of these slopes with all the realism of motion?

Again, the article says: “Teachers sufficiently progressive and intelligent encourage children to dramatize their history and geography lessons.” Yet this statement is used as an argument against the moving-picture show, when substantially the moving-pictures have done more in this direction than the most progressive school board. Among the many films of pictures shown at all the popular shows there are such subjects as “Washington Crossing the Delaware,” and hundreds of others which portray and illustrate in a most dramatic and realistic degree many incidents of our American history. The var-

in the dream the dolls appear life-size and hold a carnival, until dawn.

OPENING SCENE FROM “DOLLS IN DREAMLAND.”

CLOSING SCENE FROM “DOLLS IN DREAMLAND.”

In the dreams the dolls appear life-size and hold a carnival, until dawn.
CHAPTER IV.

A book was in her lap, at her feet a little basket, half filled with viands, a handkerchief, a book, a basket from the rock-plants that nestled amidst the ruins. She did not notice me, so fixed was her attention. I stood in rapture at the beautiful sight.

I heard a step behind me and I recognized Mr. Vigors' voice. Not far to meet him I hurried to the gate and out into the city where everything seemed so dull after my few moments in the paradise of love.

Before that evening I had looked upon Mr. Vigors with supreme indifference. Now he assumed importance in my eyes. He knew the new occupants of Abbots house and I knew him, and—Here my conjectures were interrupted by the sight of an invitation on my table which read: Mrs. Poyntz, At Home, Wednesday, May 15th, Early.

At her home I could not fail to learn all about Lillian, who could never without her sanction have settled on her domain. Nor did I fail to learn all I wished to know. The name was Mrs. Gilbert Ashleigh, the widow of Gilbert Ashleigh of Kirby Hall. The beautiful young daughter was Lillian Ashleigh.

I also learned that Mr. Vigors was a distant connection with Gilbert Ashleigh, and executor to his will which made Lillian Ashleigh an heiress. I also learned that Lillian—far I must call her so—was weak in health, although suffering from no special trouble. But that very evening she was taken ill and, although Dr. Jones had recommended her to call upon her, I knew that only recently Lady Haughmonter, a sister of Mrs. Ashleigh's late husband. In this letter Lady Haughmonter suggested that Mrs. Ashleigh and Lillian should visit her at Brighton.

My happiness was soon ended, however, by a letter received by Mrs. Ashleigh from Lady Haughmonter, declaring that she had never known her daughter appear so cheerful and healthy. I had established a familiar intimacy at Abbots House and most of my evenings were spent there.

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Miss Ashleigh does not now need merely medical care; but more than half her cure has been performed by her spirits free from depression.

My reason for speaking thus was that I did not care to see Lillian at all. I was selfish, perhaps, but I knew that only recently Lady Haughmonter had lost her son through an accident and the Abbots House might not be so cheerful. Then again I was not satisfied with my observations of Lillian. While I had made a cure, I had not discovered the cause of her
illness and I was quite sure that there was a mystery back of her depressions.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Poyntz I decided to lay bare my heart's secret to Lillian at once, although I had known her but a month. I found her by the Old Monk's Well.

How could I utter it? By what words did my heart make itself known? I remember not. But Lillian was startled and expressed fear. Then she begged me to try in private. She explained the cause of her fear.

"As far back as I can remember," she began, "there have been moments when there seems to fall a soft, hazy veil between my sight and the things around it, thickening and deepening till it has the likeness of one of those fleecy clouds. Strange appearances present themselves to me, as in a vision; sometimes I saw the face of my lost father; sometimes I heard his voice—whispering—'Ye will need one another.' And now—now—will you love me less that you know a secret in my being which I have told to no other; cannot construe to myself?"

"Fush," I said, drawing her to my breast, 'of all you tell me we will talk hereafter. If out of all such illusions start one truth, it is enough for us. Each has need of the other—you of me, I of you!' My Lillian! my Lillian!"

Then we repaired to Mrs. Ashleigh, who after hearing our story merely said, "As she chooses, I choose; whom she loves, I love."

From that evening till the day Mrs. Ashleigh and Lillian went on that dreaded visit, I was always at their house. It was agreed that our engagement should be, for the present, confidential only to Mrs. Poyntz. When Mrs. Ashleigh and Lillian returned, which would be in a few weeks, it should be proclaimed. So we parted—as lovers part. I felt no jealous fears, but from earth was gone a glory; from life a blessing.

CHAPTER VI.

During the busy years of my professional career, I had snatched leisure for some professional treatises, which had made more or less reputation to me. Among them entituled "The Vital Principle; Its Waste and Supply," had gained a wide circulation among the general public. I had been the last two years engaged in a work of much wider range, a work upon which I fondly hoped to found an enduring reputation. It was an inquiry into organic life. The work had been laid away for the last agitated month; now that Lillian was gone, I resumed it earnestly.

The very night of the day she left, I reopened my manuscript. I clamped and soldered dogma to dogma in the links of my tinctured logic, till out from my page, to my own complacent eye, grew Intellectual Man, as the pure formation of his material senses, mind, or what is called soul, born from and nurtured by them alone; through them to act, and to perish with the machine they moved. Strange, that at the very time my love for Lillian might have taught me that there are mysteries in the core of the feelings which my analysis of ideas could not solve, I should so stubbornly have opposed as surreal all that could be referred to the spiritual. Strange, that at the very time when the thought that I might lose from this life the being I had known scarce a month had just before so appalled me, I should thus complacently sit down to prove that, according to the laws of the nature which my passion obeyed, I must lose for eternity the blessing I now hoped I had won to my life! Ah! how distinctly dissimilar is man in his conduct from man in his systems!

But I had proved to my own satisfaction that lover, poet and sage are dust, and no more, when the pulse ceases to beat. And on that consolatory conclusion my pen stopped.

Suddenly—beside me, I distinctly heard a sigh—"a compassionate, mournful sigh. The sound was unmistakable. I started from my seat, looked around, amazed to discover no one—not with no tendency to fits, I inferred whether there might not have been some strong emotion which would have caused the fit. I learned then that he thought he had seen a ghost.

The man, well advanced in years, had left his bed that morning earlier than usual to give directions about some cattle that were to be sent for sale at a neighboring fair. An hour afterward he was found almost lifeless by a shepherd, near the mausoleum and the onlooker inspection, he saw that it had taken form and appeared to be his master, Sir Philip Derval, who was at that time supposed to be in the East. The face of the apparition seemed that of a corpse. Finally the apparition faded and seemed to vanish into the sepulchrous itself. I stayed some time at the patient's side, and did not leave until he had removed to an armchair, taken food and seemed perfectly recovered.

That evening I called on Mrs. Poyntz, it being one of her ordinary reception nights, and discussed Sir Philip Derval. A stranger to me, who had taken a lively interest in the discussion and told of his acquaintance with Derval in the East.

He was then still, I believe, very fond of chemical science; a clever, odd, philanthropical man; and studied medicine, or at least practiced it; was rumored to have made many secret discoveries. The man was a pupil of Haroun of Aleppo, who was a magician, held in great reverence by the natives. Haroun had the reputation of extraordinary wisdom and the lively imagination of the Orientals invested his character with the fascination of a sage. Foreigners declared that he had discovered rare secrets in medicine—his countrymen said 'charms.' Sir Philip claimed to owe his knowledge of medicine to this great sage, and upon this rare, mystic knowledge Sir Philip cherished an ambition to win a philosophical celebrity for himself."

Late in the afternoon of the day following I was introduced to a young man whose life was to become extremely linked to mine. Never have I seen human face so radiant as that young man's. There was in his aspect an indescribable something that literally dazzled. As one continued to gaze, it was with surprise; one was forced to acknowledge that in the features themselves there was no faultless regularity; nor was the young man's stature imposing. But the effect of the whole was to be degraded; he had large eyes, unspeakably lustrous; a most harmonious coloring, and an expression of contagious animation and interest. He was introduced to me by the name of Margrave.

He fascinated me and I endeavored to analyze the fascination, and it seemed to me to be an endeavor to find material causes for all things—that it sprang from the contagious vitality of that rarest of all gifts—perfect health. We separated like old friends, he promising to call upon me soon.

The house I occupied at L—was a quaint, old-fashioned building, cornered. This house had inhabited since my arrival, and it held many attractions for me, but was not in every respect a wise. Mrs. Ashleigh would have liked for Lillian. I had turned one room into a studio for scientific experiments. I generally spent some early hours of the morning before my visiting patients began to arrive. The morning sun was on the western side, and I was up, as usual, a little before the sun and was busily engaged in some electrical experiments, when I heard a loud ring at my street door.


The Grumbler

NOTE.—There are many people in this world who do nothing else but grumble—about anything and everything, from the size of the sea-waves to the shape of the earth.

What's all this breeze of talk out of the West about the Government granting a monopoly of the sale of opium, morphine and laudanum to the banks? What I want is a Government which will guarantee I shall have a deposit in a bank commensurate to my ability and my energies. But maybe if I could capitalize myself I should cease to grumble; maybe if I should gain a roll of bills I should lose my role in the drama of life. I guess I'll spend this last cheque before it has a chance to become the foundation of a colossal fortune.

Have you read in this issue A Tale of the Ragged Mountains? I don't, so do. Poe, who wrote the tale, is a good word, isn't it?—against that grumble; maybe if I should gain a roll of bills I should lose my role in the drama of life. I guess I'll spend this last cheque before it has a chance to become the foundation of a colossal fortune.

This further reminds me, I want to fulminate—fulminate's a good word, isn't it?—against that article in the September issue which reveals the secrets of the Great Pyramid. I don't know who the gentleman is that wrote the blundered thing, but he has no business to be digging up the old dead secrets of 3,000 years ago. Let them alone; the mummies mind that. But isn't the machine that everyone anyone who's alive and I don't like digging into dead things anyway. We should be gay; but don't say gayly: we shouldn't carrion like that.

And about those moving-pictures, they're all right in their place—and while I admit I have never seen any yet, it seems mighty foolish to speak of "The Psychology of the Moving-Picture." Pretty soon we'll hear of the psychology of acting, eating, dressing, walking, working, riding, etc. But what of the psychology of paying rent? Or of drinking? These two things—paying landlords to live and drinking rum to die—seem more important to me. Can anything more exasperating than to have to reduce your spirits to one (for the Zander and I have found that he has the "Zander habit," which may not be obvious, until one has been subjected to the machine for some time to devote at least a half-hour each day? Indeed. The treatments, whether specific or not, and whether convenient or not. and whether accessible by all local car lines and in the afternoons the gentlemen have exercised and patients there have to submit to a machine especially adapted for reducing the organs.

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