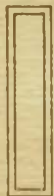


*all published*

# THE DAWN

"AT SUNRISE EVERY SOUL IS BORN AGAIN."



## OPPORTUNITY.

They do me wrong who say I come no more  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door,  
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;  
Each night I burn the records of the day;  
At sunrise every soul is born again.

—WALTER MALONE.

NOVEMBER,

1910.

THE DAWN PUBLISHING CO.

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# The Dawn

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A Monthly Reminder that the Golden Era of Our Lives  
is Yet to Come.

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# THE DAWN

Volume I.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER, 1910.

Number 1.

## EXPLANATORY

When any person deliberately starts in any new undertaking, I believe that person should have a well-defined purpose in view. From my earliest youth I have been controlled by an irrepressible desire to know the real end and purpose of human life.

Of course, this problem presents itself in some form or other to every thinking person. But the vast majority of people simply leave the problem unsolved and join some church, or accept some system of philosophy, and thus smother their higher aspirations under a pile of husks left by those who have garnered the wheat of truth for themselves. From the time of Moses, and probably before, every age has had its seers and poets who have looked through a glass darkly or dimly into a higher and better world.

The sole purpose of *The Dawn* is to remind you, at least once a month, that there is a higher and better life for each one of us; but how much better and grander this life is to be depends on our own personal efforts. Socrates seems to have been the only philosopher, prior to Shakespeare, who fully realized the true significance of death. It is true that St. Paul understood perfectly the change which we all pass through at death; but in common with all religionists and followers of special systems of philosophy, he supposed our good standing in a future life was dependent on our acceptance of his special means of salvation.



It is almost incredible that Shakespeare should be considered simply a dramatist. The same power that inspired Homer, Moses, Elijah, Confucious, David, Samuel, Daniel, St. Paul, Mahomet, Joan of Arc, and Luther inspired Shakespeare. All these people, and myriads of others, have recognized a power behind or beyond our every day lives which we have hitherto failed to fully comprehend. Shakespeare is the one man of our race who comprehended the full significance of our higher or psychic life. All other prophets, priests, seers, sages, apostles, philosophers, poets, messiahs or whatever name they have gone by, have proclaimed themselves as fountain heads of the Truth, or at least, as channels through which the truth must flow to their less favored brethren. This was the fatal error which Shakespears avoided. What Homer and the Greek philosophers and the Bible have given us in a more or less distorted fashion, Shakespeare has given us in a natural and normal state.

The real truth of the matter is that all these people get the two classes of phenomena, the physical and the super-physical or psychic, inextricably mixed. Homer, like all great poets, was a seer. But he gets his men and his gods so intermixed that it is often difficult to determine which class of beings some of his characters belong to. Of course, to the true seer, the distinction is immaterial. But to the ordinary human being, whose psychic faculties are all dormant, these gods or spirits are mere phantasms.

This is a business age; but sooner or later we have all got to learn that life is something more than a business deal. And yet a really good business character is the best preparation we can make for the next life as well as for this one. But it is not good business to ignore, in any manner, the rights of others. We are such moral cowards that we shrink from looking into the unknown, so we accept our religion and our politics just as they are served up to us; and fight for them just as children fight over a rag doll. We do not have to fight for the truth. No man's martyrdom ever advanced the cause of truth. When a man gives his time and his money, or even his life, in the interest of any cause, he may be perfectly justified in doing so; but because he felt justi-

fied in his course is no reason that you should go to his assistance. We must, each one of us, conduct his or her own life in conformity with the dictates of his or her own conscience. We are not free men and women as long as we go to church, or belong to a political party, or believe in socialism or unionism just because we have been led into one or the other of these things and are too weak and cowardly to ask ourselves if we really know, or even think, any of these forms of herding human beings together are right. We cannot advance on the journey of life as long as we allow anybody to lead us. And of course nobody has any authority to lead anybody else.

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## THE INNER TRUTH.

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Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise  
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.  
There is an inmost center in us all,  
Where truth abides in fulness; and around,  
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,  
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth.  
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh  
Binds it, and makes all error; and to know  
Rather consists in opening out a way  
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape.  
Than in effecting entry for a light  
Supposed to be without. Watch narrowly  
The demonstration of a truth, its birth,  
And you trace back the effluence to its spring  
And source within us; whence broods radiance vast,  
To be elicited ray by ray, as chance  
Shall favor.

—BROWNING.

## IMMORTALITY AND THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

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When Sir Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravitation he did not add anything to the forces of nature. He merely brought within the grasp of the human mind the manner in which nature holds our solar system together. So the mathematicians who have lately discovered what they are pleased to call the fourth dimension, have added no new space to the universe, but only shown us in which direction super-space lies. Shakespeare was well acquainted with the fourth-dimension—not by name, but by experience.

The fourth-dimension is a mathematical term. All mathematical demonstrations are based on assumptions. Assuming that extension in one direction only—namely, an imaginary straight line—is of one-dimension; extension in two directions, at right angles to each other is two-dimensional—that is a plane. These two dimensions are purely imaginary, because if either a line or a plane had any thickness at all they would each be three-dimensional.

The world we live in, and the only world our physical senses are cognizant of, is three-dimensional. That is, extension in three directions, each direction being at right angles with the other two, constitutes the third dimension. The Third-dimension is the physical universe, the length and breadth and depth of which is under the control of gravitation.

But what and where is the Fourth-dimension? Mathematically the Fourth-dimension is extension in a direction at right angles with each of the three directions we are already acquainted with. There is but one direction possible, and that is directly inwards. And the mathematicians say it may as well be in that direction as in any other. Admitting the possibility of its existence what are its properties? The capacity of the second-dimension is infinitely larger than that of the first-dimension. The capacity of the third-dimension is infinitely larger than that of the second-dimension. Therefore, the capacity of the fourth-dimension is infinitely larger than the capacity of our third-dimensional space.

Man is a fourth-dimensional being in a third-dimensional body. Our physical senses are third-dimensional. Our dreams and intuitions are fourth-dimensional. Shakespeare deals with the fourth-dimension in the same masterful way that he deals with every other subject relating to human life. When Macbeth and



Banquo were passing through the woods, on their way to the king, the three weird sisters with their diabolical paraphernalia stepped out of the fourth-dimension long enough to deliver their prophetic allurements and then stepped back again, leaving no trace behind. Shakespeare impresses this circumstance on our attention by remarking that "the earth hath bubbles, as the water hath." Thus fourth-dimensional beings appear before us and then disappear without leaving any physical impression of their visit.

But they leave an impression on the mind of the person they visit, either for good or evil. Macbeth could not efface the impression that he was to be a king. But, instead of letting the fourth-dimensional power make him a king in a legitimate way, he entered upon a course of rapine and murder in order to remove from his path all those whom he thought stood in his way of becoming king. There are times when we have to decide on a course of action without knowing whether we are right or wrong. But Macbeth was in no such dilemma. He knew he was doing wrong. The law of life is, that whenever we find out that we are doing wrong we must change our course, and keep on changing if necessary till we are sure we are right. Macbeth deceives himself to the very last, and then tried to put the blame on his fourth-dimensional familiars. "And be these juggling fiends no more believed, who palter with us in a double sense; who keep the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hope." There is no excuse for Macbeth's crimes. He thought he could get away with it. He tried to make himself believe that if he buried all his enemies they could not get back at him. But he was mistaken. As he, himself says, if we remove our enemies maliciously, "they will rise again, even with twenty mortal murders on their heads."

As we said before, the fourth-dimension is a mathematical term, and a mathematician is concerned with it only as a place where he can greatly extend his lines and curves. We are concerned only with life and its possibilities. A mathematician loses that calmness of mind, which he is supposed to possess, and gets mad when anybody talks of living in his fourth-dimension. For our purpose it is a very poor term, anyhow. The first and second-dimensions are an imaginary straight line, and an imaginary plane surface. It is not until we come to the third-dimension that we can say this is where I live. The fourth-dimension is also called super-space and hyper-space. These are better terms, but they im-

ply that the new space is above or superior to our space. As the new direction is directly inward, a more appropriate term is inner-space.

The average man cannot grasp a new idea. Our ideas are based on physical limitations. Fill a quart measure full of water and nothing else can possibly be put in it—that is the commonly accepted base from which the human mind reasons. The Arabian Nights tale of genii escaping from a jug when the cover is removed is looked upon as a childish fable. Yet this Arabian vase is symbolical of the human body, which is broken by death and the soul allowed to escape. The inner-space within our quart jug of water may contain a fairy palace full of fairies.

When Macbeth turned to sit down in his chair at the head of the banquet table and saw the spirit of Banquo sitting there, he was looking into the fourth-dimension, or inner-space. None of the guests could see anything but the empty chair. This fourth-dimensional sight is called clairvoyance. We all make use of it normally in our dreams, but our brain is trained by three-dimensional impressions and when we are awake our dreams seem unreal.

The same thing occurred when Hamlet went to chide his mother, and his father's spirit appeared before them, which Hamlet could see, but his mother could not. As a rule, women are naturally more clairvoyant than men are, but Hamlet's mother was too sensual to allow of the development of her higher faculties. As in the case of Banquo's ghost and that of Hamlet's father most of our glimpses into the fourth-dimension are in connection with the death of some person in whom we are in some way interested. This is natural enough. For death is the gateway, or tunnel through which we pass, from the third dimension into the fourth.

It is the impossibility of realizing the fourth-dimensional aspirations in our third-dimensional limitations which makes genius resemble madness. We are cribbed, cabined and confined in physical fetters which are altogether foreign to our real fourth-dimensional selves. Our fourth-dimensional soul wants to soar to the skies, while our third-dimensional body grovels in the mire. Death is not only desirable, it is essential to our birth into the fourth-dimension which is our real home-world.

As already remarked, the capacity of the Inner-space is infinitely greater than that of our third-dimensional space. Our methods of locomotion, when we get there, will also be infinitely



superior to what they are here. Our third-dimensional ideas are not applicable to fourth-dimensional conditions, and the mathematicians are doing good work in mind-development by breaking through the barriers in which our physical senses tend to imprison us. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our third-dimensional philosophies. And we must disregard our bibles altogether, or at any rate place them in the same category with the Arabian nights tales and the old philosophies which were the productions of earnest and honest minds who were badly handicapped by insufficient data and the very crudest materials.

In the words of Shakespeare "Every man's soul is his own." And the soul's natural habitat is the fourth-dimension. Our intuitions and inspirations are fourth-dimensional, and we stifle and degrade them when we measure them by three-dimensional standards. The force or power which makes you and me what we are, resides within us; and it is this inner power which we must develop by relying on it in every circumstance of our lives. This is the only God in which we can safely trust.

The man who recently shot Mayor Gaynor of New York illustrates how weak and degraded a man becomes from leaning on, or trusting in, something outside himself. He was imbued with the idea that the city owed him a nice easy living; and when the Mayor, in the course of his duty, cut these parasites loose they thought they were being robbed and unjustly dealt with. Christians are imbued with a similar idea regarding the next world; for they try to believe, or at least they try to make others believe, that God is preparing a nice, easy place for them to live in after they die. This idea is a childish one. God has no more to do with preparing a place for us in the next world, than he has to do with preparing a nest for a sparrow to raise its young in.

All truly great men have become so because they were self-reliant, or, as Longfellow puts it:

"The lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime;  
And, departing, leave behind us,  
Footprints in the sands of time."

We cannot leave our own footprints behind us, if we follow in the steps of those who have gone before. Mere originality will not alone make us wise and great; but the servility manifested in modeling our lives after a common pattern set before us by the

customs and necessities of our forefathers, degrades and debases us. If we think a religion is good we should choose for ourselves the one which best accords with our own conscience and reason. But we are not allowed to choose. If our mothers were Catholics, we must be Catholics or be damned. It is just the same in politics; a Jeffersonian democrat remains a Jeffersonian democrat till the end of time. It is just as hard for the average man to part with his religion or his politics as it is for a Chinaman to part with his queue.

All these things are the result of moral cowardice. We are afraid of the unknown, the future and death. Why? Because we are too cowardly to inquire into them in a natural and straightforward manner. The world has many great dramatists, and many more clever playwrights, but Shakespeare's pre-eminence consisted in looking over the partition, or behind the veil, or through St. Paul's darkened glass into the inner-space, or fourth-dimension, where the powers reside who control the affairs of this physical, third-dimensional world. When we accept any statement in regard to our own welfare, on the authority of any person or any system of philosophy or any religious doctrine, we simply paralyze our own powers of development. Our aspirations are like the promptings which urge migratory birds to seek their summer and winter quarters, and if we follow where they lead we are bound to come out all right. But when we begin to rely on a piece of property, or on a government job, or on a life insurance policy for security, then we begin to go wrong; we become the slaves of our own circumstances from which death alone can set us free.

Every man and every woman has within himself or herself, the only power which can guide them aright through all life's vicissitudes, and land them at last in the regions of everlasting glory. Our eternal welfare is not dependent on any god, nor on our belief in any specific form of religion or philosophy, but on our own personal efforts in making our lives conform to the promptings within us, the voice of our own conscience, aided by the light which our highest intelligence can shed on our path as we wend our way through the underbrush of our daily lives on our journey to the fourth-dimension and unending enjoyment.

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There are two things in this life, for which we are never fully prepared, and they are twins.

## LOVE AND MARRIAGE.



YOU may think you know, but are you sure you know, that love is the basis of marriage? Shakespeare talks all around this subject, but so far as I can find out he does not say that love is the essential element in a marriage. Shakespeare's marriage was the one conspicuous failure in his life. Perhaps he shrank from advising others in a matter which he could not himself successfully control. It is one of the most astounding things in the world that this subject, which is of such vital importance to every human being, should be left in such a state of ignorant confusion that we all take it for granted that a marriage certificate, however obtained, binds a man and woman together indissolubly in the most sacred relationship human life is capable of.

Henry Ward Beecher says young people do not know what love is. He says it takes ten or fifteen or twenty years for love to grow and expand within us before we realize its full possibilities. The love of Romeo and Juliet was like a mountain torrent rushing downward and carrying everything before it. But when it reaches the plains of life it stops rushing and roaring, and its placidity is the result of greater breadth and depth. There is less fuss and noise about it, but there is a greater volume of love to it, just as there is more water in a river than there is in a mountain torrent.

Love is the only legitimate hypnotic power of the soul. And it is not subject to the control of the will. Juliet would never, voluntarily, have sought a lover from among her family's bitterest enemies. But when she met Romeo, that magnetic soul-force which may be called the essence of life, passed from one to the other, without their being able to prevent it, even if they had desired to do so. It is the constant interchange of this psychomagnetic force from one to the other which is the fuel of love and keeps it from dying out. This is the true basis of marriage. This is the tie that binds without any danger of coming untied.

But our civilization is so artificial that these natural forces do not get a proper chance to exert their benign influence upon us. Our remote ancestors had a great advantage in this respect. About the only chance their sweethearts had to deceive them was to put on an extra coat of paint. Now they can put on so many more things that it is sometimes difficult to learn which is real and which is not. The real may be just as good as the artificial, but



your confidence is shaken when you find out that your husband or wife is something different from the picture that was imprinted on your heart. And if confidence is essential to commercial stability, it is still more essential to steadfastness of love; for when your confidence is once shaken it means farewell to your peace and happiness unless you can restore it. And this is not easy unless you find out that your suspicions were unfounded. Love will stand a lot of hard knocks, hard work or poverty, but it will not long withstand neglect or deception.

Why do we try to appear to be something different from that which we really are? Either we are dissatisfied with ourselves, or we are using ourselves as bait to catch suckers with, or to entice somebody into a trap which we have so nicely concealed that the victim will know nothing about it till he puts his foot in it. This latter method is the way a great many marriages are brought about. Every now and then we read of the beautiful Miss So-and-So or the rich Mr. Moneybags as being the most eligible person of the season. And then all the other persons of the opposite sex who are looking out for something to catch begin to lay plans and set traps or do something else that will lure this Miss or Mr. into the web of matrimony. The idea seems to be that if a judge or priest pronounces them man and wife, and a marriage certificate is issued with their names on, then they are married. Legally they are. But it is next to impossible for a true marriage to be consummated in any such manner.

This is an extreme case. But more than half of all marriages are brought about by similar undesirable methods. Most people, when courting, not only try to appear at their best, which is natural enough, but they try to appear as something a little better than what they really are. The woman does not know anything about her future husband as a workman, or as he is when with his boon companions. If he gambles or drinks or smokes too much she does not know it. Nor does the man know anything about his future wife's characteristics at home and among her own people. If he is invited to her home to dinner, he thinks he will be foxy and get a line on how his future wife can cook. But she is just as foxy. And though she may greet him in a big apron, with her face flushed from the heat of the stove, it is not from cooking. Her mother is attending to that. She has had experience. So they go on playing at hide and seek till they get married. And then?

The deception is kept up till the last minute. When her hus-

band is taking her away her mother cries and tells him he does not know what a prize he is getting. And her father says to him: "My boy, it almost breaks my heart to lose her. She was the joy of my life. She is a priceless treasure, and I hope you will be good to her; for my loss is your gain. And so forth. But as soon as they are out of the way the father says to his wife "Thank God she is gone. If she had stayed here another six months, the sheriff would have sold out the furniture to pay the landlord and the grocer. Why, for the past two or three years whenever I asked her not to be so extravagant, as I could not afford to pay for everything she took it in her head to want, she would start crying and tell me I should lose her some day, and then I should be sorry. Perhaps, if I had lost her when she first began telling me that, I might have felt sorry. But I have lost her now without feeling a bit sorry that she is gone. But, by George, I feel sorry for her husband. He's got his work cut out to make her do the housework and cooking." And then the mother chimes in with: "Why Henry, she can't cook. She couldn't boil a potato to save her life. The only thing for her to do is to give music lessons." "Music lessons," says Henry; "did you say lessons? Why, Mandy, I'm surprised at you. When I bought that piano, we couldn't afford it, but I foolishly thought we should have a little music once in a while, to cheer us. But the only thing I ever heard from that piano was something like 'Pop goes the weasel,' or 'I'm afraid to come home in the dark.' Why, honest, Mandy, I've heard better music in a blacksmith's shop than she has ever played on that piano. No, Mandy, she'll never give anybody music lessons."

But, we are not concerned about the troubles and shortcomings of the parents. The question is: How will the newly married couple get along? Well, if they are really in love with each other, it's dollars to doughnuts that they will get along all right. Love laughs at locksmiths. And no matter what the funny papers may say, it also laughs at stony biscuits, poor coffee, half-boiled potatoes and badly cooked beefsteaks. These are matters which a little work and experience will set right. And no matter how well you may know your husband or wife before you are married, it is not till after you are married that you know each other fully. You have to get married with a certain amount of faith in your affianced; and faith is not knowledge. If you are both in love it's all right. You will both work together to make the rough places

smooth. Like the young man who took a rope home on his wedding day to show his wife how essential it was that they both pull together.

This young man had a nice little cottage with a garden around it. So when he took the rope home he called his wife into the front garden and said: "Mary, I have noticed that married people's troubles often come from misunderstandings between themselves. So I thought how nice it would be if we could avoid these troubles by having a perfect understanding with each other from the outset. Now, I am going to throw one end of this rope over the house, and have you pull on this end while I pull on the other end. Which-ever pulls the rope away from the other is to be boss for the first year. We will pull for five minutes, and when I say time is up, stop. Now, when I say ready, you start in to pull, and mind you pull hard." "You bet I'll pull hard," she says. While he is going to the back of the house she tied the rope around her waist, where a little more squeezing could do no harm, and when he said "ready" she commenced to pull. They both pulled as hard as they could, but neither of them could pull the rope away from the other. So when he cried "time's up" they both stopped, and she was very much flustered, and her hands were sore, and there were tears in her eyes. But she had breath enough left to cry out as soon as she saw him, "I think you are awful mean; but you are not going to be boss, anyway." So he kissed a tear from her cheek, and said, "Mary, we are going to have an awful lot of trouble if we pull against each other in that way. Let's try again, and both of us pull on the same end of the rope." So, they both pulled together on the one end of the rope and it slid over the house as nicely as could be wished. And then he said, "Just see how easy everything will be if we only pull together. And there won't have to be any boss, either."

If you are in love, it does not matter how old you are nor how young you are. It does not matter how many knots you are tied in; nor how many marriage certificates you possess. But the trouble begins just as soon as you tie a man and woman together when love is absent. There are thousands of married people who had not been married a week before they realized that they were doomed to a life from which all hope of happiness was banished. What are they going to do? Their religion has built a stone wall on one side of them, the law has built a stone wall on the other side of them, the customs and usages of society have built a stone



wall behind them, and by paying \$2 for a marriage license they have built another stone wall in front of themselves. How are they going to get out? If they cry out for help, all the consolation they get is to be told that they walked into their own prison. What did they go in for if they don't like it? They have made their own bed, and now they must lie on it. They say the bed is rocky and they want to change it. But the law says they can't change it. If they were foolish enough to fill their bed with rocks, they must sleep on the rocks. This may sound foolish, but there are hundreds of thousands of people who are in just this dilemma.

Then there are other married people who are so infatuated with each other at first that they completely lose their senses. I know of an excellent business man who acted in this way. When he was first married, although his home was only about four blocks from the store, he would run home on an average every half-hour to see his wife. This injured his business so much that he was forced to take notice of it. Then a happy thought struck him. He and his wife both understood telegraphy. So he had a private wire run from the store to his home. He wasted more time than ever then, for when he was not sending messages to his wife, she was sending messages to him. This state of thing lasted for three or four months, and then the telegraph business was abandoned. This kind of infatuation is only superficial, and always lacks staying qualities. It would soon die out of itself, even if nothing else interfered with it; but in this case there were other causes at work.

It seems they were both very fond of pork and beans. They put in so much time spooning, and pork and beans were so easily prepared that they had pork and beans for breakfast, pork and beans for dinner and pork and beans for supper. This seemed to suit them both all right at first. But after a while he began to feel as if he would relish a change of diet occasionally. But his wife could not see it that way. So at length, he said he must have something else to eat besides pork and beans.

The conditions were changed. From seeing which could do the most kissing and slobbering, it became a question of which had the strongest will. Didn't he say he liked pork and beans? He could not deny it. Were not pork and beans good, and were they not properly cooked? He could not deny that, either. Hadn't he lived three months on pork and beans, and was he not strong and healthy? He was. Well then, so his wife reasoned, if he liked pork and beans and they were good, and he had lived

three months on them and was strong and healthy; he could go on eating pork and beans. She said he was trying to boss her; but women had rights, as well as men, and she knew what her rights were and she was going to run the house to suit herself. There was nothing else to it, he had got to eat pork and beans or nothing. Well, he said, if he could not get anything else to eat at home, he'd eat at a restaurant. So he began by taking one meal a day at a restaurant; then two, till, at last, he took all his meals away from home. But she was not beaten yet. When she found he would not come home for his pork and beans, she took a dish full to the store, three times a day, and put them on the counter, where he could see them and smell them. He said it was awful. He could not ride on a street-car without having his stomach turned by an advertisement advising him to eat somebody's pork and beans. It got to be so bad that he had to hire a man to prevent his wife from entering his store. And when she found she could not get in the store, she sprinkled them all over the sidewalk in front of the door. Those beans were to this man what Banquo's ghost was to Macbeth. And like Macbeth he was ready to cry out, "Avaunt! and quit my sight!" But they would not. A divorce soon followed. Of course, this is the only legitimate ending of such a marriage. But it ought not to be so troublesome and expensive.

Then there are some married couples who are so kind and considerate of each other in public that their friends and acquaintances think they are just like two turtle doves. But just as soon as they are left to themselves the cat-and-dog life commences. If one wants the window open, the other wants it shut. If one wants a fire, the other won't have a fire—it's already too warm. If one wants to go to bed and be quiet, the other wants to play the piano, or chop up some firewood, or drive some nails in somewhere—anything to make a noise. If it is dinner-time and the wife has done the cooking, everything is wrong. The husband snarls and the wife nags. But just let a neighbor or an acquaintance drop in, and a complete transformation takes place. Everything is lovely, and it's "my dear" and "yes, my love," about every other word. The husband says his wife is the best cook in the world, and the wife says her husband never finds fault with her cooking, although she knows that it is sometimes not as good as it should be. When the neighbor goes away, he or she thinks what a heaven upon earth it would be if every married couple were like this couple.

This married couple ought to be divorced, but they never will be. She probably flings at her husband every day the awful threat that she is going home to her mother. But he knows she won't go; he is used to it. And he probably threatens to break up housekeeping and sell the furniture and let her go and hang herself if she wants to. But she simply laughs, a soulless, mirthless laugh, for she knows that he has not got courage enough to do anything of the kind. If either of them had any moral courage, they would never have allowed themselves to get in their present condition. They were probably fond enough of each other when they got married; but they were both vain, and they made a public display of just how loving they could be. When we overdo anything, there is always a reaction. When the ardor of their love began to cool, they let it take its course between themselves, but hid it from their friends. This was disastrous to their happiness, because they had to pay so much attention to each other in public that when they were left to themselves they had no further desire to be attentive. In this way they built up a reputation as being a very loving couple. But it is just as troublesome to live up to a good reputation as it is to live down a bad one, unless it is founded on a substantial basis.

Of all the affairs of life, love affairs will stand the least outside interference. Cardinal Wolsey was able to get anything he wanted from King Henry VIII till he tried to interfere with the King's love affairs. After his fall, when Cromwell told him that the King had been married to the Lady Anne, Wolsey said: "That was the weight that pulled me down. All my glories in that one woman I have lost forever." And when the parents of Romeo and Juliet were reconciled by their great sorrows, their prince says: "Well you may mourn, my lords, now wise too late, these tragic issues of your mutual hate. From private feuds, what dire misfortunes flow: whate'er the cause, the sure effect is woe."

Love is the essential element in a marriage. Other matters may deserve consideration, but unless love is there as a foundation the marriage is not real. Love depends on the psycho-magnetic qualities of the persons in love. When these conditions are right, married people will grow deeper and deeper in love as the years roll by. These conditions are not often present, and most marriages are a matter of experiment. Under our present social conditions this is as much as can be expected. We must learn by experience. If we make a bad marriage, we must end it as soon as we find out



that it is not right. There are difficulties in the way, but life is developed by difficulties, and we must overcome them in the way which best accords with our own sense of right and justice. One thing is certain, you must be married right before you can achieve the real purpose of your life. Marriage is not only the basis of your present happiness, but it is the one essential qualification which is absolutely necessary before you can enter Paradise. It is impossible for an unmarried person to reach the higher regions of life where perfection reigns supreme. In other words, an unmarried person is necessarily imperfect; and lacks the one essential element or force which alone is capable of achieving perfection. If we don't get married right at first, we must try again. And you are not married right if you are not in love with your wife or husband. And you are not in love till you can say, with the poet: "My life! My soul! I love thee!" and feel it.

### SHAKESPEARE AND DEATH.

There was nothing mysterious about death to Shakespeare. He is constantly referring to the presence of the spirits of those who have just been killed, when it can be done without marring the dramatic effect. Romeo says: "Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again that late thou gav'st me! for Mercutio's soul is but a little way above our heads and thou or I must keep him company." And when King Lear dies and those around are trying to arouse him, the Earl of Kent says: "Vex not his ghost: Oh! let him pass." There is nothing dramatic about ghosts, and they are introduced by Shakespeare simply because they are a part of human nature. The ghosts which appeared to Richard III are those who had an interest in the government of England at that time. Their concern in unnerving Richard is to make his defeat on the morrow the more pronounced. Can you for one moment suppose that Shakespeare introduced half a score ghosts into a play unless they rightfully belonged there? Shakespeare's object was to impress the truth on those who were otherwise too dense to perceive it. When Richard murdered them he thought they were put out of the way. But he was mistaken. As Anne says at the body of Edward IV: "Thou hadst but power over his mortal body; his soul thou canst not have."

### LIBERTY.

Know ye not,  
Who would be free, himself must strike the blow?"

—Byron.

## DREAMS AND VISIONS.

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OUR ordinary dreams are for the most part, unreliable because spiritually we are only in the formative stage of life. Still our dreams are a real part of our life and in a measure reflect our real subjective character. In our outward character we are all more or less pretentious. That is, we all pretend to be something more or less different from what we really are. This pretentiousness has a very baneful influence on our spiritual or psychic characters. Deceitfulness in some phase or degree is at the bottom of all forms of evil. If we are perfectly deceitless and perfectly honest with ourselves right down at the bottom of our souls, then our dreams would be perfectly reliable, and take on the nature of a vision. A vision may be called a soul-dream. It is the eye of the soul looking into the future. A dream often carries us back into the past, because it is superficial and arouses the brain to activity which can furnish us with nothing but impressions of the past.

The brain is the organ of the mind, and can reproduce only those impressions which are already recorded there. The soul does not use the brain directly, but only through the mind. A vision, therefore, which in its true character only refers to the future, cannot awaken any conflicting impressions of the brain. A vision, therefore is always reliable. Shakespeare has given us a masterly description of a vision, in a dramatic form, in the play of *Pericles*.

Pericles has just found his daughter, whom he thought had been murdered, and is talking to her in an ecstasy of delight, when he exclaims: "But, what music! The music of the spheres! List, my daughter. Rarest sounds! Do you not hear? Most heavenly music! It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest." Pericles falls asleep. This is the true trance. Whatever the soul sees in this state can be relied on. Diana appears before him and tells him to go to her temple and explain the circumstances of his wife's death. She did not tell him that he should find his wife there, for he had buried her at sea and had no idea that she could be alive. Diana does not tell him for what purpose he is to visit her temple, but she does tell him that if he does her bidding he will be happy; but if he does not do her bidding he will live the rest of his life in woe. When Pericles awoke he exclaimed, "Celestial Diana, I will obey."

You see, the development of our soul forces requires faith in the well meaning of these higher forces; just as a child has faith in the good intentions of its mother. If we do not have faith in our soul-visions and rely upon them, instead of growing brighter they will grow dimmer. This is the faith that removes mountains of difficulty from our path. Of course, we can not control these exalted states of our higher life. The most we can do is to hold ourselves prepared to take advantage of them when they come to

us. They lift us one step nearer the goal of life, and leave us with one more souvenir of Paradise.

But our ordinary dreams are not of this character. They do not have the same soothing, satisfying effect upon us. The higher influences always impress us with their truthfulness and bring with them internal evidence of their trustworthiness. They have none of the contradictory elements which our ordinary dreams always contain. The character of our dreams is determined by our own character and the character of the spirit influences around us. A man without imagination is troubled but little with dreams. The more highly organized, imaginative and sensitive a man or woman is, the more prolific and troublesome will their dreams be. Shakespeare was the Prince of Dreamers. And he had a superlative intellect, he sought out the significance of dreams, as he did of everything else affecting human life. Sleep and dreams and death are Shakespeare's trinity. Sleep and death are the same thing to Shakespeare; the only difference being that from sleep we wake up in the body, and at death we wake up in the spirit-world. "In that sleep of death what dreams may come?" It is evident that Hamlet's dreams troubled him.

Do your dreams trouble you? What is the trouble, anyway? If your child comes home from school and says, "Mama the teacher gives us awful hard lessons; can't I stay away from school? Your child is in trouble; but, do you keep him away from school on that account? Your own troubles are of exactly the same character as those of your child. The lessons in the school of life are hard, and you keep on shirking them, just as your child wanted to do. If you are a wise parent you don't let your children shirk their school lessons. Don't try to shirk your own. Your dreams are part of your life-lessons. No matter how foolish they are, you ought to understand them.

If you are in business and your friends are continually dropping in to see you, taking up your time and interfering with the running of your business, where does the initial fault lie? Why, in yourself, of course. If you attended to your customers and looked after your business these interlopers would soon stop coming. The same principle holds good in respect to those who trouble us in our dreams—they keep on coming because we give them some kind of encouragement. Stop giving them any kind of encouragement and take your life's affairs in your own hands, and your dreams will help and enlighten you, instead of confusing and disheartening you. Except in very rare instances your dreams are for your own private interpretation. When you begin to talk them over with your friends or seek advice concerning them you destroy their significance. It is generally to your friends or acquaintances, or your immediate surroundings, that your dreams have reference, and when you reveal their nature you are very likely putting another weapon in their hands for them to torment you with. Sympathy is a childish attribute, and as long as we



crave the sympathy of others in our troubles we are still in a childish stage of development and have not yet reached psychic maturity.

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### TO KEEP A WIFE'S LOVE.

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If your wife does not love as she did when you were married, you must have fallen off in your attentions. Remember that a wife is only a sweetheart a few years later. Make believe that she is still your sweetheart.

When you go home from work have the maid send your name up just as in the old days. A wife likes these little attentions, and if she is the right sort she will send down word that she will be down in a few minutes. Then put a five-pound box of candy in a prominent place and wait patiently. When you hear her coming run to meet her and kiss her in a manly way as if you had waited all day for the privilege. Then give her the candy. If there is but one chair in the room let her sit in it while you stand. Now tell her the events of the day in the office in a witty way that will appeal to her love of fun.

When the dinner-bell rings hand a bunch of American Beauties, pull out her chair for her and tie her napkin around her neck yourself. Then, with a low bow, seat yourself opposite her and begin to praise the food. Ask her to make sprightly remarks and laugh heartily at them. Urge her to tell you about the cook's doings. Just before dessert show her the orchestra seats you have bought for the opera that night.

Never light a cigar until you ask her if she objects to smoke. She may always say no, but there is no telling when her taste may change, and no gentleman will smoke when his wife objects to it. Give her twice as much as she wants for an allowance, and always forestall any requests she may be about to make.

In this way you will retain your wife's love and forever lead a Darby and Joan life.—Charles Battell Loomis in Delineator.

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### THE BRITISH-CALIFORNIAN.

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## THE ISLAND OF THE BLESSED.

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Once at midnight Hiawatha,  
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,  
In the wigwam, dimly lighted  
By the brands that still were burning,  
By the glimmering, flickering firelight,  
Heard a sighing oft repeated,  
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.

From his couch rose Hiawatha,  
From his shaggy hides of bison,  
Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain,  
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows,  
Sitting upright on their couches,  
Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said: "O guests! why is it  
That your hearts are so afflicted,  
That you sob so in the midnight?  
Has perchance the old Nokomis,  
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,  
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,  
Failed in hospitable duties?"

Then the shadows ceased from weeping,  
Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,  
And they said with gentle voices:  
"We are ghosts of the departed,  
Souls of those who once were with you.  
From the realms of Chibiabos  
Hither we have come to try you,  
Hither we have come to warn you;

"Cries of grief and lamentation  
Reach us in the Blessed Islands;  
Cries of anguish from the living,  
Calling back their friends departed,  
Sadden us with useless sorrow.  
Therefore we have come to try you;  
No one knows us, no one heeds us.  
We are but a burden to you,  
And we see that the departed  
Have no place among the living.

"Think of this, O Hiawatha!  
Speak of it to all the people,  
That henceforward and forever  
They no more with lamentations  
Sadden the souls of the departed  
In the Islands of the blessed—Longfellow.

## TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

By Wendell Phillips.

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies,—men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen,—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen,—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed and, as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what. At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now if Cromwell was a general, this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand



on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into the grave. I would call him Washington, but the the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek. Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.—(From Kleiser's "How to Speak in Public.")

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### BE SELF-RELIANT.

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As a baby clings to a mother's skirts, or to a chair, for partial support till it has gained confidence in its ability to walk alone, so a man clings to his church, or his club, or his union, or some sort of association with his fellowmen, because he is afraid to stand alone. The difference is that the child will keep on trying until it can walk without assistance, while a man very seldom breaks away from his leading-strings. This is where death becomes our benefactor. It tears us away from the crutches and props we have been leaning on, and throws us in the sea of life, to find our own level and work out our own salvation. We can save ourselves a lot of trouble and suffering by starting to rely solely and absolutely upon ourselves. And until we do this our spiritual life is in a state of infancy.

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### TELEPATHY.

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Telepathy is where these soul-forces are made effective at a distance. Your soul being, as it is, a battery of living magnetic forces, it follows that it will influence others and will be itself influenced by others when the right conditions are present. These conditions are inherent in the persons of the sender and receiver of the magnetic force involved. Where these conditions are right, telepathy may be the means of reinforcing your own efforts sufficiently to enable you to regain your health or to help you to achieve business success.

## THE HUMAN VOICE.

By Henry Ward Beecher.

Among other things, the voice—perhaps the most important of all, and the least cultured—should not be forgotten. The human voice is like an orchestra. It ranges high up, and can shriek sometimes like the scream of an eagle or it is low as a lion's tone; and at every intermediate point is some peculiar quality. It has in it the mother's whisper and the father's command. It has in it warning and alarm. It has in it sweetness. It is full of mirth and gaiety. It glitters, tho it is not seen with all its sparkling fancies. It ranges high, intermediate, or low, in obedience to the will, unconsciously to him who uses it; and men listen through the long hour, wondering that it is so short, and quite unaware that they have been bewitched out of their weariness by the charm of a voice, not artificial, not prearranged in the man's thought, but by assiduous training made to be his highest nature. Such a voice answers to the soul, and is its beating.

"But," it is said, "does not the voice come by nature?" Yes; but is there anything that comes by nature which stays as it comes, if it is worthily handled? We receive one talent that we may make it five; and we receive five talents that we may make them ten. There is no one thing in man that he has in perfection till he has it by culture. We know that in respect to everything but the voice. Is not the ear trained to acute hearing? Is not the the eye trained in science? Do men not school the eye, and make it quick-seeing by patient use? Is a man, because he has learned a trade, and was not born to it, thought to be less a man? Because we have made discoveries of science, and adapted them to manufacture; because we have developed knowledge by training, are we thought to be unmanly? Shall we, because we have unfolded our powers by the use of ourselves for that noblest purpose, the inspiration and elevation of mankind, be less esteemed? Is the school of human training to be distained, when by it we are rendered more useful to our fellow men?

If you go from our land to other lands; if you go to the land which has been irradiated by parliamentary eloquence; if you go to the people of Great Britain; if you go to the great men of ancient times who lived in the intellect; if you go to the illustrious names that everyone recalls—Demosthenes and Cicero—they represent a life of work.

Not until Michael Angelo had been the servant and the slave of matter, did he learn to control matter; and not until he had drilled and drilled himself were his touches free and easy as the breath of summer, and full of color as summer itself. Not until Raphael had subdued himself by color, was he the crowning artist of beauty. You will not find one great sculptor, nor one great architect, nor one great painter, nor one eminent man in any department of art,

nor one great scholar, nor one great statesman, nor one divine of universal gifts, whose greatness if you inquire, you will not find to be the fruit of study, and of the evolution that comes from study.

Great is the advance of civilization; mighty are the engines of force, but man is greater than that which he produces. Vast is that machine which stands in the dark, unconsciously lifting, lifting—the only humane slave—the iron slave—the Corliss engine; but he that made the engine is greater than the engine itself. Wonderful is the skill by which that most exquisite mechanism of modern life, the watch, is constructed; but greater is the man that made the watch than the watch that is made. Great is the Press, great are the hundred instrumentalities and institutions and customs of society; but above them all is man. The living force is greater than any of its creations—greater than society, greater than the laws. “The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath,” saith the Lord. Man is greater than his own institutions, And this living force is worthy of all culture—of all culture in the power of beauty; of all culture in the direction of persuasion; of all culture in the art of reasoning.

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### SHAKESPEARE'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

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It is generally acknowledged that human nature was like an open book to Shakespeare, in which he could read with unfailing accuracy the secret purposes which prompted his characters to live consistently to the end. But I am quite sure that Shakespeare's own purpose in life is not generally understood. Every life has a purpose. For instance, we can all understand the purpose which inspired President Lincoln in his work for emancipation. But if Mr. Lincoln had never been elected President, would he not have been the same man? There are two principles of life involved here—a temporal one and a spiritual one. This constitutes the duality of life which our religious and philosophical systems jumble up together and make so mystifying. Shakespeare's purpose is to show that we do not control the affairs of this world. The management of human affairs is under the control of spiritual forces. And a man is put forward to do this or that work just as a merchant puts one clerk to do one kind of work and another clerk another kind. In either case if the work is not done to the boss' satisfaction the clerk loses his job. But so far as our real and permanent welfare is concerned, it does not matter whether we are called to be President of the United States or merely to be a street sweeper, so that we do our work to the best of our ability, or as Pope has it:—

“Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.”



## PAGAN GODS.

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In the temples of Greece and Rome there were alters before which the supplicants appeared and asked for some sign of approval or blessing on the undertaking about to be entered upon. These temples were dedicated to some particular God whose special favor was sought by the supplicant. In the play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakespeare and Fletcher, three altars are represented in one of the scenes. The altar of Mars, who is the God of war; the altar of Venus, who is the Goddess of love, and the altar of Diana, who is the Goddess of Maidenhood. The two Noble Kinsmen are in love with the same maid. As each one thinks he has as much right to love her as the other has, neither of them will retire in favor of the other. So they agree to leave it to the maid to take her choice, and whichever loses agrees to relinquish all claim to the maid's affections. But the maid thinks they are both so perfect that she is unable to make a choice. They have already tried to settle the matter with the aid of their swords, but they were so evenly matched that neither gained any advantage. So the Duke of Athens, who is the maid's brother-in-law sets them a feat of strength, the winner to take the maid, and the loser to lose his head, as well as losing the maid. All the parties interested were perfectly satisfied with this arrangement; therefore, we have no right to find fault with it. Each party interested appeared before the altar of his God and asked for a sign of his deity's favor. One of the kinsmen asked for and was given what he took for a favorable sign from Mars; which meant that he would triumph over his adversary. The other supplicated Venus and got a favorable sign; which meant that he would be successful in winning his lady love. The maid appeared before the altar of Diana and received assurance that she would be gathered, which she understood to mean that a husband would claim her. This is not so remarkable, as there was no chance for her to lose. However the trial of strength took place and after a long tussle the man who supplicated Mars won. The victor took a ride on horseback while the loser was taken to jail to be beheaded. But the victor's horse stumbled and fell on his rider. In a dying state he was carried to his kinsman's presence just as they were going to behead him. The dying man stopped the execution and turned over his bride to his kinsman and then died. Their gods had kept faith with all of them. What agency was behind these ancient oracles? Human agency. Hidden behind or within these altars was some person who was the ancient prototype of the modern fortune teller. The oracle was most likely a priest of the temple, who, being expert at the business, could see the supplicant and hear the supplication without being seen. He could, therefore, easily produce manifestations in harmony with the desires of the supplicant

## IMMORTALITY AN INHERENT QUALITY OF LIFE

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We are necessarily immortal and cannot die. Therefore the only things which are of lasting benefit to us are those which remain with us after we leave this physical body. The prevalence of religious ideas in all ages of the world and amongst all classes of people bears testimony to the fact that man considers his spiritual nature of more importance than the physical. That all religious ideas are essentially false does not vitiate the fact from which they arise. The vagaries of religion are due to man's immorality, or weakness, in mistrusting himself and making an external god. The result is the same (a manufactured god) whether the god be one of wood or stone, or an ancestor, or the sun, or an idealized god like the Christian's. The gods of the pagan, the Christian and the Jew are equally false.

The sunworshippers did not worship the real sun. They endowed the sun with fanciful personal qualities. Christians are doing essentially the same thing. They have attributed to God many personal qualities which he does not possess, and they worship these unreal attributes of God which have no existence outside their own minds. Christianity, therefore, is simply a modernized form of paganism and the rankest kind of idolatry.

In a general way, the various systems of philosophy and religion undertake to confer upon their votaries immortality, unfailing youthful vigor and invincible power. But whenever we have the means at hand to trace any of these systems to their origin, we find them to fall lamentably short of their promises. Are we to conclude, then, that this abiding faith of the brightest and most able men of all ages is a chimera and a delusion? I think not.

It will be noticed that all philosophical teachers and religious leaders have promised their followers certain exclusive powers and privileges, which could be obtained in no other way than through the personal influence of said teachers and leaders, or by following such rules and observing such rites as they prescribe. Herein lies the fatal defect of all religions, creeds and systems; for even St. Paul, who struck the keynote of our salvation when he said, "Every man is a law unto himself," spent his life trying to induce his followers to believe in a saving power other than that which was inherent in their own souls.

Whatever else IMMORTALITY may be or mean, it must be inherent in the person who is immortal. It cannot be conferred upon nor granted to the recipient, like a title of nobility or a certificate of election. It follows then, that we shall not find immortality in any system of religion or philosophy, nor can spirits, nor God himself, confer it upon us. Immortality is an inherent attribute of all living things.

## CONSCIENCE.

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The seat of Justice and the Supreme Judge before which we all have to appear is our own conscience. When we have satisfied that, we can go to higher spheres of accomplishment. The man who fails in business and makes a settlement at 25 cents on the dollar has satisfied the law, but not his conscience. His conscience may allow him to get on his feet again, but sooner or later it will wake up and tell him to go and pay the other 75 per cent. It may not be wise to wake a sleeping lion, but unless you keep your conscience awake you will always be going wrong. Shakespeare shows us that Macbeth used all the strength of his great mind to keep his conscience quiet, without effect. After he had murdered the king and his two attendants Macbeth said he could not say "Amen!" And when his wife tells him not to consider it so deeply, he exclaims: "But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen? I had most need of blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat." Macbeth could not say "Amen!" because his conscience choked him.

It must be understood that the mere killing of a man could have had little, if any, effect on Macbeth. For Macbeth had killed hundreds of men, and the mere shedding of human blood could have had no more effect on him than the killing of so many sheep would have had on a butcher. What troubled Macbeth's conscience was that he murdered the king without cause, in furtherance of his own ambition to become king. You violate your own conscience, just as much as Macbeth did his, when you try to remove a fellow-workman, by underhand methods, so that you may get his job. It is not the deed itself which constitutes the crime, but the motive which instigated the deed.

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## THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

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We speak of the second childhood of old age in terms of derision. So, when we speak of ETERNAL YOUTH, we don't mean the undeveloped condition of childhood, but the matured and vigorous condition of young manhood and young womanhood. And it is the waning, in a few years, of this vigorous joy of living which has prompted men in all ages to seek a panacea for weakness, decay and death.

What and where, then, is this fountain of eternal youth? As our physical bodies are composed of substances which are subject to decay, dissolution and death, it follows that the fountain of perennial youth does not pertain to the body. It must, therefore, be an attribute of the soul or spirit.

What is life anyway, and what is it for? Are we just dumped on to earth to live a few years and then die and rot? Is the chief aim of man to accumulate a few million dollars, and then to be



blotted out of existence? This seems to be the way most men look at this problem. Or, do we really think, right down in our inmost souls, that the Christian idea of sitting, or kneeling, or standing (which is it?) around a great white throne, playing a golden harp, is an adequate fulfillment of our best aspirations? Of course not.

But there must be something to make life worth living. There must be a time in the life of every man and woman when he or she can truthfully say: This is what I live for now, and what is worth living for, no matter how long life may last. What is it? It cannot be anything that enriches us at other people's expense, because that would either make us indifferent to other people's welfare, or cause us sorrow because of their misfortunes. Was Solomon the wisest man when he said: "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die"? We eat and drink to nourish the body, but the body dies. Life is immortal. The elixir of life is therefore neither food nor drink.

Sex constitutes the creative energy of all living things. But our concern is not with sex in the lower forms of life, but with the sexual relations of man in this world, and in the spirit world which he enters after death. Sexual desire is the force which has raised man from a jelly-fish, or whatever the lowest form of life may be, to his present state. It is the force, and the only force which will raise us (you and me) to the level of gods and goddesses. It is the fountain from which the stream of life originates, and it is the source of all spiritual growth.

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### WIDESPREAD USE OF SALT.

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Upward of half the saline matter of the blood consists of common salt (chloride of sodium), and, as this is partly discharged every day through the skin and the kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body becomes sufficiently obvious.

The bile also contains soda as a special and indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. If the intake of salt be insufficient, therefore, the bile will fail to assist the digestion, and the waste of cartilage will exceed the construction; and, as the chlorine of salt furnishes hydrochloric acid to the gastric (digestive) juice, the digestion must also directly suffer.

Aristotle related that the Greeks valued it so highly that a salt spring was believed to be a direct gift of the gods, and the very caravan routes of the Sahara, even to this day, are mainly supported by the salt traffic. Mungo Park describes salt as "the greatest of all luxuries in Central Africa." He says: "I have myself suffered great inconvenience from the scarcity of this article. The long use of vegetable food creates so painful a longing for salt that no words can sufficiently describe it."

Of course, the common table salt must not be confused with the salts of sodium, potassium and magnesium, which are just as essential to the body's weal, and which are contained in our daily foods, or with the lime salt which is so vital in the foods of youth since it is the material for bone building. In later life it is often contra-indicated. An excess of lime in drinking water may then originate kidney and bladder troubles. The lime in water can, however, be precipitated by boiling.

Then there are the salts of fruits and vegetables—lactates, tartrates, citrates, malates and acetates. They are also of prime importance to the health of the body. They keep the fluids alkaline. If this condition be not maintained, malnutrition sets in, and finally the dreadful scurvy sets in.

For this reason we eat green vegetables which have digestive drawbacks, but they contain these valuable salts. This source of supply is cheap, and even in those frequent cases where green vegetables are found indigestible an excellent cabbage soup can be made containing the desirable principles. Indeed, it is a puzzle to many foreigners why we in this country place so little store on the water in which vegetables are cooked.—London Express.

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### PSYCHOTHERAPY.

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In his classical work, "The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders," Dr. Paul Dubois says: "Nervousness is pre-eminently a psychic disease; and a psychic disease needs psychic treatment." Of course, nervousness may be concomitant with a somatic disease; and in this case the disease of the body needs physical treatment. It is this dual character of most diseases which gives rise to the unsatisfactory results which follow the ordinary methods of treatment. And it is to the unsatisfactory results of the common methods of medical treatment which give rise to the various schools of medicine; and also the many methods of healing which are allied to the systems of mind cure, or Christian Science. We laugh at the advocate of faith cure who ignores the ills of the body; but he is not a bit more credulous than the surgeon who ignores the ills of the soul.

Dr. J. Ball Psychotherapist, 915 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, Calif.

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### FORWARD.

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Be the noblest man that your present faith, poor and weak and imperfect as it is, can make you be. Live up to your present growth, your present faith. So, and so only, do you take the next straight step forward, as you stand strong where you are now; so only can you think the curtain will be drawn back and there will be revealed to you what lies beyond.—Phillip Brooks.

## INDIVIDUALITY.

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There are no two blades of grass exactly alike—no two grains of sand the same shape and size—no two individuals exactly the same. Nature is filled with the desire for variety—and therefore makes individuals and delights in their manifestation of Individuality.

Therefore, do not try to ape after others—do not try to shape your life after the pattern of another—but endeavor to manifest the inner meaning and reason within you, and develop the latent powers and dormant energies which are distinctly yours.

Draw from the soil of Life the nourishment for your growth—let the rains and dews of Experience fall upon you and be freshened and stimulated thereby—and face ever the Sun above you from which the Power of the Spirit comes to you. Then grow naturally as does the plant—without haste and without forcing—developing the bud of Individuality into the full blossom, opening out leaf after leaf in response to the loving urge of the Sun, until at last the full blossom appears in all its glory.

The purpose of your life is not to be Somebody Else, but to be Yourself in the fullest degree and highest expression. And, remember always, that the most unattractive plant often brings forth the most beautiful blossom. And the blossom is the “reason” of the plant’s being. So Be Yourself—your Best Self—your True Self—and demonstrate the reason and meaning of your existence.—William Walker Atkinson, in *New Thought*.

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## MORAL CRUTCHES

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The tendency of our educational methods, both secular and religious, is to make us moral invalids, unable to care for ourselves. On the other hand, nature (God) is trying to throw us on our own resources, and death breaks the anchor-chain and sets us adrift on the ocean of spirit-life for the sole purpose of making us self-dependant. No fire, no earthquake, storm, or other catastrophe can do us any real harm—we must turn our misfortunes into benefits by learning to avoid similar misfortunes in the future.

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## DISAPPOINTMENT.

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Oh, ever thus from childhood’s hour  
I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree or flower,  
But ’twas the first to fade away.”

—Thomas Moore.



## PSYCHOPATHY.

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THE only thing in the universe that is permanently interested in your welfare is your own soul. Your well-being demands good health, a prosperous business, harmonious social conditions, and a sane understanding of the general problems of life. All these desirable things will be yours when your soul becomes strong enough to control the affairs of your life. Psychopathy is a system of soul-culture, soul-building, or soul-development.

Your soul is the arbiter of your destiny. Its mandate is—Be true to yourself. Its watchword is—Self-reliance. It is not true that we are the creatures of our surrounding circumstances. It is not true that we must remain in a dependent and servile condition of life because we were born poor and humble.

Man has the germs of godhood within him. Health, wealth and happiness are the birthright of every individual. But each individual must achieve these prerogatives before he is in a condition to enjoy them.

Your soul is the living thing within you. It radiates energy. This energy constitutes your life-force. The Sufficiency or insufficiency of your life-force determines the state of your health, the condition of your business affairs and the harmony or inharmony of your social relationships.

Well, then, what is the trouble, and what is the remedy? When a man says his health and business are bad or that he has trouble with his family, he refers to his own health and business and family affairs. The seat of the trouble is in himself. We grow up with the childish habit of making excuses for our faults instead of rectifying them. We try to shirk the responsibility for our acts and put the blame on other people. You never can arrive at any satisfactory understanding of the problems of your life until you realize the fact that their solution lies entirely with yourself.

When you know what and where the trouble is, the battle is more than half won. The fight is simplified and unified. Instead of striking out blindly and wasting your energy in fruitless efforts to overcome imaginary foes, you can now concentrate your efforts in conquering yourself. You have but one enemy to overcome and that enemy is yourself. What is the use of having good health and a good appetite if you cannot get anything to eat? And what is the good of wealth if you have had health and cannot enjoy it? Health, wealth and enjoyment must go hand-in-hand, and all these things are within your reach, not for the asking, but, for the getting.

The soul is an intelligent magnetic force, attracting what it likes and dispelling what it dislikes. If you are troubled by the continual occurrence of annoying and disagreeable happenings it is because your soul-force is too weak to dispel them. A child runs to its mother for protection from evil. And we persist in the

same childish habit of asking and praying for somebody to protect us from misfortune. The only remedy is to resist evil—resist misfortune—resist the devil—and all these things will flee from you. That is, your soul-force will become strong enough to deflect all misfortunes from you.

Psychopathy, then, by building up your soul-forces, improves your health, enables you to do a prosperous business and gives you the power to make all your social relationships agreeable and helpful. But your soul never dispenses with common sense. If your face is dirty, wash it. If you have a business, attend to it. If you keep a store remember that your business depends on whether you please your customers or not. If your health is poor and you don't know what to do to improve it, go to a doctor. In your present artificial methods of living you are just as liable to need medicine as you are a change of diet. But remember in all these things that the seat of trouble lies somewhere within yourself.

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## PSYCHO-MAGNETISM.

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As your soul controls your body it necessarily controls the so-called animal magnetism of the body. This psycho-magnetic force is a very efficient remedy when rightly made use of in suitable ailments. It is this psycho-magnetic force which a mother makes use of (unconsciously) to soothe a cross and restless baby. It is this pscho-magnetic force which Shakespeare has exemplified in its highest and most powerful form in Romeo and Juliet. The soul is not a mere magnet, it is a self-charged battery which under the influence of the proper stimulus increases its own force to a wonderful degree. It is the full development of this soul-force which we all need. It is our guardian angel and watches over our welfare asleep or awake. When fully developed it will preserve us from all misfortunes and accidents. It will restore us to health and keep us free from all the ills which flesh is heir to. It will repel business depression from us and attract success. In a word, it will bring us health, wealth and happiness.

The development of these powers lies entirely with yourself. Self-reliance is the foundation on which you must build the superstructure of your life. Any help or assistance you receive must help you to help yourself. Any advice or teaching that leads you to lean on any power outside yourself is leading you astray. You must advance one step at a time. Correspondents seeking information on these subjects will be answered in these columns when the questions are of general or public interest. Questions of a private and personal nature must be accompanied by a fee of \$1.00, and will be answered through the mail.

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