

THE DAWN

"AT SUNRISE EVERY SOUL IS BORN AGAIN."

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored
mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the
wind;

His soul proud science never sought to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler
heaven!

Some safer world in depth of wood em-
braced,

Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land
behold

No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for
gold.

To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

—POPE.

JANUARY,

1911.

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By

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

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread its lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



THE DAWN

Volume I.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY, 1911.

Number 3.

THE SOURCE OF TRUTH.

Robert Browning says: "Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise from outward things, whate'er you may believe." We have become so accustomed to measuring ourselves by artificial standards, that is, standards adopted by authority, to guide us in the multifarious conditions which constitute our daily life, that when we are confronted with the question "What is Truth?" we immediately start a search through the Bible, or a dictionary, to find out just what truth is. And this is why we never find it. Listen again to what Browning says: "There is an inmost center in us all, where truth abides in fullness." This is good, plain English, and it announces the truth just as clearly as Newton announced the law of gravitation. During infancy we relied on what our mothers told us. A little later the source of authority was shifted to our teachers; and still later we relied on our Bibles or priests or some system of philosophy to guide us and resolve the more difficult problems of life for us. But it has always been an external and, therefore, an artificial authority on which we have relied. Thus we walk around in a circle for the truth, which Browning says is walled up within us by the gross flesh of our bodies. "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."

It is childish mistrust of ourselves which causes us to be led astray. We must learn to rely on our own judgment before we can begin to discern the difference between the true and false lights which gleam before our inner consciousness. There are so many sides and angles to human nature in its

completeness that any set of rules we may formulate will fail to meet many of the circumstances which arise in our daily experiences. As we journey through life we need an ever ready monitor to guide us through the labyrinthal ways which beset our path. Delays are dangerous, and a false step may be fatal, but if we have learned to rely on the still small voice within us in cases of emergency, it will never fail us in the time of need. Here, again, Browning demonstrates the position for us. "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." The poet leaves us in no uncertainty as to his meaning. We have within us the source and spring of truth; the light which will guide our every step; the monitor which will urge us to do the right thing at the right moment IF we trust it, rely upon it, and follow its guiding influence.

The instinct of animals is the truth to them. It is the inmost center within themselves; and it takes no rise from outward things. It is the "perfect, clear conception—which is truth." They are not troubled with intellectual doubts and fears, as we are. Therefore they have not fallen from grace, or God, or from the dominance of their souls—all of which amount to the same thing. Man has fallen from the dominance of his own soul before his intellect is strong enough to guide him aright. Like sheep, we all go astray because we follow a leader, or believe in a false prophet, or fall down and worship a false god. Again, I repeat the words of the poet: "Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise from outward things, whate'er you may believe. And to know (the truth), rather consists in opening out a way whence the imprisoned splendor may escape, than in effecting entry for a light supposed to be without."

It is useless to blame our parents and teachers for leading us astray, because we have the means of correcting their false teachings within ourselves. Our neglect to develop and use the directing power within ourselves places us in the same deplorable position as our parents and teachers were in. And even after we reach a state of manhood and womanhood we are still surrounded with all kinds of influences to force us to prostrate ourselves before a false and impossible God. It is true that we do so reluctantly. But all kinds of inducements are held out to us; such as business success and social allurements, to keep

us in the same condition of abject slavery to our own fears. The Truth, and the Truth only, can set us free; and the Truth is within ourselves. The Truth that is to set you free is not in somebody else—not in any bible—not in any church—not in any savior, but in yourself. You can and you must find it and interpret it to your own satisfaction before you can realize the the true value and grandeur of your own life.

The altruistic idea which underlies all religious and all social functions is true only in childish and undeveloped conditions of society. You help me and I'll help you; or you help me and I'll help somebody else is a waste of energy; because each one can help himself so much better than anybody else can do it for him. To assume that anybody else knows what we want better than we know it ourselves is to acknowledge our own imperfection and inferiority. This acknowledgement predicates that we are either imperfect or undeveloped, or both. It is granted that under present conditions we are both imperfect and undeveloped.. But our imperfections are due to our immaturity and our condition of immaturity is unnecessarily prolonged by our childish altruistic notions of interdependence on one another. We do not love our neighbor as we love ourself. But we are afraid that something may happen to us some time and then we shall have an excuse for calling him to our assistance. This is the basis of all our altruism. We hope that by paying a two-dollar premium we shall be able to collect a hundred dollars worth of insurance. But this is all wrong. We are trying to coop up our immortal, four-dimensional soul in a three-dimensional flat. This never has been done to anybody's satisfaction, and never will be.

Every human being must in time reach a state of perfection. This state of perfection is a personal one. You cannot build a perfect edifice with imperfect materials. A perfect social system can only result from perfect units. Therefore, you yourself must be perfect before you can become a member of any state of society that is to maintain itself in a perfect condition. Can this state of perfection be reached? It can and it is. A scholar in the primary class may well wonder if it will ever be successfully graduated from the high school; but we know that pupils are graduated from our high schools every term; and therefore our primary class scholar will graduate in due time. It is just the same in the school of life. We shall all graduate some

day; and it is to our own advantage to start at once mastering the more difficult problems which confront us. We can use all our religious, social and political institutions as stepping stones to higher things unless we fall by the wayside and allow them to enslave us. And this is just where the root of the trouble lies. We allow our circumstances to enslave us, instead of making them administer to our advancement. We still cling to the childish habit of trying to shirk the responsibilities of our every day life. We must, each one of us, shoulder our own task; be our own captain on the sea of life, and pilot our own souls into the glories of paradise.

"There's a divinity shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." But this shaping is always in accord with our inherent tendencies. For instance, the divinity which presides over the destiny of an apple tree, always works for the production of apples; and never urges an apple tree to produce anything else. And just so, our higher and better selves—our inspiring divinity—always urges us to develop the latent and potential powers within us; and never to imitate somebody else. Or as Longfellow phrases it: "In the world's broad field of battle, be not like dumb, driven cattle." Be yourself, and don't try to be somebody else. Shakespeare illustrates this point better than anybody else. He did not mind what anybody else had said or done. When he had anything to say he said it in his own way and stamped it with his own individuality; and no matter how often the same thing has been said before, you know it is his after he has said it. But we don't have to have the genius of Shakespeare in order to be original and self-dependent. When a canary, or any other bird (even a trained one) sings, it expresses its own feelings in its song, and not the ideas of an Italian singing master. The modern way of getting back to nature is just as artificial as the rest of our lives. We think that if we eat oats because a horse eats them; or if we eat beans because they are good feed for cattle, that we are getting back to nature. But that is not the kind of nature we ought to get back to. Nature will prompt the horse to take care of itself if allowed its freedom, but nature speaks direct to the horse, through its inner consciousness. Nature will do just as much for us as she does for the horse, but we must take her advice at first hand—not after it has been manipulated and distorted by nature fakirs. Aside from his masterful intellect, Shakespeare's pre-eminence

was due to his closeness to nature. He tunnelled beneath the walls of man's philosophies and religions which imprison the human mind, and escaped into the glorious freedom of universal nature. This is the natural birthright of everything that lives—from the lowest form of life to the gods and goddesses of Paradise.

Ignorance of Nature is the cause of all our fears. We were taught, when young, that God punishes the wicked; and that we are all wicked. We do not know anything about God nor just how wicked we are, but our parents tell us these things are so and after awhile we begin to believe that they must be true. Then we go to church and the priest or preacher and the bible scare us more. And by the time we are old enough to think for ourselves we are generally saturated with the ideas that we are naturally wicked and debased, that we are past all hope of redemption unless we put our case in the hands of the God of our forefathers. And we generally do. Whatever else civilization may have done or left undone, it has fastened on us the false idea that there can be but one God, and that God must be the particular God our mothers believed in. No doubt, the universe is controlled by one central force; but this force is an impersonal one. This all-controlling God cares no more for you and me than it does for the tadpole or microbe. In the great scheme of Nature man stands too close to himself for his view of things to be natural. We stand in our own light, and view the rest of the universe through jaundiced eyes. We would not be guided by a priest's judgment in buying a pair of shoes; but when it comes to saving our own soul we shirk the responsibility, and let the priest do it. And thus we remain the same miserable sinner—only more so.

Our religion, our philosophy and our political complexion are partly inherited and partly the result of environment. What little thinking we do ourselves is mostly based on ideas which we accept without question simply because they are accepted by those whom we are in the habit of looking up to as authorities. As long as we try to live by rules laid down in bibles, prayer books and constitutions, just so long shall we go astray, and continue to wander through life thirsting for the unattainable. For satisfaction is unattainable elsewhere than within ourselves. Are you seeking the Philosopher's Stone? It is hidden nowhere but in your own soul. Would you like to quench

your thirst by a drink from the Fountain of Youth? Then dive down into your own soul and drink your fill—for you will never find it any where else. Are you searching for the Elixir of Life? Then search your own soul—for there, and there only, will you find it. Are you looking for the Kingdom of Heaven?

You were told long ago that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. The Lost Paradise that Milton so eloquently sang about has never been lost. It is the soul's spiritual home; the home your soul and mine are constantly yearning for, and which no soul has yet found anywhere but in the depths of its own consciousness. We are like children on the shores of time hoping to find a valuable gem among the pebbles. But we search in vain. All the gems of life are in our own keeping, and they are hidden from us only because we are looking in the wrong direction. Look within yourself; for although the gems of truth in the rough look almost like common pebbles, as your perceptive faculties become trained you will be able to select the true gems from the false, and thus enrich yourself with the only riches which do not take to themselves wings and fly away.

Our yearning for a higher and better and altogether grander kind of life than we are now living is natural enough. Our mistakes consist in hunting for a god to give us this better kind of life; or in expecting some sort of savior to prepare us to enjoy this life when we get it. We must prepare ourselves, then we shall realize the kind of life that will completely satisfy our most exalted ideas.

Some of you may think that if we enter a higher condition of life after the death of the body, no matter how moral or immoral we may be, it may be just as well for us to eat, drink and be merry today, for tomorrow we die. But this attitude of indifference towards our future welfare is not that which a rational being should assume. This is one of the dire results of human gregariousness. We lump our own misfortunes with those of our fellows and then try to fool ourselves with the notion that if we all become Socialists or Unionists and think and act alike then everything will be lovely; and the human race will be on a level with a paper of pins—all of the same size and brightness. Pull yourself out of the pin-hole and stand alone. And then start in and make of yourself whatever your inner aspirations prompt you to become.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones, and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

—LONGFELLOW.

FATHERHOOD.

By Florinda Twichell.

After all that may be said on the subject of "Motherhood," we can only hope to bring society up to the standard of ideals, that perhaps already exist, for, somehow, the powers that are supposed to control these matters have fixed a high standard for woman in her relation to the home and the sacred duties of motherhood. But how about Fatherhood?

We may bitterly deplore the lack of a sense of responsibility in many fathers, yet is there not some cause for the difference in the feelings of men and women toward their offspring?

The little boy often shows a great love for dolls when he is very young. So far as I have noticed quite as much as girls do. But people say, "Give the boy a hammer and nails, or a toy horse and cart, and the girl her dolls."

I have known several boys, who as babies learned to love their pillows, and were never willing to go to sleep without a certain pillow, which to them was their baby. There was a kind of protective love, which they seemed to feel for these pillows, or rag doll, which ought to have been cultivated.

The thought that the boy is some time to be a father is not less important than the possibility of motherhood. If the power of reproduction were only held sacred, what a transforming influence it would have on the lives of young men!

While the husband, if he is anything of a man, looks forward with tender affection to the advent of a child in his home, the unmarried man has little feeling of regard for the child to be born out of the bonds of wedlock, of whose being he is the author. It may mean inconvenience, or possible disgrace, but the thought that his own flesh and blood will be born in shame, and bear the reproach of the world, seems to give a man little trouble.

It is all wrong. Society has been wrong for ages. The laws are wrong. The institution of slavery fostered this inequality of responsibility. The father saw his own offspring born into a condition of servitude, yet he felt no responsibility, other than he felt for his prosperity in general.

The system of social license, which young men consider their privilege, is little better today, in some respects worse, than the license of the slaveholders, years ago.

A proposed law giving the illegitimate child a right to his father's name, and to share his property and demand his support, would have a good effect in many ways, and might correct, to a great extent, the irresponsible kind of an attitude men have so often taken in this matter.

But I still believe that the great reform must be fundamental. The boy must be taught, not only to understand the sacred function of fatherhood, but to look with pride and joy on the future privilege of reproducing, not only a strong, healthy type of manhood or womanhood, but to be the father of children, his very own, to love and cherish and to make a home for.

The present condition of things, and the attitude of men toward the subject of fatherhood, is not a relic of barbarism, nor a retrograding toward animal conditions from which the human race is supposed to have evolved.

Clear back in the insect kingdom many males had no other office than to propagate their race, then die. But in these cases the female reigned supreme and needed not his help to maintain her family.

Somehow in the course of time, men came to be lords of creation, and conditions changed. Society generally concurs in restoring to woman the dignity and importance of motherhood, that belong to the bee and the spider since animal life began. Yet somehow man has not reached or returned to that condition where his power of reproduction is counted one of the great ends of his existence.

The world has many good fathers, kind, tender and unselfish. But my plea is for a training which shall tend to make manhood and fatherhood synonymous terms, and give to society clean, healthy fathers, who will love their posterity and pray for their advent on the best possible physical and moral terms.—The Columbus Medical Journal.

Disease is to the human body as a thunderstorm to the atmosphere—a natural result for the purpose of clarification. Fate, "luck," or "the hand of an avenging Providence" has nothing to do with it; it is the balancing of broken law.—O. N. La Bayteaux.

Cultivate the attitude of universal love. This is the solvent which removes all difficulties, all fears, all apparently hostile conditions.—Edward A. Pennoek.

THE MAN WHO WINS.

By Emory J. Haynes.

Invalids have confessedly done great things. But it was in spite of their ill health. Had they been physically strong much more would have been accomplished. Surely there is no encouragement to the disregard of sound health on any page of history by any achievement of the most brilliant invalid.

Ill health clouds the mental faculties. The judgment is never sound, the will is never steady and obedient, the imagination is frequently fanciful and extravagant. The sick man never finished any thing. He has no connected day by day activity, for the next day he may be all off. Things move in sequences and success is the last link in the chain.

To be ill a week might spoil the whole. Many a man has found even a splitting headache on a day of crisis the real cause of his ruin.

That certain, inexplicable force, auto-suggestion, by means of which we impress ourselves on others, the indispensable power of the salesman, is surely greatly lessened by ill health. To cause the other man to think your thoughts and agree with you it is necessary to feel plus, not minus, in the approach.

Health is attractive; it is almost good dress in itself. The general air of the person who "feels good" is irresistible. The fear of the sick, the pity and sympathy we feel, always impedes business conversation.

The gladiator of the Colliseum always dropped the point of his sword when confronted by a sick man, refusing to fight. The presumption of the market is that every man is able to defend himself.

There is something chivalric in the way the average business man refuses to take advantage of an antagonist whom he sees suddenly taken ill. Health is the banner over us each morning. The colors are at the truck over exchanges, courts, factories, and every worker is supposed to be able to do his full day's work. Health is God's law and one of His greatest blessings. Health is the only strength, for the energy of disease is but a nervous spasm.

Health is amiability, cheerfulness, hope, courage, and without health all show of the qualities is but counterfeit. Health is

abounding joy in living, and it puts far off the fear of death, as the sun of the morning shows no sign of the coming night. The healthy baby is not a crying baby, and the healthy man does not whine.

Health stoops to no small quarrels. Though it is ready for a square fight, for one's rights. Nine-tenths of all the crimes are the creatures of ill health. Health and virtue seem to go hand in hand.

Teach the boy that next to character he should prize his health and preserve it. There may be great sport in football or an aeroplane. But a broken leg is a poor old thing on which to hobble through fifty years as the price of two hours' fun.

There is no language to express the execration which the grown man whispers to himself thousands of times for the fingers he lost in some boyish folly.

Nor will the excesses of youth ever fully be repaired. Just so much health is gone forever.—S. F. Bulletin.

GAVE IT TO HIS UNCLE.

"Doctor," said the young man with the jingling pockets, "I have come to thank you for your valuable medicine."

"So it helped you, did it?" replied the doctor smiling. "I am glad of it."

The young man nodded.

"It helped me wonderfully," he said.

"And how many bottles did you take?" inquired the medico.

"Oh, I didn't take any of it!" replied young fur coat. "But my uncle took one bottle of it, and now I am his sole heir."
—Answers.

SOME ADVICE.

When you can't jest see the light,
When things ain't a-goin' right,
Or the way you think they should,
Wait and see how they turn out,
Don't go hollerin' about,
Jest saw wood.

—New York Telegram.

DEALING WITH THE SOCIAL EVIL.

"I can illustrate this point no better," said General Theodore A. Bingham, formerly Police Commissioner of New York, "than by relating Toledo's experience. During the administration of the late Mayor Jones, 'Golden Rule Jones,' a deputation of clergymen called on Mayor Jones and told him that the city of Toledo demanded the suppression of the social evil. Respectable people could bear it no longer; they demanded that every woman of evil repute be compelled to leave Toledo.

"'Gentlemen,' said Mayor Jones, seriously, 'not one of you loathes the social evil more than I. Not one of you would more gladly put a stop to the whole wretched business. And if you can suggest any way on earth in which it can be done I shall be only too thankful to work with you. You may "send these women out"—where shall we send them? To Cleveland? To Akron? Would that be fair? And if they remain here, are you willing to help them earn an honest living? They have to keep on living you know. Are you willing to befriend them, uplift them, protect them? I will take one of them to my home. Will each of you?'

"Of course they were not willing, not a man of them. Then, after a lot of discussion and hot words that got nowhere, Mayor Jones said:

"'Gentlemen, I cannot drive these women out of town; I cannot suppress this evil in Toledo. But I can segregate and control it,' and he did.

"There is no such thing in Toledo as a white slave. The police would not permit it. Any woman in the district knows that as long as she obeys the police rules she may claim police protection. There is no such thing as police graft in Toledo. This is possible only because they have a thoroughly efficient, honest and intelligent Chief of Police, and his work is backed up by an absolutely honest, sincere and intelligent Mayor, Brand Whitlock.

Cleveland is another Ohio city which has had a police chief brave enough to acknowledge the fact that there is such a thing as a social evil. Chief Kohler, backed by Tom Johnson when he was Mayor, dealt with the matter precisely as Mayor Jones dealt with it and as Mayor Whitlock in Toledo continues to deal with it. They have their redlight district in Cleveland, but they have

it thoroughly under control, and they have no white slavery. No such thing as a country girl lured to a house of ill repute under pretense of obtaining honest employment and afterward kept in bondage, could occur there. No such thing as a young immigrant girl, ignorant of the language, held in slavery by a brutal master could exist there.

"Had I remained at the head of the New York police six months longer I would have begun to segregate the social evil there. I had the plan all worked out. I intended to divide the city into four districts—north, south, east and west. In each of these parts of New York there is now a portion given over to buildings that are used mostly for prostitution. If there are decent families among them it would be better for them to move. I would have gradually got them out, and there would have been border lines established beyond which the women of the underworld would not have been permitted to go."

THE BEE.

The bee has long been a type of the industrious worker; but there are few people who know how much labour the sweet hoard of the hive represents. Each head of clover contains about sixty distinct flower-tubes, each of which contains a portion of sugar not exceeding the five-hundredth part of a grain. Some patient apiarian enthusiast, who has watched the insect's movements, concludes the proboscis of the bee must therefore be inserted into five hundred clover-tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are seven thousand grains in a pound, and, as honey contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar, each pound of honey represents two million and one-half of clover-tubes sucked by bees.

ASTRO-BIOCHEMISTRY

This signifies a knowledge that the whole race must soon know. And why? Because suffering humanity is lifting its voice for something more real than dying systems of drugs. Just 2c. stamp will bring my circulars to you, and their contents will satisfy fair minds this is no fake, fad or creed. On the other hand, I positively claim there are 12 minerals known as 12 salts of the earth and air, that will cure all mental and physical ills. Address A. J. STRAUGHAN, 820 Anderson St., Pittsburg, Pa.

Send Birth Date for Free Birth Card.

TO A SKELETON.

Behold that ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of the Ethereal Spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleaned,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained
And when it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils Eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,
These feet with Angel's wings shall vie
And tread the palace of the sky.

—Unidentified.

SHAKESPEARE'S GHOSTS.

All Shakespeare's ghosts had met with violent deaths. These are almost the only spirits who have a motive sufficiently strong to hold them near to the earth. When Banquo was being murdered he knew that Macbeth was the instigator of the crime. Hence, his exclamation to his son: "O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly! thou may'st revenge." And it was the strength of this impression of his former friend's treachery which brought his new-born spirit into Macbeth's presence, with the twenty mortal gashes on his head, which had caused his death.

The ghost of Hamlet's father was imbued with the altogether unworthy motive of revenge on his brother and the queen. Caesar's ghost was naturally enough concerned with the downfall of Brutus and the triumph of his own political friends. All the ghosts which appeared to Richard III were interested in his overthrow and in the triumph of Richmond, independently of their own personal wrongs.

The visitations of ghosts are like the proverbial angel's visits, few and far between. Banquo's ghost was really an apparition; and these are of daily occurrence. When a man meets with a sudden and violent death his spirit will immediately visit the person he was most strongly attached to. The spirit of a man killed in an accident and having no strong affection for any particular person, will stay around the scene of the accident till he can pull himself together and gain control of his new found psychic faculties. In the play of *Romeo and Juliet*, after having tried in vain to avoid a quarrel with Tybalt, who had just killed Mercutio, Romeo says, "Now, Tybalt, Mercutio's soul is but a little way above our heads, and thou or I must keep him company." Romeo had no doubt of the soul's existence after the death of the body. Neither had Hamlet. For when Horatio tried to prevent Hamlet following the ghost, he says: "Why, what should be the fear, I do not set my life at a pin's fee, and for my soul, what can it do to that, being a thing immortal as itself?" Again, King John says: "Within this wall of flesh there is a soul." It is evident that to Shakespeare the soul was a distinct entity; and that at death the soul left the body with all the attributes and functions of life intact. And the play of *Hamlet* clearly shows that if a spirit stays among the

scenes of its former life it is actuated by the same selfish and unworthy motives that make human life in the aggregate appear so sordid and unlovable. Hamlet's glowing tribute to his father may have fitted him physically; but his ghost never manifested any such moral qualities as the eulogium calls for. As a matter of fact, a ghost can never be good, in the best sense of the word. There is a common saying that all is fair in love and war. But it is not. No doubt Caesar justified himself under the circumstances, in visiting Brutus. But a ghost always has the cards stacked and the dice loaded in his own favor. He always has his adversary at a disadvantage. He waits till he has got him at the brink of a precipice and then he appears and tells him that he has got him where he wants him and pushes him over. This is not fair, even if it is justifiable, and if we are high spirited enough the best we can do is to follow the example of Brutus, who says: "Our enemies have beat us to the pit; it is more worthy to leap in ourselves, than tarry till they push us."

KANT AND THE EVOLUTIONARY THEORY.

Kant readily accepts the doctrine that man was originally a four-footed animal, which, *pari passu* with its unique development of rationality and of the social instincts, assumed the upright attitude. His promptness in making the views of Moscati his own certainly indicates a general predisposition in evolutionary ways of thinking; and, if we had no other expression of Kant's dealing with the subject more directly, it would be not unnatural to construe this assertion of the descent of civilized man from quadrupedal ancestors as equivalent to an assertion of the mutability of species. Yet the latter doctrine it must be noted, is nowhere expressed or directly implied in the review of Moscati; and it will presently become clear that Kant would not have regarded it as a legitimate inference from any of his admissions about the earlier condition of humanity. From the time of publication of this review to the end of life Kant seems to have remained what may be called an anthropological evolutionist; but he deliberately refused to make the transition from this position to a general biological evolutionism.—Professor Arthur O. Lovejoy in *Popular Science Monthly*.

CHEERFULNESS A DUTY.

It is the duty of all to look on the bright side. If we insist on walking in the shade when the sun is shining on the other side of the road, it is only natural that we do not feel its warmth. We all know what a constant delight to society cheerful people are. It does one good to hear them speak. They seem to live in a higher, happier sphere, and through all their troubles are able to enjoy life thoroughly. It may be because they have learned to appreciate and to be thankful for the many little blessings they receive every moment of their life. Cheerfulness is quite necessary for all who wish to live an energetic and useful life. To the old, the infirm, and the unhappy a cheerful person imparts hope and happiness and life. Some people's souls seem to have a strong affinity for whatever there is in the outer world capable of ministering to joy; they detect its presence by a special instinct, and they extract from it the most unlikely objects. Now there is a distinction between gaiety, mirth, or animation and true cheerfulness; these first will last for a little time, but sooner or later reaction will come, or as soon as the reason of the happiness is removed. True cheerfulness through rain or sunshine remains, for even in overshadowing darkness it finds some light. Finally if all would try to cultivate the spirit of true cheerfulness, how much brighter this world would be! Time would fly quickly, and there would be no more of those long, wearisome days which seem to be endless.

PERSEVERANCE.

Every conquered difficulty puts a new tool into the worker's hands. His powers thrive and grow in the process. Many people look with envy upon men who seem to conquer with ease whatever it falls to their lot to do. Usually, however, if their past lives could be unfolded, there would be a full record of labour, perseverance, energy and patience that had dealt with one difficulty after another until each was vanquished.

Have thy tools ready, God will find thee work.—Charles Kingsley.

DOCTOR FELL.

I do not love you, Doctor Fell; the reason why, I'll briefly tell:

The doctor of the olden days had kindly words and pleasant ways; and though his pills were on the bum, and sent folks off to Kingdom Come, and though he liked to swell the hosts of skeletons and sheeted ghosts, it never was his foolish plan to use a saw on every man. Unlike the modern maniacs, who carve their patients with an axe, he dealt out calomel or nux, and soaked us for a pair of bucks, and if he killed us—good old soul! he left us to be planted whole.

When I am sickly and unstrung, you ask me to unfurl my tongue; you feel my pulse and prod my back, and say my liver's out of whack, and then you shed your vest and coat, and push a lantern down my throat, and say, "Great Caesar! What a heart! I'll have to take you all apart." And on your table I am laid, while you go out to hunt a spade, to dig around among my works and find the blamed old germ that lurks around the angles of my frame—the way you carve me is a shame.

When winter comes, with frost and snow, I have a chilblain on my toe; and when for liniment I beg, you want to amputate my leg; and when my throat gets sore and raw, you want to cure it with a saw; to cure my baldness, you, I ween, would run me through a guillotine. A leg of mine is now at rest among the doctors of the West; an Eastern doctor has in brine about eight inches of my spine; the jaw that once adorned my mouth is kept in pickle in the South.

I do not love you, Doctor Fell; you carve too fluently and well; I fear you and your edged tools; I'll send to correspondence schools for absent treatment when I'm ill—or hit the good old-fashioned pill.—Walt Mason in the Emporia Gazette.

THE ONLY WAY.

Mrs. Exe: "Goodby. I'm sorry my husband isn't in. I wish I knew some way of keeping him at home a little more."

Mrs. Wye: "Let him buy a motor car."

Mrs. Exe: "Why, he'd be out more than ever then."

Mrs. Wye: "Oh, dear, no! Mrs. Dasher tells me her husband bought a motor car a few days ago, and the doctor says he won't be out for six weeks."—Illustrated Bits.

BUILDERS.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

—LONGFELLOW.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

A man of absolute honesty would be a center of terrific and everlasting force (or magnetism) in the world. He would be an iconoclast crushing, like a rod of steel, everything of weakness or evil that would happen to get before him.

Was there ever such a man? I believe there was, namely, Jesus of Nazareth. His absolute earnestness could not brook the curves of contemporary hypocrisy, and so heroically unmasked them; His perfect sincerity could not tolerate the serpents in the soul of the Pharisee, and so mercilessly dragged them out into the light; His unswerving honesty could not endure the deceptions in high places, and so forced the final issue. This quality in Him was heroic, His sincerity supreme.

This is the fundamental rationale of the marvelous influence His name and spirit have exerted in the world. He attracts men to Him. Men feel His strength and trust in it. His is the most magnetic personality that ever lived.

But suppose, for one moment, that men should doubt His earnestness, honesty and sincerity! Suppose that they should suspect that He secretly possessed the very curves, compromises and cowardlinesses which He pitied and condemned in others. His power, attraction and marvelous magnetism would then instantly cease. The man who wishes to destroy Christianity would simply have to prove—if he could—the insincerity of Jesus. But it is a curious fact in history that every attempt to do this has resulted in more firmly establishing the diametrically opposite thesis, namely, His honesty, sincerity and unimpeachable earnestness. He stands there in history the one moral straight line, "without variableness or shadow of turning." Is it any wonder, then, that He was a Master of Mind! and could read the minds of men?

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NO TIME FOR IT.

Singleton—Do you believe in the old adage about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure?

Wedderley—No, I don't. After a man marries he has no leisure.—Smart Set.

THE HEATHEN.

Gradually and by common consent the various missionary societies have permitted the word "heathen," as applied to the un-Christianized nations, to fall into disuse. Prompted by the query of a correspondent we have verified this fact at the office of the American Board of Foreign Missions, where the employment of the term is "no longer considered to be in good taste." The "heathen nations" of a generation ago, from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," are now more respectfully referred to in missionary reports and circulars as the "non-Christian nations." The heathen were "dwellers on the heath;" the word applied to a remote, ignorant, uncivilized, benighted folk. All countries, including our own, have them. The clay eaters of the South and some of its mountaineers, and the hard cider drinkers of rural New England, are, strictly speaking, heathen. But before the countries were brought nearer by swifter means of communication it was customary for one nation to believe that most others were of a vastly inferior sort. They must be composed chiefly of barbarians, pagans, heathen. With the nearer acquaintance came knowledge of other civilizations—civilizations fortified by customs, learning and religions that inspired respect.—New York Times.

FISHING WITH CORMORANTS.

To be of use for fishing, cormorants in China are taken when young from the breeding rocks and regularly trained to bring all the finny prey they capture to their owner's boat. When young a thin collar is put round their throats to prevent them from swallowing their prizes; but in time the birds understand their duty, and, except for occasional small fry, which they probably think are hardly worth while going back to the boat with, carry all they catch to the common store. As fishermen, they are among the most expert of birds, and their tactics, when they find themselves engaged with a larger fish than they can manage, are very intelligent, for, if alone, the cormorant strikes out the eyes of the fish, and then tries to guide the bewildered floundering thing to the boat. But, as a rule, if one cormorant sees another in trouble with a larger fish than it can tackle single-handed it goes to its

comrade's assistance, and the two, or several together, put all their beaks into the job, and thus bring the captive within reach of the boatman's gaff or net.

TELLING COUNTERFEITS.

How does a bank teller detect a counterfeit coin? Some people say he does it by sight—that every spurious coin “looks bad to the keen-eyed teller. Others say he does it by the “feel”—that base metals have a greasy feel. Another solution is that he “jingles” a doubtful kopek, and if it fails to ring true it goes to the junk heap.

All of these attributed methods are more or less employed, but none of them answer the question, “How does he know?” He can't answer the question himself, because I have asked about two hundred of him. He just knows, that's all.

The coin that has been in the plumber's pocket with a piece of solder or lead pipe is just like a little boy who gets in with “de alley gang”—it doesn't take him long to look like his associates—but he is still that original avenue boy and his mother never sees the change. That's the way with your wayward coin—it “looks bad,” but the teller gives it a passport.

The butcher, the baker and the candy man pass greasy and sticky coin of the realm over the bank's counter. If the teller listened to the oracle who says that “greasy” coins are bad, the butcher would have a pretty sad time accumulating enough to keep his checks from going to protest.

Some perfectly responsible and self-respecting coin gets in a fire, or on its way through the mint develops some slight flaw. When it hits the marble slab it “plunks,” then it quivers down through the usual gyrations that are supposed to produce a “jingle,” but the best it can do is a sickly rattle. It takes a keen ear and positive character to toss a coin like that into the till with its clear voiced companions, but the experienced teller does it with an assurance that is good to see.

He knows—that is the whole story of coin and currency handling. Long experience brings keen instinct, and that's all there is to the teller's job anyhow—just plain horse sense—just instinct.—Bank Notes, Indianapolis.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies,
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air self-balance'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow.
Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen,
There towering cities, and the forests green;
Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples rise:
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

* * * * *

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies;
Scarcely to the top I stretch'd my aching sight.
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blazed, magnificently great:
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarcely seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size the more I gazed,
Till to the roof her towering front she raised.
With her, the temple every moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
A thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears
Beneath, in order ranged, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine.
With eyes on Fame, forever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise their voice, and tune the string;
With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,

The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill'd the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees that with the spring renew
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew:
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddess bend:
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were different, their request the same:
For good and bad alike are fond of fame.
Some she disgraced, and some with honors crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merit found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the goddess thus prefer their prayer:
"Long have we sought to instruct and please mankind;
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But, thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For fame is all we must expect below."

The goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
By just degrees they every moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At every breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread:
Less fragrant scents the unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane:
"Since living virtue is with envy cursed,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,

And give each deed the exact intrinsic worth."
"Not with bare justice will your acts be crown'd."
Said Fame, "but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes the applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise."

* * * * *
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
"For thee," they cried, "amidst alarms and strife,
We sailed in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flame and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.
Those ills we dared, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone."

"Ambitious fools!" the queen replied, and frown'd,
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A sudden clould straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen:
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
"Great idol of mankind; we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But, safe in deserts from the applause of men,
Would die unheard-of as we lived unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joys partake,
To follow virtue e'en for virtue's sake."

"And live there men, who slight immortal Fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride,
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death."
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear;
E'en listening angels lean from heaven to hear
To farthest shores the ambrosial spirit flies.
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

—POPE.

INCOMPATIBILITY.

Perchance 'twas the fault of the life that they led;
Perchance 'twas the fault of the novels they read;
Perchance 'twas a fault in themselves; I am bound not
To say: this I know—that these two creatures found not
In each other some sign they expected to find
Of a something unnamed in the heart or the mind;
And, missing it, each felt a right to complain
Of a sadness which each found no word to explain.
Whatever it was, the world noticed not it
In the light-hearted beauty, the light-hearted wit.
Still, as once with the actors in Greece, 'tis the case,
Each must speak to the crowd with a mask on his face.

—OWEN MEREDITH.

DECEPTION.

When first the red savage call'd Man strode, a king,
Through the wilds of creation—the very first thing
That his naked intelligence taught him to feel
Was the shame of himself; and the wish to conceal
Was the first step in art. From the apron which Eve
In Eden sat down out of fig-leaves to weave,
To the furbelow'd flounce and the broad crinoline
Of my lady—you all know of course whom I mean—
This art of concealment has greatly increas'd.
A whole world lies cryptic in each human breast;
And that drama of passion as old as the hills,
Which the moral of all men in each man fulfills,
Is only reveal'd now and then to our eyes
In the newspaper files and the courts of assize.

—OWEN MEREDITH.

WOUNDS.

Think not that deepest wounds
Are made with steel.
A loved one's thoughtless word
May cleave the heart;
A trust betrayed—no balm
That hurt can heal;
And stings of conscience burn
With endless smart.

—Progress Magazine.

OLD AGE.

Recent investigations in the world of science indicate a great change in the opinions and views of physiologists and more advanced students, as to old age as a disease in man.

Prof. Loeb, of the University of California, has attracted the attention of the world of science by his recent researches and studies.

The hardening of the arteries especially, and the deposit of foreign substances in the system observable in old age is a disease which has not been considered or treated, but is now found to respond to scientific treatment. The psychological side of the question is forging ahead in the world of science.

The mind, the most important factor of all, is being more carefully studied than ever before, and the world of science of today is becoming convinced that a century of life, barring accident, can be secured by every one who takes the necessary steps to retain and enjoy it.—Extract from article read before the Medico-Legal Society of New York, December meeting, 1907, by Clark Bell, Esq., LL. D., of New York.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE POSTOFFICE DEFICIENCY.

President Taft in his message to Congress says: "The experts of the Postoffice Department show that we are furnishing to the owners of magazines a service worth millions more than they pay for or than justice requires." There is no good reason for the Government coddling the magazine business. If a man sends one piece of merchandise a year he only has to pay one cent an ounce. And the merchant who sends a million ounces a year by mail has to pay a cent for each ounce. Printed matter should be governed by similar uniform rules. The rates should be put as low as possible, but any one should be able to send a single magazine at the same rate as a thousand or ten thousand can be sent. Special privileges are always abused; and the privilege of getting second-class rating is no exception to the rule. The rules demand a bona fide subscription list of paid in advance subscribers amounting to at least fifty per cent of the total number of copies printed. It would be impossible to get such an extensive list of subscribers for a magazine prior to its publication, because people want to learn the character of a magazine before they sub-

scribe for it. And yet within the last few months a fiction magazine has been issued with second-class rating from the first number. Probably a hundred thousand copies were sent out through the News companies. But this is only one more instance of our up-to-date way of doing things where the law is always on the side of the one who can swear the hardest.

MEDICAL RESEARCH ROMANCE.

In the history of research are many romances. Of the discovery that malaria was caused by mosquitoes it is related how Dr. Low and Dr. Sambon lived in the malarious Roman Campagna without quinine. They retired at sunset to a mosquito proof hut, with double doors and windows of wire net, and they did not leave until sunrise. The fact that they remained immune while the attendants sleeping outside contracted malaria confirmed the belief that the mosquitoes were responsible. But how did they carry the disease? At first it was thought to be by water. To settle the question live mosquitoes, which had bitten infected peasants, were sent home, and two members of the school submitted to be bitten by them. They both went down with malaria. Again, how did the mosquitoes transmit the germ? By cutting sections of the proboscis the malarious parasite was found; it breaks through the skin of the proboscis and is transmitted at the time of the sting. From the first conjecture to the final proof was a series of careful experiments, ending with the slicing of the mosquito's proboscis; now this is finer than fine hair. It is necessary to stop to think. For it is easier to imagine the triumph of the proof than the delicate operation that produced it.—London Standard.

THE REWARD OF THE WORKER.

Mere task work is harder to do than that which is undertaken with enthusiasm, and this enthusiasm comes from interest in the labor at hand. What is sheer drudgery to one man will be a delight to another; hard work in the form of recreation is only play; and therefore the importance of choosing one's work wisely, so that it be in conformity with one's tastes, inclination and capacities, is very great. But, after every effort has been made to select a pursuit wisely, it still remains a fact that the man who has made

the wisest choice will have to do much unpleasant work; while for the vast majority freedom of choice is greatly restricted. Hard work must be done, and he who thinks or hopes that his days are to "flow on in ever-gentle current of enjoyment" is generally doomed to disappointment. Even the idle are disappointed in attaining that kind of happiness, because they are deprived of the chief interest of life, which comes from the consciousness of work well done, and are beset by the weariness which is called **ennui**.

A "sweet girl-graduate" wrote the following on the fly-leaf of her text book on moral science—"If there should be another flood, For refuge hither fly; Though all the world should be submerged, This book would still be dry!"

THE BRITISH-CALIFORNIAN.

The British-Californian (now in its thirteenth year) gives you information not otherwise obtainable unless you are prepared to spend \$200 or \$300 a year on papers which you have neither the time nor the inclination to wade through. We save you time and money in getting you the cream of British Empire news of importance. You also get high-class, original matter.

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Send forth your heart's desire and work and wait—
The opportunities of life are brought
To our own doors, not by capricious fate,
But by the strong, compelling arm of thought.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Diving and finding no pearls in the sea,
Blame not the ocean, the fault is in thee.

—PERSIAN PROVERB.

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PSYCHO-MAGNETISM

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 psycho-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 within 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.

Address: DR. J. BALL,

916 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco.