

# 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 woodem-  
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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# THE DAWN

Volume I.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY, 1911.

Number 4.

"AT SUNRISE EVERY SOUL IS BORN AGAIN."

### INTUITION.

"When the soul breathes through a man's intellect, it is genius; when it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it breathes through his affection, it is love. Genius believes its faintest presentiment against the testimony of all history, for it knows that facts are not ultimates, but that a state of mind is the ancestor of everything."

—EMERSON.

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THE HABIT OF FORETHOUGHT.

POISONING BY THE SCENT OF FLOWERS.

## To The Reader

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**The Dawn** is published for the sole purpose of presenting the Editor's views of life in its completeness. It does not in any sense cater to public opinion, for public opinion is merely the ripples on the surface of the ocean of life. **The Dawn** will appeal only to those individuals who are earnestly interested in that force, power or principle which constitutes the thinking and emotional being within themselves. If you are really interested in this subject, **The Dawn** will blaze the way for you on your journey to the place where your fondest hopes will all be realized.

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SAN FRANCISCO

### THE WOMAN WHO UNDERSTANDS.

Somewhere she waits to make you win,  
Your soul in her firm white hands—  
Somewhere the gods have made for you  
The woman who understands.  
As the tide went out she found him  
Lashed to a spar of despair—  
The wreck of his ship around him,  
The wreck of his dreams in the air;  
Found him and loved him, and gathered  
The soul of him to her heart—  
The soul that had sailed an uncharted sea,  
The soul that had sought to win and be free,  
The soul of which she was part;  
And there in the dusk she cried to the man,  
“Win your battle—you can—you can!”

Helping and loving and guiding—  
Urging when that was best—  
Holding her fears in hiding  
Deep in her quiet breast.  
This is the woman who kept him  
True to his standards lost—  
When, tossed in the storm and stress and strife,  
He thought himself through with the game of life  
And ready to pay the cost.  
Watching and guarding, whispering still.  
“Win—you can—and I know you will!”

This is the story of ages—  
This is the woman's way—  
Wiser than seers or sages,  
Lifting us day by day—  
Facing all things with courage  
Nothing can daunt or dim;  
Treading life's path wherever it leads—  
Lined with flowers or choked with weeds.  
But ever with him—with him;  
Guardian, comrade, and golden spur,  
The men who win are helped by her.

Somewhere she waits, strong in belief,  
Your soul in her firm white hands;  
Thank well the gods when she comes to you—  
The woman who understands.

—Selected.





# THE DAWN

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Volume I.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY, 1911.

Number 4.

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## THE PASSOVER

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From the twelfth chapter of Exodus we learn that the Passover was a festival, instituted to commemorate Jehovah's "passing over" the Israelite houses while "passing through" those of the Egyptians, to destroy, in the latter, all the first-born. From a humanitarian standpoint is it not rather strange that such a bloody and revengeful event should be a matter of public rejoicing? Was there anything to justify Jehovah's bloodthirsty punishment? We can understand the rejoicing of the Israelites at their escape from their taskmasters. But why should the rest of the world be blind to the enormity of the punishment inflicted on the Egyptians? And why, again, should Jehovah have had so much regard for the Israelites? They were virtually slaves; and no people can be held in bondage for several hundred years unless they are a low and degraded race of people. On the other hand, the Egyptians were at this time the most enlightened and civilized people on earth. If God had any chosen people at that time, the Egyptians were the chosen ones.

The details of these events which have come down to us are furnished by the Israelites. We have been brought up to accept these statements without question—just because they happen to be part of a system of religious instruction which we have been taught to regard as infallible. If we were not so unreasonably biased in favor of everything which our Bible contains we should be able to understand what happened even from the one-sided account which the Bible contains. Moses was a very able man. He had been reared by the royal family of Egypt. He was probably the most

learned man of his time, and the most able and astute statesman of the most highly civilized nation the world had ever known. If you can imagine Mr. Booker T. Washington being raised to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court, or to the office of Secretary of War in war times, then you will have some idea of the position which Moses occupied as a member of a despised and enslaved race ruling with almost despotic power over the most enlightened people of the earth. It speaks well for the Egyptians that Moses occupied his position as long as he did. In America, at the present day, he would have been hounded out of his place in short order.

However, both the Egyptians and Moses were human. He, no doubt, had many enemies among the ruling race. And if Moses was not the first man, he certainly was not the last, to make use of his position to punish his enemies. It is also quite probable that Moses used his vast influence for the benefit of his own people. Americans would not stand for this kind of thing, and I don't see why we should expect any higher standard of the Egyptians than we are willing to live up to ourselves. But whatever the cause, it is evident that Moses fell under the disfavor of the ruling powers of Egypt. He was banished, or fled before they had time to banish him, as many a good man has done since, and doubtless before. But it is hard to keep a good man down. It is quite possible that Moses had been working for the release of his own people before he was banished; and it may be that this was the cause of his banishment. However this may be, it is evident that Moses set about the accomplishment of the release of his people soon after his banishment.

If you will look into the lives of those individuals of our race who have had what may be called a mission, you will find that they have all retired into seclusion, or gone up into a mountain, or into the desert, or some other place, where they could be alone and commune with themselves. Whether Moses went into retirement voluntarily or involuntarily is nothing to the purpose; it is certain he came back with the firm conviction that he was to set his people free. Napoleon, Joan of Arc, John the Baptist, and Elijah, and a whole host of others, have had similar experiences. A new ruler was in power in Egypt. Moses disguised his appearance and went back stealthily among his own people. Moses was a first-class general, but he could not arm and drill his people under the conditions which then prevailed. So he went to work by

stealth. The plagues which fell on the Egyptians were all due to natural phenomena, which Moses was wise enough to foresee. But they prepared the way for Moses to play his trump card, which is probably all they were intended to do.

The Israelites would necessarily be acting as servants in all the well-to-do families of Egyptians. Our knowledge of human nature would tell us that Moses had spies of his own people in every family of influence. He would have these for his own safety, for he was there in disguise, and he would soon have learned if he had been suspected. But this system of espionage was just what Moses required to carry out his plans to a successful issue. It is not for a moment to be supposed that his own people were in possession of his secret purposes. He was educating them to look upon himself as a priest and leader. When his plans were fully matured he informed the Egyptians that his God was going to punish them for holding his people in bondage. At the same time he secretly informed or instructed his own people to be ready to march on to the promised land. Of course, like a true priest, he had made these promises in the name of Jehovah. All priests, either knowingly or unknowingly, do this. God never made any promise to anybody, other than that which is implanted within the soul of every living person. Moses knew this, but, like every true leader, he took advantage of the ignorance and superstition of his people to better their condition.

After a series of misfortunes, from bad crops, pestilences and other calamities, such as all nations and peoples have been subject to since the world began, but which Moses turned to his own account by proclaiming them as punishments to the Egyptians for their hardness of heart in refusing to liberate the Israelites, Moses said his God was so angry that he was going to destroy the first-born child in every Egyptian family. He then proceeded to make good his threat, because his failure to do so would have been fatal to his influence with his own people, and have caused the Egyptians to be more cruel and overbearing in their treatment of the Israelites. So it is evident that Moses was fully prepared to carry his threat into execution. He had a great task before him, inasmuch as he was to strike terror to the Egyptians while preserving the faith of his own people in the justice of the great Jehovah's cruel and bloodthirsty act. But the sequel shows that Moses was fully equal to the task he had undertaken.



The Egyptian first-born were to be slain. But how? Moses could not send his men in to slay them at the point of the sword. In the first place, he could not have armed his men without arousing suspicion. And then they could not have got very far in their work before the Egyptians would have overwhelmed them, and we should have never heard any more of Moses and the Israelites. But blood had to be shed, for no first-class religious event ever occurred without the shedding of innocent blood. All religions are alike in this: that nothing but blood will appease an angry god. So Moses set those of his followers whose business it was to look after the religious part of his work to killing lambs and sprinkling their blood on the door-posts of their own people. The Black Hand people mark the doors of those who are to be victims of their vengeance; but Moses marked the doors of those who were to escape his vengeance. Moses, like all great men, was many-sided. He had another set of assistants whose business it was to poison the first-born at the psychological moment.

We know the Egyptians were past-masters in the knowledge of nature's secrets. Their knowledge of embalming and preserving processes have probably never been surpassed. They had full knowledge of the most powerful and subtle poisons, and whatever the Egyptians knew Moses knew. The proper doses were skillfully prepared by adepts at this kind of work, and the Israelitish servants fully instructed when to administer the poison to the first-born in each family of their task-masters. The poison was probably administered in the food or drink of the victim, at the appointed time. Such a calamity falling so suddenly on all the prominent families at the same time would naturally overwhelm the Egyptians with grief and terror. And as the Egyptians were themselves grossly superstitious, they were compelled to agree to the terms of Moses and let the Israelites go, in order to save themselves from still worse afflictions by Jehovah. So Moses won out. But he knew that the Egyptians would suspect that he had played a trick on them as soon as the first shock of their misfortune had worn off. But he had prepared for this, also. Moses was better acquainted with the topography of the country than the Egyptians were. So, when they started after him, he led them into a trap, which gave him time to get out of their reach.

It may be objected that this view of the events recorded in the Bible blackens the character of Moses without warrant or justifica-

tion. But if Moses did not poison the Egyptian first-born, or cause them to be poisoned or otherwise destroyed, then Jehovah did so poison or destroy them. Now, if it was unjustifiable for Moses to do these things, how can it be justifiable for God to commit such cruel and bloodthirsty acts? You may fall back on the old doctrine that a king can do no wrong; therefore, God can do no wrong. But an injustice is unjust whether it be the act of a man or a God. If it were justifiable for God to destroy the Egyptian first-born, then it was equally justifiable for Moses to destroy them, as God's servant. All biblical writers consider themselves prophets of the only true God, or servants of such prophets. They are therefore biased and unreliable teachers. While I am quite sure that Moses was laboring under no mistake as to who slew the Egyptian first-born, still he was imbued with the idea that he was called upon to deliver the Israelites from their bondage. But his calling in the aid of Jehovah and the destroying angel was not for the purpose of shirking his responsibility for his acts, but to impress the ignorant and superstitious masses of his own people and the Egyptians alike.

Moses was one of the grandest and ablest men that ever lived. He tried to fathom the depths of his own soul. Moses and Homer dealt with the same subjects, and both tried to solve the riddle of life. In his allegory of the Garden of Eden, Moses has given us the substance of a dream or vision, just as Shakespeare has done in the meeting of the weird sisters with Macbeth and Banquo. The God which Moses gives us in the Garden of Eden is simply an apotheosized spirit. He walked about the garden in the cool of the evening and made Adam in his own image. Moses thought Adam would get lonesome if he had nobody but his own ghost to talk to. So he made Eve out of his own flesh and blood for a companion. Then this man-made God got tired—just as any man would do after such a hard week's work. Just as the sprig of an apple-tree yearns to become loaded down with apples, so we yearn to become whatever the soul germs within us determine we shall develop into. When we allow our soul forces freedom enough, they will from time to time project before us visions of what we are to become. It is such a vision which Moses records in the story of the Garden of Eden. Instead of the Garden of Eden being a place from which man has been turned out, it is a place for which we are all headed. It is our future home. The spirit which Moses



saw there, and which he mistook for a God, was simply his own soul projected into its future home. We are the creators of our own Garden of Eden.

It is not to be supposed that Moses formed his theory of God at once. Like all well-founded theories, it was the result of years of hard study. The placing in the Garden of Eden of the tree of life and forbidding Adam and Eve to eat the fruit thereof, is proof that woman was as little understood by Moses as she is by most men today. But Moses had to find some excuse to get our first parents out of Eden, for people in his time, as they are today, were totally unfit to dwell in such a paradise of a home. The eternal fitness of things demands that we make ourselves perfect before we occupy a perfect dwelling-place. This theory of Adam and Eve being turned out of Eden fits in well with the common customs of all religions; for the basis on which a religion rests is the assumption that we have in some way offended God. It was this fact which led Moses to ascribe to Jehovah the slaying of the Egyptian first-born. It placed him in the position of God's go-between. No doubt the intentions of Moses were sincere and honorable. He wanted to deliver his people from a state of bondage. But Moses never had anything more to do with God than you and I have to do with him every day of our lives. A general has to get the confidence of his army before he can do much with them. And Moses was one of the world's greatest generals. He was prevented from arming his people by their condition of servitude. But this condition of servitude lent itself admirably to his scheme of poisoning. By successfully carrying this measure through he increased his prestige with his own people and overawed the Egyptians with the fulfillment of his threats.

But Moses was under no delusion as to the transitoriness of the effect which his scheme would have on the Egyptians. He did not stop to celebrate his victory until he was well beyond the reach of his enemies. He had already made his plans to mislead and entrap them. He got his people safely away from the Egyptians. But like most other leaders he soon found that his friends were just as troublesome as his enemies. Hence he instituted the Feast of the Passover, not because he thought his victory deserved to be celebrated, but to keep the minds of his followers from inquiring too curiously into the circumstances of their escape from

bondage. The same methods are followed today to keep people in the church, and in their unions.

A good many people laugh at the pretensions put forth by Alexander Dowie, under the cloak of Elijah the second; but his claims to divine power are just as great as were those of any other man who ever lived. They were all mistaken. Joan of Arc had as lively a faith in her invisible guides as any biblical prophet had. But she was the victim of designing spirits, who led her to disgrace and death. Mahomet was a mighty seer and prophet, but when success came, it turned his head, and he started out to compel everybody to follow his standard or perish at the point of his sword. In recent years Mr. Dowie and Mrs. Eddy have assumed the same supreme power to direct the spiritual life of their followers. This is the fatal error of all leadership. It assumes that all mankind are weak and helpless, which is true enough. But the leader also assumes the role of Moses and tells his followers that he alone can lead them to the land of promise. Now, no man can lift up another to a better condition of life. The only power that can better our condition must be developed within us. We cannot develop our self-reliance and individuality while we follow in the footsteps of a leader. Moses led his people away from the Egyptians, but they were the same helpless and degraded people after their escape as they were before. They still wanted somebody to feed and clothe them as the Egyptians had done. If they had risen in rebellion and escaped they would have developed sufficient energy to look after themselves in their new conditions. But now they were like union men on a strike—dependent on their leaders for the necessities of life. They had escaped one condition of slavery and entered into another. This is just what the socialist and unionist are doing today. Liberty is a personal attribute; and as long as you are so weak and cowardly that you have to be guided by Karl Marx or Mr. Gompers you are to all intents and purposes a slave. There is no power in this world or the next but your own soul that can guide you aright. If you are sick, the trouble lies with yourself. If you are out of work, don't blame the Japs and Chinese, because they have just as much right on the earth as you have. The trouble is with yourself. If your conscience troubles you because you think you are a miserable sinner, don't blame God, and don't pray to him, either; for he does not care a snap whether you go to heaven or to hell. It's not his business;



it's your own. It does not matter what you are nor where you are, you have got to take charge of your own life and carve out your own destiny before you will find complete satisfaction, either in this world or any other.

The vision of the Garden of Eden was real and true, but instead of being a place from which we have fallen, it is a place we are bound for on the other side of the grave. The Lord which the Seer saw there was his own soul projected into the future. We are the absolute creators of our own future home. The man who shirks his responsibilities now will find his Garden of Eden a very scrubby affair. He will have to start in weeding and planting new crops. There is no possibility of blaming anybody else, for our future home will reflect our own character. Our character is formed by what we do, not by what we leave undone. If we try to do something and do it wrong, we have learned something; but if we do not try to do it, we learn nothing. And we can develop our characters only by positive achievement—not by negative passivity.

“ Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.”

—Longfellow.

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### USE YOUR BRAINS.

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Our brain power is dominant. We are afraid of this or that; we can't do this or that; we wait for some one to help us; we let some one do our thinking, and the whole brain structure shrinks instead of developing. By cultivating desirable qualities, attributes, habits, aspirations, beliefs and customs we increase the brain areas devoted to these various faculties, and in time the desirable mental qualities are strengthened, and undesirable qualities and habits may be eradicated by reversing the operation. If you are in the constant habit of getting angry you have developed a certain portion of the brain and it is unduly active. . The same is true of worry, fear, doubt, anxiety, and all undesirable states of mind. No one could worry unless there was a lot of well-developed brain cells to harbor the worry thoughts. Eradicate the worry cells; do not exercise them and they will dwindle; and this is the whole secret of brain development; **use increases and non-use diminishes.** Build your brain anew.

## MODERN IMPERMANENCE

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Austin Bierbower.

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It is discouraging that what we do lasts but a short time, and that improvements require something new. All work done will soon be out of date. Not only will things depreciate because worn out, but because the style changes. Much in good condition must be abandoned before it runs its natural course. We change faster than ever before, and are satisfied for less time with what we have. Improvement prevents permanence. Our work is largely invention, and, however good, it must soon be succeeded by something better.

The sciences change so fast that text-books of this generation will not do for the next. Chemistry, geology, and even natural science, are so modified that knowledge fast becomes ignorance. No one reads old books on these subjects. Like encyclopedias, they are soon superseded.

In surgery and medicine, operations now performed were unknown ten years ago; and in ten years some have come and gone. New implements, new antiseptics and new kinds of hospitals are provided. New foods are given for health, and old beliefs about diet are exploded. Inventions are stimulated and the *materia medica* is constantly altered.

The arts are but temporary, especially in electricity, steel and rubber. The automobile of last year is not good now. One is known for the year in which it is made, and machines are thrown away after short use. None buy autos for life. To get the best is to get the latest, and to keep the best is to keep changing.

Buildings are soon old. The first high ones are out of date. New frames, new floors, new bricks and new ways of beautifying are used. Costly structures of this year will be out of style ten years hence. One examining our buildings can tell when they were erected. Only those up-to-date demand high prices for tenants or purchasers.

How, then, can we secure permanence and arrest change? The only remedy in sight is in art. A beautiful structure seldom goes out of style, the artistic not being supplanted by anything handsomer. Taste does not change as fast as styles. Though we have new kinds of buildings, we have not new kinds of beauty. Art is



measurably permanent. We may improve in taste, and so change; but we cannot much improve when we have already reached the greatest beauty. The Singer and Metropolitan insurance towers will last hundreds of years because artistic. Others will go as men get refined. Change of taste does more than change in science. The highest art, of centuries ago, still evokes admiration; but most American buildings need reconstruction.

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### VALUE OF INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM.

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The idea of having the individual unhampered has been of slow growth, and for its realization millions of brave people have struggled for thousands of years. It is seen at its best in England and the United States; their greatness is simultaneous with its growth. But dreamers and idealists are always dreaming, and, when there is an industrial disturbance, when the idle rich with their frivolities come into view and excite the envy of the distressed and impoverished, when violent and corrupting speculation is rife, when mere politicians seem to flourish, these dreamers turn to the government as the panacea. One of the worst ways in the world to improve the individual is to take responsibility which rightly rests on him and put it on the government by any device whatever. In thus proceeding you harm the individual, and you will certainly ruin the government where the people are the government.

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### DON'T WORRY.

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The mentality of the human race constructs and controls the very flora and fauna of the earth. All the ruling desires and needs of the masses work together in the production of the result. As fast as the members of the animal kingdom serve their purpose to the world's mentality they pass into skeletons in the sands of time, to be taken up and studied by the geologists of coming generations. Vultures, buffalo and deer are now on the verge of their exit. Swine and beasts of burden will soon follow. Vegetation has been grafted, crossed and cultured, until it is exclusive to the needs of this age only. Hence it does not behoove us to worry about the needs of our posterity. Their food, heat and light supply will come from sources built by their own mentality.

## NEW THOUGHT PRINCIPLES

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M. J. Clarkson in "Suggestion."

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The seeker after health is generally the one to be attracted to the study of its principles, because, as all seek happiness, and there is no real happiness without health, the individual is naturally drawn to that which he thinks will bring about this desired result. It is true there may be peace, and what many term spiritual joy, without health, but happiness, full and overflowing, means vigor, elasticity and buoyant spirits; it means the ability to lead the life that gives the greatest satisfaction to the individual. Multitudes run after patent nostrums, doctors, health resorts, everything and anything that promises to give relief, where health is lacking. Those who go to healers, who promise much and perform little or nothing, often turn away from the New Thought because they do not, in the least, understand its principles, or know how it can bring about the desired results. To such a few words of explanation may be acceptable, and even useful. First of all, there needs to be a settled conviction in the mind of certain truths, or there can be no lasting results for good. The wise teacher will impress upon the mind of his pupil, at the start, the necessity of cultivating a belief in an all-good and beneficent order of the universe.

With this fundamental principle implanted firmly in the mind, there follows a sense of peace and rest which, in itself, conduces to health. The American disease known as neurasthenia, a term applied to almost all sickness now, by the medical fraternity, is at once overcome by the realization of peace and restfulness of mind. The next step is the understanding that the individual is one with, and inseparable from, this all-encircling good, and that by the realization of this fact he correlates to himself what properly belongs to him because of his association with this high and mighty realm of being. Could sickness have any place in this divine order? Does infinite goodness know aught of disorderly conditions, weakness or pain? How glibly have thousands of people quoted the words of Jesus, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," without the slightest comprehension of what that term might mean to a deeply philosophical mind. Ministers of the gospel constantly try to impress upon their hearers the necessity of following the precepts of Christ, and yet scoff at the idea that such advice as this could be literally followed. In this way they



make utterly void the precepts of the Master. We may say, then, that the first fundamental truths taught in the cult known as the New Thought are the possibility of reaching this desirable state of perfection, and the necessity of fully understanding the nature of man as one with the Infinite. We cannot too often emphasize these great truths. They cannot be "writ too large," for man is slow indeed to comprehend them. The fact is, we need more individuals to so live out these precepts that the world will be forced to see and understand them. And herein is a hope that sings joyfully in the breast of every one who has demonstrated truths taught by this cult. In the early days of my work I took a motto for my journal which has ever been a mighty truth to me, viz., that "Demonstration is better than doctrine." But let demonstration and doctrine go hand in hand, and the world will soon fall into line. Men are quick to seize what they find to be really helpful and trustworthy. But after all that may be said, the work is an individual one, and each soul has to find for himself the truth he seeks. No amount of preaching or teaching can save. Suggestion prompts to investigation, but it can do little more. The life itself corroborates the spoken word and gives the seeker confidence. It is in this way that the truth spreads. The great trouble with the majority of seekers, and their failure to make a success in following the New Thought, is the tendency to gauge the principles of the cult by the very unsatisfactory results achieved by those who have set themselves up as leaders or teachers in this movement. This is most unfortunate for those who allow themselves to be thus influenced, for they are losing so much in their mistaken way of seeing things. They are beholding the negative side of truth, instead of the positive. The fact that others have failed to demonstrate, does not make the truth any the less, and possibly, if they would wait before passing judgment, they might see another side to this question. Some have fallen in the way, discouraged, or overcome by the power of race thought and negative suggestion, but there are those who have steadfastly followed the light of the wonderful dawn of truth, as shown in the New Thought, who have never doubted or wavered, in spite of all discouragements; if they have fallen they have quickly picked themselves up and gone their way to greater victories. There are those in the world today whose hidden lives are as powerful as any Aladdin, with his magic lamp—men and women of powers of which the world as yet but idly dream. Should they attempt to

tell of their prowess to the average person, or even the credulous thinker, they would be labeled frauds at once. They wisely refrain, as yet, from casting their pearls where they will only be desecrated. Then, too, there are many who continue to teach others who are very far yet from this realization, but, parrot-like, give forth the utterances of the wise ones, and then deny their sayings by their very unsatisfactory lives. Such people get the results that the law undeviatingly brings, for sincerity is a coin which the world values, and its counterfeit is very soon discovered and repudiated. However, there are a number who fail, at times, and succeed at others, and should not be harshly judged by the mere onlooker. The best test of the truth of all these matters is to make an individual trial, and if the seeker is consistent and persevering he will soon find for himself, without having to depend upon hearsay.

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### THE ORIGINALITY OF GREAT MINDS.

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True greatness of mind is never egotistic or solitary. It is the power to enter into the thought and lives of others and draw upon the experience of mankind for strength and wisdom. Its originality is not in thinking and saying what no one else thinks or says, but in gathering from all men the elements of what is at once new and old. A Goethe and Shakespeare are decried for having taken from the whole body of existing literature and art for their work, but it is the token of their pre-eminence that all things ministered to their wants, and what other men saw in part or on the surface they saw whole and with deeper vision. Who reads the authors they are charged with having copied? What chance would these have had to be remembered, if not by having served the needs of men of the first order of mind? The originality of such minds is in their power to enter into the mind of their time and of the race and to gather from all quarters the materials for fresh creations.

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### Cream of Audacity.

"Did you speak to the milkman about there being no cream on the milk?" said a newly married man to his young wife.

"Yes," replied the young wife, "and his explanation was quite satisfactory. He said it was because he always filled the cans so full that there was no room on the top for any cream."



# THE JUNKMAN

## A LITERARY PARABLE.

He wrote for years, and years, and years—  
Poor wight! His harvest was but tears,  
For every line he wrote, alack,  
Came homing like a pigeon back,  
Until his dwelling was packed full  
Of manuscripts unsalable;  
And all his walls in endless strips  
Were papered with rejection slips.

His cellar held two hundred score  
Of tales of love, and maybe more;  
And every bookshelf in the place  
Ran o'er with stories of the chase.  
In bureau drawer, in trunk and chest,  
In highboy, lowboy, packed and pressed,  
Lay sketches, novelettes and rhymes  
Which he had penned at sundry times.

He caught the measles, and at last  
From out this vale of tears he passed;  
But where he went no one can say,  
We only know he passed away.  
His widow wed again, a wight  
Who called the junkman in one night,  
And as waste paper sold that store  
Of manuscripts he'd struggled o'er.

'Twas then there dawned upon the land  
A miracle of genius grand—  
A man who'd never gone to school,  
Yet reeled off tales as from a spool—  
An endless spool at that, and who,  
Though rough, the Muses fair could woo  
As did the bards of Queen Bet's Age—  
The junkman poet was all the rage!

The junkman's novels had a sale  
That turned the six best sellers pale,  
And publishers in frenzied race  
Outbid each other in the chase  
For storied stuff he had to sell,  
And those who got it did right well;  
For everywhere folks raved the while  
About the junkman's splendid style!"

The moral? Well, I've sometimes thunk  
He waxeth fat who deals in junk.

—Horace Dod Castit, in Harper's Weekly.

## WILD TIMES ON THE VIA SACRA.

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A social snub administered by a Paris banker brought disaster to his affairs and to those of many others. Overspeculation in tulips ruined Amsterdam and London financiers. Rivalry in copper mines did the same for several bankers in New York City three years ago. Trifles upset finance even at the beginning of the Christian era, if we can believe what Professor Davis says in his "The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome."

In his opening paragraphs, he explains how the loss of three richly laden ships in the Red sea, together with unprofitable trade in ostrich feathers and ivory, brought ruin to Seuthes & Son of Alexandria and thus started a crash the echoes of which were heard in Antioch and Ephesus, where Malchus & Co., dealers in purple, went down, unable to meet their obligations because their manager had embezzled and their employes had gone on strike.

From the Levant the wave of ruin spread to Rome, where the Via Sacra was amazed to hear that Maximus & Vibo, supposed to be one of the strongest houses on 'change, had gone to the wall, overloaded with the collateral of Malchus & Co. and Seuthes & Son. While the run on Maximus & Vibo was in progress the depositors of the Brothers Pettius began clamoring for their money and that firm closed its doors. Both firms declared that they were solvent, but that they needed time to realize upon their assets.

To make matters worse, Balbus & Ollius found themselves unable to meet the draft of Publius Spinther for 30,000,000 sesterces and closed their doors. Then all the other banks in Rome demanded notice before withdrawal of funds. This was the signal for commercial bankruptcy. The country banks were breaking every day, and the ships from Corinth brought news that Leucippus' Sons had smashed. The arrival of the corn fleet from Alexandria eased things a bit and the imperial treasurer announced that he would deposit 100,000,000 sesterces in the Roman banks, after which the general confidence was restored and business was gradually resumed upon its normal basis.

We have not at hand our files of the Via Sacra News or the Roman Financial Journal and Investors' Guide with which to verify Professor Davis' statement of the panic, but there is something familiar in this account of the exciting time.—Chicago Tribune.



### THE FUN OF VICTORY.

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There's a heap of satisfaction  
In a trouble if you grin,  
If you keep your nerve in action  
And you wear a lifted chin.  
There's joy in doing something  
That you've never done before,  
So don't be a deaf and dumb thing,  
Chance is knocking at your door.

Down and out, there's fun in rising,  
Fun in facing heavy odds,  
Doing deeds that are surprising,  
And the happy fellow plods.  
Plods along and hums a ditty  
As he journeys down the street  
Of the busy, gold-mad city,  
Till he's back upon his feet.

It's in overcoming trouble  
That a fellow gets his fun;  
It's in shattering the bubble  
That is labeled "Can't be done."  
It's in striving night and daytime  
When the problem hopeless seems,  
Man appreciates his playtime  
When the hour with vict'ry teems.

There's a heap of satisfaction  
In a trouble if you grin,  
Difficulties have attraction  
If you keep a lifted chin.  
And the harder that your fight is,  
Then the greater is your fun,  
And the finer your delight is  
As you view the things you've done.

## PHANTOM RIDERS.

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Among the recognized forms in which apparitions have presented themselves from time immemorial, that of the horse and his rider is probably one of the most ancient. And the reason is perfectly clear without investigating or accepting any of the learned and elaborate theories which invest both man and beast in this connection with a cryptic or symbolic significance. From the earliest ages men have been horse-riders; concerning some—nations and individuals alike—it is proverbially said of them, "They live on horseback." Consequently, when dead heroes or demigods revisit the glimpses of the moon, it is but natural that they should be seen "in their habit as they lived"—mounted. Obviously, too, the circumstances in which these appearances are predicted involve their being "en cavalier." The heaven-sent aider of so many traditions would evidently be out of place on foot in a battle of mixed arms, just as a pedestrian wild huntsman would be incongruous with the legendary "mise en scene." Though the truism seems glaringly self-evident, it stands in no little danger of being occasionally lost sight of by the too ardent advocates of the continuity of myths. It is the heaven-sent aider that the phantom rider is seen in his most picturesque aspect, and it is worth remark in passing that it is almost invariably on a white or at least a gray steed he makes his appearance. Macaulay's "Battle of Lake Regillus" has familiarized to all the Legend of the Great Twin Brethren. Matters were looking black for the Roman cause when the Dictator Aulus mounted his dead comrade's steed for a desperate charge, and then it was that—

" He was aware of a princely pair  
That rode at his right hand.  
\* \* \* White as snow their armor was;  
Their steeds were white as snow."

Armor and steeds alike were to be red with gore before eve fell, but it was the gore of Rome's vanquished enemies. Prescott tells us how, in one of their most terrible conflicts in Mexico, the Spaniards saw their patron, St. James, "on his milk-white steed at the head of the Christian columns, with his sword flashing lightning"—just as, nearly seven centuries earlier, he had revealed himself at the battle of Clavijo.



### SOME QUESTIONS.

Do you come nearer day by day  
To the port where your dreams all anchored lie?  
Or do you sail farther and far away  
In an angry sea with a sullen sky?  
Do you come nearer the Ought-to-be  
In the wagon you hitched to a distant star?  
Or do you drift on hopelessly,  
Content to hide with the things that are?  
Are you a Drone or Do-it-now?  
A Hurry-up or a Wait-awhile?  
A Do-it-so or Anyhow?  
A Cheer-up-boys or a Never-smile?  
It's none of my business, that I know,  
For you are the captain and mate and crew  
Of that ship of yours, but the Where-you-go  
Depends on the What-and-how-you-do.  
Are you a Yes or May-be-so?  
Are you a Will or Guess-you'll-be?  
A Come-on-lads or a Let's-not-go?  
A Yes-I-will or an Oh-I'll-see?  
It isn't the least concern of mine,  
I know that well, but as time endures,  
When they thresh the wheat and store the wine,  
You'll find it's a big concern of yours.

### FOOD VALUES.

By McLandburgh Wilson.

She never heard of proteids  
In all her simple days,  
The mention of albumen  
Would fill her with amaze.  
Of carbohydrates she possessed  
An ignorance complete,  
And nitrates were an unknown thing  
Completely off her beat.  
But she could get a dinner up  
Fulfilling every wish  
Including for her husband's taste  
Each pet especial dish.  
And she could calculate what grub  
Would soothe him for the shock  
Of being asked to pony up  
A hundred-dollar frock.

—N. Y. Sun.

## WASHINGTON.

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Cases against George Washington appear here and there in the civil docket unearthed some years ago in the courthouse at Greensburg, Pennsylvania. No less than three claims against him during the year 1787 to compel him to pay taxes. The humorous clerk, commenting on these actions, remarked: "George Washington, Esq., appeareth not to like taxes."

There wasn't any hatchet. There wasn't any cherry-tree. There wasn't any conjunction between a hatchet and a cherry-tree. There wasn't any "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet." The famous story about Washington, so the latter-day historian tells us, was a fairy tale invented by Mason L. Weems, the first biographer of Washington, for the purpose of impressing young America with the youthful virtue of the first President. Weems was a Maryland preacher who wrote biographies, was an ardent temperance reformer, and who would as readily scrape a fiddle at a dance as preach from the pulpit. He was born in Maryland October 1, 1759, was educated for the ministry in London and returned to America a regular minister of the Church of England.

He called his chief work "A History of the Life and Death, Virtues and Exploits of General George Washington, Faithfully Taken from Authentic Documents." The book had a great sale, and its anecdotes of the young Washington became a national joke. Later biographers were unable to find any evidence establishing the truth of the stories, and there seems little doubt that the imaginative Weems invented them.

During Washington's presidency a caller describes him as being dressed in purple satin, and at one of his levees he was clad "in black velvet; his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag; yellow gloves on his hands, holding a cocked hat with a cockade in it, the edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword with a finely wrought and polished steel hilt; the scabbard was white polished leather."

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## THE HABIT OF FORETHOUGHT.

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The lack of forethought does not at first seem of itself to be very culpable; indeed, it seems rather an intellectual shortcoming



than a moral fault, yet, could we calculate how large a proportion of all the wrong-doing and evil in the world is due simply to this cause it would doubtless be a matter of surprise to us all. The simplest form in which this is evident is in the gratification of the appetite. The child who cannot foresee consequences would soon make himself ill were he not guarded by the wisdom of his elders; but as fast as we can acquire such knowledge in regard to food we expect him to govern himself in its selection and amount. Yet how often do grown men and women betray the same childishness in this respect! The foresight which would reveal the consequences of imprudent eating and drinking seems sometimes almost lacking, and of course lamentable results ensue. The same thing is true in most of the vices which we so justly deplore. Had the habit of foresight been acquired, and the disastrous results been clearly seen, who can doubt that many of the inclinations that were yielded to might have been curbed, and many of the characters and lives now debased and stranded might have been saved?

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### ORIGIN OF THOUGHTS.

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In discussing the origin of thoughts Samuel Blodgett of Hopkins, Minn., writes as follows:

"We create them. Each one does not create all his thoughts, but those he does not create he adopts. Sometimes thoughts come as wind-falls, we do not know from where, we taking them in as we do floating microbes. Sometimes we know who presents them, and whether useful or injurious we give the proper credit. Perhaps the most of our thoughts reach us from an unknown source, and they take hold of us according to the receptive mood we are in. Sometimes an idea becomes so ingrained in a person that he is impelled to make a business of disseminating it, in which case he passes for a lunny crank for a time, especially if the world is not ripe for the proposed innovation; but its acceptance may afterwards become world-wide.

"A man's ideal is his master, and generally it is partly true. Sometimes it is narrow and impracticable, and sometimes it is broader and more feasible. I am inclined to believe that we sometimes accept thoughts from the animal creation, and I am sure the spirit world grafts them into our consciousness often. There is not the slightest doubt that all thoughts are the creations of

sentient beings as truly as they create blood, tissue and bones. Imagination is thought in embryo. It passes through the emotional stage and is then thought. We do not know where the spirit substance out of which thoughts are made comes from any more than we know where the matter comes from out of which we construct our bodies."

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### THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

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There is no waste in nature, and in the falling leaves one may see one of the simplest and most direct examples of the circulation of matter from life through death to life again. The shedding itself is wonderful. It is the result of no mere breaking of dead and brittle material by force of wind; on the stillest day the leaves will fall, and the waft of a bird's wing will dislodge scores; and yet a week or two before, or even less, nothing less than violent fracture would have removed them from their place of attachment. The fall is foreordained from the first inception of the leaf. At the base of the stalk, close beneath the tiny bud destined to replace it in the future, nature builds up a little layer of cells, or rather two in close conjunction, face to face; through these pass to and fro the rising sap and the rich pabulum worked up from it and the air by the leaf itself to add its quota to twig and branch. Chill autumn comes, this process flags, and ends by outward flow only until the leaf is drained. Then, and then only, the layer of cells nearest the leaf perishes with the leaf itself, while that nearest the tree naturally retains its life, cohesion ceases, and the leaf spontaneously falls.

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### POISONING BY THE SCENT OF FLOWERS.

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Among the stories which have descended to us from the Middle Ages of the cunning devices resorted to by the assassins of those perilous times, none are more fascinating than those which tell of the treacherous gift of poisoning by means of scented bouquets or even single flowers. Science is demonstrating that many of these almost incredible tales may have been true. Statistics compiled from reports of inspectors of scent factories, as well as experiments upon the lower animals, especially frogs, prove that not only the stronger scents, but even the more subtle and delicate per-



fumes of fragile flowers, are capable of producing fatal effects upon man. The power of odorous blossoms is not only exerted through the nose and lungs when inhaling their scent, but, where the air is heavily charged with perfume, as in a closed room at night, the whole skin is capable of absorbing to some extent the vapor, which has a decidedly benumbing effect upon all the nerves. A vase full of lilies is quite sufficient to cause extreme distress to those who are weak or especially sensitive to these mysterious influences.

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### HEROES WHO LIVE FOREVER.

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And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and States are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead—dead—dead—he yet speaketh! .

Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man dead that ever was fit to live? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the Infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that has overcome! Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells and bands and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here: God makes it joy and triumph there. Pass on, thou victor!—Henry Ward Beecher.

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### THE ART OF ABRAHAM'S TIME.

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The discovery of the encaustic tiling in the Babylonian palace of Nebuchadnezzar proved that in the matters of fineness of glazing and coloring the people of the time of Abraham were as proficient as the best of the modern artists. The world seems always to have had latent ability to excel in the production of beautiful things, and it has been manifested in past ages wherever race, climate, and governmental conditions made it possible. This age has achieved more than any other largely because of the growth of free government and the fortunate mingling of races in Eastern Europe and in America, and the consequent rise of high ideals in every department of human activity.

# THE WIFE OF BATH

Her Prologue.  
(FROM CHAUCER.)

Behold the woes of matrimonial life,  
And hear with reverence an experienced wife.  
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,  
And think for once a woman tells you true.  
In all these trials I have borne a part,  
I was myself the scourge that caused the smart;  
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led  
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,  
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days.  
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,  
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,  
The words addressed to the Samaritan:  
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd;  
And sure the certain stint was ne-er defined.

"Increase and multiply," was Heaven's command  
And that's a text I clearly understand.  
This too, "Let men their sires and mothers leave,  
And to their dearer wives forever cleave."  
More wives than one by Solomon were tried,  
Or else the wisest of mankind's belied.  
I've had myself full many a merry fit,  
And trust in heaven, I may have many yet;  
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,  
Shall die, and leave his woful wife behind,  
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)  
A certain treatise oft at evening read,  
Where divers authors (whom the devil confound  
For all their lies!) were in one volume bound.  
Valerius, whole; and St. Jerome, part;  
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,  
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's loves;  
And many more than sure the church approves.  
More legions were there here of wicked wives,

Than good in all the Bible and saints' lives.  
Who drew the lion vanquish'd? 'twas a man.  
But could we women write as scholars can,  
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness  
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.  
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,  
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.  
Those play the scholars, who can't play the men,  
And use that weapon which they have, the pen;  
When old, and past the relish of delight,  
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,  
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow.  
(This by the way; but to my purpose now.)

It chanced my husband on a winter's night,  
Read in his book, aloud, with strange delight,  
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)  
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe.  
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire  
Wrapp'd in the envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.  
How cursed Eriphyle her lord betray'd,  
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.  
But what most pleased him was the Cretan Dame,  
And Husband bull—oh, monstrous! fie, for shame!

He had by heart the whole detail of woe  
Xantippe made her good man undergo;  
How oft she scolded in a day he knew,  
How many tea-pots on the sage she threw,  
Who took it patiently and wiped his head;  
"Rain follows thunder,"—that was all he said.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,  
A fatal tree was growing in his land,  
On which three wives successively had twined  
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.  
"Where grows this plant," replied the friend, "oh  
where?"

For better fruit did never orchard bear:  
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,  
And in my garden planted shall it be."

Then how two wives their lords' destruction prove  
Through hatred one, and one through too much love:



That for her husband mix'd a poisonous draught,  
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought:  
The nimble juice soon seized his giddy head,  
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.  
How some with swords their sleeping lords have  
slain,

And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,  
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;  
All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and  
frown'd:

But when no end of these vile tales I found,  
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,  
And half the night was thus consumed in vain;  
Provoked to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,  
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.  
With that my husband in a fury rose,  
And down he settled me with hearty blows.  
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;  
"Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth," I cried.  
Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—"  
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face:  
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,  
Then sigh'd, and cried, "Adieu, my dear, adieu!"

But after many a hearty struggle pass'd,  
I condescended to be pleased at last.  
Soon as he said, "My mistress and my wife,  
Do what you list, the term of all your life;  
I took to heart the merits of the cause,  
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;  
Received the reins of absolute command,  
With all the government of house and land,  
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.  
As for the volume that reviled the dames,  
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now, Heaven, on all my husbands gone, bestow  
Pleasures above for tortures felt below.  
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,  
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!

—POPE.

### BELASCO TELLS STRANGE ORIGIN OF NEW PLAY.

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David Belasco, describing his new play, "The Return of Peter Grimm," which has its premier tonight: "Five years ago my mother died. I had not seen her for some time, for she was in California and I was kept here in the East. I knew her health was poor. One night, about five years ago, I was suddenly awakened, as if some one had touched me. Above me, out of the darkness, my mother's face glowed. She was bending over me, and I heard her say, 'Davie, I wanted to say good-bye.' Slowly she disappeared.

"The next morning I received a telegram saying my mother had died at the very moment when I saw her at my bedside. Two years later a young man, Cecile Demille, came to me in New York with what he thought was an idea for a play. The idea was the one I had held so long in my mind about my mother, but which sentiment had prevented me from using. For three years I have worked morning, noon and night on that play." And thus originated "The Return of Peter Grimm."

### SOME KOREAN SUPERSTITIONS.

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The wildest superstitions are rife among the natives of Korea, says a writer in the January Wide World Magazine. Everything is ascribed to the good or evil influences of invisible spirits, which they strive to propitiate by incessant petty sacrifices. The serpent is revered as sacred and fed as a domestic pet. Marriage is a question of etiquette and is arranged by the parents. A live goose is given as a betrothal gift as a symbol of fidelity and long life. Filial piety is cultivated to a remarkable degree, a son considering it his duty to follow his father to prison or exile. Sacrifices of pigs, sheep and goats are offered to the firmament, to which they pray for rain or fair weather and the removal of plague and misfortunes.

### SLEEP-WRITING.

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Dr. Carpenter mentions the instance of a man who wrote accurately in his sleep, placing his words at good distances apart, dotting every "i" and crossing every "t."

A young collegian got out of bed asleep, lit a candle, sat down

to a table, took pen and paper, wrote out some geometrical and algebraic problems, extinguished the light, and went to bed again, his eyes closed all the time.

On one occasion an Amsterdam banker requested a mathematical professor to work out a very intricate calculation for him. The professor set his pupils to work. One of them went to bed with his mind full of the subject, and in the morning was not a little surprised to find his table covered with sheets of paper, on which the calculation was fully and satisfactorily developed. The writing was in his own hand. He had risen in the night and done it while asleep. Under ordinary circumstances the work would have required several days.

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"THOUGHT IS CREATIVE ENERGY."

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The New Thought is the recognition, realization and manifestation of the Divine that is latent within us. There are many phases of New Thought and from differing standpoints they are all part of one grand whole. They all unite in the desirability of eliminating from individual lives all fear, worry, anxiety, doubt, condemnation, anger, hate, etc.; and in recognizing the good in everything; seeking to cultivate all that inspires and uplifts to a higher expression of the Divine. The New Thought recognizes evil only as ignorance to be outgrown as the latent good is developed. It realizes that all evil must be overcome with good, and will be destroyed as right knowledge is attained; that instead of fighting it, we must let in the light that will dispel all darkness.—J. H. Taylor, D. S. T.

Noise is not force—force is silent. Noise is but the expression of a spent energy.

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**PERSONALITY.**

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We ought to have this measure of charity for egotistical people—a willingness to suppose that they actually believe themselves to be what they assume to be. It is quite possible for a person to be in such a fog of misapprehension that everything about him—his little world, his personal interest—will loom abnormally large. When the fog is dispelled he will see things as they are, and estimate them and himself accordingly. Egotism of this kind is pardonable; and there is a great deal of it which is peculiar to the mists and strange refractions of youth. When the sun is clearer and larger knowledge chases away the fog, a right-minded young person emerges from his egotistical, too self-conscious period of his life, and finds a new adjustment for himself in the great and serious world.

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