



THE DAWN



Volume I.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH, 1911.

Number 5.

"AT SUNRISE EVERY SOUL IS BORN AGAIN."

A BETTER LIFE.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

—Selected.

MARCH,

1911.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

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The Dawn

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

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

It was intended to run **THE DAWN** for a year and then determine whether it would be advisable to continue it. But the severe illness of the Editor demands several months' rest; so it was decided to stop **THE DAWN** at once, as its sole purpose was to furnish a medium for the expression of the Editor's views of life. We have some copies of each of the five numbers issued, which we will mail to any address for ten cents a copy.

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Immortality and the Fourth Dimension; Love and Marriage; Touissant L'Ouverture; The Human Voice; Islands of the Blest; Hippocrates; Psychopathy, Telepathy, etc.; Individuality; Miscellaneous.

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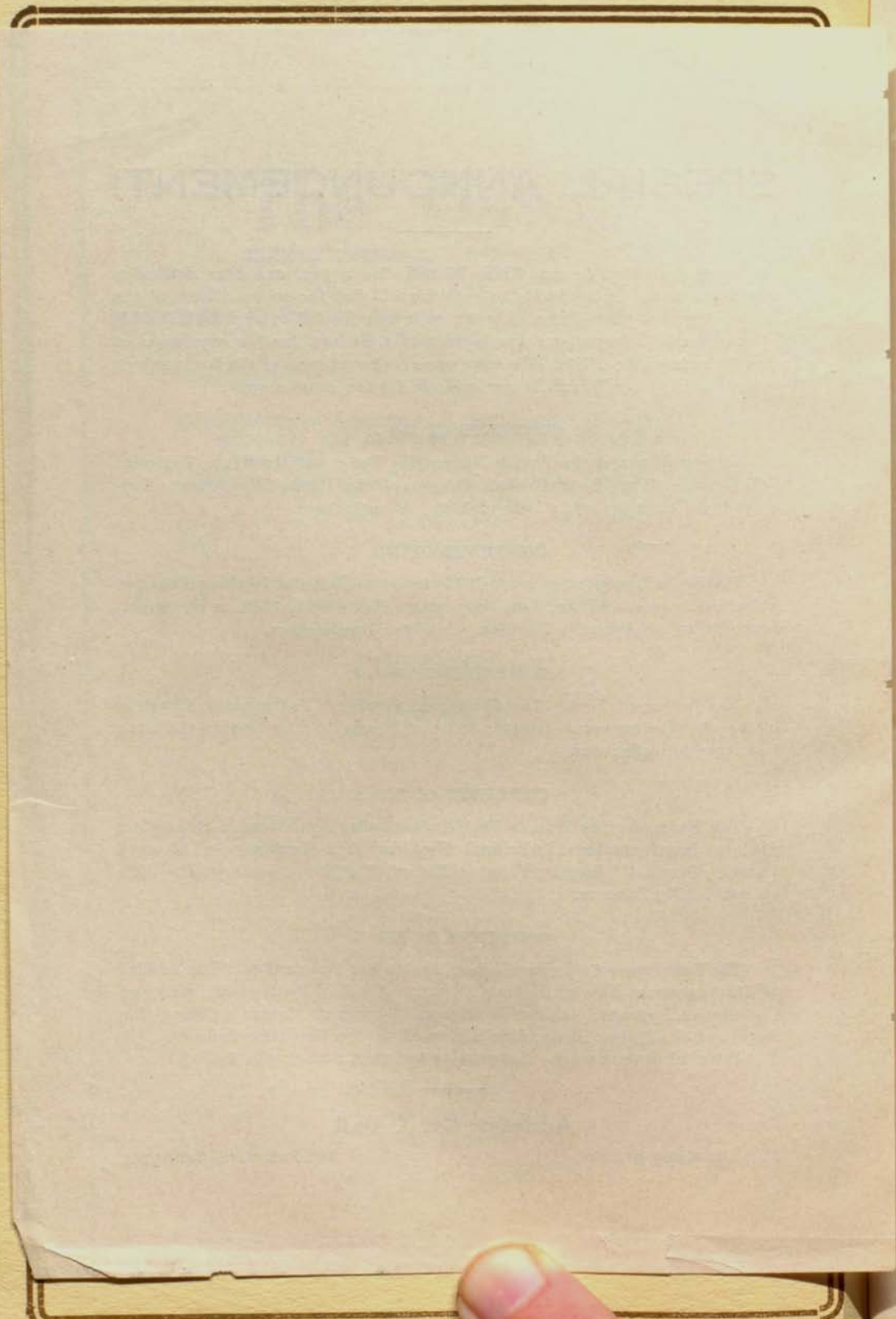
The Decalogue; Columbus; Where Ghosts Are Put on Trial; The Ladder of St. Augustine; Life's Illusions; Disasters Foretold by Dreams; Marriage Customs of Papuans; Ancient Dentistry; Digging up Caesar's Camp; The Repair of the Human Body; The Rights of the People; Miscellaneous.

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Address: Dr. J. Ball,

1120 Broadway Street,

San Francisco, California



To The Reader

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.

If you are not interested enough to become a subscriber, it may be to your interest to become an advertiser, for you will thus reach the most intelligent and broad-minded people of your own and every other nation. Subscription price—\$1 a year, 10 cents a copy.

P. S.—Please do not submit manuscripts to the editor for publication. We do not pay for unsolicited matter.

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COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'rl, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why say: 'Sail on! sail on! sail on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'rl, say
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'rl; speak and say —"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'rl, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave a world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—Joaquin Miller.

VALEDICTORY.

When I started the Dawn I intended to keep it running for a year, if possible. But I have just had a severe attack of La Grippe, which, at my age, will require three months' rest to recuperate from. And, as the Dawn itself shows no signs of picking up, I thought it best to stop it now. I have had no false impressions as to the value of the Dawn, or any other magazine. Everything that is of any real value to us is within us, and the one thing which the human race needs today, and which it always has needed, is self-reliance. Every day I am more firmly convinced of the fact that only one member of our race completely understood human life. That man was William Shakespeare. Moses, Confucius and Jesus were all great teachers; but all the teaching is false which leads us to look for a god anywhere but in the depths of our own souls. Christianity is paganism, and its god is a false god, which Moses made with the best of intentions. I wanted to show in the next number of the Dawn that when Jesus cried out, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" he realized that his ideas of the fatherhood of God were altogether false and unreal. God is neither our father nor our creator. Our parents created us. The problems of life are presented to us just as fully in the birth of a kitten as they are in the birth of Jesus Christ and Shakespeare. Fifty years ago these problems presented themselves to my mind, and I have been working them out step by step ever since. Hundreds of times I have turned from the whole subject in despair, but it would always return in one form or another. After awhile I began to notice that each step was an advance, and that after each soul-struggle, so to speak, some perplexing problem had vanished for-

ever. It was just one of these soul-struggles which Jesus passed through in Gethsemane. We have all got to pass through the same stages of development. Moses, Confucius, Jesus and Shakespeare had precisely similar spiritual experiences; the only difference being that Shakespeare appraised them at their true value, while all the others were misled into believing themselves some kind of a special channel through which God was to reveal himself to their less favored brethren. This is the error in all their teachings. A migratory bird is as fully inspired as was Jesus Christ, or any prophet that ever lived. Its inspiration is of no use to any other bird or thing. You are inspired. The only reason your inspiration does not lead you aright is because you do not rely on it. Instead of taking your inspiration direct from your own soul—the only place where it can possibly be found, you want it filtered through a Bible, or through the mind of a priest, when it is no longer living, inspiring energy, but the dead husks of others' thoughts. The truth lives, but it lives in your own soul, and it never needs any expounder or interpreter. Like a live fire, it will burn its way into your consciousness if you will allow it to do so. But instead of allowing the fire in your soul to radiate its warmth into your conscious life, you smother it beneath the opinions of your friends, the doctrines of a dead religion and the usages of effete customs. These were some of the things I wanted to say in the Dawn. But I suppose it would have been useless. Shakespeare has been saying them for three hundred years, but nobody takes any notice of them. In "Hamlet" Shakespeare illustrates the life of Christ. Both were young men who found the times out of joint. Both set themselves the task of reforming the world and setting everything right. Both signally failed, and both went down to their deaths in the general wreckage which their work caused. In Banquo's ghost Shakespeare gives us an exact replica of the so-called resurrection of Jesus. It was merely an apparition or spirit, that was seen after his death. His body was removed by the authorities. The life and death of Jesus Christ was of no more significance to the human race than is the life and death of any other human being. These are things we must all learn from our own experience.

To those who have so kindly paid a year's subscription in advance, I will return the amount due them for the unissued numbers.

Sincerely yours,

DR. J. BALL, Editor.

THE DECALOGUE.

IF YOU, the reader, were to go to the top of any hill or mountain and return with a slab of marble with the Ten Commandments, or any other inscription, engraved or cut thereon, you would have seen just as much of God as Moses saw on Mount Sinai,, and the finger of God would have had just as much to do with producing your inscription as it had to do with producing the Decalogue on the stones which Moses brought with him when he descended from Mount Sinai. Moses had taught the Israelites to regard Jehovah as their liberator and special protector. They saw no objection to this as long as things went along all right with them; but now they sometimes went hungry and suffered from other hardships which made them wish for the protection of the Egyptians. The people around them had gods who were worshiped in splendid temples, and they could not understand why the God of Moses, who he said was so much superior to all other gods, could not furnish them with temples so that they could worship him at first hand and receive his blessings and assistance whenever they needed them.

Of course, Moses told his own people that the surrounding nations were pagans and their gods were a lot of inferior gods who were afraid of Jehovah, who was the special God of the Israelites. But like the Missourians of our own time, the Israelites wanted to be "shown" some of the powers which Moses said his God possessed. So Moses went up Mount Sinai to work out the problem of preserving the faith of his people in the God he had made for them. He knew enough of the solar system to know that the power which controlled it was of a different nature from that of the capricious gods which the Egyptians and other nations worshiped and built temples for. Moses knew that God could not be localized or found in any one place better than in another; but he also knew that his countrymen were too grossly materialistic to conceive such a God as he was already convinced the God of the universe must be. His problem was to find some way of impressing their minds with the spiritual character of God without leading them into another form of idolatry. Of course, he failed. For Judaism and Christianity are just as grossly idolatrous as any religion the world has ever seen.

But Moses was a pioneer, and his intentions were of the highest

possible character. He could not show his God to these people, but he could issue a series of commands which would conform to their conceptions of what was best and most meritorious in human nature. So Moses went up Mount Sinai to put his purposes into effect. Moses knew that he could not see any more of God on the mountain than he could see in the valley, but he had to hunt up a quarryman and stone-cutter. He either had to go farther than he had expected, or he had considerable trouble in formulating the Comandments to satisfy him. He was away longer than he had given his people to understand he would be. In fact, they began to fear that he had deserted them; so they made themselves a god which they could see and understand. When Moses returned and saw what they had done, he understood it perfectly. They had done the very thing he was trying to prevent them doing, and which all religionists both before his time and since have done—made themselves a god after their own ideas of what a god should be. No wonder Moses got mad and destroyed the work he had been at so much pains to get. After straightening things out as well as he could, he set out on another visit to the stone-cutter to procure a brand-new set of Commandments. He returned with them all right this time; but, in the name of common sense, what do they amount to? They just inculcate common honesty in the every-day affairs of life. There is no deep spiritual significance involved in any of them. The reiteration by Jehovah that he is the only true God, and will not tolerate any rivals, is simply melodramatic. The story of the burning bush and other theatrical embellishments were conjured up by Moses and his leaders solely for the purpose of impressing their followers with the fact that they could not see God at first hand, nor speak with him except through Moses, or such persons as Moses should appoint to act as go-betweens. This idea of a priesthood—a set of specially appointed and anointed individuals through which the ordinary mortal can alone communicate with God—is a necessary basis of any religion. And it is because we are nurtured and fed with this idea—that we need a priest or savior to set us right with God—that we all go wrong. Moses never saw any more of God than you and I see every day of our lives. Moses never heard God speak in any other way than you and I can hear him if we listen aright. Moses never received any communication from God in any other manner than did Shakespeare, John Alexander Dowie and Mrs.

Eddy. With the exception of Shakespeare, they were all mistaken regarding the significance of their inspirations. An inspired person is one who takes more or less cognizance of his own spiritual promptings. These spiritual promptings are the developmental efforts of your own soul. In the ordinary person they are so weak that the common affairs of our every-day life smothers them and thus prevents them from having any influence on the life of such a person. In persons of a finely organized, emotional nature they cannot be smothered, but are constantly, asleep and awake, forcing themselves into the subconsciousness of the persons so organized. Such persons are intellectually equal, and often superior, to their fellow-men; but they are conscious of a power within themselves which their fellow-men do not comprehend, and which they themselves do not understand; so they jump to the conclusion that they are specially endowed by some higher power to deliver a divine or inspired message to their less fortunate brethren. This is just what happened to Moses and all the people and apostles of our Bible. It is just what happened to Jesus Christ and Joan of Arc. It happened to Shakespeare, but he had intellect enough to see that its only value was to himself. He comprehended that it was an effort of soul-development; that it is an inherent attribute of life itself; that every living soul must follow this light which resides within itself, and which is the only true God, before it can lay the foundations on which a life of eternal happiness can be built. In other words, our own life and destiny is in our own keeping.

The only God we have to believe in and trust dwells within our own souls. The God of the Bible is a man-made God, and is therefore as false as any other pagan god. No outside power can save us or help us to become better men and women. We must become, day by day, more self-reliant, more intelligent, and more capable of taking absolute charge of our own life. The end and purpose of your life and mine is to make of ourselves just what we desire to become, so that we may do just what we want to do without any fear of offending God or our fellow-men, and without putting ourselves under any obligations to God or man. This desirable state we can all achieve—not in a day nor a year, perhaps; but as all life is eternal we have all time in which to accomplish our purposes; but I am absolutely certain that we must accomplish them by our own unaided efforts.

LUCKY BIRTHDAY MONTHS.

IF YOU want to become famous you should take special care to be born in a lucky month. There are ten clever men born in December for one born in June. If you disbelieve this, look through the "Dictionary of National Biography" and make a note of the poets, painters, statesmen and novelists born in June, and you will find the list a very short one.

Next to June is September, one of the loveliest months of the year but not prolific of men of merit; and October, in spite of the fact that Macaulay, Keats, Sheridan, and Coleridge have their birthdays in that autumnal month, is not much improvement upon its predecessor.

December and April seem to be the lucky months where literary eminence is concerned, for in the last month of the year were born such well-known celebrities as Jane Austen, the poets Crabbe, Gray, and Matthew Arnold, both Disraeli and Gladstone, the scholar Porson, besides the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and the "Ettrick Shepard." In the month of December, too, were born Bishop Bonar and Miss Mitford, who wrote the charming book, "Our Village."

"A Blast of Janwar Win'."

That is a goodly list for the Christmas month, and, strangely enough, its two immediate successors are also months prolific of genius. The great Bacon, who some people strongly aver wrote the plays of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, as well as the many learned tomes to which his own name is attached, was born in January, and so was Wilkie Collins, the novelist, Burke, the orator, Maria Edgeworth, the Irish story writer, Edgar Allen Poe, Benjamin Franklin, and Lewis Carroll, the Oxford don who spent half his time writing mathematical treatises and the other in writing about Wonderland and the adventures which there befell a little girl named Alice. But in the estimation of a good many people to be found in every nook and corner of the world, January's chiefest distinction is the fact the Robert Burns came into the world, as he himself says, with "a blast of Janwar win'."

February to April.

February saw the birth of John Ruskin and the immortal Dickens, of Charles Darwin—certainly one of the greatest scientists the

world has ever seen; Garrick, England's supreme actor; Harrison Ainsworth, who invented Dick Turpin; Charles Lamb, one of the best-beloved of English writers; and Lowell, the American, who wrote "The Biglow Papers," as well as the American whom many think the one and only trans-Atlantic poet—Longfellow.

March shows a falling off, for when Cobbett, Smollett, Dibdin, the sea-song writer, and William Morris have been mentioned, our list is almost complete. But April, as we have already stated, is an excellent month to be born in if one has the slightest desire to become famous. William Wordsworth was born in April, and everybody knows that he became a very great poet; and so was Bishop Heber, who wrote the "Evening Hymn." Then some of our best novelists were born in April, such as Charlotte Bronte, Henry Fielding, and Anthony Trollope. Two great historians also were born in April—the mighty Gibbon and Anthony Froude; whilst that delightful American writer, Washington Irving, also owed his birth to the month of showers. But April's chiefest glory has been reserved for the last. The month which gave birth to Shakespeare is by that fact marked out for special honor, and that honor belongs to the spring month.

May to August.

May is regarded by some people as being an unlucky month for marriage, and it is not a specially lucky month to be born in. Nevertheless, the list of May birthdays includes three poets—Pope, Thomas Hood, and that Irish song-writer, Thomas Moore; two novelists—Bulwer Lytton and Hawthorne; and last, but by no means least, the great American essayist, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Amongst writers still living May has three names to its account—Conan Doyle, J. K. Jerome, and Hall Caine—three men who, strangely enough, all combine the twin arts of the novelist and the playwright.

June, as we have seen is the blankest month, even though it can claim three novelists—two living and one dead—Rider Haggard, Max Pemberton, and Charles Kingsley. But July, although its list is short, has some distinguished names—such as Carlyle, W. M. Thackeray, Coventry Patmore, and Gilbert White, who wrote the "History of Selborne."—not to mention George Bernard Shaw. August, too, has quality, if not quantity, as witness the poet Dryden, Sir Walter Scott, the Wizard of the North; Southey, who was Poet Laureate; and De Quincey, as well as Alfred Tenny-

son. It may also be said that two living writers—William Watson, the poet, and Stanley J. Weyman, the novelist—have their birthday in August.

Winter Celebrities.

Only November remains unmentioned, and, as befits the month of fogs, it has not proved to be an inspiring month to be born in. One has to turn over the pages of the "Biographical Dictionary" before one comes across a November birthday. Then one's eyes are gladdened with the fact that at least George Eliot, Chatterton, and the novelists Laurence Stern and Goldsmith were born in the foggy month. Later, however, November, seems to have been looking up, for what it lacked in the days of the "old masters" it is supplying much more plentifully today, as witness the fact that W. S. Gilbert, A. T. Quiller-Couch, Eden Phillpotts and the inimitable Mark Twain were born in November.—Tit-Bits.

KILLING HIS AMBITION.

When I hear a noble singer reeling off entrancing noise, then I bend in admiration, and his music never cloys. And I feel a high ambition as a singer to excel, and I put my voice in training, and I prance around and yell; oh, I dish up trills and warbles, and I think, throughout the day, that I'll have Caruso faded ere a month has rolled away.

Then the neighbors come and see me, and they give me stern reproof, saying I am worse than forty yellow cats upon a roof.

When I see a splendid painting it appeals to brain and heart, and I ruin myself for brushes and decide to follow Art. With a can of yellow ochre and a jug of turpentine I produce some masterpieces that would make old Rubens pine; and I talk about perspective and the whatness of the whence, till a neighbor comes and asks me what I'll take to paint his fence.

When I read a rattling volume I invest in pens and ink, and prepare to write some chapters that will make the nation think; and I rear some Vandyke whiskers and neglect to cut my hair, and I read up Bulwer Lytton for some good old oaths to swear; when I get the proper bearing and the literary style, then I'm asked to write a pamphlet booming some one's castor-ile!

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Saint Augustine! well has thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their roots in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we should gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

—Longfellow.

TRUE VICTORY.

By A. P. Reed, M.D., Naples, Maine.

When victory is victory
The victor deigns to be
Modest as when defeated,
Quiet, from boasting free.

No worthy victory is his
Who triumphs o'er his foes,
For such a victor finds himself
Victim of his own blows.

Such is the victory of fools,
And in the end defeat
Their vain, unholy ardor cools,
Since Time is never beat.

PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS ALL THINGS.

Genius, that power which dazzles mortal eyes,
Is oft but perseverance in disguise.
Continuous effort, of itself, implies
In spite of countless falls the power to rise.
'Twixt failure and success the point's so fine
Men sometimes know not when they touch the line.
And oh! how true, when shades of doubt dismay,
'Tis often darkest just before the day.
A little more persistence, courage, vim!
Success will dawn o'er failure's cloudy rim.
Then take this honey for the bitterest cup:
"There is no failure, save in giving up.
No real fall as long as one still tries;
For seeming setbacks make the strong man wise.
There's no defeat, in truth, save from within;
Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win."

—Henry Austin.

DISASTERS FORETOLD BY DREAMS.

"I dreamed that the ship was in a heavy sea, that a big wave came over her bows, pressed down upon her, and then she rolled over on her starboard side and disappeared."

This is not an extract from a story. It is evidence given on oath, during the inquiry into the mysterious disappearance of the "Waratah," the vessel which, on her second voyage, mysteriously disappeared in July, 1909, and has never been heard of since. And so impressed was the passenger with the vision that he left the vessel at Durban, from which point she continued on her ill-fated voyage. Thus one more was added to the extraordinary coincidences in which dreams have figured.

A Mystical Female Figure.

Readers may remember the terrible disaster which occurred in the East River, New York, in 1904, when an excursion steamer, carrying more than a thousand people, caught fire, and was blazing before she could be beached. Many hundreds of persons—a large proportion of them women and children—lost their lives either by burning or drowning; and afterwards a Mr. Dickinson told this strange story. He had intended to take his wife and children by that steamer, but two days previously dreamt that he was on a vessel on the ocean. It was a beautiful day, and every one on board the steamer was happy, but in his vision he seemed to see a mystical female figure floating over the bows of the boat, waving her arms as though to push the vessel back. So impressed was he with this vision that he decided to cancel the excursion, and his feelings can be better imagined than described when he heard of the terrible disaster.

At the beginning of December, 1908, a startling prophecy of the Messina disaster was made by a Roman lady, who dreamt three times that she saw Messina destroyed by "land and sea." So impressed was she with her vision that she drafted a message to the King, calling upon him to urge the citizens to evacuate the city, but her medical advisers suppressed the letter.

A weird story of a disaster foretold in a dream comes from Midsomer Norton, where the terrible mine disaster occurred a couple of years ago. On the night of the disaster a native of Midsomer Norton, who was living in Ireland, saw in a dream a man named Tovey holding a telegram in his hand. This man he had known at

Norton. The figure appeared again the following night. This caused the dreamer to write to his brother at Paulton, saying that he feared a disaster had occurred at Norton, and describing how in his second dream he had seen the dead face of Gilbert Winsley. The Harry Tovey mentioned had, it was found, been dead for four years, and Gilbert Winsley was one of the victims of the pit explosion.

The Man with the Revolver.

Dreams, too, have been the means of foretelling and discovering crimes. There was the case of John Williams, for instance, the Cornish mine adventurer, who, at his home in Cornwall, twice dreamt that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a small man, dressed in a blue coat and a white waistcoat, take a revolver from his coat and discharge it at a man who fell, blood issuing from a wound in his left breast. He spoke to his acquaintances about the dream, and two days later came the news that Belingham had shot Percival, the circumstances exactly corresponding to the vision.

Verified by Lord Waterford.

The third Lord Waterford was able to verify a story of an extraordinary dream coming true. Talking one day with the landlord of the inn in the village close to Curraghmore, a man rushed up and said there had been a murder on the hills. "Then it must be the little one," said the landlord, at which Lord Waterford, not unnaturally became very suspicious. The landlord proceeded to explain that in the night he dreamt that two men had come to the inn, and that the taller of the two had murdered the shorter with a very curious knife.

He told his dream to his wife, who laughed at him. But, to his horror, the men he had seen while asleep came to the inn, and one used the curious knife to cut up his food. They left, and soon afterwards news of the murder arrived. Search was made for a tall man answering to the landlord's description, and one was quickly arrested. In prison he confessed he had murdered his short companion.—Tit-Bits.

Enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm is the element of success in everything; it is the light that leads and the strength that raises men up; it robs endurance of difficulty and makes duty a pleasure.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

Heaven is not gained at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dream departs, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

THE ADVERTISER'S SYMBOL.

Back in the dim aisles of history, the time came when man wanted to speak to man. Back of the Stone Age, back of all the eras we know anything about, some man became uneasy. He wanted to say something that would be the same tomorrow, and that could be sent to other men that he knew lived over the mountains. He felt the social instinct. He wanted to say something. He was tired of knocking out the brains of the men he met, and he wanted to tell his fellows so.

After awhile he thought of making a sign, and telling the men that it meant good will, good luck, many children, much game, good times; and especially that he did not wish to brain them. So he made a small sign. We now call it the Svastika. It means good luck, good will to men; to women it wishes them many children. It was the first attempt to put good will into a sign, the first attempt to transmit intelligence by other means than word of mouth, so far as science is able to find out. And this first attempt to write, to make a sign for speech, was an attempt to express good will, from one man to another.

This Was When Advertising Began.

There has been much discussion of the question when advertising began. It began just when the first human being began to wish to express his good will for other men. He wanted to advertise his good will for the other men. Advertising began when the Svastika came into being; and we do not know when that was, except that it was long before any other sign was adopted. Now the Svastika is found in ruins of all extinct civilizations, and in the ancient history of all races.

DEVOTION TO DUTY.

Faithfulness is the explanation of many a successful career. Opportunity, ability, and the friendly assistance which may be given all tend to further one's efforts, but the persistent, undaunted faithfulness to the labor in hand, in the face of opposition and hindrance and obstacle, is the conquering force. The character which is developed by devotion to duty in life's smallest undertaking is being equipped for glorious achievements. Therein is found the secret of success.

WHERE GHOSTS ARE PUT ON TRIAL.

London's Strangest Business.

The London Spiritualist Alliance, Limited, is perhaps the queerest business organization in existence. Though established as far back as 1884, it has worked practically and literally "in the dark" investigating, tabulating, recording, and photographing spirits, "thought-forms," wraiths, double personalities, apparitions; in fact, "spooks" of every description, in job and assorted lots.

In the Seance Room.

The Alliance has the finest occult library in the world. It also runs a clever little weekly paper called "Light," which has an enormous circulation, not only among spiritualists, but philosophers, students, and other thinkers who wish to keep informed concerning spirit phenomena.

It goes without saying that in "Spookland" there are "fakes," frauds, and tricksters galore. But woe to the professional medium who engages in controversy with the Spiritualist Alliance in London, thinking to achieve an easy victory over the credulous souls of this organization.

In the seance room of the Spiritualist Alliance there has just been constructed a cage a little larger than a telephone booth, the four sides and top of which are composed of the finest mosquito netting. The frames of this cage are screwed together by thumb-screws, and when once the medium is inside it would be utterly impossible, without collusion on the part of some one outside, to produce any phenomena of a "tricky" character.

Screwed in a Cage.

The simplicity of this scheme is its greatest recommendation. It is nothing more nor less than a net cage, built up of four panels and a top. During a seance the cage is placed in the center of a room and is surrounded on all sides by members of the committee of the Alliance, who perform the tests. The medium is placed inside this cage and literally screwed in. The cage itself is screwed to blocks placed in the floor.

Many mediums have been able, up to this time to perform wonderful feats when shut up behind a pair of curtains. The curtains have bulged out and done all sorts of curious things; but there has always been a question in the minds of certain skeptics as to

why these curtains have acted in this strange manner. The medium has not, as a rule, been visible to the sitters at all times, and this is where the element of doubt has crept in. With the cage here spoken of, however, it is quite easy to see the medium at all times, and even photographs may be taken through the net.

Spooks Always "Stalk."

At most seances spirits are supposed to come out and walk about the audience, but there is always a doubt whether "spooks" claiming to be sisters, cousins, and aunts are not the medium rigged up to personate the departed. Of course, there have been cases where the curtains of the cabinet have been drawn and where the medium has been seen sitting in a chair in the space occupied by the cabinet while the spook is stalking abroad. Spooks always "stalk abroad," by the way. It is far more "creepy" than just walking, you know.

For some time past the London Spiritualist Alliance has concentrated on the problem of devising a simple method for giving mediums the chance they want in order to exhibit their powers. Expert conjurers who have been able to produce marvelous "materializations"—such as spirits, flowers, birds, and other things—in the seance room, have frankly acknowledged themselves incapable of producing the same results in the "spook cage," which now awaits any medium who proffers himself for examination by the council of the Spiritualist Alliance.

Where Spiritualists Meet.

The weekly journal devoted to the spiritualist cause, called "Light"—which belongs to the Alliance—circulates widely among the 35,000 professed spiritualists in England, and gives its columns up to scathing indictments and exposures of mediums who attempt to bamboozle the public. Curiously enough, spiritualists are supposed to represent a type of the credulous in human affairs, where most members of the Spiritualist Alliance seem to demand reasonable tests and sensible explanations of all the curious phenomena presented by modern spiritualism.

The Alliance, in spite of its strange vocation, may be described as a lively and "going concern." It occupies a suite of several large and cheerful rooms in a big building at 110 St. Martin's Lane, just round the corner from the National Gallery. Several of the rooms are given up to a splendid circulating library, which is the largest of its kind in the world, having over 2,500 books devoted to all phases of spiritual and psychical research. In

addition to the library, there are rooms devoted to soul development, so to speak, where classes for psychic unfoldment are held two or three times a week. Even the most prejudiced unbeliever can find out at the offices of the Spiritualist Alliance whether he has a soul or not.

Progress of the Movement.

All things considered, the cause of spiritualism is making great progress in England. As a sign of this progress it might be mentioned that quite a number of spiritualistic churches have sprung up in various parts of the country. There is a very strong Spiritualist Union in Manchester, while London on Sundays has the privilege of attending several churches given up entirely to spiritualism.

Twenty-four years ago there were not more than half a dozen spiritualistic communities in the whole of England. Today there are upwards of thirty-five distinct spiritualistic societies, to say nothing of several spiritualistic churches, the total number of whose membership is said to approximate 50,000.—From Tit-Bits.

GIANT AND DWARF HONEY BEES.

In some of the East India Islands and on the mainland of Hindoostan are to be found the smallest race of honey bees in the world. The dwarf honey collectors are known to entomologists as *Apis florea*. Their honeycombs are no larger than a child's hand and the cells are about the size of a small pinhead. This honey is excellent, as is the wax. The little creatures build the combs on the branch of a low tree, and, as they have not to provide for winter, they work all the year through, raising broods like themselves.

In the same land there is a race of giant bees, *Apis dorsata*, as large as a field cricket. These monsters of the bee world build honeycombs that are from six to seven feet in length, four or more in width, and which weigh from 300 to 400 pounds each.—Christian Herald.

It Depends.

“Is a ton of coal very much, pa?”

“It depends on whether you are shoveling it or burning it.”—Cleveland Leader.

DIGGING UP CAESAR'S CAMP.

The scene of the discoveries now attracting universal attention in France is the curious, isolated Mont Auxious in Burgundy. Here, as is now known beyond the possibility of doubt, Julius Caesar performed his most wonderful exploit, for Mont Auxious has proved to be the famous Alesia of the *De Bello Gallico*. For half a century the majority of historians have been disposed to regard Mon Auxious as probably identical with Alesia, but the question has remained open, as there were several rival claimants, particularly Alaise in Franche-Comte, and at times the controversy has waxed warm. Now, however, there can no longer be any doubt. Recent excavations have not only settled the question of site, but they have resulted in discoveries entirely unexpected and of the most interesting character. Even the name has clung to the place, in changing forms, for 2,000 years, and it may now be read in that of Alise-Sainte-Reine, a little, picturesque, old town, which hangs high on the shoulder of the historic mountain. At Alesia, where the conquest of Gaul was virtually completed, Caesar, with an army of scarcely 50,000 men, held 80,000 Gauls in a grip of iron and at the same time and with precisely the same force beat off and annihilated a rescuing host of 250,000.

This feat of arms, accomplished twenty centuries ago and unparalleled in the annals of war, now rises into vivid reality by the visitor, who crumbles under his foot the very soil that was cast up by the entrenching tools of the legionaries and grasps in his hand the weapons that they and their enemies fought with—swords, lance-heads, javelin points, bucklers, and the strange iron hooks (the stimuli of the Commentaries) which were sowed on the ground in front of the Roman works to catch the feet of the assailants. More than a thousand pieces of bronze and silver money, which must have been in the pockets of the combatants, have been found in and around the buried fosses where the fighting was fiercest. There is probably no other known battle-ground which makes history start into life as does this one. Standing on the height above, as in the gallery of a theater, one has the entire scene before the eyes exactly as it was described by Caesar, and it is no difficult feat of imagination to see the great Emperor himself, in his scarlet cloak, with bared head, hurrying across the smokeless plain amid the reverberating cheers of his men, and by

the magic of his presence and his personal exertions turning defeat into victory. From that moment he was "the foremost man of all the world." And there, too, fought Mark Antony of Shakespeare—winning under the master soldier's eye laurels which he was afterward to drop at Cleopatra's feet.—Garrett P. Serviss in Harper's Weekly.

LACKING IN REVERENCE.

What is the one conspicuous lack in the American character? We suppose there is hardly any critic, foreign or domestic, who would not say that the most conspicuous lack in the American character was want of respect and reverence. Americans have so far carried the idea that one person is as good as another that they aggressively assert this to people who are their superiors, and whom they themselves would acknowledge to be their superiors in ability, character, official position, or in other respects conventionally acknowledged as superior. Outward acknowledgment of such superiority is in no way demeaning to the person who does it. It is a part of the courtesy of life. When we pass from this to that respect for character, or profession as a clergyman, or position as a chief magistrate, we go deeper. A community that does not respect those who rule it is a community that is encouraging an attitude of disrespect toward law. Deeper yet is a lack of reverence for religion and for those who represent it. Whatever may be one's views, or lack of views, of the great matters involved in religion, no one can but acknowledge that a spirit of reverence in the presence of the great problems involved in this mysterious universe is self-respecting, a spirit that recognizes the dignity of man. In one respect it is the spirit that differentiates man from the animal, for we cannot conceive of a dog having any idea of a universe, or of a God, or of his own possible relations in this life or the other with the universe or with God.—Waterbury American.

THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE.

By Rev. R. C. Bayly, A.M., M.D., D.S.T., Decatur, Ill.

The private and public rights of all people are comprehended and ought to be, as implied and defined in the following language:

“Liberty and independence mean that you may do as you please so long as you do not infringe on the rights or injure another.”

This declaration of the rights of the citizens of the United States, implies that you must order your speech and conduct upon a line that will not tread upon the toes of other people, that does not derogate against the rights, personality and property of others.

It was a fixed and well understood policy of this country, until recently, that all political parties in the United States professed to abhor the idea of unequal rights in the government. That is, they were all agreed upon the policy inaugurated by the fathers of the Republic with the Declaration of Independence, that all men shall be equal before the law, and should have an equal voice in the government. Especially, that all men shall be citizens, not subjects.

But this policy of equal rights has been infringed, and in some instances destroyed entirely, by means of legislative grants of monopoly privileges, the profits from these privileges being used to influence the nomination and election of representatives and to further control members of Congress in the enactment of laws to defraud the people by robbing them of their earnings and in a measure making them slaves.

COMPOSERS AND THEIR PATRONS.

Mr. Frederick F. Crowest, in “Musicians’ Wit, Humor, and Anecdotes,” tells the following story about Verdi. When he was putting the last touches to “Il Trovatore,” Verdi was visited in his study by a privileged friend, who was one of the ablest of living musicians and critics. He was permitted to examine the score and run over the “anvil chorus” on the pianoforte. “What do you think of that?” asked Verdi. “Trash!” responded the connoisseur. Verdi rubbed his hands and chuckled. “Now look at this!” he said. “Rubbish!” said the other, rolling a cigarette. The composer rose and embraced him with a burst of joy. “What do you mean?” asked the critic. “My dear friend,” cried Verdi, “I have been making a popular opera. In it I resolved to please everybody except the purists, the great judges, the classicists, like you. Had I pleased you, I should have pleased no one else. What you say assures me of success. In three months ‘Il Trovatore’ will be sung and roared and whistled and barrel-organed all over Italy!”

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF PAPUANS.

The marriage customs of the Papuans are somewhat similar to those of many other savage races. The ceremony is largely a matter of purchase. The men marry when they are about 18 years of age, and the girls at 14 or even earlier. One of the girls I met carrying a baby was, so far as I could find, under 13 years of age; and, like other inhabitants of tropical countries, the Papuan females mature very early in life. When a young lake man desires to get married he visits the father of his prospective bride and puts forward his personal belongings as an inducement to the father to consent to the union. Wealth is reckoned by many curious things in this region, where, one might almost say, no one owns anything. Furniture, money, clothes—everything by which the civilized races of the earth count their possessions—are nonexistent. If a man has a gun he is a great personage and can demand anything, but, besides their bows and arrows and spears, most of the Papuans have very little. Even agricultural produce is scarce, the only cultivation undertaken being on a very primitive scale. A little clearing is made by both men and women, and the women then grow bananas and sweet potatoes. The men are always armed, and when the women go to the patch to attend to their crops or gather the produce, the men go with them as a protection. The women, however, do the work.

Many families have a bundle of ancient Portuguese cloth, centuries old, and when a young man is seeking a bride one of these heirlooms is generally part of the "deal." The youth and the girl's father haggle over the marriage until eventually they agree to terms, and the thing is done. The men are not limited to one wife, and once a girl is married she is subject to her husband in everything and is practically his slave. In another part of New Guinea I remember a distinctly strong confirmation of the custom which places a woman at the entire mercy of her husband. At one house I visited I saw standing outside the doorway three huge stone clubs, each large enough to fell a bullock. On making inquiries I found that they tallied with the number of wives owing allegiance to the householder; the clubs were used by the man to beat his wives with if they annoyed him. The quaint part of it was that, while the women seemed to raise no objection to being flogged unmercifully by their lord and master, they would not be

beaten with the same weapon as that used on another woman; so the natives kept a separate club for each wife.—Wide World Magazine.

PROPERTIES OF VEGETABLES.

The following information regarding the properties of common vegetables will be useful to most people. Spinach has a direct effect upon the kidneys; the common dandelion used as greens is excellent for the same trouble; asparagus purges the blood; celery acts admirably upon the nervous system and is said to be a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia; tomatoes act upon the liver; beets and turnips are excellent appetizers; lettuce and cucumbers are cooling in their effects upon the system; onions, garlic, leeks, olives and shallots, all of which are similar, possess medicinal virtues of a marked character, stimulating the circulatory system, and the consequent increase of the saliva and the gastric juice promotes digestion; red onions are an excellent diuretic, and the white ones are recommended to be eaten raw as a remedy for insomnia; they are a tonic and nutritious. A soup made from onions is regarded by the French as an excellent restorative in debility of the digestive organs.

THE POWER OF JEWELS.

Many curious old notions and stories concerning precious stones are told. It was once believed that all precious stones were purified by a bath in honey. It is said that the agate quenches thirst, and if put into the mouth allays fever; amber is a cure for sore throats and glandular swellings; amethyst banishes the desire for drink; cat's-eye is a charm against witchcraft; coral is a talisman against thunder and evils by flood and field; diamonds produce somnambulism and spiritual ecstacy; emeralds will promote friendship and constancy; garnets preserve health and joy; the onyx is apt to cause terror to the wearer, as well as ugly dreams; opals are fatal to love and bring discord to giver and receiver; sapphires impel the wearer to all good works; the topaz is said to be a preventive to lung trouble, to impart strength, and to promote digestion.

THE REPAIR OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Whoever watches the healing of a wound stands face to face with the greatest of all wonders, the mystery of the genesis of life. The healing process is nothing but a phenomenon of regeneration, a natural process of replacing destroyed tissues by new ones. Regeneration is the general law by which the healing of wounds is but a specific part. Regeneration of tissues is constantly going on in the human body, and certain tissues are renewed even when they are not destroyed by external violence. The nails of our fingers are completely renewed in four or five months, those of our toes in twelve months. Our eyelashes are replaced by new ones in one hundred to one hundred and fifty days. The cornea of the human eye constantly undergoes a renewing process and is swept clear and clean by the soft friction of the eyelid. But that is not all. Millions of minute cells are ever coursing through all parts of our organism, penetrating to the deepest seats of life, constantly renewing the exhausted tissues and infusing new life into them. These minute bodies are direct descendants of that wonderful and mysterious original cell from which all human and animal life must have sprung. These microscopic bodies which form the millions of white cells or leucocytes in the human body are ever present and ready to renew exhausted or destroyed tissues, to overcome dangerous tendencies, and to ward off dangers threatening the different organisms. They take up the fight against destructive bacteria, produce antitoxic agents, stop hemorrhages by secreting coagulating ferments, carry nourishment to the remotest tissues from the glands of the digestive organs, eliminate discarded, useless and foreign matter; they are ever at work building new tissue and striving to maintain the normal condition of the organism. Wherever organic life is maintained and restored it owes its maintenance and restoration to that power of renewing used-up tissue which can be traced back to the original cell.

LIFE'S ILLUSIONS.

The life of an individual man is of a mixed nature. In part he submits to the free will of himself and others, in part he is under the inexorable dominion of law. He insensibly changes his esti-

mate of the relative power of each of these influences as he passes through successive stages. In the confidence of youth he imagines that very much is under his control, in the disappointments of old age very little. As time wears on, and the delusions of early imagination vanish away, he learns to correct his sanguine ideas and prescribes a narrower boundary for the things he expects to obtain. The realities of life undeceive him, and there steals over the evening of his days an unwelcome conviction of the vanity of human hopes. The things he has secured are not the things he expected. He sees that a Supreme Power has been using him for unknown ends, that he was brought into the world without his own knowledge and is departing from it against his own will.

REVELATIONS OF THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL.

Is a well-gotten-up book, appropriately bound in blue and gold, and nicely illustrated. Its contents are New Thought thoughts and sentiments variously expressed in prose and verse. The following paragraph will give you an idea of the author's style:

"Advanced thinkers, in the silence of their laboratories, guided by the Infinite Intelligence, receive wonderful impressions, they know not from what source, presumably, at the time, but which, when carried into execution, astonish the world."

But if you are interested it will be well worth your while to get the book from the author, M. Evalyn Davis, 249 Wilcox Building, Los Angeles, Cal. Price, \$1.10, postpaid.

ANCIENT DENTISTRY.

False teeth are by no means a modern invention, as is proved from the fact that jawbones of mummies have been found with false teeth in them, and also with teeth stopped with gold. Indeed, the ancient Egyptians were no mean dentists, and in Greece also the art was practiced with much skill. There is plentiful evidence of skilled dentistry among the Romans, and many of the ancient Latin authors make references to false teeth. There is a distinct notice of them in the Roman Laws of "The Twelve Tables." The first part of No. 10 prohibits useless expense at funerals, but an exception is made in No. 11, which permits the

gold fillings of teeth, or the gold with which they are bound, to be buried or cremated with the corpse. About eight hundred years ago an ancient grave was discovered near Rome. It was opened, and in it was found the skeleton of a woman with a complete set of false teeth, admirably made and wrought out of solid gold.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TRUE WORKER.

The value of labor lies not in what is done—not in the kind of work we perform—but in the spirit in which we do it. From the cleansing of the room to the purification of a government, from the clearing of a forest to the chisseling of a statue, from the humblest work of the hands to the noblest work of the heart and brain, it is the determination to make it of the best possible quality that places it in the front rank. The work that is performed only for the sake of what it will bring, not for what it will carry forth, is like the shoddy cloth, which may please the eye but will not wear. It is cheap, flimsy stuff, woven with no nobler purpose than to hold together long enough to be bought and paid for.

THE NECESSITY OF THOUGHT.

A common mistake made about the art of thinking is that it is chiefly connected with literary or philosophical subjects—that its main stimulus is found in the schools or in books, and that it is more needed in professional life than in the common walks of business or mechanical labor. As soon as we separate the power of thinking from any occupation, or consider it of slight importance to its excellence, we condemn it to inferiority. This is one great cause of the vast quantity of defective work which we are constantly lamenting and seldom accounting for.

HUMANITY'S PROGRESS.

It is often said in describing the progres of humanity, that "each generation stands upon the shoulders of its predecessors." If this simile were fully borne out our improvement would certainly be far greater in every respect than it actually is. If all the young people of one period could fully receive and profit by the

experience of their elders, adding to it the lessons gained through their own, society would indeed advance with rapid strides. But this is proved not to be the case. One generation cannot begin where the preceding one left off. With many added advantages it is yet forced to go back some distance and retrace many of the steps trodden by the generation before.

INTELLIGENCE OF SNAILS.

Snails are not supposed to be clever, but a grower of edible snails in the Canton of Vaud, Switzerland, was baffled by their ingenuity. To keep his crawling live-stock within bounds he ran a series of sharp metal points along the top of the fence enclosing their field, thinking that the points would prick the feet of the animal and make him draw back. However, the plan failed, and the farmer soon discovered that the "scargots"—like little wanton boys—had climbed on each other's backs in order to get over the sharp points. The method appeared to show co-operation, and the last snail was left behind after helping over the others—an instance of heroism in humble life.

WASH-DAY MADE PLEASANT.

Electricity lately has been pressed into the service of the housewife, the Budapest newspapers announcing the invention of an electrical washing-machine. With this machine the use of soap is dispensed with, the electric current being intended to take away any stain or grease. This machine is said to be capable of washing as many as two or three hundred pieces of linen without the assistance of a man or woman being required.

A CANINE THIEF.

In "Animal Life" a good story is told of a farmer's dog that obtained food by false pretenses. The animal was extremely fond of biscuits and had been taught by the owner to go for them himself, carrying a written order in his mouth. Day after day he appeared at the chandler's shop, bringing his master's order, and by-and-by the shopman became careless about reading the docu-

ment. Finally, when settlement day came, the farmer complained that he was charged with more biscuits than he ordered. The chandler was surprised, and the next time the dog came in with a slip of paper between his teeth he took the trouble to look at it. The paper was blank, and further investigation showed that whenever the dog felt a craving for a biscuit he looked around for a piece of paper and trotted off to the shop.

THE LORE OF RHEUMATISM RINGS.

Sufferers from rheumatism who believe they will be cured of their aches through wearing a certain kind of metal ring would be surprised perhaps to hear that they are keeping alive an old superstition that owed its origin to one of the ceremonies performed on Good Friday. The ceremony was called the Blessing of the Cramp Rings, and was carried out by the king himself, who went into his private chapel, accompanied only by his grand almoner, crawled on his knees to the crucifix, and there blessed a silver bowl full of gold rings and silver rings. These rings were afterward distributed to people who were afflicted with rheumatism and epilepsy. The idea is supposed to have originated in a certain ring given by a pilgrim to Edward the Confessor, which was kept in Westminster Abbey and used as a cure for such ills.

CONTENTMENT IN AGE.

The secret of a bright, full, and contented age is found in the continuance—mildly and quietly, it may be—of all the interests of the active world. We may, as the poet has put it, cause the gulf stream of our youth to flow into the Arctic regions of our lives, and so the years that otherwise would be bare and sterile will be warmed and fructified.

HIS PROFESSION.

A passing stranger was attracted by frightful screams coming from a little house not far from the road. Hurriedly tying his horse, he ran to the house and found that a little boy had swallowed a quarter, and his mother not knowing what to do, had

become frantic. The stranger caught the little fellow up by his heels and, holding him up, gave him a few shakes, whereupon the quarter soon dropped to the floor.

"Well, mister," said the grateful mother, "you cert'n'y knowed how to get it out. Air you a doctor?"

"No, madam," replied the stranger; "I'm a collector of internal revenue."

SELF-CONTROL.

The individual can attain self-control in great things only through self-control in little things. He must study himself to discover what is the weak point in his armor, what is the element within him that keeps him from his fullest success. This is the characteristic upon which we should begin to exercise in self-control.

FEARED THE WORST.

Here is a story told by Mr. P. T. Dunne, the creator of "Mr. Dooley." Mr. Dooley was editing a very unsuccessful paper in Chicago, and one day a funeral passed by his window. He watched the mournful procession thoughtfully while it passed; then he turned to his assistant editor and said gloomily, "I wonder if that's our subscriber."

CHEERFULNESS.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people; why not make earnest efforts to confer that pleasure upon others? You will find half of the battle is gained if you will never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

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"I believe," said the young physician, "that bad cooks supply us with half our patients."

"That's right," rejoined the old doctor. "And good cooks supply us with the other half."

Matrimonial Amenities.

Mrs. Nagleigh:—"I suppose you are satisfied now that you made a mistake when you married me?"

Nagleigh:—"I made a mistake, all right, but I'm not satisfied."
—Boston Transcript.

Beyond Words.

Doctor: "Are you ill? Let me see your tongue.

Poet: "Ah, it is no use, no tongue can tell how bad I feel."
—Columbia Jester.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.—Stratford-on-Avon.

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