

# THE DENVER METAPHYSICIAN

VOL. I

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No. 10.

## GREETINGS

Thursday, November 29, 1928 A. D., Thanksgiving Day.  
An Invocation

We Invoke Thee, Thou Great and Unseen One, Creator, Giver and Keeper of all, that THY PRESENCE may abide, richly and most gloriously with us this Our National Thanksgiving Day. We Invoke Thee, Thou All Merciful Father, that, not alone, shall Thy PRESENCE abide with us on this Day, but likewise, equally beneficially so, on all the days of our life; We Invoke Thee, Thou God of all that IS, that all the way along our pathway, wherever we may stray, or whithersoever we may find ourselves, there with us, Oh, Thou Divine Love, Truth, Light and Life, may actually accompany us. We Invoke Thy Blessing upon our beloved Country, a Nation of promise with a people of wakeful and watchful care for Thine Ordinances; for continued Peace, Power and Plenty, as a Nation and to each personal factor thereof as Citizens making up the body politic, Institutional and Religious; We Invoke Thee, Oh most Bounteous Giver, that of Thy Will, Raphael, God of Wisdom, Michael, God of Life, Vitality and Light; Gabriel, God of Increase and The Mother Principle, Samuel, God of Victory and Courage; Hanael, God of Love and Harmony, Zadkiel, God of Mercy, and Cassiel, God of Justice, as the gods, endowed of Thee, Thou One God, The ALL, as representing The Electrical Universe of Forces and Things with that Infinite Intelligence of Spirit, Divine, which changeth all into Infinite Good and Goodness. We invoke and ask of Thee, Our Father, that all the earth be made the more propitious, the better for all humanity, thru the children of men, as the American People, giving and rendering unto Thee, Thanksgiving and Gratitude, this Day, for all Thy Blessings during the year last passing, now into history.

Thus we Invoke, thus we Ask, thus we Pray to Thee, Oh Mighty Creator, in SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH. Amen; Amen; Amen.

## CONSERVE YOUR FORCE

Waste not that which has been your sustaining health, your mental strength, your nerve and motor force; Over and over there comes to each one, a warning from tired nerves, worn muscles, shooting little pains and depressing feelings, that the pace we are keeping up, is too rapid, the hours we are spending with such don't care and dash, thus depriving our physical body of its needed hours of perfect rest are foolish waste of energy, which by and by will demand full measure of recompense.

Why do we so often blame the poor heart for acting up, when the heart, faithful servant as it is, is absolutely all right, but we have so worn the nerve Energies, so depreciated the Spinal energy, so robbed the Brain of dynamic Will energy, that thought force and all other forces, deprive the heart of support?

High blood pressure is one of the commonest complaints we meet up with; yet after all what is it? If we should actually tell you, not ONE would accept the statement and it would be very foolish indeed to say one word here regarding this Complaint, so often met up with.

VITAL, LIFE, what are you doing with ITS ESSENCE, "The Fons Vitae"? Be fair, be just, be HONEST with yourself and sit down and analyze yourself, take note of your own behavior, your violation of laws of nature, of physical countenance, of mental Hygiene, of Bowel Hygiene, of Stomach Hygiene; well, the list is too lengthy to mention all, and after so doing, you may find that your organs, functioning and functional, are trying to do their full measure of service for you, but YOU, the MENTAL YOU, are a very unfair and unjust task master. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

## REGULAR LECTURES

Talks worth while on Metaphysics Sundays at Upper Howe Hall, 1548 California Street, at 3:00 o'clock p. m., Dr. Frank D. Hines, Lecturer; after Service Metaphysical Questions and Advisory Work to ALL.

TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS, 8 p. m., questionnaire meeting at parlors, Suite 27 and 28, 1608 Broadway. Three questions written, sign initial, etc.

## LIFE REVEALMENT

This is a Service of International reputation. Send in your name in full, married or single; birth date, date of month, and month and year with ten questions and one dollar for a complete revelation of present and future. All matters of value to yourself, affairs, business or otherwise. Address Frank D. Hines, Suite 27-28, 1608 Broadway.

## HEALING

Our terms are reasonable, just, righteous and within reach of each and everyone who desires to be made whole, whether in love, unity, business, health or anything possible to man's good, peace of mind and comfort. Five dollars per month, in advance, for all special, individual work, absence or distance cuts no figure. Send full name, married or single, birth date, day of month, year and hour if known and what you want done and then do your part by paying till healed; expect what you ask us to do, if our method can't do it, then it's useless to try elsewhere. No interference with Religious Beliefs or other methods of Healing.

## THANKSGIVING DAY NOV. 29, 1928

Let us bar the Eleven Gates to Objective self, and enter into The Sanctuary, best suited for each and several ideas of rendering Thanks, and offer up with grateful heart, our Thanks to The All Father-Mother God, for preservation of health; for protection from storm and disaster; for the friends who have aided us along the way; for the enemies who have added to our experiences, lessons of fortitude, patience, and the Virtue of Forbearance; for the enjoyment of things temporal and finally for The Faith that has sustained us all along the way, during the year 1928 A. D.

Gratitude to God, to Country, to Home and to fellow man is one of the primal virtues. What's the USE of feeling disgruntled and out with the world, even though things have not SEEMED to go as we would have them? Are we not CERTAIN and actually SURE, that what we would HAVE is what is best for our growth, and after Success and Prosperity? We have found a Day in which all The United States, as a People, render up thanks, does have an exhilarating after effect upon general conditions. We believe that it is far better to say "I Thank Thee, Thou All Merciful", that All is Good with me, and I place myself, and all I am, possess, or expect to be, or have in thy Care. There is something ennobling about one who has suffered reverses, had untoward circumstances, sickness, sorrows and many woes, who, in spite of it all, render up a prayer, or Thought of Thanksgiving on Our National Thanksgiving Day.

Let us therefore rejoice and be glad that we may fill others, less fortunate, mayhap, than ourselves, with the spirit of Joy, Gladness and Gratitude.

## TENTH LESSON IN METAPHYSICS

If one may really assume the position that his body is The Blind King, it certainly relinquishes one from the responsibilities of answering for all the accidents that beset him as a human body. In The Bhagavad Gita, presumed to have been written some Four Hundred Years B. C., there is an intimation of the body of man as being The Blind King. In accordance with this idea, it is safe to note the why, physically speaking, one is in constant battle with all the elements and elements of vast Nature.

It is apparent, from this viewpoint, that The Mind is the Man; it is also apparent that back of Mind, The Man, must be the directing, something which intelligences, inspires and wills, also acts as The Knower, for the MIND, the man.

"As a man thinketh deeply within the heart (Soul), so is it with him", has thus a reasonable basis and rises to a correct statement, as to the facts and general outcome of man's affairs and physical wellbeing. "Mind, The Builder," has a firm foundation, and according to that which is given unto Mind, so shall the builder work out the problems of life for each and every one passing thru this sphere, for the express purpose, only of evolving, developing and making Immortal the Soul, the Real Man.

Mind as the workman, as the builder, must follow the design, the concept, the willed ideals, then as of Thought, not alone, as to the shaping of a Character, which endures, Time, Space and Mundane experiences, but, also, must build the body and direct the intellect, as to affairs strictly concerning Physical, Material and Sideral Existence. In understanding this phase of the Plans of The Infinite, lies the application of the Law that corrects, or is fundamental Principle underlying, back of and in working all the laws of Nature. To be "in tune with The Infinite," and in accord with Nature's laws, thus assumes a meaning and gives us an understanding which shall make us of right Desire, Right Thought, Right Intent, right Purpose and of right Devotion; this is the WHY, it is well said, "Man is the Architect of his own Fortune." This is the REASON for the existence of practicing Metaphysicians. The Body is The Blind King, and it takes the SKILLED to correct its lack of proper seeing and head off its liability to mishaps along the way. Every man to his own Profession, Trade, or Vocation, applies, most absolutely so, to the healing Art. I can Heal a Thousand easier than Heal my own affairs, simply because I am free from hampering Intellectual or other interferences. Not all who own an Automobile, or a Radio, or any other piece of Machinery, are fitted to repair the same, and hence, the SKILLED MECHANIC is called upon. So is it Affairs of The Blind King.

Who transcends the ordinary mortal thought, becomes all that overcomes blindness to self good as to corrective process. To Free The Blind King from the binding and tying of erroneous ideas and thoughts, requires the Skilled Artisan.

To self one owes the raising up of that which is The Power, which enables one to overcome; to evolve The Higher Nature, that the lower phase of self may profit; to become The Gift of The Spirit of The All Good, not for selfish ends, but that thru helping self, one may help all selves; to cultivate that Altruism and Transcendentalism which permits the Soul to be of service, here and now, in the world of men and things and while serving, open wide the gates of the hoped for heaven, that its joys and bliss may be tasted of, ere casting off the form of The Blind King, the physical raiment, or temple of Being.

God is with us; we cannot fail; He cares and will follow us up with His Good Will, Lord and Spirit, provided we INTEND to receive.

## New Perpetual Service Barn



Perpetual service and use, uninterrupted by fires or repairs, is the promise of the masonry arch barn, a new wrinkle in farm buildings developed at Iowa State college by engineers under the direction of J. B. Davidson, head of the agricultural engineering department. The barn is constructed entirely of masonry. Aside from window frames and some equipment inside, there is no combustible material in the building. Outstanding in the construction of the building is the catenary arch used in the roof. The picture shows one of the barns partly completed.

## LITTLE HELPERS

All who have been reared close to Nature, know that when the storm arises, the skies grow dark, the lightning's flash and the thunder rolls, when danger is in the air, the Eagle spreads his broad wings and soars above the storm.

The wilderness was the Sanctuary of many a patriarch and many a Saint, as well as that of birds and beasts; strange associations are often the result of more strange necessities; it is better, sometimes to retire for a brief space, than to afflict humanity or self with vain forebodings, woes, or devitalizing disposition.

To the front all you who have the shining features of a rapturous gratitude for the privileges of living; to the rear all you who see nothing but ill in all the world multiple circumstances and conditions, the result of a Vital Unity in diversity.

Many a child stubs his toe; he hops and lets out his little howl or squall, but what a wonder, there he goes, king of all he surveys, and the inspirer of older and wiser heads.

Like the policeman who discovered the canary under Pat's hat, in the Alleyway of Busy New York City, to be rather a surprising something foreign to a bird of feathers, while Pat made his get away, even so, sometimes we err in similar manner, let the thing we are after get away, while we are busy getting rid of things we did catch.

Don't forget a stone foundation makes your house a part of the real estate, as a fact in law; a wooden foundation, in case of a Lease on which you place your building, permits the removal of your building, in case of after disputes or trouble. Without a firm foundation all things are but attached parts to the Real in anything; without TRUTH, as a foundation, man is not of the Reality or Estate of Divinity.

There is one thing certain in this world, that is mortals Breathe, and so long as a rhythmic, vibrating breath process prevails, man is a fixture of this wonderful planet of ours. 'Tis a privilege to live in Colorado where Breathing is a blissful solace and an invigorating as well as exhilarating, Healing Blessing.

Colorado Air is world-famed for more than one magical Cure of stubborn ills.

Be careful when you write that letter; violate no postal laws; remember, too, courts often have wonderful effusions of enraptured lovers, read for the entertainment of jurors and all attending places usual to the settlement of changed opinions or ideas of writers of otherwise innocent outbreaks of sentiment, etc., placed on paper. Letter writing is one of the fine Arts.

## PSYCHO-DYNAMIC

The fiercest battles of the human organism take place within the region known as the Abdominal; to prove this take any case of sudden debility, at death's point, and make a few quick upward passes over this Psycho-Dynamic region of Health, and note the immediate effects; a deep breath with a sigh of intense relief will usually assert itself; the patient will open the eyes with an expression of Trust and Gratefulness to whom has given such aid; it is not the Passes so much as is the Will, Intention and Faith placed in The Psychic Forces, which awaken the Physiological Dynamic region, for it is here the degenerate blood gathers in the Portal Vessels and morbid matter, awaiting its expulsion from the system, joins with them to invite and harbor disease. A Physician striving to revive a young lady on an Eastern Bound Train, from apparent Heart Failure; This Editor was called, by some one knowing of his reputation as an immediate restorer of vitality, in most of such cases. He simply, quickly made passes, upward and backward, over the Abdominal and Stomach regions, saying, You are NOW instantly at Peace and Ease, you breathe deeply. The young lady opened her eyes, took a wonderful breath, smiled upon her helper and, Fifteen years later, came to our Office to thank us, stated that she had never suffered another such an attack.

Metaphysics restores to remain restored, by awakening first the Psychic, Spiritual Life Energies, causing the Dynamic Physiological Forces to obey the Infinite Intelligence of one's own Soul.

There are, says a noted Medical Instructor, Four Hundred and Seven distinct human diseases, but SIX OF THESE ARE BASICALLY Physiological and curable by medicinal methods only, all the others require the Psychic Energies, in addition, in order to be curable by any known medicine. The vigor of the Psycho-Dynamic region, as to its processes depends upon the Spinal Column, thru which passes the spinal cord with its Sympathetic Ganglia reaching out in every direction; here there is reason for the statement, so often made, Assimilation, Irrigation and elimination, primal essentials to serenity of mentality, freedom from depressions, and purity of blood and health of Brain and Nervous systems. Why let any person suffer with terrible exhaustive depressions and break down inviting immediate death, when the Psycho-Dynamic Region of Health can so easily be made the means for setting at work, a Vital Energy which does Heal? Absence, neither Space or distance, can interfere with whom KNOWS the LAW of manifesting The Presence, as actually performing a treatment, in cases most immediately liable to collapse, ere any remedy known can be made active in time to save. Parents could often save their little ones, knowing this greatest of positive restorative methods and the Region upon which to act. Never touch a hysterical or badly debilitated case on the soles of the feet; it is almost certainly fatal; The Palms of the Hands are excellent; the Pneumogastric Nerves are tremendously quick and effective centers of restorative power to The Pharynx, Heart, Esophagus, Stomach, Liver and Bowels. The first three upper Dorsals and Four Cervical, following upward from same, are immensely important for quick action of all Brain, Throat, Arms, Upper Lungs; it's the KNOWING where to strike the enemy and the HOW to do so, whether in absent or present treatment, that makes Real Metaphysics almost indispensable to all schools of curative methods.







## By CORONA REMINGTON

"Honey, it doesn't seem possible. Old Jessup's made me foreman o' the delivery department. I have to see all the trucks is loaded right. Fifteen dollars a week raise!"

"Jim!" exclaimed Lucy aghast. "I bet we'll be the richest people on earth."

And really they were—that is, if you could add up dollars and hap-

"He shan know it, child," he answered, rising and patting her on the shoulder. "You run along home and get your trousseau ready." "I don't care," when Jim came to call he didn't wait to knock, he simply bounded in the door and caught Lucy to him.

"Honey, it doesn't seem possible. Old Jessup's made me foreman of the delivery department. I have to see all the trucks." "What? You're a truck driver?" "Jim" exclaimed Lucy aghast. "I bet we'll be the richest people on earth."

And really they were—that is, if you could add up dollars and hap-



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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1928.

AFTER ALL

After all, to be living—  
To be part of it all, to be  
Something of all the giving,  
Something of all we see,  
Something of all that's glowing  
In the world around us, dear;  
After all, to be living,  
Now, this moment, and here!  
What if the dreams do shatter;  
What if the dust does rise;  
What if the small things matter;  
What if the spirit cries!  
Something in all makes true  
The joy and the sadness true;  
Storms may shadow our heaven,  
But skies next day are blue.  
Just to be part of the effort,  
A seed in the growth of time,  
A bubble of bloom in the weather,  
A breath of the morning's time;  
God, it is worth the anguish  
Just to be living and part  
Of the beautiful world whose singing  
Is a song in the heart!

—Baltimore Sun.

**Despised Class**  
The alien government of Palestine, whether of Rome or its deputy princes, the Herods, collected its taxes and customs through speculators who bought up the right of collecting the revenue (publucum) for their own advantage. While these men were often natives, they were classed by the Jews not only with the social outcasts, but also with the heathen, as if outside of Israel altogether.

**Lead in North America**  
Lead was mined and smelted near Felling Creek, Va., as early as 1621. During the Colonial times there were lead mines in North Carolina, New York and New England, where the metal was obtained on a small scale. Lead ores in Missouri were discovered in 1700 by Pennicott and first worked in 1720.

**Law of Gravity**  
The law of gravity, simply put, is the "pull" the magnetic power of the earth's mass exercises on everything not in contact with it. This "pull" is the cause of weight.

**Superfluous Plant**  
The attempt is made to manufacture rubber out of everything now days. This suggests that a new use might be found for that now superfluous plant, the mistletoe.—Boston Transcript.

**Noise and Music**  
The difference between noise and music lies in the regularity of the waves or vibrations. When those of equal length and run at definite intervals, that's music. Otherwise it's a noise.

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THE DENVER METAPHYSICIAN

College Men Under Obligation to Preserve and Disseminate the Truth

By DOCTOR ANGELL, President Yale University.

THE college man who fails to dedicate himself first to the preservation and dissemination of knowledge and truth and the discovery of new truth wherever it may be found is false to the trust reposed in him by his forebears who founded the institution, to the contemporary society which maintains it, and to the company of scholars who conduct it. To abstain from such dedication argues lamentable ignorance of what is involved, sheer moral perversity, or hopeless incapacity to appreciate and take advantage of great opportunity.

There are few pleasures so disinterested, few so stimulating, so intrinsically delightful and refreshing, few so permanently rewarding as those which come from the intellectual entry upon wholly new, appealing and significant fields of knowledge or upon unfamiliar and moving beauties in literature or in art. To miss this kind of experience, by failure to improve the opportunities college offers, is altogether tragic, and especially if it means that one has not made effective contact with the great teachers who can kindle the flames of intellectual enthusiasm and appreciation.

To sit at the feet of great scholars is one of the privileges of which the college man should be most jealous, following him who can lead revealingly into the mysteries of history and literature, of science and art, of philosophy and religion. To forego such opportunities, because one is absorbed in some trivial, extraneous activity, is simply to sell one's birthright for a mess of pottage. Here lies the great and unequalled treasure of the college. To miss it is to sin against the enlightenment of one's own spirit, to be in the presence of wisdom only to pass it by. Folly is too mild a term for such ineptitude.

Great Need of Farmer Is Provision for Stable Weekly or Monthly Income

By S. J. HIGH, Tupelo (Miss.) Banker.

Nearly all of the industries have adjusted themselves to the many changes of the last ten years except agriculture. Most of the farmers are still farming as their grandfathers did. The old-style farmer buys on long credits and long periods, in contrast with modern forms of credit cash buying. The farmer has seen his expenses increase year by year on account of giving his family the luxuries and comforts that others have, and he has staked his whole future on what is called the money crop. He mortgages his land, his crop and his live stock for farm and family expenses not knowing what the harvest or price will be.

Such farming is hazardous and harassing for the farmer and unsafe from a credit standpoint for the banker and merchant. The farmer needs something that will give him a weekly or monthly income.

Large crops are not the solution of the farmer's problem, because large crops usually lower the price. Diversified crops and live stock are his need.

One of the greatest needs of profitable farming is farm efficiency. As it is with business, so it will be with farming in the future—efficiency and low cost of production. The farmer can get his low cost of production by following a safe and sane plan of farming. In most, if not practically all sections of the United States, the following will be a safe plan: Pigs, poultry and dairy cows on every farm; raising food and feed; selling milk or cream, chickens and eggs, and raising more and better (cash) crops on less acres.

Laws Should Set Maximum Profits to Be Retained by Merchants

By DONALD E. MONTGOMERY, Madison, Wis.

To alleviate unemployment business should stabilize competition by trade associations. I would have laws set the maximum profits to be retained by business men, amounts exceeding the legal maximum to revert to the state to reduce tax bills.

Although stabilization of competition by agreements among competing business organizations would not reduce competition, the trade associations would eliminate waste, mitigate the hazards and uncertainty of business collapse and unemployment. These trade associations must be able to show the courts that their restraints merely regulate and thereby promote competition rather than suppress or even destroy it.

If business delays too long in taking the initiative, persuasive legislation may be necessary. Such legislation should go directly to the source of the trouble and penalize the business men who insist upon treating the market as a circus in which they can acrobat themselves to a sudden fortune, to the detriment of those business men who plan for years ahead and are trying to make a profit every year and to offer full employment every year.

As long as unemployment is among the leading products of our national system, there is something wrong. When clothing workers go threadbare because they have produced too many suits of clothes; when families of miners are cold in winter because they have mined too much coal; when the unskilled worker in the city goes hungry while the farmer—perhaps only 20 miles away—is losing money because he produced too much food, something is wrong.

More Human Understanding Called For in the Dispensing of Justice

By JUSTICE SELAH B. STRONG, New York Supreme Court.

The abolition of ironical legal procedure and the introduction of a greater degree of human understanding in the dispensing of justice are prime requisites of legal procedure. Justice should not be bound by hoary rules. The law of evidence often becomes a joke, for example. A judge feels like saying to the jurors, "Now, listen, pals. Here's the case in a nutshell. Let's settle it in such a way that the greatest good will fall to the greatest number."

One of the silliest things in law is the charge of conspiracy. Why should a man receive a greater penalty for conspiring to commit a crime than for its actual perpetration? Or why should a man be punished on both counts of conspiring to and committing a crime?

I have in mind an example of a case I heard recently concerning the right of a builder to construct a garage next to a church, which made me hope for greater judicial freedom.

The law prohibits the construction of a garage next to a school, but it has failed to provide for churches. I felt like telling the jury that a garage should not be built beside a church any more than beside a school, but the law forbids me to do so.

THE POOR THING

(By D. J. Walsh)

THE Bartlett sisters, Emily and Pauline, were having a pleasant time making out a list of women whom they wished to invite to an afternoon tea, which they had been planning for a long time. On a sunny afternoon in a cozy room, no more delightful occupation could be conceived of than this, of making arrangements for a party. Emily was listing names at the old-fashioned spinnet desk while Pauline at the window glanced up and down the street trying to decide on the next!

"There's Mrs. Wilson," she said. "We mustn't forget her."  
"I've got her down," Emily nibbled her pencil thoughtfully. She was the younger of the two sisters, a slender, graceful woman past middle age. Pauline closely resembled her. Added to their good looks they had the refinement and dignity that come from quiet ways, plenty of means and a taste for culture.

"And Maud Kelly?" suggested Pauline.  
"Yes."  
There was silence while they both thought and thought in a mutual anxiety to leave no one of their neighbors out. Suddenly Emily gave a little start.

"Oh! There's Mrs. Spickle!" she exclaimed.  
"Mrs. Spickle?" Pauline looked slightly alarmed. "Oh! Yes—I suppose we mustn't leave her out!"

"It wouldn't be kind," Emily said. "She might feel hurt. And we are quite sure to ask her, dear. She never goes out anywhere."  
"I know she doesn't," poor thing," Pauline sighed. "Well, we will ask her then. Has she a telephone?"

"I'll see," Emily rummaged in the directory. "No. She hasn't."  
"Oh, yes. We'll have to send her a note. Will you write it? You have a gift for notes."

Pauline wrote the note on her daintiest stationery and committed it to the postman. Of course she could have run down the street to the hideous green-and-yellow house where Mrs. Spickle resided. It was easier to send a note. Besides, the sight of that house showing against the fresh snow gave her an absurdly blissful sensation.

In all that neighborhood Mrs. Spickle was the one odd member. She was a woman of middle age, childless, with a husband who humored her foolishly. Old Mrs. Grant said Joe Spickle couldn't have existed a moment if he hadn't humored Eunice. Still, nobody was sorry for him. He was the kind of man made to be teased by a woman. Just lately he had received a great sum of money through the death of a relative, and everybody was wondering what good this new fortune would do them. Certainly Eunice would never spend any of it, either upon herself or other people. She was a woman of narrow and selfish habit of life whom most people avoided. But she was a neighbor, in the eyes of the Bartletts, and as such must not be overlooked.

Having done their duty by Mrs. Spickle the sisters went on with the preparations for their party which was to take place the next afternoon. Their pretty, old-fashioned cottage had a most gracious air of hospitality at any time, and with a few flowers used decoratively it expressed a charming festivity. Cakes were baked, ice cream ordered, and the best china, linen and silver brought forth.

By the following afternoon the sisters had received acceptance of their invitations save one, Mrs. Spickle had as yet made no sign.  
"The poor thing hated to say she couldn't come, may be," Pauline said. "It doesn't matter. We didn't really expect her."

At three the sisters were ready to receive their guests. Excitement tinted their pretty faces with a sweet color and made their blue eyes sparkle.  
The guests arrived by twos and threes. There was a bustle of wraps being removed, compliments, gay conversation.

Somebody had just started the old-fashioned game of gossip when the doorbell rang loudly, imperiously. Emily excused herself and whisked to the door. She opened it, gasped, and tried to pull her features into the proper expression of welcome.

"Guess you're surprised to see me!" she said. "But I thought I'd come and make you twice glad—just when I came and glad when I went away."  
"I am sure you have made a real effort, and I am glad to see you," Emily said. "Just go upstairs, please, the room to the right—and leave your things."

Mrs. Spickle went upstairs. She was gone a long time. Emily waited for her, it was cold in the hall and her fish grew goosey. She could hear Mrs. Spickle moving about.  
"What can she be doing?" Emily asked herself. She thought she heard a bureau drawer open and close. It couldn't be—No! Of course not. She was ashamed of entertaining such a鄙陋 suspicion.

Presently Mrs. Spickle appeared at the head of the stairs. At sight of her Emily gave a little start. Mrs. Spickle was brave in her best dress—a green tulle skirt, a red blouse, very short of sleeve and low of neck, white canvas pumps and carelessly trailing

from her shoulders a brilliantly printed scarf.  
"I thought I might be a little cold as I brought my scarf," she said, smilingly.  
Emily, with perfect grace, ushered her into the parlor. Her entrance produced an unmistakable sensation. Even Pauline showed an instant's lack of self-possession, but she rallied beautifully. The other women followed Pauline's lead and greeted Mrs. Spickle sociably.

Mrs. Spickle, however, seemed to be intent on but one thing—to get to the register as quickly as possible. And when she arrived there she hitched her chair as close as she could and planted her foot upon the grate. Thereafter nothing, nothing could move her. She cared nothing for the games played and her only contribution to the conversation was concerning the price of coal, the cold weather, and her fear of getting a chill.

The sisters had arranged a buffet-lunch in the dining room, and when the signal was given to the guests to repair thither Mrs. Spickle bolted, actually bolted, in order to be the first on the spot.

"That's all right," "Oh!—what kind of tea? Oh! Well, I don't mind drinking it if it is made weak—very weak."  
It was made very weak. She investigated the cake quite as thoroughly. "I hope its made with butter," she whispered loudly to Mrs. Agnew. "I can't digest just ordinary greases." Pauline's face was flaming, but she met Mrs. Agnew's mischievous glance and smiled.

Emily was not so fortunate. Her hand had grown shaky, and she poured tea everywhere, but in the cups. Meanwhile Mrs. Spickle took the lead in conversation.  
It was over at last and the guests departed. But where was Mrs. Spickle? Pauline at last found her sitting in her old place on the register.  
"I thought I'd stay a spell longer," she remarked. "I want to look at your curtains. Did you make 'em yourself? And what did you have that black streak on the bottom for?"  
"It came that way," Pauline explained faintly.  
Mrs. Spickle stayed a half-hour and then departed reluctantly.  
"I've had a splendid time," she said. "I don't get out often, but now that we've got it all over, we are so busy, I've a notion to see what society is like."

To the last the sisters maintained their courteous air. But once alone they fell upon the davenport and gazed and gazed at each other. They did not laugh, they did not rage; their hearts were too gentle.  
"The poor thing!" was all they said.

Humor in Abundance

To Be Found in Bible

Whether or not a book has wit, it can't be great without humor. If we say that the Bible is humorous we are giving it the utmost praise. Not funny, and seldom witty, but almost always humorous.

Think of the strongly marked temper in Jacob or in Joseph. When we say the Bible is humorous, we are recognizing in the one a certain aptness for trickery, which is in our temperament also, though perhaps less strongly marked—and we are fair enough to observe that Jacob had some better traits besides, which are less developed in us.

In the other we recognize a most unpleasant habit of taking himself seriously, and of telling his family of his merits. We have caught ourselves at the same mischief and we know that the family is always a little bit better, and seldom a little bit worse, than we are.

Such stories would be cynical if they were not humorous; to cite them as though they did not belong in a sacred book is to insult ourselves to humor, to that tragic behavior of our natures in those moments when we are weak or off our guard. How else could we interpret St. Peter's cowardice and repentance?

Most delightful of all the Old Testament stories, perhaps, is that of Naomi and Ruth. We think more of it rather than less because Naomi, in stating her claim on her kindred to provide Ruth with a husband, passed over the near and poor relative who was to be her heart on the wealthy Boaz. If we recognize her motives, it is because we have met them in ourselves.—John Erskine in the Century Magazine.

Unpleasant Bedmates

When Frank Meux, of the Little Cypress community, six miles north of Orange, Texas, turned a mattress out and found it was occupied by a member of the family who had been ill, a water moccasin and a Texas rattler in thin buttons were found bludgeoning. Meux believes the reptiles had been driven into the home by cold weather, and was doubtful that they had been between the mattresses very long.—Indianapolis News.

Not Much of a Mystery.

Workmen excavating in front of W. H. Thorndike's home at Rockland, Maine, were puzzled to find the ground steaming and one of them finally pulled out a rock which was hot but could scarcely hold it. The mystery was solved when it was found that an electric wire attached to an underground pipe had short-circuited.