

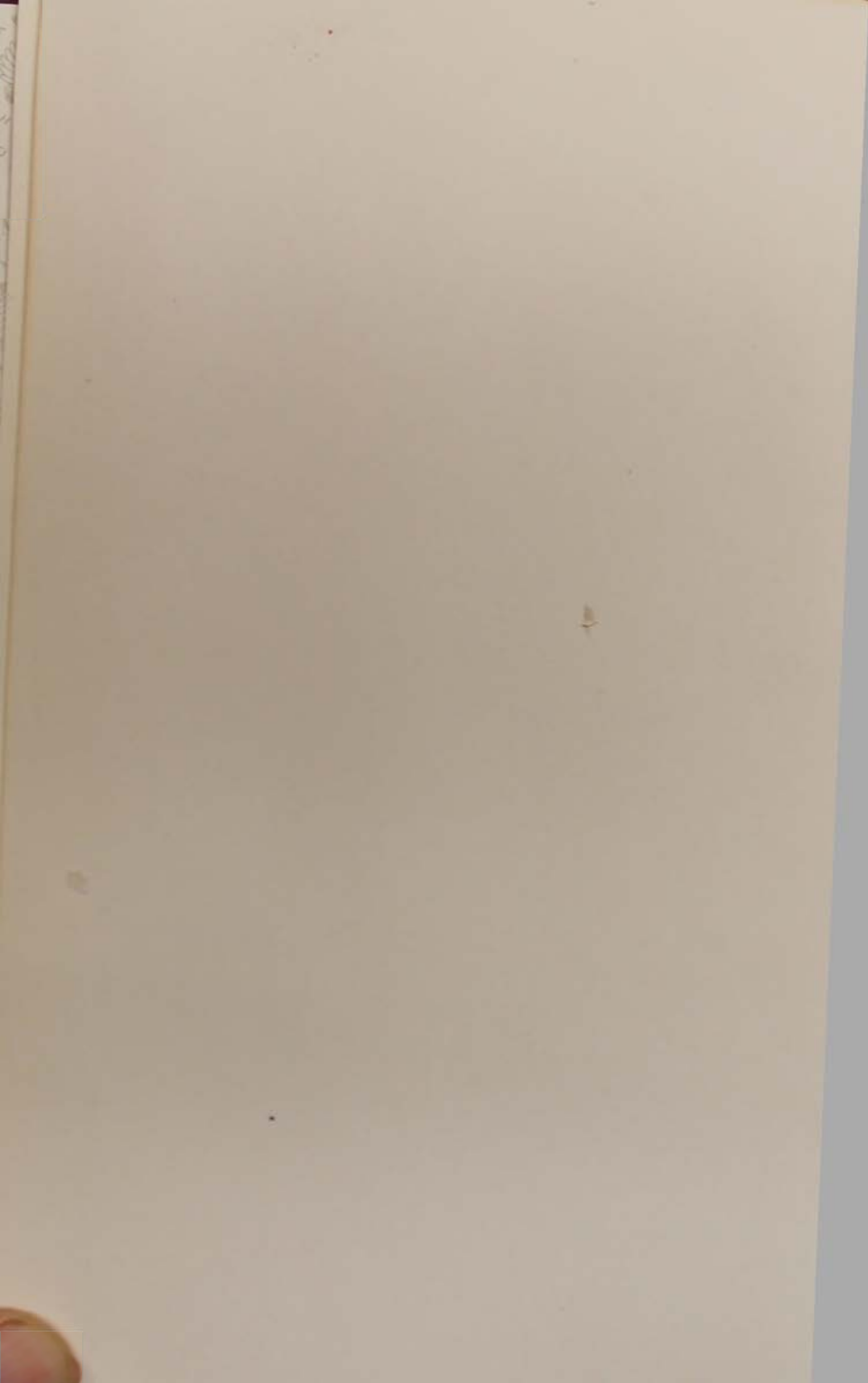
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# Eleanor Kirk's Idea



NEW YORK :: JANUARY :: 1905



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1905.

It is exactly like 1904 or 1804, or any other date that may be selected. What we call time is the same—*whatever it is*—that it always has been.

We name it time, and on our birthdays and the first of every January change toward it.

Time never says anything to us.

We do all the talking ourselves.

It might not do any good to know who started us on this painful voyage of mendacious loquacity, but it does sometimes seem as if it would be a slight satisfaction to know.

In reality you are no older on the 1st of January than you were on the 31st of December. But something has happened. You are not able to explain it. Words do not fit the case. It is as if time's back car had suddenly run into the one ahead of it, and given the passengers a good shake-up. The trip into the "sere and yellow" has been forcibly accelerated. You feel lame and sad and suspicious of any little twinge that the imagined shake-up has caused.

"Another year!" you sigh, and then perhaps count off the past scores with their small joys and many sorrows, and feel old enough to die right on the spot.

And yet nothing has happened.

Man named the months and the years, and all the rest of the men fell into the trap.

Man in this connection means woman, of course, but, on the whole, woman has not been so weakly submissive as man. She has examined the trap from many a standpoint; it would be encouraging if one could say vantage-ground, but that is impossible, because she has always given in at last. She has coquetted with the powder puff and sometimes sequestered the family Bible.

Not that she wanted to lie, but she did not wish to be lied about.

Far more than man, she realized that awful stories were being told about her, horrible marks being registered against her.



Woman has always questioned what possible relationship there could be between herself and decay and ugliness.

She has made a brave fight with the material and superficial methods she could summon to her aid. But the secret of life was not with the masseur. Powder would blow off and the warmth of falsity grow cold on the cheek.

These efforts bear witness to an acutely chronic dissatisfaction, which of itself is enough to worry the life out of a lover of beauty, to say nothing of the anticipation of death, which is the inevitable accompaniment of such conditions.

Now, as I have told you before, I never believed that sickness, death, poverty, and old age were necessary institutions. When very young I saw through the whole miserable business with almost as much clearness as to-day.

But this child was a freak. Being a sensitive, she did not like the degradation of a belittling nickname.

This knowledge has brought its crucifixions. How could it be otherwise, when the sweetest and dearest were constantly suffering, fading, and dying?

And here was where all the trouble came in. I knew the truth, but knew not how to embody it in my own life. There seemed to be something for me to do, but the apparent impossibility of raising the standards of health and happiness had its tragic effect—tragic enough—for I went with the rest into the very deeps of sickness and sorrow. In fact, I think I was often "sicker" than the ones who believed in sickness.

I was conscious of the big truth, but unable to relate my life to it.

Had I understood then, as I understand now, that the Infinite was quite able to attend to the affairs of the universe, even including those of my so-called "nearest and dearest," who loved the world, hated to leave it, and yet were constantly flitting, wreckage would not have been so apparent in my case.

What an awful predicament—to know the largeness and liberty of being, and yet to be fettered by little lies and hard-knotted by ignorance.

The first polo game I ever saw was a revelation. As far back as I could remember I had been in just such company. A pull and a haul, a shriek and a fall, a gallop and a reach—animals every one, including riders as well as beasts—sometimes up, sometimes down, attempting and struggling all to no purpose.

Why was I in that game?

Because that was all the place I knew.

Everybody was playing polo, although the performance was not called by that name.

The real thing which has been so popular in late years, with its maiming and killing, is simply a concrete materialization of life's foolish and reckless struggle.

I have been atop of the ponies and under the ponies, and know just what I am talking about.

At present I am out of the game.

Praise God for the wonderful deliverance!

Right here let me say that the refinement of torture can always be experienced by minding God's business.

If you wish to "grow in grace and a knowledge of the truth," which, of course, you do, give up that job this very minute. By so doing you will make glad every angel who has been given charge concerning you. They will be able to come nearer to you, to do more for you, to "keep you in all your ways."

Just imagine what a hard time these blessed messengers must have with the scholars who go visiting every day and let the fire go out on their own hearths; who wear themselves to shreds over the troubles and shortcomings of those who are gaining their experiences in God's sure way.

This preachment is all contrary to precedent, and will be met in many instances with prejudice.

The kindest and most useful people are those who have taken the contract to govern themselves, and so live on intimate terms with the Lord of All.

Wisdom is always the result of this attitude, and then it is that neighborly kindness and interest are safe and effectual.

When asked for advice, give the best you have on tap, but always wait the request.

If you will mind your own business, you can have an *elegant* time.

A happy new, old, middle-aged, unborn year to all!

ELEANOR KIRK.

---

"THERE is so little bad in the best of us,  
And so much good in the worst of us,  
That it hardly behooves any of us  
To talk about the rest of us."

"AND good may ever conquer ill,  
Health walk where pain has trod;  
As a man thinketh, so is he;  
Rise, then, and think with God."

"THE best receipt for health, say what you will,  
Is never to suppose you can be ill."

"IS IT POSSIBLE TO BE ABSOLUTELY HONEST?"

The propounder of this awful conundrum added—

"Now is it? I do not think so."

There was something exceedingly unpleasant about this remark. I had regarded my friend as an honest woman and had felt moderately certain about myself. At least I had never been sufficiently in doubt to ask myself this searching question.

"You seem surprised," said the tormentor, and *en passant*, does it not seem that this is the most wonderful period in the world's history for the proposition of disagreeable conundrums? Everybody appears anxious to stir everybody else up.

"Aren't you honest?" said I.

"Are you?" she answered.

"Why certainly."

"Absolutely? You know that's the point."

I felt very much like saying that I didn't know and cared less; but there is a fascination about these philosophical and metaphysical subjects which holds an active and inquiring mind whether or not. I felt rather righteous in respect to truth and had no fear of being called upon to face an hitherto unrecognized depravity.

"Absolutely is a big word," I responded, "but I think I am equal to it."

"I thought so till a few days ago," said my friend, "but now I am not so sure. The other evening I was assisting my boy in his examples when all of a sudden he remarked: 'Mother, I think you had better stop. Our teacher does not want us to have any home help.'

"But, Harold," I said, 'if I don't help you you will fail.'

"But that's better than falsehood, isn't it?" he asked.

"Did you promise that you would have no assistance?" I inquired.

"Not in so many words, mother," he replied, "but doesn't it amount to the same thing?"

"I stopped and thought for a moment and I found that deep down in my heart I would rather that the teacher should be deceived than that my boy should fail. When Harold was putting his books away he said, very seriously: 'Mother, I think it is a pretty hard job for a fellow to be all round honest all the time. I wonder if it is as hard for ladies?

"Say, mother, when you went to Aunt Minnie's yesterday and told me you expected to be home by three o'clock, did you really mean to be here at that time? Don't be angry, mother dear," he added as he saw me start and flush. "I thought perhaps as you didn't get home



till five o'clock that you were not really sure, and wanted to let me down easy.'

"This *was* the *absolute* truth, but until that instant it had not occurred to me that I had been in the slightest degree dishonest. There was a chance of my reaching home at the time mentioned, but it was scarcely among the probabilities. I knew if Harold expected me at a certain time that he would become interested in his studies and I should not be missed."

"What did you say to your son?" I asked.

"Why, I owned up of course. I could at least be honest enough for that. I did what I should have expected him to do if the conditions had been reversed," my friend responded. "You may think it was an easy performance, but I can assure you to the contrary."

"Is it not possible to be abnormally particular in some things?" I asked, unpleasantly conscious as I spoke of a sensitiveness in the neighborhood of the solar plexus—a sort of a caving-in as it were. "You say yourself that there was a chance of your reaching home at the hour specified."

"When you say that, my dear, you are plausible but not true. If I had said to my son I shall try to be home at four o'clock, but it may not be possible, that would have been all right."

"Why did you not say this?" I asked.

"Well, because this little boy has his peculiarities, and my way seemed best."

"Then, was it not a matter of conscientious management?"

"It was a matter of duplicity and it cannot be dodged," was the serious answer. "It is rather humiliating to be found out by one's child—don't you think so?"

"The humiliation seems to me to lie in having something to find out," I replied, and as I spoke the caved-in feeling increased. The subconscious mind is indeed a very queer sort of a tuck-away place. It beats all the store-rooms and cupboards that were ever constructed. A little spring connects with every sort of hidden package, and there is no necessity for rummaging or undoing. Obedient to a thought, the thing we do not want to remember bobs up and confronts us. After it has sufficiently aired itself it sinks into its old place again, there to remain until the time arrives for another appearance.

"Touch one spring and they all will ring," runs the old song, and "glory hallelujah!" how this evasion and that hiding round the corner came fresh into my recollection. At this very moment I held in my hand a package of satin which I was taking to a dressmaker "on the sly." I wanted to try a new one and I did not wish the old one, who



had served me faithfully for several years, to know it. I had told myself, in the privacy of my own mind, that she need never see the garment.

How people will juggle with the truth! At this point I really had the nerve to ask myself if there could be such a thing as an honest deception.

There was but one motive for lack of frankness in this matter, and that had seemed a kindly one. I did not want to hurt a friend's feelings.

As I was going home that day *with the package*, for I could not decide to do what I had intended without further thought, I met my old and truly very dear friend. She smiled as she saw the long slim bundle, and remarked, with a confidence in my loyalty which gave me another blow in the solar plexus: "I know what you've got and where you are going, but I can't be home for an hour or two. I have some lovely new styles just in. Can you come to-morrow morning?"

I went.

No one need tell me that my behavior was not business-like, or that I had a perfect right to change dressmakers.

True as gospel, but in so doing it was my business to be straightforward.

"Is it possible to be absolutely honest?"

Possible, but hard.

MARGARET MESSENGER.

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### EXPERIENCES.

What place in our unfoldment have experiences? This is an important question and our answer should be deduced from principle and not from appearances.

Is experience our teacher? Must we settle the question of right and wrong by our experiences? It has seemed as if this is so, but we cannot judge by what seems, nor can we say that what has been must always be.

If we have been trying to learn from experience, certainly we have found the way hard enough and may be willing now to hear of a more certain way, a quicker route to knowledge.

Two objections present themselves to calling experiences our guide. That which is changeable is certainly unreliable, and we know our experiences vary with our changing consciousness. An ever-changing guide could not be depended upon. The second reason is that experiences are effects and not causes, and this scientific fact is alone sufficient to settle the question for us.

Let us give experiences their rightful place and learn their use in solving our life problems.

Every line of thought must bring some result to us. These results we call experiences. The result will always be in harmony with its source—hence, our experiences will be governed by our thoughts.

Some time ago if I sat in a draught I caught cold. I suffered for days—so I could have told you, and have proved it from experience that a draught will give me cold; yet, to-day I sit in a draught and do not take cold. I can prove from experience that a draught does not give me cold. Which experience is correct and from which shall I learn?

From principle I gained the knowledge that not things but thought of things affected me. I put that knowledge into practice and since that day have proved the truth of that knowledge. Experiences prove not truth, but our knowledge of truth.

When we live close enough to principle we shall not need proof. We shall know certainly before any experience follows what the results will be. Jesus said, "Ye believe because ye have seen; more blessed are they who not having seen yet believe."

He who can let be (believe) without seeing the proof is indeed in a blessed consciousness.

"I want my way," says man in his spiritual childhood; "I want my will to be done," and let this not be condemned; it is the forerunner of the final statement of consciousness, "My will is done."

How do we pass from this seeking of our own way to saying, My will is done? The experiences that follow the having of our own will are so unsatisfactory that we are brought to where we are willing to say, Let thy will be done. This surrender of self-will leads us on to finding our unity with the one will of the universe. As soon as we are perfectly willing that God's will be done, we come to the understanding that there is but one will and that when this will is done, my will is done.

We can say, my will is done only when we do not wish our will done; only when we see one will, and know it is done on earth as in heaven.

We learn in two ways: The first and best is by obedience to the inner light of consciousness. The voice within is ever speaking, but he alone hears who has turned from experiences to this inner guide.

He who listens not for this guiding voice looks into his experiences for light. The way of experience is through experiment, and many "failures" must precede the finding of the way.

Man looking to experiences as a teacher is in the position of Eve in the garden, who, looking upon the fruit of the tree (the results or con-

ditions of life), thought them good to make one wise. Partaking of these, death begins, for we must die to our mistakes—and banishment from Eden follows. Man cannot then reach out and take the fruit of the tree of life at once—he has chosen the way of experiences and must come to consciousness of eternal life by a long circuitous process—a hard way indeed.

There is something better now being realized. The tree of life is in man's soul—the guide to right living is within him. By steadfastly recognizing the truth of life, by identifying himself with Life, the perfect source of all, by understanding now his perfect being or nature, he comes by direct route into the kingdom. He knows without experimenting, and his experiences will all bear witness to the truth of life—will be the fruits of perfection.

We have never learned from experience what right is. We have simply been warned of wrong. Right must be found first within—in what God is—perfect mind and power of life; then shall we know what results will come forth as our experiences. We cannot then learn from experiences, for we shall know the result before we have the experience. We learn from principle.

Our experiences prove where we stand in consciousness. To learn more of truth we must look to the source of all conditions and work out from within our new consciousness.

A mistake in an example we have worked does not teach us anything. It stands as a proof, merely, of incorrect work.

To correct inharmonious experiences we must do as we would with our incorrect work on a problem—erase it and go anew to source, or principle, learn its laws, obey them more closely until the correct answer, or result, is obtained.

There is but one right answer to any problem. Only understanding of the principle can give us true insight and enable us so to work that our results shall be sure.

Study cause—get understanding of what life is. Apply this understanding in all practice. Train your thoughts in the way of thinking always of perfection. Meet everything as good. Be positive of yourself. Know how to say, "I am" aright—then can you let results alone, for the right experiences will be unfolded as naturally as fruit grows on a tree. The fruit will always be what the tree is, but we do not learn from the fruit that the tree is apple or orange or peach. We know that before the fruit appears.

Cultivate insight—this is the important work of thought. Perfected, this faculty will be the guiding star that shall shine into all places, turning darkness into light.

Clear insight gives clear oversight. Right understanding brings harmonious experiences.—FANNIE B. JAMES, from *Fulfillment*.



YOU.

Going down-town the other day in a trolley car, I met a prominent member of one of our most popular women's clubs.

"Oh, why do you not come to our meetings?" said she.

"Because you would force office upon me, and I have no time for such work," said I.

"But don't you consider it your duty to do all that lies in your power for those of your sex who are not so fortunate as yourself?" was the next query.

"I consider it my duty to take the best possible care of myself," I replied.

I knew this statement, bare and bristling, would prove a shock.

"Oh, my dear!" she exclaimed, "this is one of your jokes. I am sure it is. Why, what would become of the world if this take-care-of-yourself doctrine was generally accepted?"

"In that case we should be individuals, and not paupers or dependents."

"But you write and endeavor to do good; you work, and work hard," said my companion, ignoring the logic of the proposition, as they all do.

"I write because I must write, and I work because it is a joy to work. If it were a hardship I should stop. May I ask if you are happy this morning?"

"Happy!" was the astonished reply. "Certainly not. Why should I expect to be happy? *My* life is spent in helping other people." The accent upon that little personal pronoun expressed her opinion of me in the most eloquent manner. "Just look at this list," she added. "Here are five sick members. I must visit them all between now and five o'clock. I have left everything undone at home to attend to these errands of charity. To-morrow I have a new servant to break in, a dressmaker, a meeting of the executive board, and a club musicale in the evening. Of course I am tired nearly to death all the time, and expect to be till the end comes. But I know my duty, and I also know that it is far better to wear out than to rust out."

It was time for the speaker to get out here, and this was a relief, for there were red hot words trembling on my tongue which would have been foolish to utter.

Five minutes later a smile—a real, good, honest one—cooled the blister.

There is nothing like a memory of one's own foolishness to soften the asperities produced by another's.



Truly, that was the way I used to fly about. It seemed two or three hundred years ago, but it was really not quite so long—I wish it were, for then the doctrine I so fondly believe in would at least have one pretty fair example.

The cooling breeze sprang from the deepest cellar of my subconscious mind. The vision that flashed forth the brightest was that of a meeting of the Working-Woman's Association, where there was a movement to make me president. I was quite desirous of this office. It would give me such unparalleled opportunities of serving my fellow-creatures.

As I was on the point of accepting the nomination with "pride, heartfelt gratitude," and all that sort of political bosh, I was summoned away by an imperative message from my newspaper chief. Supposing it to be an important assignment I hurried to the office, and this is what I met—a man in a rage waiting for me in his private office.

"Which do you care for the more," he asked, in that awful baritone which I had heard fired at others, but never at myself—"your position on this newspaper or the presidency of the Working-Woman's Association?"

"Will the presidency of that society imperil my position here?" I asked, with a nonchalance which was very creditable under the circumstances.

"It certainly will," was the short, sharp response.

"Then good-by, presidency," said I, with a laugh. "Any assignment?"

"Yes"—there was a velvety touch to the baritone now; my apparent coolness did not deceive him—"I assign you to your own home till to-morrow at four o'clock. If you think you can keep up this pace of work and charity, you are very much mistaken. Now no more nonsense if you wish to stay in your present position."

At the time this seemed cruel, but later I understood it for the kindest of deeds.

Anything that starts one to thinking on common-sense lines is a real blessing.

Instead of loving my neighbor "as" myself, I had been loving him better than myself.

This habit is ingrained, and to break it is a very difficult matter. To forget and ignore ourselves has been the teaching of the ages. Every religious cult has been built upon this foundation, or, rather, lack of foundation. It is like this:

*Strip yourself of your most vital possessions to give to your brother who has no use for them.*

Here we have the very pith of the doctrine, which is nothing more nor less than individual disintegration.

You may love to the extreme of fondness your children and your friends, but you will fail and they will fail if you try to learn their lessons for them. You may teach and sometimes inspire, but the whole job—material, moral, and spiritual—must be done by themselves. You may think your way the best, but if their opinion is different it will be much more sensible for you to close your mouth and *allow* them to get their experience, than vainly attempt to substitute your methods.

They *will* have their own way, because that is the only thing they can have.

Your child is himself. He is not you or another. Good comradeship, a pleasant and easy towing along in the lines of least resistance, will profit much in the family and outside of it. But anxiety and compulsion must be left out of the curriculum. Sickness and death inhere in both.

If you want to do good, love every living creature, walk straight to the kingdom of heaven, and mind your own business as you go.

ELEANOR KIRK.

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### FAITH.

The opinion prevails that many religious customs and beliefs have been entirely outgrown. Those who are still in the process of transition from old creeds to new usually speak rather extravagantly of the notions which have been "forever discarded." Doubtless many forms of religion are permanently outgrown. There is a measure of truth in the extravagances of the iconoclast. But deeper knowledge of the religious life shows that the essentials of religion remain practically unchanged from age to age, and are about the same the world over. We may think we have wholly discarded the atonement, but the fact of the spiritual life for which the theory of the atonement stood is still a profound part of our lives. We may have so far rejected prayer in all its objective forms that we deem all prayer foolish, but something has taken the place of the old petitions, and we still pray as fervently as ever. The same is true of faith. No man could live or pursue his work without it. It is the one factor which makes an undertaking possible in this universe of ours, where so much is utterly unknown in advance of experience.

With all his exact knowledge of the working of natural forces, the scientific man must have faith in the universe, in reason, and in himself, in order to carry forward his special researches. Faith in law, system,

underlies the modern scientific conception of nature. The truth-seeker has faith in truth despite all evidence which seems to prove that he never can attain it. The philosopher carries his constructive reasoning as far as he can, then falls back on faith to complete what his imperfect insight does not reveal. Whether we know it or not, the doctrine we live by is really a certain faith which we are willing to abide by, to test unto the end. Faith will always be an essence of the spiritual life, for it is trust in the Father which underlies the foundation of all religious beliefs and modes of conduct. Religion is, in a sense, faith, pure and simple, for, if we knew all, there would be no need of faith.

What is needed, then, is to bring the facts of faith into consciousness, to see how large a part it plays in life, and to have an understanding faith, based on knowledge of spiritual law. In reality, faith is the motive power which sets the inner life into activity. We live as members one of another in the divine order, and faith in the larger sense applies to the spiritual order of the universe. But in another sense it relates to our human part in the life of things. Despite all we know about the spiritual working of things, and with all the assurance our faith gives us, we must make a certain venture, take a leap in the dark. Man must have faith in himself, in his own power to make the uncertain move. The attitude of faith involves a paradox, then. It is a kind of knowledge of one's self and of the universe which amounts to certainty. Yet it is faith precisely because it involves an element of entire uncertainty.

Faith, however, is not or need not be blind. The New Testament makes it very clear that the operation of faith is a law of the spiritual life. Jesus explicitly says: "According to your faith be it unto you." "If ye have faith and doubt not" is the principle. Little faith accomplishes little; great faith accomplishes almost anything. Paul assures his followers that in reality they "walk by faith, not by sight." Faith is a hidden intuition which guides us despite the illusions of ordinary thought and life. "Before faith came we were kept under the law" (Gal. iii. 23). Now that faith has come there is "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." Through faith we know by an indubitable insight that "the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which appear."

But faith is far more than a general attitude of trust in the integrity of things and in our own power to make ventures. In Acts the apostles are frequently spoken of as full of faith and of power—imbued with the Holy Spirit. They not only had faith to believe, but faith to do. This is the point where many fail. They have a general faith, but when the little tests come they are found wanting. But since "faith



without works is dead," and by works "it is made perfect," there must be a way to show that one really has faith.

What does Jesus mean when he says: "Thy faith hath made thee whole"? Mere belief could not do this. If there is a "prayer of faith" which shall "save the sick," there are actual resources upon which we may draw. By faith we put ourselves into an attitude of union with the wisdom and love and power of God. We put ourselves in living relation with a superior order of things. We receive power, and this power can be used. Hence we should bear in mind the spontaneous results of the spiritually dynamic attitude, and consequently have yet more faith. Those who were healed by their own faith, who merely touched the hem of Jesus's garment, unconsciously took a certain step, subconsciously broke free from their old conditions, and felt the quickening power of spiritual life. What they did unconsciously we may do consciously by entering into the deeper knowledge of faith and its works.

Faith also involves a certain willingness to meet whatever the future may bring that makes for spiritual evolution, even though more or less suffering is involved. "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience." "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," and hence is the implicit assurance that our deepest longing shall be satisfied. But the implied intuition relates rather to the outcome than to the conditions of its realization. Much is usually implied that seems in no way to belong to the original insight. It is well for us, no doubt, that we do not at the outset know all that is involved in our faith, for in many cases we might not have faith enough to make the venture. The assurance that the end will actually be attained if we are faithful is far more important than any knowledge we might have in advance of the hardships along the way. The prime essential is willingness to meet and profit by whatever faith may bring, well knowing that it will work for the good of all concerned.—HORATIO W. DRESSER, in *Unity*.

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#### A VOICE FROM 1666.

I wish you would convince yourself that God is often (in some sense) nearer to us and more effectually present with us in sickness than in health. Rely upon no other physician; for, according to my apprehension, He reserves your cure to Himself. Put, then, all your trust in Him and you will soon find the effect of it in your recovery, which we often retard by putting greater confidence in physic than in God.

BROTHER LAWRENCE.



## MIRACLES.

"LONDON, Tuesday.—Father Ignatius, the famous Anglican monk of Llanchoy, has reiterated his firm conviction that the days of miracles are not yet past, and that he himself had been the agent of God in their performance, even to the raising of the dead.

"This statement, recently published, is contained in his life from the pen of Baroness Bertouch, and has occasioned the widest comment and amazement.

"'Be it understood,' said Father Ignatius, in an interview, 'that I do not claim in any way to have performed miracles of myself. All I say is that several times in my life the spirit of God has taken possession of my whole being and ordered me to heal the sick and raise the dead in the name of our Lord Jesus.

"'To me there is nothing wonderful in this. The apostles worked miracles not because they themselves had the power, but because the power was given, and the power is given oftentimes to the weak and to the foolish, and "wisdom cometh out of the mouth of babes and sucklings."

"'If I have not spoken of those things before it is because I have been under promise of silence. Long ago, when I first realized that our Lord condescended to use me for works beyond general experience, Dr. Pusey, who was my spiritual father, was greatly troubled and asked me to keep silence for my own spirit's sake, because he thought that the knowledge of the power given me might cause me to be proud. He was my master—my father-confessor—and I loved him, and so I promised him, but now I feel we have fallen upon such days of doubt and evil that it is my duty to give my witness and testimony to these things.'

"Father Ignatius proceeded to speak of cases in which he claimed to have raised the dead to life and to have given health to the sick.

"Independent investigation is being made regarding these claims."  
—*The Telegram*.

It seems that Father Ignatius, on account of a promise made to his teacher and father-confessor, has kept secret the accounts of his cures for many years, proving that the conservatism of the church is quite equal to that of the world.

If Jesus Christ had been the only one who had ever instantaneously healed the sick or raised the dead, there then might be some reason for thinking that the prerogative was purely a personal and a sacred one.

But this was not the case. The disciples and apostles were most active in this work called miraculous, and Jesus declared that even

greater works than his should be performed by those who came after him.

The fear of ridicule has covered the truth as with a pall. Men who have done mighty things have been ashamed to own them, and because of this materialism has grown apace.

Implicit faith is the foundation of a miracle.

ELEANOR KIRK.

### THE VIBRATOR.

In using the vibrator on the face, be sure that the movements are all upward and quite light. There is nothing to be gained by a manifestation of strength at this point. Five minutes is long enough for a treatment. Make it dainty in manipulation, and be regular in the use of the instrument. Five minutes three times a day will show after a short time an improved appearance. Use a little of Mandwell's pure cream after each treatment if possible, not slighting the neck or under and back of the ears. This helps to keep the skin in good, firm condition.

In the care of the body, thought and action must work together.

### SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

There is no age to spirit.

There is no age to air.

Air is breath, and breath is the outward evidence of spirit.

The length, breadth, and adequacy of breath depend upon individual intelligence.

The pinch of a short breath quenches life as the flame of a candle is put out by its nippers.

It may smoke a while, but extinction is not long delayed.

To breathe according to the generosity of spirit is life everlasting.

ELEANOR KIRK.

### INWARD STILLNESS.

Let us then labor for an inward stillness—  
An inward stillness and an inward healing;  
That perfect silence when the lips and heart  
Are still, and we no longer entertain  
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,  
But God alone speaks in us, and we wait  
In singleness of heart that we may know  
His will, and in the silence of our spirits,  
That we may do His will, and do that only.

—LONGFELLOW.

# Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

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ELEANOR KIRK, - - - - - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## "THE ZODIAC'S" TWIN.

In star parlance its name is *Libra*. In earth language it is *Elizabeth*.

"Libra, or What the Stars Told Elizabeth," twin sister to "The Influence of the Zodiac upon Human Life."

The former volume adds to the riches of Zodiac knowledge, opens wide the door of the mind to psychic phenomena, and is invaluable to all who give character readings from the "Influence of the Zodiac upon Human Life," as well as to those who desire really to *know* themselves and their friends.

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## SYLMAR.

"I bought some Sylmar olive oil upon your recommendation," a friend tells us, "and found it an all-round home comforter. I had always before used melted butter and cream for salads, not liking the taste of oil. I now use Sylmar for pie crust, molasses cake, and for rolls. It is certainly delicious for any salad, and it gives a flavor to chicken salad that cannot be surpassed.

"By using it plentifully in our food we find we are no longer annoyed by the old habits of bowel congestion, than which nothing can be more destructive to health."

Endorsement like this comes from every quarter.

Another benefited one declares that "if folks would throw away their drugs and substitute Sylmar olive oil, they would know what it was to live in comfort."



## THE NEW ERA MACHINERY COMPANY.

To the best of my knowledge and belief, based upon accurate information received from Mr. George F. Bradstreet, the president, dividends are close at hand.

The executive committee have recommended such payments, and there seems no doubt of indorsement by the company.

The advance will probably take place the first of the year, and it will be well for those who want more stock to purchase it now.

These wonderful presses are in successful operation in many of our cities and are in great demand everywhere. So the industry is not a "ground-floor" or a build-up proposition. The work is practically finished.

All who desire information can get it. The New Era Company is composed of New England's staunchest business men, universally esteemed and trusted.

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## THE PESSIMIST.

He remembers all his troubles  
That keep him nice and sad;  
But can't remember half a day  
The pleasures that he's had.

*Detroit Free Press.*

And when a trouble takes its flight,  
As troubles sometimes do,  
It might as well have held on tight,  
For all the good 'twill do.

And should he dare confession make  
Of feeling somewhat good,  
Extra insurance he will take  
By slyly knocking wood.

ELEANOR KIRK'S IDEA.

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## "THE INFLUENCE OF THE ZODIAC UPON HUMAN LIFE."

One dollar invested in this book will bring many dollars to the intelligent person who would like to make the dollars. Success depends upon the person's ability to apply the character tests outlined in the volume. This requires some study, considerable discrimination and tact.

There are paying classes and parlor entertainments all over the world to-day which owe their profitable existence to the wonderful truths contained in the only simplified astrology on the face of the planet, viz., Eleanor Kirk's "Influence of the Zodiac upon Human Life."



## LOVE'S AWAKENING.

Her ring was answered by the mother herself. Hands were clasped and eyes looked into eyes, one pair brimming over with gushing tears.

"You are too late—he is dying; commenced to go just after telephoning you."

"I'm sorry," the other answered. "It was too late for the first train."

They stood beside the bed and looked upon the tall, gaunt form, the bluish features, and half-closed, unmeaning eyes. The breath was labored and uneven. All seemed inert, as though the things of earth counted as weights in the balance between visible form and invisible soul. The mother choked once or twice, and left the room. There was wilderness round about her; she seemed helpless before the ingathering of its gloom.

Her friend stood beside the bed for a moment; then she sank gently in one of the chairs beside it. A soft turning of the door-knob caused her to look around. "Will you trust me here for the night? See, it is growing dark now. No, I wish nothing at any time until I come to you—to be undisturbed—that is all." Now she felt a delightful sense of freedom and security—she was alone and would be left so. A settling of herself in her chair, perfect relaxation of every nerve and muscle, a few deep, slow, quiet breaths, and almost instantaneously about them grew the sweet shadow of the Presence.

She sensed before her what the world called a wrecked life. Every feature of the marble-like face was clearly defined in the tender, falling twilight. She could not have called it a weak face—rather the reverse. The finger of a spiritually undeveloped ancestry had writ there, in type bold and hard, the result of their own record of commissions and omissions.

His body was dying from inherited cold in the heart. As the full import of this grew upon her, it seemed as though her whole being burst into waves of pity and supreme yearning toward him; then she felt herself dissolving, fading away, into conscious Stillness—Stillness sublime, that seemed to charge her with a delicious sense of a Thought having been born that would in time prove itself a manifested fact.

It was near morning when her spirit became aware of the atmosphere of earth. Her first glance was upon the form on the bed. It had turned, the body on its side, the face on its cheek, the breath easy and normal.

She was not surprised. She would have been had it been otherwise,

for she had been to the Holy of Holies, and there had been witness to the transmutation of the mind carnal into one of Understanding; had seen the why and how of his "degenerate" life, and had been shown how divine sympathy can touch the Heart of Love, causing it to gush forth in purified energy.

Ecstatic joy filled her, for she had seen how this Love claims its own, and so causes mortal and immortal life to flow as One consciousness.

.....

Nine months later she met the mother on the street.

The same clasping of hands, that peculiar clasping that speaks from the depths; the same gulp in the throat and rush of tears to the eyes of the mother, but over it all swept a wonderful radiance as she almost whispered: "He is *beautiful* now—such a comfort—*bless you!*"

LOUISE L. MATTHEWS.

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### OLD AGE AVOIDABLE.

A few years ago there was a long list of diseases which were considered absolutely incurable. Many of these so-called incurable diseases have been permanently cured, and the list is constantly decreasing.

When any individual speaks of a disease as incurable, he is simply giving to you the limits of his own consciousness of man's ability to heal. He cannot logically limit Nature in this respect.

It may be very surprising for some of our readers to learn that "old age" is a disease, and still more startling to learn that there are definite processes by which it may be avoided. This, however, we claim to be true. Youth and beauty, now the possession of the few and the envy of the many, are possible to all. This does not mean the mere temporary charm of passing youth, but the possession of youthful power, which brightens and unfolds as the years pass on.

We announce, in fact, that the fountain of everlasting youth has been discovered, and that enduring life and power is the heritage of all. The benefits of this discovery are for all. If you possess health and beauty to-day, a knowledge of these vital principles of life will enable you so to cultivate your life that each passing century brings you an increase of all the charms and powers that make life a joy and a blessing.

If the disease of "old age" has left its traces on your face and form, we give you the glad tidings that a restoration of the vigor and loveliness of youth is within your natural power.

The most wonderful and beautiful fact in connection with this new

discovery is that the results are attained through the exercise of powers now latent within man. If you were to travel to the most remote part of the earth in search of the Fountain of Life, as many romantic explorers have sought, you might return only to discover that the object of your search is within yourself. Man is only just beginning to learn, in a practical way, the marvellous power of the mind. The greatest field for the discoverer is in relation to man's own latent powers. The grandest inventions are but imitations of the natural mechanisms of man's body, as a study of anatomy proves.

The mind, of which the objective consciousness is only a part, is the architect and builder of the body. Keeping this fact in view, and then realizing that its work of building and rebuilding is an incessant one, we have a glimpse of the marvellous possibilities that are latent within us. If this process of building was accomplished, once and for all, there would be no hope of modification or improvement. The incessant operation of change in the physical structure, and the mental influence in the nature of this change, is the practical keynote to the building of an ideal and immortal body.

The practical application of mental power to-day is producing works of healing that seem like miracles to the uninitiated. So-called miracles, in all ages, have transpired as the consequences of developing and exercising these wonderful latent powers of man. The masses of the people, being ignorant of the possession of these superior forces, regard them as being of supernatural origin.

Commence to cultivate your mental powers, to supplant disintegrating habits of mind with those of a renewing and constructive nature, and to establish firmly in your consciousness the supremacy of life. The processes by which the body is perpetually renewed do not cease when right thought is applied; but, unless the mental attitude is first rightly established, all subsequent action is uncertain. The correct attitude of mind, therefore, is the foundation of true success.

The disease of "old age" will be cured or prevented by a systematic course of action, which must first commence in the establishment of wholesome and rejuvenative thought.

A critic might reply in words similar to the following: "My body expresses age simply because it is seventy years old; hence old age is not a disease."

This criticism, however, would fail to take into consideration the fact that the body is in a constant process of molecular renewal, which makes it impossible for a human body to be seventy or even seven years old. The science of to-day teaches us that in less than a year the body is entirely changed, even to the hardest bones. The decrepit



condition we see pictured in the forms of so many people is not due to aged flesh, but to a condition of disease, consequent upon a lack of right thought and resulting mode of life.

It is most important that we recognize the fact that the body is at all times a comparatively new body, being constructed from the food we daily use. Without this recognition, our mental attitude cannot be true and strong. The disease of "old age" is inevitable while it is suggested that the body is gradually growing older. Why not suggest the vital truth that the body is growing new?

If you want to keep the power and beauty of youth or restore it again, these are vital facts for your earnest study and concentration.—HENRY GAZE, in *Life Culture*.

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### "SHE THAT WAS."

"A man convinced against his will  
Is of the same opinion still."

Two or three days after the occurrences in our last chapter, I asked Mrs. Miller what was the matter with her husband.

"Oh, he's wooling it, I guess," she replied. "Steve is the best-natured man on earth, but he gives up hard. You see, no man ever loved his own son better than he loved Lon. Lord! he put up with everything—debts, dissipation, and general cussedness—to an extent that nobody would believe unless they was on the spot. Some of them times Steve and I came pretty near parting. Oh, you laugh!" she said; "but it was awful, and it didn't seem as if there would ever be an end to it; but one day the good-for-nothing died, and for six months I've had a rest. Now the Spiritualists have started him on another rampage, and I don't know where it will end—this side of *my* grave, I hope. Hasn't Steve said anything to you?" she added, after a moment's thoughtful pause.

"Not a word."

"Then why don't you talk to him?"

Talk! talk! talk! Like thousands of others, Mrs. Miller felt that there was nothing in the world that could not be set straight by talking.

"Mr. Miller will have to work this out himself," I replied. "It is really none of my business."

"Perhaps you think it's none of mine," and now the dear woman's cheeks were in a fine glow; "but I tell you that if that man is once convinced that Lon Miller sent him that message, he'll put more money



into that meeting-house than all the rest of 'em put together; and what's more, I tell you he ain't able to do it. Mebbe you think that ain't none of your business."

"I am not my brother's keeper, and neither are you," I replied.

"Well, I'm that man's wife, and that's more to the point," Mrs. Miller broke in, with spirit, "and I have helped him earn his money. Let him try that spook-church performance, and I'll have the lunatic act passed on him quicker than a wink."

This was funny, but laughter seemed thousands of miles away. A subtle, utterly inexplicable discord had invaded my paradise. That I had permitted this enemy to crowd out the peace which for months had really passed understanding did not make the discomfort any less poignant. I was not so far gone as not to know that there was no one in the universe to blame but myself.

To my intuitions this whole story of Lon Miller's return and request was a fabrication. In fact, it seemed an exceedingly patent attempt at imposition—and yet some of it might be true and some of it false. But *was* it any of my business? Of course not.

With a full determination to be mistress of my own castle, I went to my room, put on a pair of strong boots, took my parasol, and started for a walk. As I was going down the steps Mrs. Miller called after me.

"Going on one of them long tramps, I suppose," she said. "I guess I've driven you out with my scolding, but I didn't mean more'n half of it." And now a pair of motherly arms were about me, and I was pressed close to a dear, motherly heart, and kissed once, twice, thrice on the eyes, where I always love to be kissed—it seems so like a blessing. "Say," she went on, "don't you worry about my having Steve sent up on that lunatic act. I don't know as I should do anything if he set up a spook hotel—except, mebbe, to help him keep it—likely as not I should be just such a fool."

Laughter was in the air now. It had not been far away, after all. Everything seemed to laugh, from the buzzing bees to the great fat robins on the lawn; and as for Mrs. Miller and myself, we sat down on the top step and had as fine a cachinatory duet as was ever brought into gleeful manifestation.

"I do so hate to see you down in the mouth," said my companion, as we pulled ourselves into normal condition again. "After all," she added, "what is the use of getting worked up about anything? But I am bound to say that as far as I've got, it seems to me that men are the most aggravating creatures that the Lord ever made, and I'm not going to make an exception of Steve Miller. He's pure gold and he melts easy."

There was just one thing that I knew as I made my happy way down the shaded road and by the side of beautiful hedges and green meadows. This was that if I continued in patience and good nature and with a real desire to help, I should be shown what to do. A truer estimate of the destructive power of hurry than I had ever sensed before seemed revealed to me at this moment.

The great desire to ignore processes, the overweening anxiety to have one's friends relieved from the crucial experiences of waiting and working it out, had been rife within me, notwithstanding the thorough knowledge furnished by my reason as to their impossibility.

By force I could keep myself from interfering with other people's business, but, as I reviewed some of the late unpleasant incidents, it was plain that I had not made the true atonement between reason and spirit.

"Well, so far so good," I said to myself. "After a while I shall probably be glad to see folks figuring out their problems, never mind how hard they are, and perhaps shall learn to have more patience with my own."

But why must there be so much friction, so much annoyance and suffering? Why should Farmer Miller, as true a man as ever lived, be subjected to the thousand and one harrowing things that seemed to have fallen to his lot?

This was the answer—so distinct that it seemed close beside me. It was so evidently an external voice that I started and looked about me. But I was alone with the sunshine, the birds, and the trees.

"Because Farmer Miller must fill out his pattern. It is a large one."

That was all, but I understood. How plain at that moment was the warp and woof of character, the materials of every sort, the colors and their infinite shadings. Honesty and gentleness were my friend's most distinguishing traits, and I did not like to see the former imposed upon or the latter disturbed.

At my left there was an opening in the wall, which led to a seat under a wide-spreading maple, a beautiful and a friendly tree, where I had spent many happy hours. As I took my favorite seat it seemed that nothing could ever mar the beauty of the place or ruffle its serenity, but even as I framed the thought a cloud passed over my Eden. A man and a woman had stopped on the other side of the wall and were engaged in a very excited conversation.

"I tell you I am going to town to buy me a suit of clothes. I know where to get money on this thing, and if you don't want to get hurt you'll shut up."

"But, Bill, that ring isn't yours; it is Esther Peckham's engagement ring. I knew it the moment I looked at it. She showed it to me the other day——"

This was the voice of "She that was," and no more pitiful tones ever came from human lips.

"D—n you!" said her companion. "Head for home now, I tell you, and not another word out of your mouth. Shut up, I tell you, or I'll slat that damned, no-account brat over the wall."

Not another word was spoken, and I knew that "She that was" had obeyed her lord and master literally and with exceeding despatch. She had gone one way and Bill Swift the other.

Another hairbreadth escape for the skeleton.

MARGARET MESSENGER.

*To be continued.*

## REPRESSION.

"Why we ever started in to preach such a thing is what puzzles me," said my friend, as we chatted over a good fire one wintry evening.

"Well," said I, "you must never for a moment forget that these physical bodies are simply the machinery through which the 'I am' manifests itself by means of the Holy Ghost—or, if you like it better, the Subjective Mind."

My friend had been reading Hudson's "Mental Medicine," and preferred the modern to the ancient name for that wonderful Power which carries out to the letter the desires and sayings of that mysterious personage, the "I am."

Repression has been there, more or less, since the time "when you were a tadpole and I was a fish," said I; but not conscious repression. In fact, fear is very closely related to the aforesaid and hereinafter mentioned *bête noire*.

Why do we repress anything or ourselves? Why? Only because we *fear* that the expression of ourselves, or what is in us, may hurt; and no doubt this is the best that can be done under the circumstances. All the same, I don't like the repressing method. It always reminds me of what I have often seen years ago, when I indulged in the pastime of ferreting; and the poor rabbits, having heard the crack of the gun outside their burrows, *repressed* their desire for flight from the intruding ferret, and sat bolt upright, rigid, determined, concentrated, almost at the mouth of the burrow, while the hungry ferret, though muzzled, tore through fur and skin and flesh, until at last, in sheer des-



peration, the poor little rabbit forgot its "steadfast purpose," its caution, and even its fear, and too late "let go," only to fly into the cruel net or meet the crack of the shot that it might have escaped from at first, before pain had perfected (?) its beastly work and rendered the poor brute slow and unable to fly from the wrath that only too surely overtook it in the end.

For my part, I frankly declare that these repressed folk are abominations. If there is evil in you, then, for heaven's sake, let it go. If you want to tell any one to get out and they will listen to you, and strive to obey your injunction—all the better for you. And as for them—well, they have their own business to mind. Yours, at present, is to get rid of them; and if they won't move on, and insist upon blocking up your way, by all means put a charge of dictionary into them. Better that than the fact that you must "bust" if prevented from going on, or, in other words, from expressing yourself.

Needless to say, my friend was a bit confused at what seemed to him such wild statements, especially from me. I waited a bit, very much amused at his expression of countenance. At last he looked up and said:

"This does not sound much like the doctrine of love your neighbor as yourself, etc., etc."

"Oh, yes," said I; "for, honestly, I would much rather be blown up than stagnate any day."

"But your neighbor might like stagnation best."

"True, but that is not the point. The point is, Love your neighbor as you love *yourself*—not as *he* loves himself."

After this there was a long pause, which my friend ended by looking at me with amusement in his eyes and saying:

"For all your theory, there is not much action on your part along these lines; in fact, *that* is one of your weakest spots. Any pitiful tale will cause you to 'put up your sword into its sheath,' no matter how badly done you have been or how truly deserving of damnation the creature in question may be. Enough for you that your foe is *down*. Emotion in you picks him up again and gives him a fresh start to behave, which mostly he does not. A pig generally remains a pig to the end of its days. And if you are unfortunate enough to have one who thinks your friendship very pleasant, I don't envy you—such vampires are difficult to shake off."

"True, O king!" said I; "but have you ever studied the paradox—'Resist *not* evil,' and 'Resist the devil'? Never shall I forget the morning I found out that there was no contradiction in the above; but it's a long story and will keep until we find time for another yarn. In

the mean time, let me tell you that St. Paul knew a thing or two when he wrote, 'Inasmuch as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men'; that is, if *you can* keep the peace, do so; but never settle down to becoming a hypocrite simply to keep the peace, for then the last state of you will be a thousand times worse than the first. You will be like a chick refusing to kick and peck out of your (auric) shell, because you heard some one say, 'Be *still* and know that I am God.' As Henry H. Brown says: 'A little fear is a great leak in power.' So here's for freedom, old man—freedom to express one's self—freedom to move on, to dance on, if so we choose. We only want partners who can keep time to our music, and our tune is ever in the major key and full of joy and motion. Let the sluggards 'go to the ants' or the devil, and leave us in peace and prosperity."

F. STUART VOWELL.

NEW ZEALAND.

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I HOPE I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man.—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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### TO CURE A COLD.

"There is probably no one living who believes more implicitly in a mental cause for everything than I do, nor no one who tries harder to demonstrate this belief. But I am constantly 'catching cold,' as the phrase goes, and from fall till summer I am distressful to myself and everybody else because of this condition.

"As I was combing my hair this morning—the psychic time, as you and others call it—I was suddenly inspired with the thought that you could help me, and, by helping me, do much good to others.

"I have been treated for these 'appearances,' and fully expected to be healed. That I am not is probably no fault of the practitioner. It must be due to my own ignorance. Sometimes I feel like the veriest outcast in not being able to prove my knowledge by my works. I am sure you will help me if you can."

One spell of feeling like an outcast would account for a good many negative conditions, and if discouragement becomes chronic results are apt to be tragic.

The inference from our friend's communication is that thought and action have not been equally blended in her healing attempts. She may have put her case entirely into the care of another, supposing that nothing more was required except to pay for her treatments.

It would be well at this point for those who are striving for better health and a more successful environment to make a few observations.

Have they ever seen any attainment made in anything that was not the result of personal endeavor?

The main reliance must always be upon the God-self. Aids are possible, but they are secondary and not essential.

The distrust which so many people feel for their own thoughts and impressions is often a fatal handicap to success. We were educated to "look up" to others for example and counsel. It was our business to be modest and humble and to be willing to trust our most sacred interests to the keeping of those who considered themselves particularly endowed with wisdom.

The new version of the old thought contains more than one mode of healing. One version says you must *be* healed. You have not yet reached the place where you have sufficient knowledge to deal with these vital questions. In the mean time, do as you are told.

It is a painful truth that the victims of this unnatural dispensation do not learn very fast. They are forever under bondage to healers, always asking advice.

They have simply got to do their own work or go under.

Intellectually our correspondent appears to understand the geography of the mental realm. She will grow into a more intimate and satisfactory relation with the heart of life if she will strive to know that she and God are a majority, and that there is really no need for a single outsider in the matter that she complains of.

That a cold cannot be immediately cured by thought seems in this case to be a foregone conclusion. The best healers have tried and failed.

What shall she do?

Pitch in herself and exorcise the mischief-makers, whether in the mind, the trachea, or both.

Very few persons appear to comprehend that the mission of the hands is to receive and discard. The hands are our chief weapons. They were made to use, and, intelligently directed, can do much toward securing freedom from every form of influenza. But not if the patient does not think so or is too indolent to make the necessary effort.

Now we come to massage of the trachea, which should be self-administered several times a day, the last thing at night, and the first thing in the morning.

Rub the scalp, base of brain, as far down on the spine as possible, the neck, face, temples, and then exercise the trachea by moving and pinching till you can go no farther. Take long breaths, and, while the



lungs are filled with air and the head thrown back, punch the windpipe with thumb and fingers.

This is the place of "the tickle," that indescribably sensitive spot in which all coughs have their origin.

All the time this treatment is going on, you are telling yourself that you do not choose to have and absolutely refuse to have any such abnormal symptoms as colds and coughs.

Do not eat when you have a cold, but drink quarts of pure, cold water.

Stretch all your muscles in bed and out. Exercise with spirit. Take deep breaths as often as possible in the air and by the open window.

These directions, with the right thought back of them, taken with faith and courage, will surely turn the rascals out and keep them out.

There is nothing amateurish or uncertain about this recipe. It is a success, and will be found so by all who really desire their freedom.

There are many helpful and beautiful affirmations that belong with this work and which the enthusiastic soul cannot fail to make during all of the processes.

ELEANOR KIRK.

### MME. MANDWELL'S EMOLLIENTS.

A good, honest cream for the face is a mighty comfortable article to have on one's dresser. It not only comforts for the moment, but it really softens the skin which has been hardened and toughened by exposure to the sun and the too frequent application of soap and water. This cream will more healthily remove the soil of travel than the usual alkaline bath. So it is good to have in one's travelling-bag when journeying by train.

As a wrinkle-remover it is acknowledged to be excellent when steadily used. It certainly improves the appearance of the face, for it always softens the creases and freshens the complexion.

Mme. Mandwell manufactures two kinds of powder, for blondes and brunettes. These, with her baby powder, are much in demand.

Cream, 50 cents, 35 cents, and \$1; powder, 35 cents. Send orders direct to Mme. Mandwell, 396 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### AN ASTROLOGICAL DESIRE.

Would that some star benignant might  
Rule in my horoscope awhile,  
And thro' the black impendent night  
Some placid planet smile.

Would that upon the chart of life  
Some sign auspicious might arise,  
Presageful of a truce to strife  
That baleful stars devise.

Would some astrologer of skill  
In his most ancient art might see  
The constellations of good-will  
In my nativity.

SUSIE M. BEST.

## THE COOKING SCHOOL.

The questions that come to this department in reference to probable or possible injury from this or that diet show a fear and an insecurity of judgment which must be extremely disagreeable in thought and effect. To be everlastingly afraid of something is a sure method of inviting its chronic presence. One friend writes that while she knows that I do not believe in pills and tonics, she is sure I will sympathize with her when she tells me she would not be able to digest the simplest meal if she did not take a dyspepsia powder before and afterward.

This is certainly the most inane bondage possible to imagine. That the writer honestly thinks these doses necessary there is no doubt, but that they are so there is every doubt.

The IDEA cannot fail to sympathize with the state of mind that induces such a habit, because it knows that every sort of slavery is as hard to bear as it is to get out of. "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," and it is well to remember that there are habits and habits, all equally difficult to break.

It is not easy to dispose of the wrong thought of thousands of years, but when one awakens to the knowledge that it *is* wrong, there can be no surcease from pain and sorrow until the fiat of excommunication goes forth. And relief is not always immediate even then, but it will surely come.

The Cooking School cannot instruct its pupils individually except in the way of making real good and healthful dishes. It cannot tell what will best agree with this or that particular stomach. For instance, the IDEA considers that nuts are excellent articles of diet, but whether peanuts, hickory nuts, or English walnuts are the best suited to a so-called "delicate stomach," it has no means of telling. Its real belief, however, is that the individual, in spite of outside opinion or advice, will continue to do its own limiting and its own widening. The IDEA stands for variety in nuts as in everything else. It also believes that their indigestibility is the result of improper mastication. One might as well swallow gravel and expect to feel happy, as half-chewed nuts.

Really, a little common sense is a good thing to have.

"Hygienic Housekeeper waxes eloquent on the subject of buckwheat cakes. She declares that the IDEA is really a Bible to her, and she wishes it were a weekly instead of a monthly—but"—she cannot understand how it can advise its subscribers "to eat those heavy, soggy, white-livered griddle-cakes."

"Advise"? That is very funny. As if the IDEA ever advised its readers to do anything except to think right thoughts and do right

deeds! It surely never gave a recipe for white-livered griddle-cakes, or recommended the use of any unhealthful thing.

This criticism resulted in the IDEA's sending to "Hygienic Housekeeper" for her buckwheat-cake recipe. Here it is: "Two cups of buckwheat all ready for the griddle and warm water enough to make a proper frying batter."

"This *seems* very simple," said our Hygienic Housekeeper, in response, "but I assure you the results are awful and, I believe, poisonous."

Why wouldn't such things be heavy, soggy, and white-livered?

The IDEA does not say that its buckwheat cakes can be eaten by the score with impunity, but it does say that if partaken of temperately they are as harmless as they are delicious.

Get the very best buckwheat that has not been tampered with. Take what is necessary for the family, add an even teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of molasses, a Fleischmann's compressed yeast cake dissolved in a little warm water, and sufficient warm milk and water to make a soft batter. Set in a warm place to rise. When very light bake on a hot griddle.

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