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THE MAIN OBSTACLE TO THE SIMPLE LIFE.

It is the exaggerated respect and admiration which the majority of otherwise sane creatures entertain for the rich and their possessions. It is not too much to say that the average world inhabitant is so awed by wealth that his faculties are benumbed and his self-respect stunted.

A rich man is a god to be placated.

To be called into his presence upon any pretext whatever is an honor forever to be remembered.

This great human Multiple, as wealthy perhaps in adipose as in stocks and banknotes, may be more poverty-stricken in everything that makes up manhood and renders life worth living than the poorest of his admirers, but this fact is seldom recognized.

Money excuses every lack as well as covers a multitude of sins.

How can there be any desire for a simple life when the people are so generally engaged in doing homage to wealth?

The longing for an impossible environment is an awful handicap upon comfort and usefulness.

Whether by the rich or the poor, happiness can be secured only by a peaceful living of the present moment.

Where shall we find these contented ones? As seldom among those who have attained wealth as among those who are striving for it.

The desire for personal betterment is as legitimately ours as the breath we draw, but it is always the reasonable ambition that counts. As soon as the friction of strife and the fever of possession add their influence to the endeavor, the unessential is transformed into the necessary, and trouble begins. Here lies the secret of every breakdown, by whatever name it may be called. From the multimillionaire with his vast schemes for more territory, from the hustling Wall Street broker pouring down whiskey that he may be equal to the conglomerate intricacies of the day, to the wife of the drygoods clerk who vainly struggles to obtain the fabrics of fashion, the story is the very same. The marks of sickness and death are on all of their faces.

In no truly vital way do these people help the world. Such assist-

ance is impossible, because they are nothing to themselves. Some of the richest ones, too heavily laden to stand the crushing weight, do sometimes ease up by throwing out a library or a hospital, and then the world salaams and blarney-stones are licked from Canada to South Africa.

From a certain point of view it is quite fitting that these despoilers should provide cots and cod-liver oil for the wrecks they have made, though, of course, such thought does not enter into the millionaire's calculation.

The wife of the drygoods clerk who longs for the wardrobe she cannot afford is a menace to her family and her friends.

This may seem like an exaggeration of a very humble influence, but discontent is the most potent of all destructive agents.

When a woman declares that her neighbor across the street has no right to dress any better than she does, a stream of envy and false ambition is started, which runs as naturally sickward and graveward as the rivers run to the sea.

All millionaires are not swine at the trough nor are all the wives of clerks and artisans over-ambitious and consequently discontented. But the very great tendency in all circles is the adoration of wealth. As long as this influence is rife the real comfort which obtains only in the simple life is impossible.

The simple life presupposes sincerity. It is possible to eat mush and lie, but the matter of mush is not under consideration. There may be as much complexity in one extreme of diet as another. A tasteful gown with which the wearer is pleased and which is a natural product of a proper financial condition is far more simple than an ill-made, ill-worn garment that emphasizes the wearer's dissatisfaction.

A cheap thing is not necessarily simple, nor is an expensive thing necessarily complex.

It is a question of sweetness and light, the willingness to deal philosophically and contentedly with the materials at hand.

Right here is the secret of success, and outside of this mental attitude there can be neither health nor happiness, the opinion of many so-called scientists to the contrary notwithstanding. The inability to be happy in the present proves in most cases the impossibility of ever being happy. To spend one's time while living in an apartment in the constant longing to live in a mansion is a process which brings all sorts of negative and unwholesome things in its train.

These miserable ones will perhaps tell you that they are living the simple life, which is certainly as far removed from this ideal condition as anything can be. They will probably add that they do not like it,

and that it is very easy for those who are environed as they wish to recommend such living.

Properly analyzed, we shall find that simplicity and contentment are almost if not quite synonymous terms.

Mixed conditions are void of comfort. All the prayers that can be prayed, all the affirmations known to science—so called—will be found powerless to bring peace or prosperity into the lives of those who are dazzled by and envious of wealth.

The laborious strivers after riches repel with scorn the statement that great opulence is not always a promoter of happiness.

"Money is the greatest friend a human being can have," they tell us. "It provides luxuries, it mitigates sickness, it can almost raise the dead."

When properly used, the value of money can scarcely be over-estimated. It is a miracle-worker. Its proper use presupposes wisdom and an unselfish desire to be of service.

"If thou seekest wisdom as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures;

"Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord and find the knowledge of God."

The knowledge of God is the kingdom of heaven, and in this realm will be found everything that is desirable.

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

There is no honor in wealth *per se*, so why all this deference and prostration before its possessors?

If the millionaire is a good man, he is entitled to just as much as and no more respect than the well-intentioned poor man. One may live in a palace and the other in a cottage. Being true men, the cottager will not envy the castle-dweller, nor will there be any exaction of homage or expression of superiority by the latter. They are brothers.

While there is no honor in wealth by itself, there is also no disgrace. Even when a person is unlucky enough to fall heir to a dishonestly obtained estate, no blame can attach if there is a willingness to make good as far as possible. The pessimist will declare that such a performance is never considered. But the pessimist is mistaken. There are men and women doing penance to-day because of the possession of what seems to them like blood-money.

The toady attitude is the most despicable, demoralizing, and death-dealing of any assumed by a perpendicular vertebrate.

The world is full of these sycophantic stand-asides and self-effacers, these vulgar grovellers before the shrine of dollars.

This envious cringing and coveting ferments an influence so hostile to simplicity that it is impossible to have the slightest comprehension of the meaning of the word.

Until people learn that there is no honor in wealth, and to differentiate a man from his stocks and bonds and bank account, the living of the simple life except by a very few will be but a charming dream.

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
' An honest man's the noblest work of God.'
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling's pomp? A cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of humankind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined."

ELEANOR KIRK.

STRETCHING.

A splendid thing for the body is stretching. When you first wake up in the morning take a good, long stretch. Stretch the hands as far out sideways as possible. Then stretch them over the head as far as you can reach, and at the same time stretch the feet downward as far as you can. Raise the feet and stretch upward just as high as you can, and then lower the feet and legs very slowly.

When you get out of bed raise your arms over your head, and, standing on tiptoe, see how near you can reach the ceiling. Then walk about the room while in this position. Stand on the right foot and stretch the right arm forward and upward as high as you can, while at the same time the left foot is raised from the floor and stretched outward and the left hand is stretched backward and downward. This is a fine exercise for the whole body, and is especially good for the waist and hips, making them firm and strong. Standing on the left foot, this exercise can be reversed.

If you have been sitting in the same position for a long time reading, studying, writing, or sewing, and the muscles have become tired and cramped, the best thing to do is to get up and stretch. Stretch the arms upward and outward and forward and backward. Lift the shoulders as high as you can and drop them. Expand the chest and breathe deeply. Or, sitting in the chair, stretch the hands upward, lift the feet from the floor and stretch them forward as far as possible. Any way, so you give the muscles a good, vigorous stretch.

When one is very tired there is nothing more restful than stretching the muscles and then relaxing. Stretch the arms, the legs, the whole

body, and then completely relax. Stretching and energizing the muscles make it possible to relax more completely.

If you have never tried stretching when you are tired, just try it once and see if you do not find it very restful. Stretching relieves the tension of the body, gives strength and tone to the muscles, accelerates the circulation, and causes one to breathe more deeply. Women who wear tight corsets or tight bands cannot take these stretching exercises while they have on their tight clothes; but at least the first thing in the morning, or after undressing at night, they should give the poor, corset-cramped muscles a good stretch. If they would follow up these stretching exercises every day, gradually leaving off the corset, they would soon have waist muscles strong and firm enough to hold themselves up without the use of the corset; and after they once experience the joy of a free, strong body, they will not want to wear tight corsets again.

When you wake up in the morning try these stretching exercises. The next time you are very tired see what stretching will do for you. If you do not find that stretching will invigorate and rest you, put strength and energy into your body, we would like to know about it.—*Medical Talk.*

OUR PATENT MEDICINE—"ALL-IS-GOOD."

WARRANTED TO CURE OLD NICK AND HIS ARMY.

I had been having a visit from a "false belief" of over twenty-three years' standing. I had hoped that the "balmy" thing had vanished for good and all; in fact, I was sure that I had left it behind, together with many another bundle of rubbish, inherited and otherwise—and, "alas! for the rarity of human charity"—even toward one's self—I found that I was abusing the "carnal mind" for its weakness, and wondering when on earth should I be "delivered from the body of this death."

Little use wondering; far better get quiet and repeat ten times, very steadfastly, "I *do* understand. I am quite satisfied," and the Scripture will in time be fulfilled which tells us that "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, AFTERWARD it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby"—and heaven knew that I was "exercised," and very, very much "exercised"—the trouble being that I did not feel equal to the task of being patient enough to wait for the "afterward." Frances Ridley Havergal's poem came to my mind:

"What shall thine afterward be?
O Lord, I wonder and wait to know,

While to thy chastening rod I bow,
 What peaceable fruit may be ripening now,
 Ripening, Lord, for thee."

Dear me, what a time it took me to understand that "*now* is the accepted time and *now* is the day of salvation"; and, when I did understand, the difficulty was to be still while my knowledge was growing. If we only would "consider the lilies, how *they* grow." Our knowledge has,

Firstly, to be gained, learned;
 Secondly, to be planted, and planted in good ground;
 Thirdly, to be watered, if needs be, hoed around, looked after;
 Fourthly, kept from overrunning weedy thoughts;
 Fifthly, to be left alone to grow;
 Sixthly, to be protected from swine who root up;
 Seventhly, to preserve the flowers, in order that they bear fruit;
 Eighthly, to leave the fruit until ripe;
 Ninthly, to share with our neighbors;

Tenthly, to plant out cuttings so as to keep up the supply, and so on. I might multiply and enlarge, so vast is this field of thought.

Now, when first I gained knowledge, like any infant I imagined it was all ready for immediate use, forgetting that knowledge was but seed to be planted *by* the mind, *in* the mind. For, since "all is mind," there is nowhere else to plant it.

I have heard much argument as to the wisdom of "denials," etc., one proving that if we accept as an axiom that "all-is-good," what can there be to deny? And quite correct the argument. Nevertheless, this prescription, "when taken, has to be well shaken," and, moreover, requires a pinch of salt to season it to my taste. Folk are not obliged to take their "all-good" in exactly the same way. I prefer mine well mixed with common sense. For instance, it is no doubt "all-good" for a Hot-tentot to go about with the "white flower" of a clean conscience, as he prepares a leg of his enemy, as a savory and much-to-be-desired relish for his supper; he would feel proud, pleased, and prosperous as he did so, and have the full applause of his tribe into the bargain, every atom of his body vibrating to the tune of "all-good."

Supposing *you* were the partner of his joys—would *you* feel "all-good"? and, as you read these words, can you pronounce him "all-good"?

Now "come, let us reason together, saith the Lord God Almighty," and have just "a taste of common ordinary" thrown into our patent medicine.

Once upon a time a very dear friend of mine confided to me the fact

that, from business points of view, he was obliged to visit there, and dine out here, and be compelled to listen to and take part in the most absurd twaddle. "Now," said he, "you are a mental Mentalist, or whatever you call it. What would you do?"

Promptly I answered: "When you are a 'New Thinker' I'll exchange views——"

Years after the subject again came up. This time it was a "pal" who spoke, and we agreed after half an hour's chat that the only safe way was to hold mentally that pigs were all right in their styes, and realize that only fools threw their pearls of time and company before the unappreciative wooden heads, who never, from any point of view, could benefit the one who was silly enough to expect grapes of thorns and figs of thistles.

Now I have proved the above to be a perfectly safe and *just* position to take.

I know that my Redeemer *liveth*, and has raised from among the dead every desire of mine, every business instinct, every appetite, every motive, every power, *every antipathy*—which, as the dictionary wisely explains, is "a *natural* aversion." *To be natural is to be wise.* To grow naturally is wisdom in manifestation. We are told by the Scriptures that the natural man comes first, then the spiritual, the Lord from heaven. Until we learn to be natural, easily and beautifully natural, we can never hope to be spiritual.

We see all around us good folk, with pain in their faces, striving to "put on the whole armor of God," before they are old enough to know the difference between a two-edged sword of the Spirit and the helmet of salvation. Teaching is what is required, and competent, matriculated teachers, with their diplomas of Health, Wealth, Wholeness, and Happiness, written large, so that "the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err."

F. STUART VOWELL.

MIDHIRST, YARANAKI, NEW ZEALAND.

THE things that are for thee gravitate to thee. Oh, believe, as thou livest, that every sound that is spoken over the round world which thou oughtest to hear will vibrate on thine ear. Every proverb, every book, every by-word that belongs to thee for aid or comfort will surely come home through open or winding passages.—EMERSON.

PHILLIPS BROOKS once so clearly said: "You *can* help your fellow-men, you *must* help your fellow-men, but the only way you can truly help them is by being the noblest and the best man that it is possible for you to be." There is the whole truth in a nutshell.

CHRONIC AFTERMATH.

It took three days to prepare a Christmas feast. It was disposed of in three hours. The hostess was a wreck, and tried to comfort herself for her loss of strength and enthusiasm by the thought that she had done her duty. It was a great deal to have made her family and several guests happy.

But what had she done to herself?

And what had she done to the others?

Simply stuffed them, until from the host to the minister there was not a member of the group who would not have paid liberally for looser garments and a couch. They stifled their yawns as best they could, and, when the stretched condition began to give way a little, supper was announced—salad, olives, pickles, rolls, nuts, cake, ice cream, etc., etc.

When all was over the host remarked:

"I sha'n't be worth a continental to-morrow."

The housekeeper made no remark. Complaints were useless. She had gone through this performance and others equally foolish for many years, and there was no relief in sight. The householder thought it necessary to entertain in this fashion, and, as a dutiful wife, his wish was her law.

During the preparations for this banquet the hostess had caught up Wagner's "Simple Life," and read bits from it with great pleasure. Now, as she wearily made her preparations for bed, she wondered if the whole programme of this Christmas occasion might not be placed among the secondaries instead of among the essentials. It certainly seemed so, but, as she was powerless to change anything, what was the use of thinking about it?

If this woman's muddle was not the muddle of almost every other woman, in differing conditions and degrees, of course, it would not be worth mentioning. But the foolish ones are in an overwhelming majority, and, until some one sees the light, faces it, and is willing, ay, glad, to walk by it, the devastating results of living in effects will be in crucial evidence.

Listen to the complaints: No time to read; no time to be alone with one's thoughts; no leisure for the pretty embroidery or knitting which is so fascinating; no opportunity for the sweet communion with friends which is so helpful; no comfort; no nothing but plan and figure and hurry and labor to attend to so-called material needs, most of which are not only not needs at all, but absolute despoilers of health and happiness.

Why not a simple instead of an ornate meal on any occasion?

It is against precedent, we shall be told; and also that no one can afford to take such liberties with established customs.

"Established customs"?

Sickness and death are established customs, and yet who likes to be sick and how many really want to die?

But precedent must not be meddled with. The old programme must be adhered to. Men must labor, sicken, and die, because men have always labored, sickened, and died. Women must suffer and weep, because ages ago the declaration was made that there was no other way to placate Deity.

There isn't a word of truth in the story.

It is the self-seeking self that is making all this trouble, telling all these lies, and clinging to appearances and delusions.

The self-seeking self must give place to the God seeking self.

Seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added.

ELEANOR KIRK.

"SHE THAT WAS."

Having sat under that tree behind that wall and overheard that conversation, it was but natural to inquire what use I should make of it.

It was plain that Mary Swift stood in mortal fear of her husband. She had "shut up" and gone home at his bidding like a scared child, and it was undoubtedly true that if the find were traced to Bill she would be charged with the telling.

At first I thought I would keep the matter to myself, but it did not seem quite the right thing to do; and yet how could I bring more trouble to "She that was"?

Things seemed all mixed up. Here was the radiant sunshine, the green meadows, the blossoming hedges, and the life and love in it all which could not be put into words, the peace and tenderness which passed all understanding; and—oh! how like a traitor I felt to admit it—here was something else: a lost diamond, a cruel man, a wretched woman, a forlorn baby, and, last but not least, myself, who wanted to do the right thing and did not know how.

I was reminded here of the old fellow who declared that in his opinion the cussedest thing a man could have was a conscience. When asked the reason, he replied: "Because you can never use it without hurting somebody, and if you refuse to use it you hurt yourself."

There was something aggravatingly intrusive about this situation.

Why should the heavens be clouded because of Bill Swift's theft? Why should I seek this out-of-the-way spot, to be made the recipient of this secret, which, as far as I could see, must be held secret?

The clearing of a cloud of dust a little way ahead disclosed Farmer Miller and his democrat. The dear man was all hunched over, driving very slowly and whistling "Annie Laurie" as far off the key as was possible for a human pucker to stray and still be intelligible as a tune.

"Why, hello!" he cried, reining up suddenly. "Where you bound? Mother said she thought as like as not I'd meet you. Going to town on a few errands—be back by dinner. Jump in, won't you?"

I jumped in, and the world was aglow again. A fresh wonder entered my soul. Where was conscience? Absorbed into the sunshine perhaps, or driven from its high estate by the spirit of good cheer back of "Annie Laurie."

"Well, what have you been thinking about?" my companion inquired, as, properly seated and protected from the dust, I settled myself for a spell of solid comfort.

"Do you really want to know?" I asked.

"Of course I do."

"About She that was."

"Good Lord! I left her up at the house."

The tone had a laugh in it, but it was the sort of merriment that suggests "the last straw."

"And the baby?"

"The bone was there," was the dry response, "and I ran away without changing my shirt for fear I should see it. I ain't much afraid of burglars or wild horses," he continued, after a pause, "but where that whatever-you-may-call-it is concerned, I'm a rank coward. For heaven's sake, what is it here for? You always seem to me fond of toughers—get on to that, will you? It appears to me if I was God I should do a little missionary work in that direction. It doesn't look as if the job would tax his strength to any great degree."

This was the first evidence of cynicism I had ever noticed in Farmer Miller.

For a moment or two there was silence in the democrat, and then he remarked, somewhat sorrowfully:

"Well, I'll excuse you from cracking that nut. I'd no business to ask you. It's too tough."

"It wouldn't tire *you* very much, Mr. Miller, to squeeze the life out of that bone, as you call poor She that Was's baby. Why don't you do it?"

"Good Lord, Margaret! What are you talking about? You ain't advising me to commit murder, are you?"

"You have as good a right to perform the job as God has," I replied; and, when the words were out, I was seized by a strange thrill, whether because of my temerity or by reason of the truth of the statement, I did not know at the time. Later I inclined to the latter opinion.

"But I didn't have anything to do with bringing that young one into the world," was the excited response.

"Neither had God," said I.

Just here "Liberty," called "Lib" for short, took a notion to eat some grass on the steep side of the road, and for a moment it looked as if the democrat and its occupants might get the worst of it; but Farmer Miller pulled up in time.

"That was carelessness in me," he said.

"Just so," I answered; "and, Mr. Miller, if our skulls had been cracked, would God have been the guilty party?"

"No, *sir*," was the facetious reply; "but if there'd been a couple of funerals, the ministers would have told the folks that God removed us—eh? Still, it seems as if this would have been a little different case from that of the—of the bone—don't you think so?"

"They differ only in kind. The material which God has plentifully provided can be used as the individual selects. She that Was knew no better than to marry Bill Swift and to be instrumental in bringing a sick and unwholesome baby into the world. God is innocent; and, Mr. Miller, are you willing to suggest that the Infinite Father could have had the exceeding cruelty and bad taste to be the abettor of Bill Swift's marriage and the planner of that miserable baby? God's material has been misused, prostituted, and the devil and his victim will be obliged to work themselves out of their hard places by the evolution of intelligence."

"I seem to see Bill Swift evolving," said my companion, with a chuckle. "I think mebbe a good horsewhip might hurry the process along a little. You may shoot me if I wouldn't like to be at the handle end of it."

"That might be in the line of God's work," I responded, musingly.

"Well, I'll be——"

He almost said it, and it wouldn't have hurt my feelings if he had, but he pulled himself up as he had pulled up Liberty, and added:

"Margaret, you are certainly the most inscrutable woman that I ever come across. I like you first class and you do me a lot of good, but when it comes to your theology——"

"It will never come to that," I interrupted. "An accusation of almost any sort would be preferable to that of theology."

"Cut and dried, says you. I know, of course, you couldn't stand that. I believe that lots of things are getting plainer than they used to be;" and then, after a pause: "We have disposed of the husband and wife by putting them into the evolution hopper, but how about the remains?"

"You mean the baby?" I asked, much amused.

"Yes, if you are a mind to give such a pretty name to such an unnatural creature. We'll call it the baby. What is going to become of the baby?"

"It is my opinion it will be a very sweet and lovely baby—perhaps before long——"

"But you don't think it will get well, do you?" was the next question.

"Most assuredly. It will be a blithe, handsome, intelligent baby, and it will grow in grace and a knowledge of the truth."

"Good Lord! Margaret, you don't mean *here*, do you?" said my companion, evidently at the end of his patience.

"It is all here, dear Mr. Miller, and all now; you will get a glimpse of this truth before long, too. I do not think we shall be likely to see the processes of development that will go on in little Muetta's case, but she is God-stuff ignorantly pushed out into the world, and God's law will see to it that she is not ignored."

"It sounds good," said my companion, and I knew that his beautiful imagination had taken hold of the picture, and that at this moment at any rate Mary Swift's little one was more of a baby than "a bone."

I took care of Liberty while Farmer Miller made his purchases. It was not a difficult job. In fact, if it hadn't been for the flies it would have been a sinecure. When the last bundle was deposited, a very pretty girl stepped up to the wagon and was introduced as Miss Esther Peckham.

"She has been asking me for advice," said Mr. Miller, "but, lor sakes! she might as well apply to the town pump. You see, Margaret having lost her engagement ring, she is in a pretty pickle. Her beau is away and there's the mischief to pay."

The young woman had a very sweet and intelligent face and was unusually refined in manner.

"Oh, well, never mind," I said, after asking her a few questions. "There are more engagement rings where that came from. How about pawnshops?" I added. "Do you have such things in this town?"

"Oh, it wouldn't be in a pawnshop!" the girl replied, sorrowfully. "It is just underfoot somewhere—lost by my carelessness. Had it

been stolen, there would have been something respectable about that—I mean as far as I am concerned.”

“In the name of the twelve tribes, what made you mention pawnshop in connection with Esther Peckham’s ring?” my companion inquired, as we jogged homeward; and then I told him.

“Well, now, look here, Margaret”—and Liberty, very much against her will, was turned half about before I realized what was going on—“we must go right back and tell Esther the whole story.”

“Not much, Mr. Steve Miller,” said I, giving Lib another pull that headed her in the right direction; “and if you ever tell a single human being what I have told you there will be a scarcity of my company round here. I want Mrs. Miller to know, but I claim the privilege of telling her myself.”

“But, Margaret, haven’t you any conscience in the matter?”

“Not a mite. I dropped it all in the road when I jumped in here beside you.”

“Well, if you don’t beat the—the Dutch! Why, child of mortality, we could land that fellow in jail as easy as rolling off a log.”

“We will keep our fingers out of the pie, Mr. Miller. I think the ball has started rolling in the right direction. Mary Swift and the——”

“The baby,” interposed my companion.

“Yes, the baby—must come to no harm through our meddling.”

“Right you are,” said the dear man. “If we could only do a little something to help.”

“If we only could,” said I; and then Mrs. Lib drew up at the side door and we were home again.

MARGARET MESSENGER.

(*To be continued.*)

PYTHAGORAS.

This great philosopher lived in the body 570-470 B.C., and “may truly be said to constitute the fountain-head of Greek culture, but more especially of the ideal philosophy of Plato.” He was the first to coin the word *philosophy*, and characterized its cultivation as “the supreme effort to become wise and good.” He established a secret brotherhood. “They abstained from flesh-eating, they wore white linen garments, they sang a song before their meals, and they refused to wear leather sandals because they were prepared from the skins of slain animals. They had all things in common, and so remind us of the Shaker fraternities of the present day.” Jamblicus says: “Among other reasons Pythagoras enjoined abstinence from the flesh of animals was because it is conducive to peace.”

PART OF A NOTABLE INTERVIEW.

WHERE THE BIBLE IS UNIQUE.

DR. GREGORY—In what respect, doctor, if any, is the Bible different from, say, the sacred Scriptures of India, Persia, and the other nations?

DR. ABBOTT—Pre-eminently in its revelation of the Christ. No other Scripture has anything in it analogous to the revelation of the Christ.

DR. GREGORY—According to the evolutionary view of the world, what is the office of prayer?

DR. ABBOTT—Intercommunication with God, who is the source and centre of all life, and the receiving of that inspiration and that uplifting which comes from every outgoing noble nature to every receptive lesser nature and which pre-eminently comes from the spirit of God, which is always giving itself to men by the spirit of any man who is willing to receive it and act upon it. In other words, as, according to any theistic theory of evolution, God is the source and centre of every step of the way, so in all human life he is the centre of that life, and prayer is the intermingling of the human spirit with the divine spirit.

DR. GREGORY—According to the evolutionary view, what is the position of Christ in history—is it an exceptional position, or is it one similar to that held by the founders of the three ethnic faiths?

DR. ABBOTT—According to those who held the doctrine of the eternal presence in all life, all phenomena, save only that of sin, are manifestations of an interdwelling God, and the whole history of the evolution is the history of his progressive manifestations of himself in time. Jesus Christ is the supreme manifestation of God in human history, and I believe the supremest manifestation of God possible in a human life.

The only way in which we can conceive that God can disclose his moral qualities, his justice, his pity, his love to man, is in the terms of a human experience; and when the fulness of time came and the process of evolution had reached that point in which humanity was ready for such a revelation of him, he entered into the one life and filled it so completely with himself that that life becomes the supreme disclosure of the eternal and the infinite in terms of a temporal and finite experience.

MANIFESTATIONS OF GOD.

And so that as Jesus Christ thought and felt and acted in the three short years of his life, we can know that the invisible and eternal God is always thinking and feeling and acting. This is what Paul means by calling him an "image of the invisible God." What he means by call-

ing him "God manifest in the flesh," is the manifestation of God in a human life, and no other religion offers any such revealing or manifestation of God as is offered in the story of the life of Christ in the four gospels.

SUGGESTIONS FOR HEALTH.

JUST BREATHE.

Don't take a stimulant. Just breathe. This is the advice of a doctor who does not believe in the old medical policy of mystery, but who undertakes philosophically to explain to any patient why such and such a remedy should be beneficial.

"When you are 'let down,'" continued this physician, "don't take a cocktail. Just breathe. Put your finger on your pulse and get its rhythm. During eight beats draw in the breath, breathing deep and low, and forcing the diaphragm down first, then filling the upper lungs. Then exhale this breath during four beats of the pulse.

"Now, if you are working with a piece of machinery, say a typewriter, what do you do to make it run more smoothly? You don't put a lot more oil on it, and gum and clog it all up. You clean it first. You can best clean the blood by breathing. The blood passes through the lungs, and it needs and expects to find plenty of fresh air with oxygen in it. If it can't find perfectly fresh air, it needs more air which is not perfectly fresh. It needs to be cleaned by contact with the air.

"Once in a while hold the lungs full of breath as long as you can without expulsion. In doing this you are simply cleaning the machine. You are cleaning the blood. At the same time you are giving that little fillip to the action of the heart and the nervous system which you thought you were giving when you took the cocktail. In the latter case you didn't clean the machine. You simply ran it a little faster and gummed it up a little more. You can get the same results, the same feeling of exhilaration and of accomplishment, without taking the cocktail, and at the same time the machine will steadily improve in its running quality. Breathe the best air you can get, and plenty of it. It is as necessary as food. The heart and lungs act involuntarily. In a hurried business life they become too involuntary. In that case don't take a cocktail; just breathe."—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

"THE trust we put in God honors him much and draws down great blessings.

"God always gives us light in our doubts when we have no other design but to please him."

Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

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

Entered at the New York Post-Office as second-class matter.

WE are in need of two copies of the 1904 May number of the IDEA. Can any of our readers supply us?

The office of ELEANOR KIRK'S IDEA is located at 59 West Eighty-ninth Street, New York City, and has been for over a year, and yet many of our subscribers continue to address communications to 696 Greene Avenue. This delays mail matter and makes double work for the letter-carriers.

BRENTANO'S.

Our friends will be glad to know that New Thought literature can be found at Brentano's, Union Square, New York, or ordered from this popular store by people at a distance. There will be a table on the main floor devoted to this work, and also a niche in the south gallery.

SYLMAR.

The healthful salad must be of delicate manufacture. Most cooks use too much vinegar and very frequently add pepper when it is never needed. Our Sylmar olive oil has the little appetizing prick which adds a piquancy to the lettuce and whatever other materials are used.

Some persons substitute lemon for vinegar, and by a few the juice of grape-fruit is used. Than this nothing can be more delicious or hygienic. This acid is somewhat more expensive, but one of these fruit inspirers will yield all the liquid required.

Cream may be judiciously introduced into any sort of a salad.

A friend claims to have found her health and her youthful appetite from eating twice a day a simple lettuce salad dressed with equal parts Sylmar olive oil, cream, and the juice of grape-fruit.

It is good enough to cure anything. Try it.

"PSYCHIC LIFE AND LAWS."

This book, vitally valuable to those who are looking below the surface of things for the answers to their questions, will be supplied by this office.

The author, Dr. Sahler, of Sahler's Sanitarium, Kingston, N. Y., has had ample opportunity, from his acquaintance with effects, to investigate causes, and so to understand the best manner of dealing with his patients.

"Psychic Life and Laws" explains a thousand things which have heretofore seemed inexplicable.

THE RECIPE VOLUME.

The ten-dollar book for fifty cents, mentioned in the IDEA, is really a remarkable volume. There are scores and scores of valuable money-making recipes for those who are casting about for ways and means and for good and useful things for the home. The book is a favorite with all who have bought it, as far as known.

MANDWELL'S PREPARATIONS.

Mme. Mandwell's cream is good stuff. So is her powder. The cream is a specific for chapped hands and faces. Used before going out on a cold day or a hot day, with a little of her pure powder dusted over it, there will be neither tan nor burn, rough nor chapped hands and faces. The cream is a good wrinkle preventer and smoother. For particulars, see notice on another page.

THE NEW ERA MACHINERY COMPANY.

The initial dividend of this splendid industry is now being paid. The president, Mr. George F. Bradstreet, informs us that the price of stock will probably be raised by the middle of this month to \$12. This will not be done for speculative purposes, but because the great increase of business demands that a higher price shall be realized for the treasury stock, which, of course, benefits all stockholders alike.

If our friends will write to Mr. Bradstreet they will get all the information they desire. This company craves the most careful investigation.

Address George F. Bradstreet, 18 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

THERE is a higher law than the Constitution.—WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

IMMORTAL LIFE.

True culture is of the heart, the soul, not alone of the mind. What use of worldly wisdom, if words and looks are unkind? From the thoughts of the heart the mouth speaketh; the inner life is the storehouse, and each one may be owner of richest and rarest treasures.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." Where is heaven, if not within? A condition, not a locality. A wise man said, centuries ago:

"I sent my soul into the Invisible,
Some lesson of the after life to spell.
By and by my soul returned, and said,
I, myself, am heaven or hell."

So let us literally lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven; they will never die. Feel you not life is eternal? Whence cometh the questions that consider all things from everlasting to everlasting? The renewal of Mother Nature in all her springtime beauty proclaimeth the fact that life is immortal and nothing can die. The trees shed their leaves, to be re clothed in radiant beauty. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but in good time the grass springeth to life anew, and heralds the opening bud, the blooming flower. In this grand resurrection we read the story of human life. But why pass through the change called death to renew life and beauty? Will not regeneration of mind and heart bring regeneration of body—perpetual rejuvenating? In the renewal and perfecting of the physical, I would proclaim the eternity of spiritual life and force. And their reaction, one upon the other, produces perpetual life *here* and *now*—heaven on earth. What so fills the life and heart with joy as love? Love for thy fellow-man will bring about a new heaven and a new earth. For love endureth forever and never forgetteth. An act perpetrated by love can bring naught but good results. Let thy inner, spiritual life determine what path to take, what light to seek. The power of the spirit is so wonderful! At times I seem transported; my soul so filled with joy and gladness, my heart sings—filled to overflowing with the mere glory of existence. To live, to love, what more can we ask? And yet, again, I seem to enter the valley of the shadow of sadness. I hear the moan of countless thousands of unhappy, restless, striving souls, seeking they know not what. O Lord, how long? And yet, as I listen and look, I hear afar a faint, sweet strain; I see flashes of light radiating, pulsating in every direction—waves of light, vibrations of thought. Oh, for power to uplift all humanity into the highest and best of love and truth vibrations! It is only through each individual that we can affect the whole. The little acts make up the sum of life. So realizing, let us each strive to climb

a step higher each day, and, in so climbing, hold out a helping hand to those in need. A kind word, a pleasant smile—who can measure the after-effects of these? Through years a desire for good or for ill may lie dormant; then, as at the touch of a magic wand, spring to life, scattering broadcast throughout the world seeds of good or of evil. What of thy thoughts, my brother, my sister? Thinking not of self, but of the ultimate good of the whole, let us strive to realize the importance of the seemingly trivial; and listening, looking, expect divine revelations from that true source of all inspiration, a pure heart, tuned in harmony with Infinite Good. Living in this harmony, we love every manifestation in nature, and the love of natural life leads us to comprehend God's messages. A love for nature nourishes love for life in any form. The poorest and humblest creatures in the universe are worthy of love; there can be no favorites with God. If so, the whole structure of life crumbles away, for are we not told that God is love? Love of humanity will bring about the universal brotherhood of man, the true understanding of the Fatherhood of God—recognized by all. Seek the good, and you will find it in every human soul, though hidden by mists of pain and suffering and mistakes. Look for it, I say, and you will surely find it. The attitude with which you meet your brother will be reflected back again. So cause and effect are marked out in every phase of life, on every plane. Do you act now as for eternity? Or do you expect some startling change—an hour of repentance, to wipe away all *cause*? Law endureth and cannot change. So love endureth; then *live in love*, and so get in harmony with law.

My message to the world is, "Accept the knowledge of the beauty of life and the perfect joy of attainment." This unchangeable law of Infinite Wisdom can be learned from within the self, so study it and learn to put self in tune with the Infinite. The soul of man is like a harp with a thousand strings, sensitive to the slightest touch, yet strong and capable of emitting the most exquisite harmony if understood and *played upon rightly*. If we are ever to seek perfection, why not seek it now? If we are ever to live in beauty, why not expect it now? "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." "My gifts I bestow upon those that seek my name;" then why not seek it *now*? Joy is free for all, and "Joy will bring everything to pass," even perfection of life. You can never climb to the top of a mountain unless you take the first step; so why not step outward and upward on the mountain of personal attainment of perfection *now*—having acquired a right understanding of the word perfection? It may take ages to reach the top, but you had better be climbing upward than resting by the wayside, for there are many beautiful visions as you journey onward. You will meet

many radiant, helpful companions, and also see many to whom *you* can extend a helping hand.

"The gods reserve a place upon the heights sublime
Only for those who have the power to climb."

And Mrs. Wilcox *knows*. If pure within, the force and strength extended in *thought* will create purity in companionship. Like attracts like. I see a radiant vision, with outstretched hand and winsome smile, waiting for you, for me. Surely we can trust our guardian angels to lead us in the heavenly path and show the way to the perfect life.

REBECCA.

IT ALL WILL COME OUT RIGHT.

Whatever is a cruel wrong,
Whatever is unjust,
The honest years that speed along
Will trample in the dust.
In restless youth I railed at fate
With all my puny might,
But now I know if I but wait
It all will come out right.

Though vice may don the judge's gown
And play the censor's part,
And Fact be cowed by Falsehood's frown,
And Nature ruled by Art;
Though Labor toils through blinding tears,
And idle Wealth is might,
I know the honest, earnest years
Will bring it all out right.

Though poor and loveless creeds may pass
For pure religion's gold;
Though Ignorance may rule the mass
While Truth meets glances cold,
I know a law complete, sublime,
Controls us with its might,
And in God's own appointed time
It all will come out right.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

SINGLE SIGNS.

Send month, day of month, your address, and 25 cents, and you will receive a perfect reading of your character, taken from the most popular astrological work in the world, "The Influence of the Zodiac upon Human Life," companion volume to "Libra, or What the Stars Told Elizabeth." Books, \$1 each. Single signs, 25 cents. 59 West 89th Street, New York. Eleanor Kirk, author.

MEDDLING.

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

This is the most pregnant truth ever spoken.

It is a sacred promise of immunity from pain and hurt, discontent and disappointment. But how many have ever trusted it?

It has been read and reread, quoted, and sung for centuries, and yet it would not take a very large spot upon the planet to hold all of its real indorsers.

Why this unbelief?

Primarily because to the average mind the machinery that cannot be seen does not exist. The matriculation of the seed, the growth of the plant, work accomplished in darkness and silence, count for naught. Processes are immaterial. Behind the flower and the fruit, the sunshine and the grateful shade, there is nothing worth mentioning. Even the breath of life, which is God's primal mystery and wonder, has to the masses no occult significance. It is a matter of course, something that the breathers have always been accustomed to, and, until something interferes with the regular working of this almighty dynamo, it is entirely without significance.

"A crick in the side, a pain under the shoulder-blade, a cough, difficult respiration are sometimes very powerful awakeners, enough to send the sufferers to a physician, but seldom strong enough to hurry them to Headquarters, where correct information can alone be obtained.

This accounts for the popularity of pain.

Pain is the great educator and the prime destroyer. Pain is knowledge gained by meddling with uncomprehended force.

The pull of the corset strings, the various intemperances and dishonesties, the worry that need never be if there were in the mind the slightest conception of the love of the Infinite, are all collisions with the divine dynamo.

You may run up against it if you will, but you must take the consequences. Even here "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

If man will not learn pleasurably, he shall learn painfully.

The lesson of life is the knowledge of overcoming. If this lesson will not be learned by means of intelligent methods, ignorance will see that the last column of earthly figures is muddled.

This fact has been amply demonstrated by the experience of the ages. In no event is man left without a savior. Does he prefer the peace of God which passeth all understanding, it is his.

Does he prefer dynamic wreckage, he can have that.

The preference for a condition presupposes work for it.
Surely ignorance works hard in the establishment of its chaos.
There is no need of colliding with the dynamo.

Your dynamo is your God-self, dependent upon the unseen, almighty, and everlasting Force which keeps the earth in its orbit and the constellations in their places.

This is the only absolutely unfailing source of reliance, and in this realm will be found every useful, satisfying, and beautiful thing that the heart of man can desire. There is no lack and no friction. The dynamo is warranted to run eternally and with exceeding smoothness.

But there must be no meddling, and the desire for happiness without the knowledge of its attainability is a negative virtue whose only result is dissatisfaction. To want a thing and believe it impossible of realization is simply adding to the carking care of the external world.

The first step in learning to trust Almighty Love is the ability to say, with ecstasy of truth:

"Thy will, not mine, be done."

The misconception of love caused by the hellish teaching of creeds is the chief cause of man's inability to make and stand by this basic statement.

One of the first attractions that Christian Science presented to the suffering masses was the hope it held out of possession. The word was sent broadcast that it was not a crime to desire a prettier gown or more elegant surroundings. The ancient dogma of the necessity of poverty for the soul's development received a perceptible blow, and, while there was much exaggeration and many mistakes in the acceptance of the seemingly new doctrine, it was certainly an improvement upon the old one. Many people were joggled from the ruts and commenced to think for themselves. This was a great gain, even if many of them did react from bondage to absurdity and believe that it was only necessary to turn some sort of a mental crank to have health and money materialize on the spot.

Now there is or there is not an Infinite Force that has every created thing in charge. The affirmative of this proposition must be true. All life, from the cell to the man, proclaims it.

That we are not all the conscious children of opulence is not that God is not omnipotent in love and power, has not endowed us with all that we can possibly need or desire, but because of the influence of the lies we have been told during the ages. The comparatively few men daring to contradict these falsehoods have led stormy lives, and in some cases were treated to tragic deaths. These conditions were not enviable, and what wonder that the preference was generally given to

what seemed the least of two evils—the acceptance of preconceived opinions!

Greater blessings than we can ask or think are ours, and a larger liberty than the mind of man can comprehend. Do we wish to butt our heads against the benign machine, there is no one to say us nay. We do our own talking afterward, and occasionally it is found true that “a burnt child dreads the fire.” The majority of experimenters, however, are burned to a crisp before their eyes are opened, and then, on other scenes and in other conditions.

“Do advise your readers to be more passive,” a friend writes.

There is no such thing as a forced passivity, and every outward rule or exercise recommended for that purpose is a delusion and a snare.

True poise means a soul at rest, and such a state is attainable only by a perfect trust in Divine Love and Wisdom—the same sweet and implicit confidence that the little one feels for its loving earthly parent.

“God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.”

Trust him and all is yours.

Meddle with the beatitudes, and the result may be a broken head or a broken heart.

God does not break your head or your heart.

You do it yourself by endeavoring to insert your clumsy fingers into the intricacies of the machine.

Mind your own business, and wait *comfortably* for results. Never mind if it does look dark. Keep on believing. At the eleventh hour—or later perhaps—you shall find that your faith has made you whole and that “God does move in mysterious ways his wonders to perform.”

ELEANOR KIRK.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

“DEAR ELEANOR KIRK:

“Can you mention one case of locomotor ataxia that has been cured through the agency of Christian or Mental Science? I do not mean one alleged instance, but a case that will stand the test of thorough investigation.”

I cannot, though I have frequently heard of such healing. Will our science friends of either cult give us some information on this subject?

“How do you reconcile religion and speculation? You have always seemed to me a deeply religious woman, and I do not see how you can literally or figuratively take any stock in copper mines, gold mines, or anything else that has not proved itself secure by being upon a dividend-paying basis,” etc., etc.

I never speculated in my life, and if I waited for an industry to pay dividends before purchasing stock, I should not be likely to have any.

I am not a speculator, neither am I "religious," in the creedal acceptance of that word. But I would be a right royal investor when my intuitions and my investigations gave me the tip, if it were possible.

The writer of the above communication has simply repeated, parrot fashion, the utterances of others.

"However, no matter."

I have work to do in this world. There are children to feed, clothe, and educate. There are ideal schools which I long to see inaugurated, where instruction in overcoming will go hand in hand with arithmetic, geography, and all the rest; where spiritual teaching will simplify all the studies which have hitherto been so difficult.

These schools seem the greatest needs of the age, and there is plenty of money to establish them now; but the preference is given to libraries and churches.

"How long, O Lord, how long?"

"AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

There is no benignity in the exercise of purely human force. It may accomplish the thing it sets out to do, but it will be at the expense of many things worth saving. In recent days it is too often made to figure as the real overcoming power, to which it is not in the least related.

Material force wears out, tears down, disintegrates.

The energy which is of God vivifies and rebuilds.

"I *will* conquer this desire to be still and rest. I will not indulge myself in a nap or an hour's reading. I will go out in the cold and sleet, notwithstanding the appearance of a heavy cold and a sore chest. It is not scientific to give in to any of these illusions."

All of our readers have heard these statements, and doubtless have been more or less influenced by them. It seems such a great thing to say: "I can get on top of everything. Pneumonia and bronchitis are nothing to me. I may seem to be coughing my head off, but I am really able to keep it in position, and the person who cannot master conditions as I am doing is not possessed of my wisdom."

This is the climax of vanity, but the boasters do not know it. They have harnessed the cart before the horse, and travel is very difficult. But, believing in the power of the human will, they go on until they discover something wrong with the hitching up, or until, worn out in brain, muscle, and nerves, they are obliged to surrender.

God does not speak through a trumpet to his children. He does not command them to add hurt to hurt. We are not told to do the thing we do not wish to do in order to banish the pain which is making us miserable.

What does he say?

"Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

"Rest"! Just think of that! Rest, the prime necessity for every traveller through these Egyptian labyrinths! Rest, the beautiful mending which the whole world feels itself in duty bound to dispense with!

He does not say: "Take your cough out shopping or to a euchre, and let folks see how you can demonstrate over the conditions which send the average mortal to bed or to the cemetery."

"Come unto me and I will give you rest."

"Come into the quiet and seclusion with me. Visit with me. Tell me softly all about it. Trust me. Give me your burden. Creep into the everlasting arms and be healed."

This is love, and love is the great deliverer; not the affection that worries and fusses about "its own," that weeps and sympathizes and coddles, but the real, divine love which makes whole every living creature capable of understanding it.

True, there are occasions when the sick or troubled one must to all appearance pull himself forcibly out of his uncomfortable environment.

There is an "I will" which is a true expression of God's will. There is also an "I will not." The candidate for betterment must break loose from the things and thoughts that hold him in bondage. He has not known the better way, and so, coming to the end of his tether and perceiving his past unwisdom, he rises in his might and declares himself conqueror.

This is gloriously scientific. It is the surgeon's pull that sets the broken limb. It is not a parade of the man's ability to bear things that other people cannot bear. It is entirely devoid of ostentation. It is a realization of his right to comfort, and a quick, resolute, practical use of the information.

Processes differ with individuals, and probably the process of boast and hurt piled upon hurt is necessary if not comfortable. It certainly affords argument for scoffers and gives occasion for many hard but really logical statements. But knowing the truth invulnerable and unassailable, we take heart.

ELEANOR KIRK'S IDEA.

LET GO AND CUDDLE DOWN.

So far from home and home so near,
 So far from hope and love's good cheer,
 So far from God and God right here,

The people stumble on.

What shall we do for peace, they cry,
 Deliverance from life's tyranny,
 Is there no respite till we die?

Let go and cuddle down.

Let go the burden; it's not thine;
 Thou didst thyself thyself confine;
 Thou needst not labor and repine,
 Wear cross instead of crown.

Love waits to take thy heavy load,
 To light thy footsteps on the road
 Where thou thyself no more shall goad;
 Let go and cuddle down.

You've wandered far and found no rest,
 The world's highway has not one nest
 For homesick souls. 'Tis God's behest

That each shall seek his own
 And seek it in himself, for there
 Is heaven and love, and everywhere
 A radiant joy untouched by care;
 Let go and cuddle down.

Thou needst no house, no couch, no light,
 No special hour of day or night,
 No wordy prayer to show aright
 The jewels in thy crown.

Thou needest only faith to see
 That God is home and home's in thee.
 Wouldst have this joy eternally?

Let go and cuddle down.

ELEANOR KIRK.

LET us build altars to the beautiful Necessity which makes man brave in believing he cannot shun a danger that is appointed nor incur one that is not; to the Necessity which rudely or softly educates him to the perception that there are no contingencies; that Law rules throughout existence; a law which is not intelligent, but intelligence—not personal, but impersonal; it disdains words and passes understanding; it dissolves persons; it vivifies nature, yet solicits the pure in heart to draw on all its omnipotence.—EMERSON.

SIN, sorrow, suffering—these are the dark gropings of the unopened soul for light. Open the petals of your soul and let the glorious light stream in.—JAMES ALLEN.

THE COOKING SCHOOL.

"The other day I happened into a friend's studio about luncheon time," writes a friend. "I thought I distinguished a familiar odor, but concluded it must have been wafted from some kitchen or restaurant in the immediate neighborhood. The odor was of beans—plain, white, dried beans—an aroma which carried me back to the days of my New England girlhood, when beans boiled or baked was my favorite dish.

"Do I smell beans?" I inquired.

"You do, and you shall have some," was the hearty response. 'Take off your wraps and come into the den, and we will dine like goddesses.'

"I know you will not sniff, dear IDEA, but some of your readers may think this repast altogether too common to be chronicled as an entertainment for ladies, to say nothing of goddesses. It consisted of boiled beans—not bean soup—seasoned with butter, salt, a half pint of cream, and a dash of onion. Our bread was the delicious raised loaf, just fresh enough to take the butter artistically, and our dessert a rice pudding of indescribable flavor and quality.

"My friend was healthy, happy, and successful, and this meal typified her usual diet. She is in every respect the exponent of the simple life. I had to go home to a butler and four maids, where beans and bread and butter were among the impossibles. For heaven's sake, pity me!"

The average aspirant for money and style will not understand the desire of this woman for freedom. The IDEA knows all about it. But the IDEA would eat beans or any other simple fare, butlers and maids to the contrary notwithstanding. Things have indeed come to a pretty pass when a woman is not mistress of her establishment and her stomach.

"Because I want peace, I am a toady to my servants," remarked a friend, the other day; and this seems the condition of wealthy housekeepers at the present time. No wonder that there is so much sickness and unrest in these families. But never mind. A few women are seeing the error of their ways, and a general enlightenment will be the result. In the mean time instruct your cooks in the art of boiling beans, and your butler in serving them.

"Will you give me a recipe for a good, old-fashioned, down-East clam pie?"

Certainly. Carefully rinse as many soft clams as are necessary to the meal. Cut off the black of the neck, separate the rims from the bellies, and chop the former very fine. Fry soft two or three good-sized

onions, and cut into small dice three or four potatoes. Place the materials in layers, adding to each layer salt, pepper, and a little sifted flour. When ready for the oven, add all the cream you can afford and water enough to almost cover the mass.

For the crust, take a piece of your raised bread dough, to which some butter has been added, roll out, and cover the savory mass.

If it is not bread day, take a coffee-cup of sifted flour, a Fleischmann's compressed-yeast cake, half a tea-cup of melted butter, a pinch of salt, and stir together with warm milk and water enough for a soft dough. Place over the top of pan, making a neat slit in the middle, and bake in moderate oven half an hour.

Of course *dissolve* the yeast. It would be impossible to suppose that any one would fail to do this, had it not been for one woman who tucked the yeast cake, tinfoil and all, in the centre of a loaf. The neighbor who had given her the recipe from the IDEA omitted to say dissolve, and this was the result.

The above recipe for clam pie is open to various sorts of gumptionism.

SERVILITY AND SNOBBERY.

"Why, I never was so surprised. He was just as *pleasant*——"

The rising inflection of this adjective expressed volumes.

"He" was a millionaire, supposedly set apart by his wealth from the common herd and from common decency.

But "he was just as pleasant——"

Smile delightedly and string this word up a flight of stairs, if you would comprehend the beatific astonishment of a woman who "worked for a living."

Isn't this pitiful?

Why shouldn't a rich man be pleasant?

Why should a person who works consider himself or herself inferior to the man or woman of wealth?

If a man has only wealth he is the poorest creature in the universe.

There are many very poor and imbecilic Croesuses driving about on top of the planet.

But these are matched by the snobby poor who are lifted to Elysian heights when a rich man looks pleasant.

The servility of the so-called poor is largely responsible for the arrogance of the opulent.

A vertebratal stiffening of the former would go a long way toward modifying the latter condition.

There is no honor in riches.

ELEANOR KIRK.

TURMOIL.

That is an expressive word.

It means all stirred up.

Turmoil is the mud-puddle of selfishness, and selfishness is the result of ignorance.

This statement has no reference to intellectual acumen or book learning.

Some of the most ignorant people upon earth are the greatest scholars.

The man who lives in effects and has not related himself to cause is ignorant and consequently selfish.

Some one disagrees with or ignores his opinions. His feelings are wounded or his pride is hurt.

These effects are duly registered in the body and again become causes.

Over and over again the processes are repeated.

Then there is "a stroke" or something equally turmoilish, followed by an unceasing wonder as to what could be the cause of such a condition.

Ignorance of cause is the cause.

It is from living in effect, and life spent in effect is always a life of turmoil.

It is the competitive spirit, the determination to be at the top, to outdo and outshine one's neighbors.

It is the spirit of grab and the disappointment of not being able to get or to hold.

It is man's way and not God's way.

The valley of Turmoil is full of everything that man does not want, and yet it is the most popular place on the planet. It *is* the planet—the valley of the shadow of death.

A few persons here and there are beginning to know they need not inhabit it, and that love and peace, health and prosperity are theirs for the asking and taking.

They know what there is and what there is not in the land Turmoil.

ELEANOR KIRK.

BECAUSE IT'S YOURS.

If you are sick the fault's in you,
So look at home and find it;
Then, having all the work to do,
You'll do it and not mind it.

ELEANOR KIRK.

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WHAT TO BE.

Be cheerful, optimistic,
Be willing to forbear
With every kind of trouble
And never to despair.

Be free from all suspicion,
Seek no motive for the act,
Accept all things with kindness,
Judiciousness, and tact.

Be kind to every mortal,
But yet select a few
To bear the name of friendship
And tread the road with you.

And you will find that living
Is not a dreary bore,
And life has many blessings
You did not know before.

HENRY BARTLETT MORRILL.

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