

Eleanor Kirk's Idea



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THE ONLY WAY.

Life as lived at present is not life. It is death.

In all the ages life has never been life. It has always been death.

Every child begins to die as soon as it breathes its first breath upon the planet.

It is born into a world of effects, where all the people are so occupied with material things that there is no opportunity for acquaintance with God.

The baby opens its eyes on a continuous panorama and variety show. Everybody is running hither and yon, buying, borrowing, suffering, complaining, and chronically striving for the best places and the most things.

When the baby is old enough he is perhaps taken to Sunday-school, where he hears some vague stories of an Image in the sky, and is told to be good under penalty of being punished after death. If he is a good boy he will go to heaven, and, if not, to hell. He doesn't believe a word of it—nobody ever did; besides, after death is a period too remote to be considered by the young mind. The child is hustled to school and hustled through school. He gets a smattering of many things, and every day goes farther and farther away from the realm of the natural and the real. He studies "the manly art of self-defence," and his egotism and pugnacity increase as his biceps develops. He sees that scheming is the order of the day. It is as rampant in the home as in the business world. Father has his secrets, and mother hers. Deception runs riot in the family. The predominant thought is money, and the style and the things that money will bring into evidence.

Things, things, things; nothing but things.

From all points of the compass is heard the shriek: "Get money; get money. It matters very little how; but get it."

There may be those who will say that this is a pessimistic view of the situation. But it is not. That order will eventually emerge from this chaos must be true.

The reaping of tares is a tearing process, but if knowledge is attainable only by the sacrifice of health, honor, happiness, and life itself, the underlying wisdom of the experiences cannot be disputed.

While the race continues to live in the whirl of Effects, sin and sorrow will obtain. If it is not one kind of trouble, it is another. The thing most eagerly sought after does not satisfy, but something else will. Then there is more striving and clutching, a shorter and a shorter breath, and, after a little, the undertaker.

The world of Effects is a huge maelstrom, a place where folly ceases not by day or by night.

There are different degrees of clutch and hurry, of jealousy and ambition for high places, of fear and of worry, and, of course, the less friction the more happiness, health, and longevity.

But are these little delays of any especial account in the grand summing up? Suffering is not so acute and is stretched over a larger area. There are little sicknesses, but still painful; smaller adversities, but still disturbing. Real and lasting peace is not found in any domicile, and for this reason it is not found in any heart. The people know not where to look for comfort, because comfort is the fruit of the Spirit, and they are not acquainted with the Spirit—the Spirit of the Lord God Almighty.

Intimacy with God is the remedy for every ill, and there is no other.

One may have a little respite from weariness and worry in sleep, but what purpose does it serve when the same disturbing conditions are on hand the next morning?

"By having a little more courage and strength to face them," some one will perhaps reply.

Now, come to think of it, isn't it a pretty mean sort of an existence that apparently dooms the so-called human family to a preparation for suffering?

Take a sleep and get up and resume their position at the same old crank.

Such bondage is infernal, and entirely the result of ignorance. It is necessary because the people will not learn to make it unnecessary.

There are no unpleasant conditions to resume in the morning except the self-manufactured ones.

There is no crank for captives to turn.

There are no captives, and yet the world is full of slaves.

Contradictory? Not at all.

If trouble can be postponed upon going to bed, it can be still further postponed upon getting up.

The institution of sleep is an ancient one, and people are expected

to go to bed, close their eyes, and float away from things that disturb.

Going to bed is obedience to precedent.

Getting up in the morning to vexation and weariness of spirit is a fulfilment of the same law.

We can do all these things by ourselves—our mortal selves.

Health, peace, and joy can be attained only by our divine selves.

The key that unlocks every precious treasure is found in the spirit of these words:

"THY WILL be done."

In "seeking first"—really seeking—"the kingdom of God and his righteousness," one walks steadily out of the world of Effects into the domain of cause, where Love reigns supreme.

With our faces once turned in that direction, it is astonishing how our anxieties fall away. There is no sting left in the situation that bothered us most.

Where has it gone?

In giving up our human will, our desire to clutch, our greed and ambition, we have also dropped our care and our sorrow. The two last were the direct offspring of the other conditions, and could have no place in the sphere of righteousness.

We begin to know the essential and to discover the worthlessness of many things that we heretofore deemed absolutely necessary to our happiness.

Here, in the heart of God, we not only find our alleviation, but "the peace which passeth all understanding."

"Be still, my, soul and know that peace is thine!
Be steadfast, heart, and know that strength divine
Belongs to thee; cease from thy turmoil, mind,
And thou the everlasting rest shalt find."

ELEANOR KIRK.

GROVER CLEVELAND wrote from Princeton: "It seems to me that an age cannot be called altogether enlightened which sanctions human slaughter as a legitimate and proper incident in the adjustment of international differences, and there appears to be a bold confusion of ideas when nations boast of the most advanced civilization and at the same time concede that the barbarous expedient of killing people is an approved means of vindicating and making more secure their beneficent, kindly rule and attaining their lofty purposes."

CAN YOU PAY THE PRICE?

I was having a friendly chat with a "noble woman wisely planned," whose heart ran away with her when it came to a case of letting go.

"Ah!" said she, "it is because you talk mental science and New Thought *all the time* and everywhere that you move so much faster than the rest of us."

God help you, my dear friend, I thought, as I noticed her expression and the all-absorbing love that shone from her whole face as her eyes rested on her clean and fine-looking sons and brilliant daughter. Heaven help you, my dear friend, to a knowledge that it is only by letting go we move. Paul understood, when he wrote to his converts and told them to cast aside every weight and be able to *run* with patience the race set before them. Little did my friend know of what I had to let go and how much was torn from me before I began to move. I did not want to frighten her, nor do I want to frighten you, by the word "torn"—and yet such has been my case. So fast did I hold on to my treasures that I would not let them go. I felt that I could guard them best, and was afraid to trust them with others lest they should get hurt in the lessons that life had in store for them.

I did not like the thoughts that would come up as I looked at that happy family, so I changed the subject by asking for some music, and, while listening to the inspiring strains coming from that piano and those young throats, I held strongly to the thought of liberty and love for my kind friend who looked on so proudly. It was the only thing I could do. Advice is absurd unless earnestly asked for, and reproof worse than useless; for *all is really good* and things are being worked out along the lines of least resistance, no matter how you and I see them. Therefore stick faithfully to the fact that the world moves, and so do we. The sun sets to give the moon a chance, and even the Queen of Night turns her side face to us so that the beauty of the stars may become an object-lesson to us earth-bound mortals who never would or could have known these things had our sun kept ever shining.

When bidding good-night to my hostess, I put out a feeler by asking: "What are you going to do when these [nodding toward the family] marry?"

The only answer I got was, "Oh, *don't!*" and a look that I cannot get out of my mind.

Some time after I called and found that lady low and ill.

"Oh," she said, "New Thought is all very well as a theory, but it *won't* work. I have affirmed and affirmed, and concentrated and concentrated, and gone into the silence again and again, and I see intellect-

ually why it should work and ought to work, yet here I am as bad as ever."

I knew exactly how things were, but only asked her did she ever go out.

"Poof, no!" she said. "People annoy me—they are so shallow. I come back wearied to death of them."

"But," said I, "what about nature?"

"Oh, well," she said, "I have plenty of that about my home, and I love my home and am best in it with my family."

This last was the rub.

I wonder when we shall all know the meaning of Christ's words when he said, "Whosoever doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my mother, my sister, and brother."

As I knew it was no use disputing or stating these facts with her, I began informing her of the way my son, daughter-in-law, and grandchild were evolving.

"My heavens!" she said; "how can you bear it?"

"Bear what?" I asked.

"Now, don't tell me," she said, "that you are not hurt and grieved."

I spoke truly when I told her that I really and honestly felt right through my body that all was the very best for all concerned, and that I had let that son go to learn his lesson, which I am thankful to say he is doing bravely; that my heart really rejoiced to see the man in him coming to the front; that I was quite satisfied that I could never or by any chance teach him his present part; that Wisdom took him right out of my sight while the changes were going on; that I rejoiced instead of grudging him his fine college education. And why? Because I saw it all so plainly—that is, the need for all this rubbing and polishing.

It is "the Master who holds the chisel," and we need not fear—no, not for our dearest or nearest. The unkindest thing we can do is to *fear* for our dear ones. As I write these words my heart is very full of praise and thanksgiving for all. I rejoice evermore in the fact that "I am" "with you always, even to the end." Nothing can by any means separate us from our own, and our own is what Whittier calls "The good I find—the best of *here* and *now*."

Putting our whole self into the daily duty that comes to one's hand, "resolutely refusing to look at difficulties," never neglecting some time in the twenty-four hours to speak out one's desires when alone with one's God, going to sleep with a strong affirmation holding our mind, and keeping to *one* affirmation until it manifests—these rules are what I use my strong will in keeping, and I am happy.

F. STUART VOWELL.

UNDER MT. EGMONT, TARANGKI, NEW ZEALAND.

THE NEW ERA AND OTHERS.

There is more than one reason why the payment of the initial dividend of the above-mentioned company is a real joy to me. I like dividends myself; but inasmuch as the New Era Machinery Company has figured in these columns as an industry worthy of enthusiastic support, it is more of a delight to know that our readers are satisfied than could possibly be extracted from any personal gain.

You see I knew Mr. Bradstreet the president, and was thoroughly aware of the esteem in which he was held by all his brethren. Then Mr. Bradstreet and his plant were within reach, and an examination of the character of the company as well as of the machine was possible at any moment.

Now, even Mr. Bradstreet, on account of the financial condition of the country, was compelled to submit to aggravating delays. He and his trusty lieutenants held in their hands a tremendously large proposition—one of the largest ever known—and that “great bodies move slowly” is an axiom philosophically established.

I have found that the ordinary investor is not acquainted with this truth. If a company does not “make good” by payment of dividends as soon as some of the stockholders decide it should, a suspicion is engendered which results in very unpleasant accusations.

“What is the matter with the New Era?” “Why doesn’t The New Era pay dividends?” “I thought you believed in The New Era”—with an endless lot of *et ceteras*.

Now I *knew* that things were going on just as fast as they possibly could, and I knew that the stockholders’ interests were religiously protected, but what could I do?

Again, having steadfastly advised every possible investor fully to investigate this industry and all others that had seemed good, I knew that I was in no sense responsible for results, and that I seemed held to be so by a few suspicious ones, I think I can write down as the surprise of my life.

Would any person with a single working brain-cell, to say nothing of a heart and a conscience, *guarantee* success to any enterprise upon earth, never mind how rosy-hued the prospects were?

And now we come to *Hecla*.

Hecla was the very first stock I ever bought. I believed it good then and said so; I believe it good now and say so. If I had not so believed I certainly should not have bought it, nor should I have spoken of my purchase to others. I made every investigation that I possibly could make. It was not convenient to visit the camp, but I took the

word of others who had, and reposed the same confidence in the honor and good faith of Hecla's vice-president, Mr. George C. Norris, whom I knew, as I did in the New Era's president, Mr. George F. Bradstreet.

I know that the Hecla property is a rich one, and I also know that the company has been very much hindered and perplexed in the working of it for lack of means.

A mining expert told me the other day that it took five years and five million dollars to develop a mine; and that, having the ore and the brains to manage, there was no reason for discouragement in any case. I guess it is no joke to run a mine; and it is more than probable that *Hecla* has made a mistake now and then. But they seem to me slight ones, and are pretty sure to furnish good object-lessons for the future.

"Would you sell your Hecla stock for what you paid for it?" I am asked.

In the name of common sense why should I? The stuff is there, and more of it in sight than when I invested. Progress has seemed slow, I admit, but it looks as if the company was doing its level best. So, until I know to the contrary, I shall let "patience have her perfect work."

"Would you advise me to put any more money into Hecla?" is another frequently asked question.

No, nor into anything else. This is a matter for your own judgment and intuition. Braid these together with another strand called common sense, and you will not go far astray.

There is no more reason to doubt the wealth of the Hecla mines today than the day we invested in them, but there is every reason to know that work will be slow until enough men can be hired to develop them.

This is the truth as far as I know it.

If there are those who feel aggrieved or who desire information, will they kindly write to the main office, Kitteredge Building, Denver, Colo., or to Mr. George C. Norris, 623 St. James Building, Broadway and Twenty-sixth Street, New York?

ELEANOR KIRK.

"DEAR ELEANOR KIRK: Do you believe that immediate betterment will follow immediate knowledge? In other words, if I really realize that I need not be ill, grow old and ugly, or suffer from insufficient means, will this realization exempt me from these negative and unwholesome conditions?"

Yes, if you "really realize." All the powers of Tophet could not prevail against that state of mind.

E. K.

OFF PLUMB.

She was limp and tearful and generally dishevelled. Her hat wobbled, her gloves were unbuttoned, her waist and collar entirely unrelaxed. Her whole appearance was that of one having been driven in by a wet wind and slammed down into the most convenient chair.

"Never mind about my name," she had said to the maid. "It won't tell her anything. I am a stranger."

"Good-morning," said I cheerily. "Wouldn't you like to sit in the sunshine? You have selected rather a dark corner."

"Oh, no! One place is as good as another to me. I called to see you on a little business. I was sent by Mrs. ——. You see, I heard that there were some new thinkers who had learned how to change their circumstances. I used to be pretty well off, but now I am as poor as Job's turkey."

"What did you expect me to do for you?" I inquired.

"Why, show me how to make money, of course. If you can help others in this way, you can surely do the same for me—can't you?"

"What are you doing for a living now?" was my next query, thinking it best for the present to ignore her absurd demand.

"Living?" she repeated. "I wasn't brought up to do anything for a *living*; but since you put it in that way, I have done a little embroidery and have tried to get a few music scholars, but nobody wants music these days. The fact is, I was reared a lady, and it is a very great come-down to seek for employment."

"Can you play the piano?" I asked.

"I used to, but I am all out of practice now, of course."

"Why of course?"

"Oh, because of sickness and hard luck generally. What I want to know is"—and now a trifle of animation was injected into her tone—"what sort of thoughts I am to think and how long it will take to change my circumstances."

"Your condition will not change till *you* change it," I responded. "You made every one of your circumstances, and you alone can unmake them."

"What!" ejaculated my visitor. "What! Do you mean to tell me that I am responsible for my father losing his money, for the abuse of my family, for being as good as turned into the street—for—for——" And now words failed and sobs took their places. Then she added: "I don't see how you can be so cruel!"

"This seems to you a bitter statement," I went on, "but it is God's truth, and there can be no success, no real happiness until we have

learned it. We are all in the same boat, dear. You must not think of yourself as the only one in the world who has muddled her affairs."

"But I was told that if I came here you would tell me just what thoughts to think and what things to say to bring me prosperity. Why, your doctrine is worse than old-fashioned Calvinism."

"You will think differently after a while," I answered. "When you want to seek the kingdom of God for the righteousness you will find in it, and not for the money you will get out of it, you will be a very different woman from what you are to-day."

"And that is all you can tell me?" said the dilapidated one.

"Not quite. I see that you are *very* careless about your personal appearance. I tell you frankly that if you were to apply to me for employment as a music teacher, I should not be inclined to help you."

"Do you know you are insulting me?" my companion inquired.

It was such a feeble protest, made evidently to satisfy a conventionalism of long standing, and was so pitiful, that I put my arms about her and drew her toward me.

"You know that is not true," I answered. "Just in this one matter you are your own worst enemy."

"But some folks have good clothes," was the trembling response, "but I haven't anything."

"You can at least hitch your garments together and pin your hat on straight. You certainly needn't wear a veil that looks like a wet rag, and you can brace up and appear as if you were at least half alive. One more thing. Your body is the temple of the living God, and as long as that is off plumb you cannot enjoy the self-respect which is necessary to a steady growth in happiness and prosperity."

"This is a dose, and a very different dose from what I expected," said the retiring visitor, as she straightened her hat before the hall mirror and buttoned her gloves; "and," she added, "I *think* I am obliged to you."

I shall see this friend again some day, but when I passed up the stairs it occurred to me that I did not even know her name.

MARGARET MESSENGER.

IF, after you have given, you are wounded because you are not thanked or flattered or your name put in the paper, know then that your gift was prompted by vanity and not by love, and you were merely giving in order to get; were not really giving, but grasping.—JAMES ALLEN.

WISDOM.

Much has been said and written about the superiority of intuition, the primacy of experience as directly perceived. It is well to emphasize the value of first-hand experience in contrast with theoretical interpretations of it. There is every reason in favor of the cultivation of the receptivity essential to such experience. The preservation of spontaneity is one of the great needs of life. There is naught to say against this ideal. All reality is, in a sense, primarily immediate, and nothing can take the place of direct, personal acquaintance with the great realities of life.

Yet there is another ideal that is no less important. As valuable as first-hand experience may be, there is additional worth in reconsidered experience. This statement is true even of the most exalted spiritual visions. Experiences which stir us deeply are often too absorbing to be rightly estimated at the time. A subtle illusion pervades our noblest emotions. When we report our visions we are apt to read too much into them, if we simply try to describe their original form. Hence the excesses of mysticism and pantheism. Hence the over-confidence of much popular optimism.

It is often tacitly assumed that because an experience was original, first-hand, an affair of feeling, therefore it was entirely true, precisely as it came. It is also assumed that a person cannot be deceived who has once dedicated himself to intuition. The fact that a statement is made on the authority of intuition is often taken to mean that it is infallible. Now I do not wish to cast the least suspicion upon those who are deeply in earnest to discover and to voice intuition. No doubt intuition is, ideally speaking, practically infallible. In general, to be guided by intuition is to follow the highest, purest guidance that ever comes to man. It is not our most conscious reasoning processes that give us our loftiest truths, but our quick insights, our spiritual discernment. Yet to compare the utterances of varied types of people who quote intuition as their authority is to discover that there are grades and degrees of success in the discovery and expression of intuition; hence that infallibility is still an ideal. No doubt the original prompting is profoundly true and genuine; but one is not always in a mood either to discern or to report it correctly. The assumption that I am here analyzing is the claim that impressionism is the truest form of expression of immediate experience. The mere impression may be relatively superficial. The deep truth implied in the experience is rather to be discovered by sober second thought. The new first thought may be unduly colored by merely personal enthusiasm, emotion, and inclina-

tion. But genuine guidance is disinterested. It is more apt to speak through our calmer moments. Hence a higher ideal stands out before us, the ideal of Wisdom.

By this term I do not mean what is called "mere intellect." Nor do I mean cold criticism, but deep, moderate, comprehensive, and, above all, appreciative thought—thought that has been enriched by experience. Hence Wisdom grows not out of mere theorizing, but out of life. It is a peculiar and altogether wonderful combination of reason and the spirit.

Sometimes when one sits quietly observing a company of people who are talking about the more serious concerns of life, one notices a striking difference between the speakers. Some have a ready flow of thoughts, and seem able to carry everything before them, on account of their command of facts and ideas. But there are others who say little, in a quiet, incidental way, usually in the lulls when the more eloquent people are pausing for breath. The utterances of these thoughtful observers who sit on the outskirts of the blare and bluster of life are not heralded by claims of any sort, and they are sometimes almost drowned by the general din. Yet it is these utterances that appeal to and abide with us. Perhaps you and I have met scarcely half a dozen men and women whom we have set down as "wise." But our ideal is to be like these few. All else is mere pretension in comparison. In our heart of hearts we feel that a man really knows when he has *lived*. Whatever his inspiration may have been, the confirmation which experience gives is far greater. The wise man's intuitions have met the test of everything that can be brought to bear against them. Hence they bear the power of authority. Hence they inspire confidence.

Our Divine Father is often spoken of as essentially "Love." Here, again, one can take away nothing. But Swedenborg speaks of the Lord as "the Divine Love and Wisdom." One sees that Swedenborg is right. Without perfect Wisdom there cannot be perfect Love. The Divine Love is never "blind"; it is light, and it illumines. We need only renew our ideal of the all-wise Father in order to correct the misapprehensions which I am here analyzing.

The proposition may be laid down that, for us mortals, nothing can be adequately, truly known until it is calmly reconsidered. No experience, no proposition, is absolutely true as it stands, alone, but must be put with its complement. To compare and discover the richer meaning of our deepening insights and experiences is to pass to a higher region than that in which the people dwell who advocate mere first-handedness, whether it be intellectual or spiritual.

Many people mistakenly suppose that there is no alternative be-

tween the immediate experience or discernment, on the one hand, and what they condemn as mere intellect on the other. But there are several alternatives. Illumined reason is decidedly superior to the sort of intuition that is ordinarily popular. Those who pass from experience to experience, from prophet to prophet, and from teaching to teaching, without discovering by comparison what is wise in each, miss the deeper meaning not only of life, but of the spirit itself. In this connection comparisons are not "odious," but are the only sure guide as to what is permanently true. To follow prophet after prophet simply because one "feels" that his teaching is true, is to pursue surfaces, not realities.

In the long run, mere feeling is a less safe guide than mere intellect; the genuinely trustworthy guide is Wisdom.

Such being the ideal, how is it to be realized? In the first place, Wisdom differs in a marked respect from most of the treasures of life; it absolutely cannot be imitated, put on, or counterfeited. A man who is gifted with a ready tongue, or who sweeps people before him with his eloquence, his exuberance of feeling, or his dominating personality, may seem to be what he is not. Half the learned people in the world are accredited with the possession of what they have not. Half the "spiritual" people are supposed to be what they are not. But no man can pass himself off as wise. Hence Wisdom is not to be won at a leap; it cannot be attained by affirmation. One may, indeed, pray fervently for and receive guidance. But guidance is not yet Wisdom. Wisdom is not in any sense a gift.

We may, however, prepare for its coming. The few men we have met who were really wise have taught us how to begin. For they sat there amid the praters and devotees of mere feeling, in a calm, dispassionate attitude. What they uttered was spoken quietly, even conservatively, with no desire to be impressive. They were men of composure, poised, moderate, abounding in an admirably gentle humility. Such composure is an affair of slow growth; such poise is the result of many a victory. The moderation is not put on for the occasion, but is habitual; it comes after passion has subsided. The humility is a crowning characteristic of genuine knowledge.

Need a man wait until he is gray-haired ere he can be wise? Not at all. Wisdom begins with the beginnings of self-control, equanimity, verification, and, above all, with the dawning of reason. It begins with insight, and by this term I mean a higher function than what is popularly known as intuition. For insight is possible only when one possesses not merely intuition, but knowledge of laws and principles by which to discern the meaning of things. Wisdom takes account of the actual facts of life, does not shut its eyes to anything. As compared

with what usually passes current as optimism and pessimism, it may be defined as veritism; it is bent on knowing the *truth* of things. Wisdom is strong in faith, hope, and cheer, despite the facts which would overthrow the faith of the typical optimist. Wisdom quietly observes events and people, then as quietly arrives at reasoned conclusions, based on discernment of their profound significance. The wisdom of things is their law, their profoundest affinity and love.

The ideal of Wisdom, then, is illumined reason. And the moral is easily seen. Hold your experiences in solution. Let your intuitions season. Take your prophets under observation. Permit your emotions to cool. Be no less spontaneous meanwhile. Give forth your first impressions. Do not quench the spirit. But do not too highly estimate your "wonderful experiences." Do not fall into the delusion which besets the people who make a hobby of spirituality, namely, the notion that they are a little better than other folks, that whatever they happen to utter is so sacred in the first form in which it comes that no one may tamper with it. The scholar who is condemned as merely "intellectual" sets a better example. The master of a branch of learning already knows enough to discern how little he knows. Hence he is humble, and humility is a large part of wisdom.—HORATIO W. DRESSER, in *Unity*.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER.

"Since reading your book, 'The Prevention and Cure of Old Age,' you really show up quite differently than you did before reading it. I got an idea from the title that you were almost a fool.

"I suppose if some one had told me a few years ago that my wife could personally speak to me from Chicago, and I could hear her voice in New York asking me to put a shirtwaist and a pair of glasses in my trunk which she had forgotten, I should have exploded with merriment.

"Do you see the analogy?

"Well, I am inclined to believe that if folks will heed what you say they will live a good deal longer than they do now, and much more comfortably, and, of course, they would be better looking. Say, can't you get up something to make a homely man handsome?"

MR. GEORGE F. BRADSTREET has some other properties adjudged particularly fine by those who claim to know values. Some of our friends will doubtless want some more New Era stock now that it has reached the dividend-paying basis.

If these friends will write to this office, they will be furnished with all particulars.

OSTEOPATHIC LIMITATIONS.

Now that the laity is becoming conversant with the practice of osteopathy and its virtues, the question arises, "What are its limitations?"

The supposition that the osteopath treats only the bones and chronic diseases is an illusion; true, it is the bones, in the average case, that when treated relieve the condition, but the all-important fact that should not be lost sight of is that the bones are pressing on the nerves, and that it is really the removal of this pressure that restores health.

The blood-supply to every organ, and also every other part of the body, is dependent upon these nerves, and one can readily grasp what pressure or cutting off of nerves signifies.

Now any organ that has an imperfect blood-supply, active or passive, is in an abnormal state; but the cause is the impinged nerves. Hence the osteopath, by treating bones, removes the cause, which is more logical than treating each symptom as it arises.

The osteopath, therefore, by his control of the nerve and blood-supply, is able to handle any known chronic or acute disease, and it cannot be truthfully said that there is any limit to osteopathy, the greatest science of the present century.

A concise brochure on osteopathy has just been published, and any one desiring a copy may obtain one upon application.

CECIL R. ROGERS, D.O.

275 CENTRAL PARK WEST.

THE COLD "CATCHES" US.

BY DR. FRANCIS T. BOND, A LONDON EXPERT.

The really important question is, In what does predisposition consist? We talk of a man "catching a cold." But it would be more correct and equally graphic to say that the cold has "caught" the man. For it does catch him unawares and often when he least anticipates it. But no cold ever caught any man unless he had first prepared the ground for it by a careful process of fertilization.

No amount of mere exposure to a low temperature alone will cause a "cold" in a perfectly healthy man, in whom the product of wear and tear of nerve and muscle, with adequate excretion of waste products, on the one side, is evenly balanced by food-supply and exercise on the other. Where this equilibrium does not exist, such exposure then operates as a "chill."

Now, who are the people who are liable to catch cold? Not those

whose dietary is so carefully adjusted to the work they have to do that there is no opportunity for the accumulation of unused foodstuffs in their tissues; but those who, in the better-fed ranks of society, eat and drink more than they need to meet the daily requirements of their bodily activity, and are thus continually storing up in their tissues and excreting organs material which, if appropriately used, would form valuable ammunition for the development of energy either of body or mind, but which, when stored beyond a certain point, has to be blown off in a "cold," or a "bilious attack," or in a more pronounced fit of gout.

SOME folks say it is all a matter of a new birth from above, and that all this "thrashing around the mud" doesn't help you a bit. They say as a child is born the breath is breathed into its nostrils and it becomes a living child, and the "second birth" will be like unto it.

But why doesn't the breath breathe a dead-born child? There is just as much air, divine and otherwise, around the dead born as around the living one. But the dead baby doesn't *take* its breath. There is all the difference.

It *is* the divine breath that lives us. But we must *take* it in order to be lived by it.

Everything you want, dearie, is in the air, ready to transform you and live you—if you'll only *take* it.

How? Right in through your lungs. Breathe, BREATHE.

And breathe for a definite purpose. Stand up and *take* health and wealth. Inflate yourself with it and give it a chance to live you! It will.

A baby that is dead born doesn't want to breathe. But the doctor will shake it and expand and contract its lungs until the baby begins to take breaths on its own account.

When *you* are half dead you don't want to breathe. But that's no reason for dying completely—just do a little "artificial respiring" until you come to life and *enjoy* breathing.

Breathing is a mental act, and you get out of the air *just what you think* into it. Take deep, slow, full, *even* draughts of health, happiness, and success, and they will bring you to life.—ELIZABETH TOWNE, in *Nautilus*.

MANY thanks to the friends who supplied us with the May, 1903, numbers. We have more than enough now, and will gladly return those that are not needed to our obliging readers, if they will send their addresses. The ability to furnish these copies was not only a business help but a heart-warmer.

Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION

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

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

MARCH—PISCES.

Look in your "Zodiac" and see what it will tell you about yourselves. If you do not own one, you can be supplied at this office or at any first-class book-store in the English-speaking world. The Pisces character is full of surprises.

OUR readers are very kind in helping the IDEA to send out sample copies. They may be sure that there is very grateful appreciation at this end of the line. One ten-cent piece from one person once in a while helps the good work along wonderfully, and it is a personal heart-ener also.

SYLMAR

A friend states that she is very fond of this olive-oil upon salads, but dislikes to take it by the teaspoonful as the exigencies of her condition seem to make necessary. She can take any amount on a salad. Will this be likely to serve the purpose?

Certainly, and especially if used on vegetable salads. A dressing of Sylmar, lemon-juice, and a dash of honest cayenne pepper cannot be surpassed for healthfulness or deliciousness.

This is not a warning against other salads, chicken, lobster, etc., but a suggestion that the most comfort is to be found in simplicity. Conglomerate dishes contribute to indigestion and congestion, and are the cause of the abnormal abdominal growths which we meet at every turn. These conditions can be perceptibly diminished by a lighter diet and a daily, generous use of Sylmar olive-oil.

THE COMMONWEALTH REDUCTION COMPANY.

It looks to *me* and many others as if this was one of the biggest propositions before the world to-day.

Make a note right here that I do not say it *is* so.

I have just witnessed a wonderful experiment, viz., the transformation of some low-grade copper ore into marketable copper by the Gardiner process. It is as easy as breathing, when one has the chemical knowledge to do it.

When I say "one of the biggest propositions," I mean because of its absolute necessity to the world's progress and the phenomenal cheapness of its manufacture.

The ore was ground to about thirty mesh and then subjected to the action of four chemicals, resulting in a complete extraction of the copper in less than thirty minutes, leaving the residue clean and ready to sell as a by-product. The solution was then treated with iron, and in ten minutes more the copper—practically pure—was gathered in the bottom of the pan.

When one considers that the old methods took hours where this process accomplishes the same result in minutes, and the fact that what I saw at this demonstration is now being done in commercial quantities, it seems to me there must be a great future for the company.

Should any of my readers be interested, I am sure they are welcome to call on the company and witness a similar demonstration, and the company will, if you write me, be glad to furnish samples of the ore, copper precipitates, and the residue. They make an interesting addition to one's cabinet.

SINGLE SIGNS.

Let not our readers confound these descriptions of character with the usual twenty-five-cent fortune-telling slips.

"The Single Signs" are taken from the "Influence of the Zodiac upon Human Life," the only simplified, natural, and unsuperstitious astrology ever published. The book sells for \$1; the signs, twenty-five cents each.

These signs were prepared for the benefit of those who might not feel like spending a dollar on an experiment and who had some curiosity to learn something of themselves.

By sending twenty-five cents, month, and day of month—year not necessary—this information will be promptly forwarded. It is, however, only fair to state that those who send for their own description almost invariably return for the book, that they may discover their family and friends.

"SHE THAT WAS."

"Your ears must have burned to-day," said Mrs. Miller, after the noon-meal was over and we were comfortably disposed upon the piazza, she in her favorite rocker and I in the most comfortable of hammocks.

"That means, I suppose, that somebody has been talking about me."

"Yes, Mary Swift and me. Some day, when she was here working, she must have overheard something we were saying. Among other things, she said that she guessed you were mighty independent, and she wondered how any woman could have much of a mind of her own when the law was so down on her and St. Paul so opposed to her having any say. I was never so surprised in my life as when I heard that girl talk about the Bible. She told me she had to hide hers, because Bill had threatened to burn it up if he ever got hold of it.

"Says I to her: 'What do you live with such a wretch for?'

"Why, he's my husband, isn't he?' says she.

"Well, what of that?' says I.

"Oh! she did make me so mad when she repeated that mean little verse, 'Wives, obey your husbands.' Those words have made more trouble for women with consciences than anything else I know of."

"What did you say to her?" I inquired.

"What could I say to her?" the dear woman responded. "I didn't want to take St. Paul's character away from him, seeing she thought so much of him, and I never know just how far to go in my condemnation of Bill. I went as easy as I could to-day, for, my! wasn't that poor girl on the tenterhooks! I never saw her in such a state."

"Anything new?" I asked.

"It seems so to me, but she didn't say anything. She's going to see if she can help me a bit to-morrow, and I promised her, my dear, that she should have a nice talk with you."

"All right. How's the baby?"

"If I'm any judge, that child is better."

Mrs. Miller's tone might have been called a laughing minor—pleasure and sorrow were so inextricably mixed.

"That young one has been as good as dead to me ever since it was born," my companion resumed, "and, as it seemed the only way for Mary to get out of her troubles, I didn't like to have the funeral so long postponed. But I suppose God knows best."

"What evidences of mending did you see?" I asked.

"Well, when I spoke to her she looked at me, and once she really

smiled—Mary says she has done that several times lately—and then, why! the little spook took some warm milk just like a human baby!"

"It would be strange," I commented, more to myself than my companion.

"It certainly would," echoed Mrs. Miller; "and, as I look into my heart, I really believe it is not the way that I should have managed."

There was a call from the house now, and the busy housekeeper arose to leave.

"Lor sakes!" she exclaimed, leaning over me and taking my face in her dear motherly hands; "the strangest part of the news I came pretty near running off without telling you. Listen! *That baby is being treated by a Christian Scientist down in the village!* What do you think of that? Mary says that Muetta began to improve immediately after the first treatment. You are speechless. I knew you would be. Of course, it is all rot—I couldn't believe a word of it if it was to save me from the gallows. I'll be back after a spell. You had better take a little nap—that is, if you can after this last thunderbolt."

It was evident that Mrs. Miller had booked me as a scoffer. As near as I could remember, this question had never been discussed during the several weeks that I had been at the farm.

When planning my summer vacation, I had decided to give and take as much comfort as I possibly could. I would not discuss theories or endeavor to force my convictions upon others in the way of instruction or prescription—enthusiasm had frequently led me into such paths, and I had found them difficult to travel. This summer I would rest, and, as far as lay in my power, would rest God's way.

For a real good rest there is nothing like putting your opinions to bed—and allowing them to stay there. This gives an opportunity for principles to have some exercise.

As I reclined, softly swinging in the sun-kissed shadow of the broad piazza, emerald-blue and white fleece above me, all shades of green about me, bees buzzing, robins strutting on the lawn, with every outward thing as beautiful and satisfactory as the hand of the Infinite could make it, I wondered from whence came the little thorn that occasionally pricked me. After a careful hunt for the intruder, I discovered that it was the small, three-lettered word "rot," which Mrs. Miller had used in characterizing her views of Christian Science. Once found, it was easy to dismiss, although the anticipation of more unwholesome nouns and variegated adjectives was not agreeable.

It did not take long for me to understand that neither to-morrow nor next week were any of my business, and if Mrs. Miller stirred herself up in this matter, as so many have done before her, it should not affect me.

Just then Mr. Miller came strolling along.

"Well," said he, "I hope you are having a peaceable time. Things have been a-biling with me, and no mistake. Bill Swift was found dead drunk in the village, with a busted skull, and has been taken to the hospital. The doctor asked me to go up and tell his wife, and I—Lord! Margaret, I was never so surprised in my life! When I had finished she looked at me for a minute, and then, with not a sign of a quiver:

"Did you say broken, Mr. Miller?"

"Yes," says I. "I guess it's what they call a fracture or something like that."

"Do they think he'll get well?" says she.

"I guess they can't tell yet," says I, "because they haven't had time to examine him thoroughly; but he is unconscious. I was told to tell you not to go to the hospital," says I, "for you wouldn't be let to see him if you did."

"Then you are sure he can't get out to-night?" says she, her big eyes looking me through.

"Dead certain!" I told her, "and as likely as not for a good many nights, if ever."

"Well, then, Mr. Miller," says she, "I am going to sleep. I haven't had a whole night's sleep since I married Bill Swift. It was impossible to sleep when he was out, because I was always expecting him in; and I couldn't sleep when he was in, for deadly fear of what he in his awful cruelty might do."

"I dunno what she looked like when she clasped her hands over her head and cried out: 'Oh, sleep, sleep, blessed sleep! How I have longed and prayed for one single night's sleep, and now I can have it!'"

"That beat any theatre performance I ever attended," and now the dear man dashed a tear from his eye and turned his back upon me for a moment.

"Wall," he resumed, "I naturally put my foot down that she shouldn't stay alone in that hole. At first she was inclined to be obstinate, but when I told her that she had got so used to listening and expecting Bill that she would just keep at it from force of habit, she allowed that she and the b—aby would come down to Mr. Miller's house and spend the night. She'll be wagging along presently. Mother will tuck her up, and we will all make her welcome."

"Did the doctor tell you what he thought of the man's chances?" I asked.

"Slim" was the word he used; and I—well, I—I really do hope that Mary will have the sleep she is so hungry for."

"Did you hear that Muetta was improving, Mr. Miller?" I inquired.

"Yes, under Christian Science treatment," he replied, "and I am pretty nigh struck dumb; but, Margaret, I want to tell you something. Right here is where I plant my feet. If Dr. Hall had been called to that young one and she commenced to mend, I should give Dr. Hall the credit. For the same reason I must give this doctor the credit, though I have no more idea how the thing is done than that crow squawking over there. But, Margaret, anybody that can put life into and a layer of fat onto that skeleton will never have any back talk from me."

This was the pure, unadulterated logic of justice, a quality so rare that it constantly compelled my admiration.

"Stephen," said I, with a little bunch in my throat, "you are a very satisfactory—farmer. You go to the root of things, and I'm proud of you."

"Well, well, I'll be jiggered!" said Stephen; and his tone was one of great surprise.

MARGARET MESSENGER.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HECLA MINING COMPANY.

404 KITTREDGE BLOCK, DENVER, COLO.

To the Stockholders of the Hecla Mining Company:

During the past six months the work of development has been carefully and thoroughly done under the direction of competent mining engineers and experts. While the results achieved have been very encouraging, yet the progress has been apparently slow. The management has been extremely careful not to go any faster than the resources of the company would warrant.

In view of the brilliant prospects that seem to be almost within our grasp, it has been difficult for us to restrain our zeal in our desire to hasten results. Our stockholders have been very patient, and we believe we have their confidence. There have been remarkably few grumblers. Most of them do not expect miracles, but naturally want to feel assured that we are doing the very best we can. We have always taken you into our confidence and endeavored to keep you informed as to our progress and prospects. If money came in slowly, we

cut down our working force and frankly told you the reason for it. We have repeatedly called on you to help us, and some have responded nobly. For this we have felt extremely thankful, and every dollar has been expended to the very best of our judgment. We have no regular stockbrokers to sell our stock. We cannot afford to accede to their demands. Our agents have been from our own stockholders, and we have paid them what we considered liberal commissions, for the "laborer is worthy of his hire." During the last few months, probably owing to the widely circulated articles on "Frenzied Finance," stock selling has been slow, and we have therefore been compelled to cut down our working force to the smallest limit. This, of course, delays development and postpones the time for paying dividends.

We therefore feel obliged to call on all stockholders to cordially cooperate with us and assist us to dispose of our treasury stock. This call is not directed to those few faithful workers who have heretofore responded so willingly, but to the many who have been indifferent, who have bought stock and have put it away and thought no more about it. Do you realize that the property we are working is *your* property as much as ours? Our interest in no way differs from yours. You, as stockholders, have elected us directors and have given us the control of the company; but we get no pay for our services. Any of you may be chosen at the next meeting to take our places. We repeat, we are managing *your* property. What are you doing to help us? You are a partner in this business. *Don't be a drone! Do something!* Do you ask, "What can we do?" We answer—MUCH! It is something if you give us kind thoughts and good wishes. It is more if you speak a good word for us. It is better still if you send out some of our printed matter with a letter to your friends. It is best of all if you act as an agent for us and help sell our stock, so we can more rapidly push our work and get returns on the money we have invested.

Perhaps some of you can increase your holdings a little. If you have bought through some other stockholder, send your subscription to them again. It will encourage and help them. If they should get a little commission on your purchase, you will not begrudge it to them. You can get the same if you will sell to any one else. Write to us and ask for printed matter. Help us in every way you can, for by so doing you are helping yourselves.

Cordially yours,

THE HECLA MINING COMPANY.

HENRY SCHWARTZ, *President.*

GEO. C. NORRIS, *Vice-President.*

LEWIS WILLIAMS, *Secretary.*

MRS. PEPPER.

"DEAR ELEANOR KIRK: Will you give us your opinion in regard to the propriety of having such a woman as Mrs. May Pepper in the capacity of spiritual pastor over a popular church?"

"Of course you have read all the pros and cons and have investigated the woman's record. I cannot believe in her mediumship. Certainly, if 'spiritual things are spiritually discerned,' Mrs. Pepper cannot see them."

The concession to churchism in establishing a minister over a congregation of investigators seems to me a very unwise performance. It has the appearance of an endeavor to build up a popular and paying institution by somewhat questionable means. A church and a pastor suggest to the superficial thinker a certain respectability, which the spiritualistic cult seems to have lacked.

To begin with, there is absolutely no religion in spiritualism *per se*. All sorts and conditions of men of every clime and every possible shade of belief or no belief are trying to find out whether there is life and intelligence beyond the grave, and if those from whom we are so separated can communicate with us.

Spiritualism is a philosophy, and its exponents are endeavoring to make it a science. It has no more to do with religion than have the experiments of Elmer Gates or any other laboratory worker.

"Spiritual things are spiritually discerned," quotes our correspondent. That is true, but the message of the usual so-called spirit is not spiritual.

"Tell my mother to give five hundred dollars to John," the spirit perhaps requests, after establishing reasonable proof of his identity.

"Tell Jim to bring me a pail of water," says the mother on this side of the supposititious chasm.

Isn't one communication as spiritual as the other?

I would not be understood as saying that there are no religious people among spiritualists. That is not the point. It is that spiritualism is not religiously cohesive.

"Are there spirits and can these spirits make themselves known to their friends under certain conditions?"

This is the main question. If a full-fledged devil with hoofs and horns were credited with being able to answer it, it would take a dozen Aurora Grata cathedrals to provide room for the audiences that would besiege its doors.

Goodness does not enter into the proposition at all. Two of the best mediums I ever knew were Slade and Foster. Foster smoked the

longest and fattest cigars he could find all the time he was in the séance-room, besides taking a drink of something strong at intervals; and Slade—well, it would take a more than Solomon to tell what he didn't do. But the communications were most puzzlingly correct in both cases.

Now I am not personally acquainted with Mrs. Pepper, and I have *not* investigated her record. That she is a marvellous psychic I thoroughly believe, and that is all that concerns me.

ELEANOR KIRK.

113 ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.,
January 7, 1905.

DEAR MRS. KIRK: I suppose, like other marksmen, it is a gratification to you to know that your shots count, that you hit the target, proving that you have a good gun, good ammunition, and that you are true in your aim.

All this is preliminary to saying that I appreciate your article, "1905," in your January *IDEA*. With your "repeating" rifle of intelligent energy, continue hitting the bull's-eye of the target of ignorance with your bullets of truth, until people are convinced that time is simply the little notches we cut on the stick of eternity as a stay to our weakness, and that really it has no significance or even existence in fact.

When we comprehend that there is no boundary to space—abundance of room for all of us; that there is no limit to duration—plenty of time in which to do everything; that we never have, and it is inconceivable that we ever shall reach, the point where we cannot learn one thing more; when all human experience tends to prove that there are an infinite number of things for us yet to learn, leading us to the inevitable conclusion that, among other things, it is the peculiar province of the Controlling Power of the Universe to supply us this unending feast of knowledge as fast as we are disposed to accept and assimilate it—no argument for immortality is needed; to doubt it is nonsense closely akin to blasphemy. Rightly directed, existence resolves itself into constant pursuit of the one illimitable, imperishable, priceless possession, true knowledge, which, properly applied, supplies all our needs.

Saturated with this idea, people constantly grow away from the mirage of poverty, sin, sickness, suffering, and death, which are but the shadows of the various forms of ignorance. Then the understanding of your other article, "You," becomes easy—that each one is a separate individual and must study the lesson of his burden-book until knowledge

proves to him the uselessness of such impedimenta. One may try to carry the burdens of others and load himself down without relieving the others a particle. You may tell another how to drop his burden, and, if he is ready to do so, good will result; but here's the rub—how many are there who do not insist on keeping these troubles and burdens, simply to have something to talk about with their friends, and as "sympathy" extractor from their doctors and their ministers, or as an excuse for revenge through their lawyers and the courts?

Can you liberate people until they want to be free? Can you break the chains of apathy and "I can't"? I hope so. You have an excellent broom and wield it mightily, but the ocean is vast. However, look on what you do accomplish, not on what eludes you. Success to you, and may we all have a helping hand! Yours truly,

D. KIMBALL.

OUR SYLMAR.

A GROWING INDUSTRY AMONG THE OLIVE PICKERS AT SAN FERNANDO.

In the wide, open, sun-kissed San Fernando Valley, under the bases of the rock-ribbed Sierra Madres, the olive crop has come to maturity, and the pickers are now busily at work, gathering the purple fruit and sending it to the mill to be converted into the most delicious oil known to commerce.

San Fernando is the centre of the olive industry of California. Here, beside the ruined walls of San Fernando Mission, are the oldest trees in the State, set out by the good fathers over one hundred years ago; and here is situated the great Sylmar olive ranch, the largest in the world, with its 2,000 acres of land and 120,000 trees in actual bearing, whose product, at the recently closed St. Louis Fair, pitted against that of all the world—France, Italy, Spain, Greece, Turkey, Portugal, Austria—won the grand prize over all.

An olive ranch of 2,000 acres is a pretty big affair. One may look through vistas of olive-trees three miles long, thousands of them.

The grove lies two miles from the station at San Fernando, at the base of the mountains. A friend had invited us up to see the picking, and his glossy black mare, Beauty, hitched to a rubber-tired buggy, bore us over the intervening space as swiftly and almost as silently as a bird flies.

There are good roads in the San Fernando Valley, loamed or oil-sprinkled, a paradise for wheelmen. We rode between orange- and lemon-trees laden with fruit, between English walnuts still in full leaf

but robbed of their nuts (which have been very abundant this season), between "wind breaks" and hedges of tall eucalyptus and cedar, and then out upon the unimproved, cactus-sown waste, which looks like a desert, but which, with a little water, will blossom like the rose, and is worth from \$150 to \$200 per acre just as it is. And then came the olive-trees, in mathematically straight lines, the leaves a deep, glossy green above, beneath a sheeny, silvery white, with the purplish black, a chocolate-colored fruit hanging in clusters between.

A pile of boxes, each holding about fifty pounds of olives, marked where the pickers were at work, and thither Black Beauty bore us. Perhaps a dozen little brown men, in charge of a white foreman, were here employed picking the olives, using step-ladders for the operation. It is necessary to employ Japanese, we learned, because white help is so unreliable. "They will leave you without a moment's notice, just when you need them most," said our informant. The Japs work by the piece, getting \$11 a ton for picking.

There are three varieties of olives at Sylmar—Manzanillo, Nevadillos, and Mission.

The first-named and the last are best for pickling, and the Nevadillos for oil, the latter having yielded as high as forty gallons to the ton of fruit. Olives for pickling are gathered while green.

The olive blooms in May, and the fruit ripens in the autumn or early winter, according to the season or variety.

Last year the Sylmar ranch produced about sixteen hundred tons of fruit. This year it will fall far short of that—because this is an "off year," and perhaps because the extra drought of the last few years is beginning to affect the trees. Ordinarily the olive-tree does not require irrigation.

While we have been learning these things, the boxes have been steadily filling, and a man drives up to remove them to the mill for grinding and pressing out the oil. This is on one side of the property, adjoining the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks, and we follow the wagon down there to view the process.

The mill is a long, low building, painted white, that impresses us as being scrupulously clean without and within. On one side is a long room, extending the whole length of the building, containing the vats in which the olives are pickled. On the other side is the crusher, consisting of two great rollers that move around in a cone-shaped bed and crush the fruit without breaking the pit, and the hydraulic press in which the crushed pulp is laid up in cheeses something like "pomace" in a cider press and squeezed out by hydraulic pressure. Water comes out with the oil, but the latter quickly rises to the top and is transferred to the settling tanks.

From there it is taken to the filters, where every atom of foreign matter is taken from it.—CHARLES B. TODD, in *Los Angeles Times*.

THE COOKING SCHOOL.

Truly, if the IDEA did have a pain in its stomach, it would not sign a letter "Dyspeptic," as is the one before me. What awful names people do call themselves! Here is another with "Afflicted" appended.

Neither one of these otherwise intelligent women would admit that in owing to such dreadful names they were also instrumental in localizing and fastening their complaints.

But this is not a preach column, and "Dyspeptic" shall be attended to in the IDEA's best style and with the IDEA's best wishes. This is the communication:

"DEAR IDEA: I suffer fearfully with my stomach. The things that other people enjoy and digest might be gravel or pig-iron as far as my ability is concerned to digest them. Now I want something made of meal—white meal, not yellow—without eggs or sugar, that can be eaten with butter, cream, or maple syrup. Do you know any such recipe?

"Your true friend,

"DYSPEPTIC."

The IDEA knows to a dot just what is wanted. The fact is, the IDEA was more or less brought up on this diet. It is called Rhode Island johnny cake, and by some persons, especially native New Yorkers, is sometimes denominated "chicken feed."

Pour *boiling* water over two cups of meal until every grain is thoroughly scalded. Then add enough milk for a soft batter, and a little salt. Do not scald the salt with the meal, because it tends to harden it. Heat a griddle very hot, grease it with oil—Sylmar, if you have it—and bake like buckwheat or batter cakes. The johnny cakes should be about half an inch thick. Bake brown on both sides and butter and eat as soon as done. Nothing goes so well with creamed codfish as these down-East concoctions.

Some of our readers do not seem to understand why one kind of raising material in the manufacture of bread and rolls is not as good as another. One especially refractory pupil has declared off and on for some months that just as good and healthful bread could be made of one kind as another.

The IDEA, feeling sure that the lady had not made any personal tests, asked her to experiment with both and send the result to headquarters.

The following is her account, and she admits it is a grudging one:

DEAR FRIEND: Your persistence is phenomenal. To make *me* make

bread or superintend the preparation of bread is also phenomenal. You see, I have thought you exceedingly dogmatic in your bread theories. I have eaten with relish rolls prepared by the quick process, and, while I liked the rolls and bread at hotels and restaurants a good deal better than those made at home, I supposed they were all prepared with the same materials, and that the restaurant work was more professional and consequently more attractive in form and taste.

"I was mistaken, and own up. Investigation proves that the things I like best are mostly raised by means of the unchemical yeast which you consider so healthful and so unerring—Fleischmann's compressed. I also found that rolls so constructed are good as long as they last, and that the chemically raised ones are only appetizing when red-hot.

"There is no coherence to the bread loaves—and—well—you are right. Now that you have forced this confession out of me, I hope you will feel better."

Much better, thank you. Coherence in act, speech, and bread is absolutely necessary to health and longevity.

"LIBRA, OR WHAT THE STARS TOLD ELIZABETH."

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

This volume is a practical and romantic supplement to "The Influence of the Zodiac upon Human Life." It is a true delineation in story form of the feminine Libra character, and is recognized as such by every October native who has read the book. Capricorn, Libra's lover, an admirable January gentleman, but quite unfitted to her, is also painted as he is.

All the other persons who figure in the story bring out, in their relations to each other, their most salient astrological faults and virtues, thus making a humorous as well as an instructive romance.

"Libra" furnishes a perfect key to an enjoyable understanding of "The Influence of the Zodiac," and should be read if possible by all who are interested in this most fascinating study.

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"To know rather consists in opening out a way whence the imprisoned splendor may escape, than in effecting entry for a light supposed to be without."

RECIPROCITY, OR SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

It seems to be generally conceded that generous people are born generous and stingy people are born stingy. It may or may not be a matter of heredity, the wise ones tell us, but the presence of these traits in very early childhood proves that education has had no hand in their development.

The prodigal giver is doubtless as much of a menace to himself and others as the person who clutches the dollars. If his gifts prove blessings, "it is more by good luck than good looking to." He loves to dispense, but the process is entirely without wisdom.

The stingy man lacks both love and wisdom. He is dominated by selfishness as the other is controlled by the spirit of waste, and both must mend their manners ere they can truly understand the joys of reciprocity.

We often hear it stated that such a person would "give away his or her head." There is no more virtue in such a mental attitude than there would be in scattering bank-notes to the wind.

There is no happiness in extremes. The distance is too great from the Heart of things.

There are those who are very unequally generous and those who are very unequally close. They give where it will show, or where they are specially interested, and these are they who usually want something for nothing. They will filch your time, borrow your books and forget to return, write long letters for advice without a thought of reciprocity even as big as a postage-stamp.

Now I am not personally particularizing and certainly not complaining. Belonging to the family of prodigals, I am quite well acquainted with the disbursing tendency, and it has taken a good many years to learn how to inject a little common sense into the apparently natural recklessness or unwisdom.

Kindly note the diminutive adjective.

What I am most interested in is the something-for-nothing people themselves, because as long as they are willing to sponge upon others they will remain in darkest ignorance of all that they seek to know.

There is no reciprocity in an apology. It does not make the performance any more honest to say, "I know I should not take up your valuable time," or "Do pardon this intrusion. You see I rely entirely upon your good-nature."

If they know they "should not," why do they? If they know they are intruding, why intrude?

"The sponge is everywhere," said a trained nurse. "You would be

surprised at the people who try to save on their doctor's bills by consulting us.

"What do they use at the hospital for such and such a thing?" "What would you recommend for hoarseness or nervous headache?" "What is the latest treatment for this or that?" "I wish you would run in and see the baby," are a few of the hints and invitations constantly received. There are neighborly kindnesses which every generous person delights to render, but the things I speak of are chronic impositions."

A willing equivalent is better than a forced one, but the latter is better than none.

The need that cries out for help when a return is not possible is always met. Some one springs to the rescue. But the need that keeps needing and shows no desire to make recompense of any sort will sooner or later be left to take care of itself. The law of reciprocity cannot always be ignored.

The person who has no desire to give and give back is a dead letter as far as health, comfort, and real success are concerned. Growth in grace is unattainable, and without this there is nothing worth a moment's effort.

One may squeeze the life-blood out of one's neighbor, but it cannot be used by the squeezer. It is all waste.

Some one will doubtless ask:

"But if one hasn't it to give, what then?"

There is hardly a human being, unless he be *in extremis*, who cannot give something for favors received. It may be only a smile, a kind word, an expressed desire to make good. If sincere, there is nothing more necessary.

The law of reciprocity is the law of God and does not exact impossibilities. The *real* love-wish will conquer poverty and every other negative thing.

But as long as people expect something for nothing and throw out their nets to gather in all that is in sight, just so long they will possess nothing worth having.

ELEANOR KIRK

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