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Idea



NEW YORK :: APRIL :: 1905

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Published Monthly.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

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WHY BE A MARTYR?

These bodies must mean something, "science" affidavits to the contrary notwithstanding.

When I have a pain on the roof of my physical structure, I say to myself—perhaps to no one else—

"I have a headache."

Of course exception will be taken to the term "physical structure"—and perhaps with reason. I give it up.

Still there is once in a while something that I really know.

I know that without this blood, bone, and nerve machine, properly or mistakenly called a body, there would be no you, no me, no anything worth mentioning, because there would be nobody to mention it.

I know that if I cut my finger something that appears like a red fluid runs out of it, and that the incision is more or less sore, according to its depth and the condition of the weapon inflicting the wound.

There are such stanch believers in the power of thought that they refuse to pay any attention to such an accident. They will wipe off the red fluid, but this is the only concession they will make.

It occasionally occurs to me that it would be far more scientific to prevent the accident or whatever it may be termed than to be obliged to resort to such heroic treatment; and I cannot understand what harm there can be in a bit of soft linen rag with a little oil upon it, and perhaps a glove-finger to prevent bruising.

These harmless medicaments certainly make one more comfortable, and why shouldn't we get as much comfort as possible out of our environment?

It would be considered all right for a science healer to "treat" such a finger if it became unmanageable. There would be no objection to this among the most rigid practitioners.

A friend scalded her hand while helping in the preparation of dinner. She declared it of no account and went on with her work exactly as if nothing had happened. Relief would have been instantaneous had she plunged it into a basin of cold water, but this would have been a

reflection upon omnipotence. At last, in the midst of the meal she was helping to serve, she fell back in a faint which lasted over an hour.

It seems to me that as long as people elect to suffer they will have plenty of it to do.

Again, there are enough large issues to meet and "demonstrate over" without suffering from a cut or a scald which can be put out of the way in a jiffy and without a self-inflicted martyrdom.

Then to be told that there is no sensation in matter and that raw flesh does not hurt is some sort of a misstatement and consequently not true. Matter may be mind, but if the cuticle has been burned off the mind there is trouble in that mental establishment.

God never ordained pain, and all our sufferings are the result of ignorance.

A few weeks ago, going down town in the subway, I remarked to my seat-mate that it was very cold.

This was no lie, as the thermometer was only a very few degrees above zero; but as soon as the words were out of my mouth, I knew that she belonged to one of the demonstrate-over cults. Her nose was red, her lips were blue, and she looked very much as I do when I shiver.

"I feel no cold," she replied. "You know, of course, that there is just as much sun in the world this morning as there ever is."

I replied that I was under the impression that the sun had gone visiting. In fact, I had just received a letter from the Bermudas, saying that he was down there.

"It sometimes seems astonishing, the number of delusions that we cherish," the lady resumed, with a stiffness and formality which were more congealing than the weather; "but when we reflect that the sun is really nothing to us——"

Here the guard sang out, "Seventy-second Street!" and a moment later I had boarded the express and cut short the lecture.

That woman was cold—literally, honestly cold; and it was no disgrace. She was colder than I, for I had on the latest arctics and warm, porous leggings, which she doubtless disdained. I am quite sure her nose would not have been so red had her feet been warm.

I do not think it is either smart or godly to go without rubbers or waterproof shoes in wet weather.

What possible objection can God have to overshoes?

I am, however, really of the opinion that our bodies should be as unmindful of the cold as our faces, and that clothes, if not an invention of the devil, are very uncomfortable and usually very unwholesome. Would that I could add unnecessary, but the race thought and

habit make it impossible. There can, however, be a greater simplicity in dress, and intelligent people are thinking very strongly along this line.

The work of counter-education is a difficult and tedious study, but in this matter, as in many others, we must unlearn before we can learn.

There is a wide gulf between complaint of the cold and misrepresentation of the temperature and its effects. The Ego of me may not be shivering, but something is, and it is not a pleasant sensation.

To adapt ourselves to what seem to be acute conditions must be the part of common-sense. To be comfortable when it is cold and happy when it is hot, to feel very well indeed with a cut or a burn that has been lovingly and simply treated, are all possibilities.

To find fault with the weather, to worry and groan over a small hurt or a large one produce very undesirable conditions, not only upon the grumbler, but upon all who are unfortunate enough to be in the same environment. Such an attitude toward the inevitable is certainly very unscientific.

Equally so is that of the "demonstrating over" individual—the one with the superior, I-know-it-all manner, who declares there is no pain and no matter, but who suffers intensely.

It is a mystery to me why these radicals do not demonstrate over the dirt on their faces. Why should one use water on one's skin when it is a reflection upon omnipotence to use it on a burn?

Why not let thought do all the little odd jobs?

Again, why do them at all when there is really no body to minister to?

Why not think eat, think drink, think sleep?

Now I believe in right thought, but I do not believe in wasting time and nerve-force over the casting out of pain that can be immediately relieved by simple and consequently scientific means.

I also believe in the glorious gospel of common-sense, and am truly proud to say that I dearly love and sincerely respect my own wonderful body. If I wound it I apologize as swiftly as possible and do all in my power to make it comfortable.

I am as opposed to martyrdom as I am to war, and if an apostleship were about to be conferred upon me I would ask to be named the apostle of "*Feel Good*."

Suffering is always caused by *wrong* thought, and the persons who prefer to add to their pain by a determination to "demonstrate over" a condition that can be easily eliminated by a proper consideration of the case are off the track.

At least, this is the way it seems to

ELEANOR KIRK.

PHILOSOPHY OF OSTEOPATHY IN BRIEF.

The human body is a perfect machine, complete within itself for all the work imposed upon it to live; it is automatic, self-adjusting, self-regulating, and even self-restorative when it undergoes damage from bad usage or violence. It is designed by its all-wise Creator to work in comfort without friction, in harmony of its parts, or disease, and, like a machine of wood or iron, so long as its separate parts are each in proper form and adjustment, the whole machine works in good order. It requires no medicine, but good food, fresh air, proper exercise, rest, and cleanliness to keep going, ordinarily in good comfort and strength, for about an eighty-years' journey from the cradle to the grave.

But the body, like all machines, does get out of repair?

How?

Osteopathy has discovered what physicians have for centuries overlooked—that, first, the body gets out of mechanical repair before any resulting disease is tolerated in the body; that disease or sickness is in the main only the state of faulty adjustment and inharmonious balance of the different working parts of this machine; that disease, or pain, or friction of parts, or stoppage of work in our bodies is due specifically to some mechanical obstruction of the blood-supply or nerve-power of the body; and that disease can be cured by removing unnatural pressures and blockades from blood and nerve channels, so that the circulating currents of nerve-life and blood-life can go to the parts being starved and renew their depleted energy and vitality.

How do we get sick?

In a great variety of ways.

From draughts, exposures, vitiated air—that is, faulty environment; or strains, wrenches, twists, as from overlifting; or functional exhaustion, as in overeating and overfatigue, for instance; or from the shocks and jars incident to falls, blows, etc.—force exerted against the body—we find that certain muscles or sets of muscles contract very hard and tight, both causing local soreness or pain and general bodily disorder, which, if neglected, develop into disease.

NO WASTE ROOM IN THE BODY.

A muscle or ligament that contracts will get both shorter and thicker. There is no waste room in the body—every bit of space is exactly filled by some structure. If a muscle or ligament is thickened it will encroach upon some softer structure, like a blood-vessel, and limit or stop its work; or, if a nerve is pinched, irritation may develop

so as to exaggerate its action. If a hose is stepped upon, water will not flow through it; if a telegraph wire is "grounded," it will not transmit a message: so with nerves and blood-vessels when they become abnormally pressed between the bones and muscles, as at disturbed joints in the spine or limbs.

Osteopathy ascertains where characteristic mechanical troubles have developed in the body in every disease—and the diseases due to such causes, in whole or part, are legion. Practically all diseases may be caused by mechanical disturbance. By removing these abnormal conditions osteopathy enables the body to recover from its diseases. It takes the ground that these known and verifiable obstructions to natural bodily processes would better be removed to coax back health than drugging the body in such a way as to hide the effects of such dangerous physical handicaps, which has been the most popular sort of practice in the past. In a word, osteopathy removes the cause; cure naturally follows.—*From Osteopathic Health.*

BRACE UP.

Brace up and be somebody.

You're nobody now but a poor, limp, lopsided, whining, dejected-looking specimen of crushed humanity.

You're not in the least attractive either. You make one think of a tramp or an intoxicated individual.

In reality you're a bright person with brains, but too lazy to use them. Too bad! Too bad!

What's the matter, anyway? Lost all your money? Thank the Lord you haven't got to worry over how to spend it now. Besides, money can be regained.

Is your health bad? Thank the Lord it isn't any worse. Health can be regained, too.

Has some one been mean to you—some one who, you thought, was the salt of the earth? Thank the Lord, there's a cure for broken hearts. It's work, work, work.

Brace up and be somebody.

Don't let the world get a bad opinion of you. Already people are beginning to think that you are no good. For pity's sake, don't let their thoughts come true.

Some place in the future there are peace and joy for you. But you have got to work for them. They never come to a blue, lazy individual.

Perhaps you don't know it, but you're a poor, weak, bad, negative,

destroying force. You drag down and depress, when you might be building up and helping.

Aren't you ashamed of acting so? Even if you don't care about yourself, you ought to have some thought for the people with whom you come in contact. Many of them would like to be somebody, but you stand in the way and prevent them from soaring.

For heaven's sake, brace up!

You're already a splendid example of dejected pessimism. Why not turn over a new volume and illustrate some good, cheerful force?

We all shed an invisible influence over the people that we pass in the journey of life. You may not think so, but it's true. I prefer that my influence should be good. How do you feel about it? Similar?

Then brace up and be somebody.

BENJAMIN KEECH.

AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT EGMONT.

I had been having an argument with myself *re* selfness and selfishness, when, as mostly happens in my inward controversies, some illustrations from life came strongly before me—all quite ignorant of New Thought, and each acting because of its inherent instincts. One, thoroughly selfish, thoughtless for and of others, unless those others ministered to his pleasure—this man steadily and without fuss gained ground, got on, improved his circumstances, and managed to attract to himself whatever or whoever he wanted. All went well for him up to a certain point, and, when he found the fruit of his own sowing, he almost went under altogether—his life a sad example of the utter madness of selfishness.

Another, whose ideas of self were and are mainly material—this man has attracted to himself position and friends, together with the love of all whom he comes in contact with. His is selfness. He has a proper opinion of his own merits, which, together with large love of humanity, keen penetration, and insight into character, have kept the balance and shown him, from a purely intellectual standpoint, the folly of living for self. My soul yearns for the uplifting of this man into spiritual knowledge made manifest in the flesh; and he is getting there. The first example cannot get there in this life. His doom seems to be "outer darkness," which is hell on earth. He seems "possessed" with ideas which make him declare that "New Thought" and "New Thoughts" are sheer humbug, practised only by two classes of people, viz.,

FOOLS AND IMPOSTORS.

The curious part of this case is that this man has very strong evidence of the power of Thought in his own family; but, as Abraham said to Dives in the days gone by, and in realms of both bliss and blasting—judging from the strong heat from which the poor rich man could find no way of escape—"though one should rise from the dead," a possessed human being cannot be convinced. Truly the way of transgressors is hard.

AT THE FOOT OF A HIGH MOUNTAIN.

My friend and I were changing thoughts along these lines, as we surveyed the wondrous beauty of nature, all alive in clear springtime. After a silence, during which we had been questioning the "Invisible," my friend startled me with the question of: "What's your opinion of one who always acted unselfishly, simply because of the pleasure it was to her to see others happy?"

Of course there was only one answer, namely, that such a one had grown through many incarnations to the place of wisdom, where it is more blessed to give than to receive.

"But why," said my comrade, "are these blessed ones almost always taken off the earth?"

Want of conscious knowledge seemed to be the only solution of this mystery. When this Child of Good incarnates once more—which she surely will, experience having taught her that there are such things as

CASTING PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

and sowing seed on stony ground; that one's own machinery is pretty much of a piece with all else physical—that is, *our* body requires care, rest, amusement, pleasure, proper environment, proper change, proper companionship, proper food, proper clothing, proper teaching, etc., etc. All this and much more the soul has to learn before it can properly manage this House of Clay and continue in physical usefulness for any length of time. There is also the question of sensitiveness to be considered—but that we left for another time, as duty called us back to the camp.

F. STUART VOWELL.

MIDHIRST, NEW ZEALAND.

SHE THAT WAS.

There is a great deal of fluent talk in the world about "impressions." We all have them, and when the event proves us correct we feel that we are developing in true psychic order. When it does not we are more or less surprised and make no public mention of the failure.

Mr. Miller's impressions in the case of Bill Swift and family had been that the "Bone," as he was wont even now to call little Muetta, would be buried, and that Bill would put an end to "She that Was" and "swing for it"—a performance which he declared would afford him extreme pleasure.

Mrs. Miller was impressed with the thought of an awful tragedy, while Sam Elkins, the chief officer of the village Spiritualistic Society, had received definite information in regard to the outcome of the case. Communications had been received from Spookville that Bill would murder both wife and child and make a safe escape from the clutches of the law.

"I guess Sam thinks this prophecy comes from Lon—you see, Lon knew the whole tribe; but he ain't said so, probably because I seem so all-fired suspicious when he tells me anything," Mr. Miller had explained several days before Bill Swift's accident. "Now Sam Elkins is a good fellow, Margaret; a real, good-hearted, square man. He's let out a lot of curious things lately. Do you suppose the spirits know how this thing is coming out?"

I replied frankly that I did not, but added that I was open to conviction, and if time proved the correctness of the prophecy I should find it a matter of great interest.

"Time?" said my companion. "But there ain't any time, Margaret. According to Sam, all of these things have got to happen within three weeks at the latest. You ought to see his eyes roll when I tell him that Bill Swift has got to swing. The spirits make no mistakes, he answers, and that settles it. Of course, I dunno whether they do or not, or whether there are any spirits."

Sometimes it seemed to me as if I were viewing these occurrences from afar off. I was in them and not of them. I had felt considerable interest in the "spook meeting-house," as Mrs. Miller called it, and some fear lest Mr. Miller should be persuaded to contribute to the cost of building and subsequent support, but I soon dismissed that as none of my business. My "impression" in this matter amounted to conviction that the farmer was being very fraudulently dealt with.

I have known many good psychics, but I never knew a better one than Mrs. Miller; but she had not the slightest suspicion of her power. It was as natural as the breath she drew. Here is one example of her gift. One day, as we were lingering over dessert and having a very pleasant time, she jumped from her chair, exclaiming:

"For mercy's sake, there's Mr. Spaulding and his wife up at the Four Corners, and they are coming here! I wonder why they chose this time. I'll have to put on a fresh collar and titivate up a little." And with these words she went hastily from the room.

"What does she mean?" I asked Mr. Miller.

"Just what she says," was the laughing response. "They'll arrive on time. I never knew it to fail."

"But she did not see them," I remarked. "There is no view of the Four Corners from here."

"Bless you, no. Mother's always been that way, and she can't explain it any more than I can. When she speaks right out like this it is sure to come true. When she sort o' hesitates and says, I feel as if this or that was going to happen, it may be so and it may be not. I guess that sort o' thing is inherited. They say her mother was born with a caul. It's just as well not to comment on this," my companion added, "for she ain't anyways proud of it."

With this my companion folded a newspaper which lay on a side table and started for the back door.

"But aren't you going to stay and see the company?" I asked.

"I ain't read my morning paper," he responded, dryly; "and then they're not in my set. Mr. Spaulding is our Presbyterian minister, and I never go to church. Mrs. Spaulding wants crochet patterns and new receipts for vittles—poor thing—and the dominie can't talk about anything but the fate of the transgressor and death-beds. I like haymows better. How is it with you?"

For answer I took my sunbonnet from its nail in the hall and went out with him.

The Spauldings arrived, as Mr. Miller said they would, "on time," and I was given one more interesting subject to think about in connection with this most interesting family.

This most wonderful of occult gifts was not apparently held in any esteem by its owner. Indeed, I judged from what Mr. Miller had told me that she was somewhat ashamed of it. To me such a mental condition was totally inexplicable, and I found myself often wondering in what manner the awakening would come; for come it must.

Supper-time came and went the day of the news of Bill Swift's accident, and there was no sign of Mary and Muetta. Mr. Miller took

several trips down the lawn to see if he could see them, and finally said to his wife, who was placidly knitting and humming:

"I hope you saved something nice for poor Mary."

"That's a great thing for you to say to me, Steve Miller," her ladyship replied. "When did you ever catch me without something nice? I've got enough for forty Marys, but this particular Mary won't be here to-night. So you might as well stop your gallivanting to the road. I tell you she is *not* coming."

Mr. Miller gave me a quick look and then said:

"I suppose that settles it; but why ain't she coming? She promised to come."

"I guess she meant to all right," said his wife; "but, Steve, that poor soul is tired to death, and it is my opinion that she lay down for a minute's rest and fell asleep."

"Mebbe I had better take a walk over there," Mr. Miller suggested.

"And spoil her nap? Mary needs sleep a good deal more than she needs visits from the neighbors at the present time. Sit down, Steve, and don't be so fidgety."

Just here I thought I would say something. Perhaps it might tempt my friend into some confession of her peculiar power.

"But there is time enough for her to come," I remarked, carelessly. "It won't be dark for half an hour. She may have found several things that were necessary to do."

To this there was no response. Mrs. Miller was busy counting stitches.

"That's so," said Mr. Miller.

Not a word.

At last, as if the whole affair had passed out of her mind, the dear woman looked up with a smile, saying:

"The grocery boy told me just before supper that the engagement-ring had been found. It seems that Bill Swift sold it to Carter Bliven, who claims not to have known but what everything was all right. He said that one of Sam Elkins's mediums traced it as straight as a string. This was the money that cracked Bill Swift's skull. Medium!" she added, with a sniff. "I wonder what next?"

The glance that Mr. Miller cast upon me was one of supreme intelligence.

"And I say what next?" he remarked.

"I guess there is no end to the what nexts," said I; "and it is particularly comforting at this moment to remember that Emerson did not consider consistency a virtue."

"Just so," said Mr. Miller, with a broad grin.

Mrs. Miller did not appear to understand, but Mary and Muetta did not arrive.

MARGARET MESSENGER.

FROM UGLINESS TO BEAUTY.

A question was asked me not long ago, which is but one of many couched in almost the same words.

Some one who feels himself ugly-looking cannot help being very unhappy about it, and longs for relief.

In "One Year" I have dwelt upon this point at some length, as this was a great sorrow of mine until I took up the science. I had been complimented upon my looks and appearance many times, all my life, but I had believed all these compliments to be an attempt to flatter me, and, instead of being pleased, was indescribably hurt and resentful. I dreaded the gaze of my fellows, and grew red with confusion if they looked at me.

When I began to study the Science of Being, I found almost at once that thought is the forming power in every one everywhere. I grasped quickly that thought is responsible for crime, illness, and disease. Thought has produced the ill-conditions, and a change of thinking will produce a change of conditions. I understood, too, the brooding power in thought; that is, that it made to increase whatever it dwelt upon—good, bad, or indifferent.

Also, that thought is not bound in any way, but can travel all over the universe. That it can go from one person to another without words, actions, or things to carry it. This was as clear to me then as it is now, and acted like a spur upon me, and was sufficient to keep me true to the work of changing my thoughts day by day.

To have found the source and cause of man's miseries to be thought was to find the cure. This conviction regarding man, man's thought, and man's conditions absorbed me more and more as the days passed. I had no time to think of my aches, my pains, my illnesses, my sorrows, or my looks. I considered it a great waste of valuable time. "The more true thoughts that I put out into the world, the more quickly will man be freed from his misery. My body may be a mass of pain, but this pain has no power over thinking. I may be very ill, but my *thought* is not ill, and can continue its work despite this illness. My sorrows also were caused by my way of thinking in the past, and many of them are sorrows because I *think* them sorrows, and I have no time to think about them now."

This was my attitude, and in maintaining it I forgot all about my looks and manner. My thinking mattered very much to the sorrowful ones; my looks did not. A dynamo generates light for many rooms at some distance from itself; even so I felt that I could generate much

health, strength, and happiness with my thinking, and those who needed the results of my true thinking would get them, far or near.

Thus months passed, and I really never thought about my ugly looks or whether people liked me or not. I was too busy manufacturing that which I positively believed would help to alter the conditions of mankind. I must think truly for all, until they knew how to do it for themselves.

After a time my own soul began to show the results of my changed thinking, and I realized that there was no absolute standard of beauty; that my standard of beauty was not a universal one; that there were very many standards in the world besides mine. According to my ideal of beauty I was ugly; but according to another standard I might be, at least, not ugly. However, by the time this had come to me I was past being hurt by my lack of beauty. By this time the beauty and glory of the I, every I, my I, began to take possession of my thought, and I felt bound to keep my soul as much as possible in harmony with my I; and after a time my body rose in value in my thoughts, and I began to reverence the soul and body of I, as well as I.

And I knew full well that, as I is so beautiful in every way, if my thoughts were true in all ways, at all times, to that beauty, my body too would show the results of that inner union and harmony, and I did not feel in a hurry about the results, nor have I up to the present. I am content with the face I have, and can wait for more or greater beauty of feature to be expressed.

It seems to me that there are certain facts about thought which are self-evident to us as soon as we think about thinking and thought.

One is, that though the body of a man is as a grain of sand on the sea-shore compared to the whole universe, his thinking is large.

Another is, that although the body of man has to stay on this earth, his thoughts go all over the universe, literally all over the universe.

Another is, that something inside of his body can say, and at times does say, "I shall not think about it"; "I mean to think more about this affair"; which shows that although thought can go all over the universe, there is something, *not* the body, but *in* the body, which can move the thought here or there, as it wishes. That something proves itself to be I by the way it says, "I shall think so and so"; "I shall think of this"; "I do not mean to think about this any more."

If a consideration of thought reveals these self-evident facts, is not the investigator justified in concluding that he is master of his marvellous thinking power? If he is master of it, cannot he do with it what he will?

A continued investigation of thought will reveal more self-evident

facts concerning it: one being the brooding power. Brooding, used in the sense of a hen brooding upon her nest of eggs. The hen just sits, and by sitting hatches the chickens. This brooding property is one of the characteristics of thought, and an intensely important one.

Another is the multiplying power. A single thought of sadness multiplies itself with amazing rapidity; also a thought of joy, fear, hope.

Another fact is its forming or shaping power.

The more one dwells upon thought—its nature, its work, and its powers, the more one must be led to dwell upon the nature and powers of that which says, "I think" and "I do." The investigation of I will result in the investigator finding that which will remake all his conditions, all his circumstances, all his environments. He will find the way to multiply joy, gladness, health, peace, beauty, and prosperity. He will appear to reform his body, so great will be the changes resulting from a closer acquaintance with "I" and "I think."

To know I is to love I, to reverence I, and to reverence itself, thought. In loving reverence even ugly looks will disappear, and ungraceful movements will be lost in the realization that all movements must be a vibration of Love and Wisdom.—ALMA GILLEN, in *Expression*.

BENEFITS OF PROPER BREATHING.

The habit of slow, measured, deep breathing that covers the entire lung surface is of more value and importance than you will ever believe until you have tried it, and when you have established the habit of breathing in this manner you will say some remarkable things in its favor. It will reach all points of your physical system. All the benefits that occur from a healthy condition of the blood will in a greater or less degree be yours, for the manner and completeness with which the inspired air comes in contact with the blood in the lungs is of the utmost importance to every vital process.—*Christian Work and Evangelist*.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOLLY.

How many people think they're good because they've done no crime;

How many think they've won success who merely didn't fail;

How many who're untempted think their virtue is sublime,

And that they'll go to heaven because they haven't gone to jail!

—*From the Cleveland Leader.*

"AWAY FROM HOME."

She was beautiful, rich, generous, intelligent, and yet she was not happy. There was no personal taste that she could not gratify, no pressing need of another's that she could not alleviate. As far as outward circumstances were concerned, she seemed to be mistress of the situation, but the minor cadence of her voice, the far-away expression of her lovely eyes, proved that peace was still an unrevealed condition.

"Circumstances," the usual alleged foe of comfort and progress, could not furnish an excuse for the failure to enjoy her heritage.

My admiration for this queenly creature was great, and I was always expecting to discover her—I mean, her real self. Surface friendship and fashionable callers are not to my mind. In fact, as the phrase goes, I have no use for them.

But this woman was different. Every time we met I was sure that she would throw ajar the door of her soul and allow me to look in; and each time I was disappointed.

One day, after one of these mental tag performances, I said to my soul:

"Tell me, what is the matter with my friend?"

The answer came instantly, in a voice so clear and firm that it seemed really outside of myself:

"She is away from home."

And then I asked:

"What can I do to help?"

"Nothing," was the instant reply, "except to love her. Each traveller has his own way of finding his Father's house."

"Is there a direct route?" I asked.

"Direct and easy. The necessity for wandering exists only in the wanderer's mind."

"Can you point the way?" I insisted.

"It is through the gate of selfless desire."

That was all, but it was enough.

What a conglomerate procession it was as I counted among my acquaintances the seekers for happiness! This fad, this hobby, this especial creed, this endeavor to enrich one's self and one's family, to live in style and luxury, to find a panacea for sickness and sorrow in external things—here they were, so many teetotums, young and old, lame, blind, and no account, engaged in the tiresome and impotent business of turning somersaults in the world of effects.

And, oh! the schemes for benefiting one's fellow-creatures! the vain intellectual methods, the musts and must nots, the lectures, the lessons, the séances, the opinions, and the arguments. There they go and here they come, each one sure he is getting there, but very much

worried about the other fellows who haven't come out of orthodoxy or who haven't got into Christian Science or something else.

Our beautiful and discontented friend mentioned above was especially interested in the establishment of a universal cult which should make everybody happy. It was rather a large undertaking, but with her money, her influence, her executive ability, and the co-operation of a few workers in the same line, there seemed a prospect of approximation to her desire, if not of absolute success.

Sometimes she claimed to be much encouraged, but there was always a complaint; the members of the society and the lecturers for the society seemed sometimes so antagonistic and disagreed so vitally that the best interests of the cult were often jeopardized, if not entirely ruined.

"There are so many wills," she said. "It seems impossible to agree perfectly on any really vital topic."

"So many wills," and God's will entirely without evidence.

Not one of all this number at home! Each trying to compel the others, and not a soul satisfied! All desirous of benefiting the race—at least, according to statement—and all perplexed and disheartened.

"Away from home." The keepers have gone and the citadels are unguarded.

"Why this continued unsuccess?" they ask. Are they not laboring unselfishly for others? Are they not sacrificing their ease, their leisure, and all the enjoyments of home to labor for those who need?

They certainly are, and most uselessly. They are playing with things over which in such ways they can have no control. These things have often sharp edges and are sometimes very, very heavy.

It taxes every particle of strength to carry them about, and yet they have no real existence.

Is it not strange that these outside mission-seekers should be so unconscious of the living Presence in the living-room of home? Is it not strange that they should turn their backs upon home, where the Lord abides, to work in other people's vineyards?

"Shall we not do for others?" you ask.

When you allow the Christ-consciousness to take possession of your minds and hearts, service for others will be as natural as the breath you draw.

You will speak the word of peace and joy from your own sacred place, where you and your Father reign in perfect accord.

Until we can say with all truth, "Thy will be done in me," it is a dangerous matter to take upon ourselves the responsibility of directing other lives. When the spirit of these words takes full possession of our minds, we shall understand two things, viz., that Love is our guiding star and that God knows his own business. We shall not leave home to reform the world or to bring a little fleeting happiness to those who must turn and seek the Father's house before they can know aught of contentment or of real usefulness.

No successful work can be accomplished away from home.

Away from home is away from God.

ELEANOR KIRK.

Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

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

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NOT GOOD-BY.

"To everything there is a season and a time, to every purpose under the sun a time to keep silence and a time to speak."

In ministration as in republics "the old order changes."

Better ways present themselves and must be utilized by all who are true to Truth.

The voice of the Spirit spoke ELEANOR KIRK'S IDEA into existence. It now says the work is finished.

It has been the aim of the IDEA during the thirteen years of its publication to prove as far as possible "guide, counsellor, and friend" to the host of subscribers whose interest and appreciation have been an unceasing source of satisfaction, and whose almost daily expressions of gratitude for aid and comfort received have provided inspiration for continued effort.

Just as all the language and literature of the world are formed from the letters of the alphabet, as all the harmonies of music are produced from the seven notes of the scale, as all results in mathematics are brought about by a certain number of simple rules, so all demonstration of truth rests upon the few fundamental principles which have been steadily and faithfully set forth in the IDEA.

The publication of the little journal has been but a small undertaking in comparison with the personal correspondence which it has entailed, and it is in this direction also that a wonderful good has been accomplished.

To this form of the work the editor intends to give much attention. Instead of generalization with the spiritual letters of the alphabet, the notes of the scale, especial sentences and melodies adapted

for individual cases and personal needs will be furnished to those whose necessities and desires call for such ministrations.

This change, made inevitable by the directness of "the word," was not decided upon until after the April number had gone to press, and, to do all of our subscribers complete justice, the following substitutes are offered to those whose subscriptions have not expired:

To those who paid in December, 1904, or January, 1905, will be given the choice of "The Christ of the Red Planet" or full back numbers of the *IDEA* for the year 1904. Those who paid in March can select from the above list, or, if they prefer, will be given a personal letter in answer to any questions which they may like to ask.

To those whose subscriptions have half expired, two single signs of the zodiac for different dates will be furnished.

This refers to those who have paid one dollar and not to those subscribing through agencies.

One single sign will be given to the last named. Date of birth must accompany each request for single signs.

"She That Was" will be soon completed and published in book form. Our friends will be duly notified.

Business will be transacted as usual from 59 West Eighty-ninth Street, New York City, and all orders for books or personal service will be promptly attended to. Any questions regarding the condition of the stocks mentioned in the *IDEA* will be cheerfully answered.

Letters desiring special help and advice will be charged for at the rate of \$2 per communication. Please enclose month and date of birth in these letters—not because the stars rule, but because it will aid in getting at the natural tendencies and so perhaps account for many troublesome things.

Let us all rejoice together. "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit."

Forever yours,

ELEANOR KIRK.

"DEAR ELEANOR KIRK: Is it possible for you to recommend a really scientific osteopath for a woman who has tried every system of medicine?"

Yes. Dr. Cecil R. Rogers, 275 Central Park West, between Eighty-sixth and Eighty-seventh Streets, New York. I am perfectly familiar with the work of this scientific practitioner who always produces results.

THE REASON.

The reason that people are sick and die is because of their ignorance.

This is as true of the millionaire as of the street-sweeper, of the college professor as of the simpering dude, of the professing Christian as of the protesting materialist, of the honest man as of the thief.

A moral life is no protection against sickness and dissolution.

Goodness—as the world rates goodness—has never insured against pain and sorrow.

To some persons this will have a brutal sound, but the statements cannot truthfully be contradicted.

Knowledge is the only saviour—not the intellectual knowledge which has always been held in such honor—but the practical consciousness that man is his own master, the absolute arbiter of his own destiny.

This consciousness is obliged to include all the virtues and beatitudes. With it one cannot be dishonest, intemperate, or unloving, because the illumined understanding knows the detrimental effect of every negative thing.

This knowledge precludes all desire to go contrary to divine wisdom. It comprehends the mission of the individual and his power to make a place for himself quite outside of the miseries which have been so long considered necessary and salutary concomitants of life.

“But where is this individual?” you ask.

He is coming; and just as truly as summer is approaching with its warmth and bountiful foliage, so is this illuminated traveller on his way to recognition.

Perhaps he has already arrived.

You can know him by these presents. He is well, vital, happy. He is overflowing with divine enthusiasm. He cares nothing for precedent, has no prejudices and no opinions. He has infinite patience with his fellows, and, while willing to help, advises not nor blames. He knows that tact is wisdom in operation, and, like St. Paul, meets every man upon his own plane. He does not inveigh against pills or potions. His pure, unsullied presence is a sufficient protest and object-lesson. He sees good in everything, makes friends everywhere, and loves his neighbor as himself.

Do you know this individual man or woman?

There are many such on the road, and every day the number increases. Among these seekers of the kingdom there are many Pharisees. They have conquered self in various ways, have raised themselves from beds of sickness, are happier and more useful than they

ever expected, but they stand aloof from their kind in that "better-than-thou" attitude which sorely repels the average truth-seeker, and which, if not overcome, cannot fail to militate against the good that has been accomplished.

Every day we see these stiff-necked and opinionated ones dropping from the ranks. They haven't been sick for years, but they are sick enough now. The spirit of dogmatism is resistless in its havoc.

The do-as-I-do-or-you'll-be-damned-doctrine, under whatever name it figures, is a destructive force.

The man who realizes that he is master of himself needs no assistance from external remedies. The man who is *intellectually* convinced that there is but one way to health and success, but into whose heart, brains, blood, and bones the glorious truth has not yet fully entered, is ever the combative and pharisaical one. That he is honest in his opinions makes no difference to the result. He needs no props; consequently no one else needs them. He was healed by thought. This being the case, everybody else can be brought out of suffering in the same manner. He frowns upon his neighbor who believes in the efficacy of a pill or a bromide, and refuses to cultivate relations with those who do not think as he does.

The mental autocrat never will fully arrive. Autocracy must give place to the spirit of universal brotherhood, which recognizes the love and power of God in every created creature.

With such a one there can be no shalls nor shall nots. The intelligence of real love will take cognizance of the tightly bound race fetters and help to unlock them by the potent keys of patience. The necessity of gentle dealing with a fellow-traveller upon his own plane will be logically comprehended and acted upon.

There should be no condemnation of lack of intelligence.

Here the broad view is the only safe one, and it is certainly a wonder and a comfort that, in spite of all the false training of the past, there should be sufficient brain-power left in the human family to enable them to think themselves, however slowly, out of darkness into a moderate twilight even.

But twilight means an inevitable sunrise, so there is no cause for discouragement.

The man who is well needs no physician.

The man who has arrived knows whether he is or is not permanently well.

He is modest and makes no boasts.

Who of us has ever beheld him?

The individual who believes with his head is often cocksure of him-

self. He has conquered this, that, and the other, and his recipe will do the same for every other seeker.

He believes that "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he" is true when applied to his own especial creed. But the man who thinketh in his heart something opposite to this belief is stuck fast in the mud of mortal mind.

Much of this autocracy is doubtless due to the imposition of rules, and the consequent necessity of obedience; but all the same it is not a tenable position, because of the absence of the spirit of liberty.

God and liberty are synonymous terms.

Ignorance dictates.

Intelligence smiles.

The man who has arrived or is reaching his destination symmetrically is profoundly aware that he does not know it all.

And this is knowledge.

ELEANOR KIRK.

SYLMAR.

If our readers would like a unique and æsthetic way of preparing this delicious and incomparably healthful olive-oil for the table, let them pour it over their oranges and grape-fruit. It adds to instead of detracting from the flavor of the fruit, and is relished by children as well as adults.

As a food there is nothing that can take the place of this bottled sunshine, and this fact mothers are beginning to appreciate. Anæmic little ones are very soon benefited by it, on account of its nerve-stilling and tissue-building qualities.

THE STERILIZED KID.

Take up the babe from the sterilized bed,
With sterilized gauze scour his sterilized head;
In sterilized tub give a sterilized bath,
And take him to walk on a sterilized path.
Dress him in muslin or sterilized silk,
Give him a breakfast of sterilized milk;
Let him play only with sterilized toys,
Have nothing to do with unsterilized boys.
Use a sterilized bottle with sterilized spout,
Nothing unsterilized let lie about.
Get him at once a well-sterilized nurse,
And his finish will be in a sterilized hearse.

—From *Practical Ideals*.

PERSONAL BEAUTY.

Why the failure to express beauty when every one desires to be beautiful?

Why the decadence of beauty in those who have expressed it?

To-day we behold a woman who approximates to what we feel a woman should be. She is charming.

To-morrow—perhaps not the calendar to-morrow, but all too soon—the charm has faded. Why?

Because she did not know that the perpetuation of beauty was an inside matter, and, like a plant, must be treated from the roots. There was little, if any, association in her mind between her countenance and her health. She never felt very strong and often had sick spells, but as these did not materially affect her appearance she could get along with the pain.

But one day she glances at herself in the mirror, and what does she behold?

An old woman!

Many a change is just as sudden as this. The demoralization has been going on for a long time, and at last, like the "one-horse shay," the whole structure collapses.

Ignorance of the needs of soul and body explains all such deterioration.

It is not a pleasant matter to grow old gradually, but it is an awful thing to part with one's good looks in a night.

"Why awful when it is natural?" some one may ask, and perhaps points us to the full-blown rose which suddenly sheds its petals.

It is not natural to grow ugly, and there is no slightest analogy between the beautiful but ephemeral rose and the individual made in God's image and likeness.

The size and beauty of the rose depend upon its cultivators. God spoke the soul of the rose into existence, and through all time it has been lovingly tended. But there is no one to attend to man but himself. Endowed with power and intelligence, he must either make use of them or fall by the way.

The Christ consciousness is the only mediator between God and man. It holds all of health, all of happiness, all of wealth, and all of beauty. Possessed of this consciousness, lust, avarice, envy, and intemperance are impossible. In this domain wisdom is inherent. The helps that the body needs are at once supplied, and whatever bad habits the material man has formed are lovingly but firmly dismissed by this evangel of enlightenment.

"What shall I do to restore that which I have lost?" the woman shorn of her attractiveness inquires in bitterness of spirit.

At this juncture there is nothing too much to do. She is willing—for a time at least—to give up her favorite dishes, to exercise, to take some deep breaths, to cease sitting on the end of her spine, and many other things which she had read about in newspapers and health magazines, but never before deemed important.

To view such wreckage with philosophy is not consonant with the ignorance that caused it. So it is always more or less of a tragedy, and who can wonder?

But philosophy to the extent of unwearied patience is the principal means of promoting a better condition. To keep the subject constantly in mind is to add to the wreckage. It is all right to seek external palliatives, but for real health and true betterment it is absolutely necessary to seek the Kingdom of God and his righteousness. Had this place of refuge from all earthly ills been sought in the first place, this material destruction would not have been possible.

"But," you say, "I know good Christians who grow old and weak and ugly. Your statement is a false one."

How many do you know who really believe in

"All these things shall be added"?

That faith is what does the business.

There can be no pain and no decay in the kingdom of God and his righteousness, notwithstanding our crowded hospitals and cemeteries.

When for many years ignorance has had its way with the human form divine, when wrong thought has ruled every moment of existence, and the inevitable result follows, it is not an easy matter to call the real and beautiful *ego* into manifestation.

But it can be done.

A genuine seeking of the kingdom means a constant dropping of hindering impedimenta.

Selfishness must go. Uncharitableness must go. Dropping the first makes it easier for us to part company with all the other negative forces which have wrought such havoc in our lives.

After a while, as we journey along, our faces turned steadfastly toward the goal of our desire, we find ourselves light of heart and happy in body, and perchance as we pass some sunlit pool we behold a bright and smiling countenance, so strong and lifted up that we can scarcely recognize it as ours.

At this period of our seeking we have not much use for mirrors. We are going God's way, and health, happiness, and beauty meet us at

every step—health that endures and the beauty which is always the expression of the health that is real.

The desire for beauty is as legitimate as the desire for life. Life and beauty are inextricably mixed. The sick and suffering person is unbeautiful and consequently dying.

There is no weakness, pain, or ugliness in the Kingdom, and we begin to feel its radiance as soon as we decide to seek it.

The cause of material decadence is spiritual unrecognition.

The reinstatement of health and its happy expression depend upon the awakened Christ consciousness.

There is no reason for haste or worry.

There is time enough for all God's beautifying processes.

ELEANOR KIRK.

MORE ABOUT COMFORT.

If one desires to earn the reputation of brute, it is only necessary to advise another to take comfort.

"How can I take comfort when I am in poverty? I guess if you were obliged to deny yourself the common necessities of life you would sing a different tune," some of the hurt contingent write the IDEA.

I am quite sure that I never used the word poverty once in my life in connection with myself, and yet my rations have not always been of the sort that conventional taste and an adequate purse would select. Even then, without any so-called scientific training, I had a glimpse of the truth that the average mortal ate too much, and I learned from experience, that some folks would probably call poverty-stricken and very bitter, that both my children and myself were better off when a light diet was our portion. I had a head for my work, and they an unfailing sprightliness for their lessons and their play.

We never got over our attachment to beans. You see, they were cheap and nutritious, and could be prepared *à la gumption* in so many ways.

And Indian meal! That old friend is a prime favorite still. Stir-about, fried mush, johnny cakes—no greater promoters of inspiration than these simple and delicious preparations!

As I look back I find that I was never ashamed of these cheap articles of diet. If a friend dropped in she was welcome to our simplicity, and I am unable to recall one who did not enjoy it.

In the poverty letters referred to there is frequent allusion to "the

wicked who flourish as the green bay-tree, while I who am honest and doing my best am obliged to suffer need."

Perhaps this quotation from Fuller will help them:

"If the wicked flourish and thou suffer, be not discouraged. They are fattened for destruction; thou art dieted for health."

Now I believe any person can pile up riches who gives his whole time and attention to the subject. I also believe that the pile is worse than useless, because there is nothing left of the man but the stuff. He knows nothing of happiness, because he knows nothing of righteousness, and for the same reason he is destitute of health.

Compared with such a condition, the woman with a johnny cake is a millionaire—and "multi" at that.

Stir-about, eaten with relish, a free hand, a loving heart, and the ability to see a joke will ultimately provide china and chicken, damask and damsons.

There is something in the atmosphere responsive to a jolly making the best of it. It is something that seems to put its arm in yours, an embodied enthusiasm which is just as plain as if you saw it with your external eyes. There are those who perhaps enjoy this external evidence. I have in periods of great uplift thought I did.

And why not? Is there any law against such visions?

"He gives his angels charge concerning us to keep us in all our ways."

Where are these friends? Surely not far away.

They are doubtless just as near and perhaps nearer the grumblers and the chronic weepers as to the cheerier ones, but through glasses dimmed with tears it is impossible to see; and a selfish, fault-finding disposition is a coat of mail invulnerable to vibrations of joy.

"Delight thyself in the Lord and he will give thee the desires of thine heart."

"In the Lord."

That means be so conscious of the constant, loving presence of the one great and sublime Good that you *must* delight yourself. There is nothing else that you can do, even though you eat mush and haven't many shirtwaists.

Somebody will bob up here and declare that such limitations are not scientific.

I don't know about that.

The fact is I have become very mixed in regard to this much-used word. Once there was a sort of glamour about it. Now it is entirely shorn of its dignity, except where logical results really follow, as in the case of a material experiment; so, while I am sure that mastery of our-

selves would cause us to be immune from sickness and poverty, I am equally sure that my lean diet and the necessity of recognizing and making the most of what would seem to many like exceedingly small blessings were good for me.

My need was met. I can plainly see the necessity of this education. This being the case, why may not the process be called scientific in the proper sense of the term?

These experiences gave me a great respect for and confidence in the wisdom of the Most High.

To the persons who disavow any other influence in their lives save that of their own wills, these statements will be a Babel lingo. But the same Power that made mush and beans necessary for me will deal with them according to their needs.

I have discovered that most people have a contempt for simple ways of living. They desire the elaborate and ornate, and will seek admittance to any cult which professes to deal in scientific ways of promoting opulence.

Here is another hard nut.

"How can you insult those who mourn for their dead by telling them to take comfort?"

This is the theme, and there are about seven pages of variations.

"Insult" seems a little rough.

"However, no matter."

Really, the author of this letter ought to be very much relieved. She and her sister had quarrelled for twenty years or more. They had been in the courts about property and had not hesitated to say all manner of mean things about each other. The older sister dies, and Rachel weeping for her children could not have been half so damp as this survivor, who, let us hope, extracted a little comfort from life by pitching into me.

Death seems a very different proposition from poverty. I could live on huckleberries with those I love, but my soul rebels and my heart bleeds when death severs these beautiful ties.

It is indeed a cruel performance, made more cruel by the thought—aye, the conviction, the knowledge with me—that it need not have been.

But please tell me what we are going to do about it? Shall we shroud ourselves in black, and by our weeping and complaining cast a gloom over every one we meet; or shall we, in the knowledge that this was the only way for *them*, find our way to comfort as soon as possible?

It seems to me that this is the only just, loving, and righteous way.

It is well to remember that those who have gone out from us are probably within the circuit of our vibrations, and are entitled to some consideration.

There is nothing so selfish as grief.

ELEANOR KIRK.

THE COOKING SCHOOL.

A correspondent, very intelligent upon all other subjects, cannot understand how a woman who is able to write acceptably can possibly like to cook. In her opinion to write is ideal, to cook menial.

"Anybody can make bread," she declares, "but very few can write a poem, a story, or a play. I can do neither," she adds; "the first, because I have not the genius; the second, because I have never learned. I hate the kitchen."

This friend's opinion concerning the disparity between evolving a good dish and a fine piece of literary work is shared by the majority of people, and is just as logical as a lot of other foolish things. It is the personal constructive ability that builds the verses and invents the good things to eat.

The IDEA has scant patience with the folks who talk about the meniality of the latter service. One who has been intimately acquainted with writers and artists and rich housekeepers who knew nothing of or disdained domestic life can give very important testimony to the extraordinary value of an inspirational cook.

A good story is told of a brainy American New York girl, who went to visit a wealthy friend in the country. The hostess had invited several guests for a week-end party, and when it was too late to cancel the engagements the cook walked off, and with her the only maid in the establishment who could even boil an egg acceptably.

"Leave it to me," said the young and gifted New Yorker. "Upon my word, I can cook every single thing necessary. I will not arrive until you have filled my place or your guests have gone. I wish I could tell you how much I should *love* to do this for you."

The offer was accepted with many protests, of course, and the result was a fine and varied menu. As no professional cook arrived until the following Tuesday, the amateur substitute was not known as a guest.

In speaking of the affair afterward the latter remarked that the family seemed very proud of her and altogether too grateful, but the servants despised her, and, while compelled to obey her orders, never lost an opportunity to show their contempt.

There is no conundrum about that. Ignorance explains it.

"My physician says that I must not eat the ordinary white loaf or rolls, because they are shortened, and orders raised whole wheat which contains neither grease nor sugar. Is lard or butter absolutely necessary in the use of white flour? It does not seem to me that I can ever learn to like whole-wheat bread without trimmings."

White loaves are better without shortening, according to the IDEA's taste, but not so rolls. At almost any first-class restaurant or hotel light, tough rolls and bread raised with Fleischmann's yeast can be found in abundance. The necessity of mastication makes up in some degree for the lack of vitality in the flour.

Whole wheat may almost be said to hold its own shortening. Its very coarseness makes it tender.

Whole-wheat muffins stirred up with salted warm water in which the standard yeast has been dissolved are very strongly recommended by physicians for their patients. The batter is soft and needs to be well beaten. Let rise in a warm place, beat again, grease the pan and muffin-rings, drop in the dough, bake in hot oven fifteen to twenty minutes.

Graham muffins made in this manner are very nice and exceedingly nutritious.

Like our correspondent, the IDEA prefers some "trimmings" to its rolls. There is no doubt, however, that the plainer ones are better adapted to a complaining stomach.

But why do stomachs complain?

Because of ignorance. Almost everybody eats too much and too rapidly.

A slice of the right kind of white bread well buttered is good enough for the IDEA.

Mme. Mandwell's Cocolate Cream will stop an influenzic condition by anointing the nostrils. It will cure an irritated nose and a chapped face. It is hygienically medicinal, being made of the purest and most healing materials. It will also prevent facial blemishes during the most severe weather, summer or winter. Tan, burn, and chap are unnecessary aggravations when this cream is used.

Address Mme. Mandwell, 396 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WITH MOTHER EARTH.

'Tis sweet to spend a lucid afternoon
 Out in the long grass, with an upturned eye
 Noting the leaves that fret the azure sky.
 'Tis sweet to wait the coming of the moon,
 Out on the hillside, over fields of June.
 'Tis sweet to listen, when abed we lie,
 To midnight murmurs of the rain and try
 To mark therein the mystic time and tune.

'Tis sweet to know that—spite of death and dearth
 And evil men in cities plotting ill,
 And friends that leave us when our thoughts are new—
 The good man may abide with Mother Earth,
 And dream his dreams and have his visions still,
 And trust the Infinite to see him through.

—W. E. L., in *Practical Ideals*.

"LET GO AND CUDDLE DOWN."

The poem by this title in our February IDEA has elicited much comment and called forth a great many questions, the one most frequently asked being: "How can one cuddle down and rest from trouble without a real or an imagined personality?"

In other words, how can one "let go" without hitching on to something tangible which can be seen, felt, and heard, or psychically sensed.

If there has ever been any lasting satisfaction in this endeavor to find rest, it has entirely escaped my experience. Lovers and friends may seemingly ease up the burdens for a little while, but whoever knew of one case where sorrow was permanently relieved by such contact?

If lovers do not leave and friends grow cold, they at least have troubles of their own from which they would gladly be delivered. The whole world is seeking surcease from misery, and seeking it where it is not to be found.

This statement may seem almost cruel to those who are relying upon human love and friendship for extrication from their difficulties. But it is true, as we all eventually find out.

The supreme sorrow of the race may be said to consist in man's inability to remove the load from his brother's shoulders, to correct his mistakes, and keep him from suffering the consequences of his ignorance. Is he in jail? Heaven and earth are besieged to get him out. Release will not aid him, because it is not the material environment that counts, but the power of the man to make his own conditions. Friendship may carry about a heavy heart and have a handkerchief before its eyes most of the time. This seems to be the mission of friendship, but tears and pleadings are of no use. The law of the universe is against such influence. Like everything in the natural world, the individual must develop from within out, and not from without in.

In other words, the man must do his own growing as does the peach and the pear. The sun, the rain, the atmosphere contribute to his physical growth as they do to the fruit and the grain, but they do not make either the man or the fruit. The plum cannot help the cherry to be anything but a cherry. Each must be true to its divine origin; each must be itself and do its own work.

One might as well try to alter the constitution of the universe as to change this law. Your wife, your husband, your children, your dearest friends are all powerless to relieve you of the work necessary to the solution of your life problem. They may inspire you with their love and help you with their money, but these are but superficial, external

proceedings which, while pleasant and helpful, afford only a temporary relief.

A very brief examination of this subject will show the wisdom of this arrangement. If it were possible to cast our burdens upon our friends, a sane development would be out of the question, either for the responsibility shedders or the responsibility assumers. One-half the world would be fools and the other half dromedaries, and the dromedaries would soon be extinct.

There is certainly a great deal of pleasure and assistance that we can all give and receive if we are so disposed, but we cannot "let go" of our pain and sorrow to the extent of dropping it upon a comrade. Infinite love forbids.

Now I have always had and never had a personal God.

This may seem a terrible contradiction, but it is not. My most intimate and loving Friend was too large to be described by parts.

It was impossible to look up at Orion, or even at the very smallest of the twinkling stars, and think of a man as connected with them. It was a Force as loving as it was almighty; a Power upon which I could absolutely depend. As proof I needed nothing more than the universal order visible on every side.

The thought that thought Orion and dotted illimitable space with worlds and suns gave us our Comforter, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. A steadfast friend was needed, and that friend has been ever present, as much so to-day as at any period in the world's history. He came so vitally and practically near as to be able to explain to us the issues of life.

"Leave all and follow me."

Leave the world, with its shams and vanities, its everlasting gew-gaws and unnecessary cares and sorrows, and come with me into the citadel of my Father, the kingdom of heaven.

"Cast your burdens upon me."

Wherefore?

Because, being unnecessary, they are simply aggregations of foolishness.

"Give them into my care," says the Comforter, "and I will see that they are disposed of."

"Believe in me"—believe that I am telling you the truth—"and you shall have eternal life, eternal comfort, and joy indescribable."

Now when I say, "Let go and cuddle down," I mean let go of perplexities which never should have been picked up, and accept the sweet, nestling invitation of our Elder Brother—the only one warranted to produce lasting happiness and abiding usefulness.

"According to your faith be it unto you."

ELEANOR KIRK.

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DESIRES.

It is a healthy thing to have desires. It may be nothing more nor less than a desire for new and different clothes; it shows aliveness. One's entire attitude of mind may be changed by harmonious and vital clothing. It is very important that we dress in harmony with ourselves, and we should not only desire such expression, but cultivate the desire until we put the force in action which will bring them.

The man who has no desires and no ambition is to be pitied. To be sure, he should have his desire so under control that it does not control him. But that is true of all of our forces. We must be master of them or they will master us.

Blessed is the man whose desire for truth is his impelling force.

It may appear that he is walking over stony places, but he knows just why he is walking there. He knows that when he reaches the kingdom of inner harmony "all things will be added unto him."

Let us know ourselves.

Let us have faith in ourselves.

And, above all, let us love ourselves.

We can only understand humanity through the understanding of ourselves. We can only be true to ourselves through faith in ourselves, and we can only work in the Master's vineyard when we are sure of our pure, competent strength.

We can only fulfil our desire in love for all humanity as we truly love ourselves.—GRACE M. BROWN, in *Fulfillment*.

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Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

For we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

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