

THE HERMETIST.

GET UNDERSTANDING.

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MRS. M. M. PHELON, O.S.B. }

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RAMAYANA THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Meets every Sunday afternoon. Time, 3 o'clock. Place, 629 Fulton st. All Theosophists visiting Chicago are cordially invited. So, also, are all who seek the Truth for the Truth's sake. The first Sunday of each month is a closed meeting for Theosophists only. W. P. Phelon, Pres.; Mrs. A. M. Haven, Sec'y, 629 Fulton st., Chicago.

X When this paragraph is marked with a blue cross it shows our friends that their time has expired and we shall be happy to receive a renewal of their subscription soon.

CONTENTS.

Out of the Wilderness, — Josephine De Groat.	33
Karma, — W. P. Phelon, M.D.,	33
Let There Be Light,	35
Worry, — Mrs. M. M. Phelon, O.S.B.,	35
Old Truths in New Dress,	37
The I. W. P. A.,	38
Excerpts from Madame Guyon,	38
The Morris Type-Writer,	39
Our March Number,	39
Look Here,	39
Book Notices,	39

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS.

Many years in wilderness of doubt
I wandered wearily about;
Worn by fears within and fears without,
Seeking Holy Land
At my soul's command.

Sometimes with heavenly manna fed—
Oft times by mortal mind misled;
When behold! there met me One who said
I thy guide will be,
Wilt thou follow me?

With his precious blood he had bought me
With unceasing care he had sought me;
In his loving arms he hath brought me
Out of error's night,
Into perfect light!

Hath brought from the realm of sense,
And loosed all bonds of false pretense:
My Rock, my Tower, my Strong Defense
Hath delivered me—
Yea, hath set me free!

I praise thee for the light received,
And for the victories achieved,
Dear Lord, in whom I have believed
Only name that's given,
Only guide to heaven.

JOSEPHINE DE GROAT.

KARMA.



UNDER the light of the palmiest days of Egypt's power, glory and magnificence, it happened that a province lying to the southward, and paying tribute to the Pharaohs, although, itself opulent and powerful, was ruled by an unjust Satrap.

In his court, born of a princely line, lived at the time of which we write, a youth, named Nyana. Brilliant in intellect and ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, by which man lives; he was also skilled in the wisdom of the Egyptians.

Comparatively young in years, he had penetrated far into "the mysteries," and was skill-

ed in the handling of occult force. During his course of instruction he had, in every way, been favored, by his teachers. They hoped there might come to him, the brightness and the glory which had long illumined his illustrious line and yet the malign influence of the opposing planet lay athwart his path. When the choice should come to him, as it comes to all, of good or ill, who knew, and who could tell, what the outcome might be.

From his retirement, he returned to the court of the Satrap, his prince. His pre-eminence, although modestly borne, stirred up envy, jealousy and hatred in the court, bringing upon him the injustice of the Satrap.

Without fault of Nyana's, and without pretext, in one day his ruin was accomplished. By order of the ruler, he was seized, his right eye put out; his lands, his heritage, and all his belongings confiscated to the royal use; and worse than all, his only and beloved sister was carried to the harem of the Satrap.

Thus a fugitive, driven by the furies, led on by the fates, who always make it so easy in one's extremity, to choose that which shall bring evil, he fled southward into the mountains, a transformed man.

Seeking refuge and shelter in a cave, there came to him that fierce struggle and conflict, in which, he only, who has attained strength beyond the mortal, is sure to conquer.

He forgot that the dominant Lord of the Universe, has said: "Vengeance is mine and I will repay it," for vengeance is the unrolled web of Karma. Who strives for his own gratification to see the execution of vengeful purpose, or to hasten on the slow moving wheels, grinding always to powder, whatever would oppose, disrupt or confuse the harmony of the Universe, forgets the law. So forgot Nyana.

From his studies, he knew that the cave within which he reclined, looked out upon a lake, which covered and concealed the entrance to the abode of one of the princes of the Elementals. Could he but penetrate thither, he might learn for his purpose, the secrets of the black, which for good and sufficient reason are denied the disciples of the white. From the Real, the Infinite and the Eternal, he appealed to to the Unreal the created and changeable.

Fully set in his purpose, the day had arrived and the hour of final trial was fast approaching.

The necessary preparations had been made.

A circle inclosing the dread five-pointed star was traced upon the cavern's rocky floor.

Within the center of these two figures glowed a fire, a lambient light of a purplish hue. Upon this he piled ever and anon sweet scented woods, and as their pungent odors filled the dark recesses, murky shapes of gruesome form, became visible in the flickering light of the flames, now leaping up, and now cowering in a fiery glow. Words of terrible import, and crushing weight to the soul who utters them, were steadily voiced in all their malignant potency, and the phantoms grew thicker and more substantial, and moans and sobs of blood-chilling agony were echoed from the rocky sides and high-arched roof. The moments passed, the tide of evil force rising higher and higher, until Nyana, slaying the only friend, who had followed him in his flight, his faithful dog, bathed his hands in the warm blood flowing from the dying carcass. Again he piled high the fire. With horrid imprecations, scooped out the right eye, and flung upon the fierce flame, all that remained of earthly friendship.

The terrible shadows still increased in number and horror, until it seemed as if all the malevolent formations of all the evil thoughts ever conceived from the point of departure from the good, shuddered and shivered through the crushing darkness pressing down closer and closer upon him, alone and unprotected, save by the protection of his own masterful will and desire for vengeance.

It was the hour of agony unsupported by the consciousness of right. The hour when the spirit was conscious of trading off its birthright for a mess of pottage, of exchanging the products of laborious centuries of incarnation for the momentary intoxication of Revenge. Still bent on its fell purpose, it relaxed no whit, its potency of endurance.

White, ashen-lipped fear pressed down close upon Nyana's sixth sense, but he yielded not. An awful storm had set in without the cave, but as the lightning flashed and the whole mountain trembled in the contest of the warring elements, the fierceness of his determination to succeed mounted higher and higher. Never once did his thirst for vengeance slacken one iota. Nothing but absolute annihilation could have, at that moment, stayed his career. So must anyone conquer, who essays advance into the Unseen, in any direction. Prone upon his face, in the

must, he lay, intent only upon the one thing, endurance to the end.

The hour passed. Like a chime of brazen bells, a voice floating through the rocky clefts, stilling all turmoil uttered, the words: "Nyana, thy sacrifice and thy fealty are accepted." Inspired by the thought of accomplishment, he arose and slowly but firmly sought the sands of the lake.

Although the storm which had filled the whole region with its fierce carnival of destruction, had abated, great clouds like embattled squadrons swung through the heavens. Flash succeeded flash and the rolling of the distant thunder was still audible.

Raising both hands above his head, in sign of submission he says: "Warroble Mama, accept thy disciple," then plunging into the lake, he assays to reach the gleaming sands at the bottom. Twice baffled, his apparently lifeless body floats inertly upon the surface of the water, face downwards.

A long wailing cry rings out from the upper air. It is the cry of his guardian angel, moaning for another "lost son of Adam." Suddenly a huge arm and hand projecting from the water, lifted the body high above the surface and plunged it into the depths below. The beginning of the end had come.

To be continued.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Thou whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its Glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Thou who did'st come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the truly blind;
Oh, now to all mankind,
Let there be light!

WORRY! WORRY! WORRY!

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY MRS. M. M. PHELON
AT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PARLORS,
RACINE, WISCONSIN.

"Worry," was the subject of Mrs. M. M. Phelon's lecture, delivered at her rooms in the Baker block last evening. There was a good attendance of the thinking and intelligent people, and the remarks of the lady were listened to with marked attention, for there is probably no class of people on earth so sus-

ceptible to "Worry" as the Americans. In opening the speaker asked: What is worry? Does it remove the hideous picture from your mind, to think and worry about it? Does it increase your happiness, or add to your strength? Does it make more efficient wives, mothers, fathers or children? Does it make the duty of providing for your household more of a pleasure, by constantly worrying how it is to be done? Does it prove our trust in God, this ceaseless worry and anxiety about even the commonest affairs of life? Let us look at the habit of the American people as a class. Is there any other nation on the globe where there stirs such discontent and worry as in this the boasted land of peace? Discontent and worry are nearly synonymous terms with us. For the best interests of ourselves, of our families, of our friends, of our neighbors, and of our environments, harmony is essential.

Is harmony a dweller with discontent? Can discord and harmony both claim our services? What is discontent, but a feeble disagreement with our surroundings.

By comparison we find that our conditions are not like our neighbors, not what we would like to have them, and once we begin to let such thoughts into our minds through the front door, pleasure and peace go out of the back, and we are all the more disturbed because this change in the state of our minds has not brought to us the longed for pleasure or good.

The more we contemplate our surroundings while in this frame of mind, the more we recoil from that which surrounds us. It is said and said truly we believe, that the sum of human happiness, joy, comfort and health is nearly the same with all, and there is not given to one more real good than to all others who are upon the same plane of advancement. It is demonstrated that all are alike when they come from the "Masters" hands, and have the same power of reflecting the good, but that while some appear to have more real good than others it so happens that as the "Wheel of life" turns round and round, some are uppermost and some at the other extreme. This may seem hard or unjust, but this same wheel continues to turn and he who was at the bottom comes to the top and passes on also, to make room for the next in order. All cannot stand at the highest point at the same time, and none need envy those who are at the pinnacle. We have only to watch and

wait in line, to learn that the balance is struck and justice done. Our own always comes to us if we abide in the way.

We are but working out the law of compensation and it happens to all alike. This law is called the "Law of Karma," which is but another word, with fuller meaning perhaps, for the character; and character is the fabric woven out of our thoughts and actions, held together and taking tone from the motive which prompted the thought and action.

This being granted we perceive that as the wheel of life turns it brings us in contact with the sharp edges of the impending grievance. If we toss and writhe under the pressure we tear great gaping wounds in our hearts, which in turn torture us, while if we held ourselves calmly steady, reserving our force and strength to meet whatever came, it would hardly have made an impression upon us—instead of crushing and bruising us. These karmic conditions must come and be lived through, as they are that which must be overcome in order to bring growth and development which is the end and aim of our earthly pilgrimage. These experiences are all good and not evil, and it is within the power of each soul to determine for himself how severely the supposed punishment shall act; in other words how hard it shall be to learn the lesson set for our development, and avoid making the same conditions to be gone through in the future.

We need not look out anxiously to catch the first glimpse of the oncoming of the "Car of Juggernaut"—nor yet throw ourselves under the wheels to be crushed and mangled into a shapeless mass. We need not go out to meet our enemies with fear in our hearts, acknowledging our weakness while yet they are afar off. How prone we are to do this. How easy it is, and still it is not our real spiritual self that thus goes out to meet our trouble, but the gaunt, ghastly spectre, builded by mortal mind out of fear, discontent and worry. It is in no sense a thing to be feared when stripped of the mantle of illusion thrown over it by the continued habit of believing nothing to be something, and of always looking upon the wrong side of the picture of life, picking out all the flaws and imperfections that are thrown upon the scene by the reflections of the beliefs and opinions of others.

A weak soul mourns over the hardness of its lot, keeps the mind dwelling upon all its woes, recalls all the rough places it has pass-

ed over, all the obstructions that lay in the path, as it goes on gathering the thorns, while the roses are left to fade away. It has no heart for the good things of life, nor yet brightness because it has become so blinded by the spirit of discontent and dissatisfaction that it cannot perceive the good that lies everywhere about. They are so weakened by these worries that they cannot resist. Resistance implies a settled determination to overcome all opposition. The chronic worrier never dreams of stepping aside as the car approaches, but prostrates himself, soul and body before it. If once they could put aside their discontent and worry, long enough to form a fixed and determined purpose, then the thought current from other determined minds would center about and uphold their determination until such time as the potency of projection from their own minds might be sent out to sweep the atmosphere, clearing it of that which is inconsonant with their wishes. He who simply allows himself to worry does not add one single atom of power, of preparation, of protection against that which he desires to escape, that hideous thing he has created and brought upon himself by his own fears, discontent and worry. If one is to be beheaded, his endurance will not increase nor his courage strengthen by trying to imagine how the supreme moment of agony will affect him, but it were far better for him to let his mind and spirit pass on to the contemplation of the freedom that will come with the release, and the joy of finding himself the same live man he was before the beheading of the outward belief of a mortal body. Worry disheartens the one who indulges in the habit, discourages and weakens the supporting hearts of his friends and impinges upon the environment. It soon shows itself upon the lower plane of mortal mind or body as a belief of disease. This belief always manifests upon the weakest part of the organism and if the worry is transferred to this point, it does not take long for an acute condition to be set up, which only awaits the name to become fever, rheumatism, piles, consumption, cancer, boils, ulcers and heart disease. This state of chronic worry aided by fear, doubt, anxiety and discord, is the subtle cause of most of the ills that flesh is supposed to be heir to.

The worrier is not the only one who suffers physically from his own state of mind; if he were, it would in a sense be only just con-

pensation, but such is the law of association, that the thought waves thus sent from his mind, cause and set in motion a current of discontented restless thought, which strikes upon the more sensitive of his own household, or among his friends and neighbors; and thus infringes upon the health and comfort of others.

The error does not stop here, for these currents gather added force and impetus from every other discontented, restless mind, and passes on its cycle until it returns or recoils upon the one who started it; reminding one of the man spoken of in the Scriptures, "And the last state of that man was worse than the first."

We will suppose ourselves standing upon a fast flowing stream. The water is clear, the current swift and bears away to the sea any pieces of wood that may be thrown upon it. These float upon the surface, scarcely producing a ripple. But instead of casting our burden upon the waters and letting it float peacefully away, we try to submerge it or to make it float up stream—thus resisting the current, we shall soon perceive that the wood continually rises to the surface like a disagreeable thought and all that has been accomplished has been the muddying of the waters, impeding the action only for an instant, and the satisfaction of feeling that so much labor or force has been lost. Thus it is in the unseen thought currents which flow on ever in and out of the great silence. They flow on. We cannot stop them or turn them aside. So long as we seek to be borne along by the power of Infinite mind adding to the projection, the potency of our own thought in alignment with the "All Mind;" so long will success and progress attend. But if we commence and create an opposing influence about ourselves, the only result will be the weakening and pitiful irresolution that is always the characteristic of the chronic worrier. Are we not taught that we cannot make one hair white or black? Neither can we add one cubit to our stature by taking thought. There are but two ways of looking upon these conditions. The thing you worry about, either is to take place or it is not. If it is not to take place, then there is no need to worry. If it is to take place, you cannot help, or prevent it, and in either case your own will can hold yourself in such subjection to the Divine will, that you can meet the is, or the not, with equal calmness. When we remember how short a

time comparatively speaking, there remains until all the happenings of life will have passed on into the same nothingness, it would seem that we might learn the lesson our Master taught. "Take no thought for the morrow," that is, be not put out, disturbed or irritated by that which unrolls from the great web of the future, from day to day. If I could say one word above all other words that I should like you to remember and understand it is the single word harmony. Harmony is strength, is power, is potency and is Divine.

Do we desire the best for ourselves, for our surroundings, for our environment? Then we must seek the harmony that comes from the alignment with the "All Good," alignment with the on flowing current of Supreme Intelligence. Harmony neutralizes worry, harmony brings wisdom, harmony brings peace of mind, strength of soul and potency of spirit.

May the harmony which is peace dwell in all hearts.—RACINE JOURNAL.

OLD TRUTHS IN NEW DRESS.

Belief verified by experiences, and perceived by understanding, becomes knowledge. The power of formulating knowledge for transmission is Wisdom. HERMES.

Just as when a house is on fire only the goods that are thrown out are afterwards of use to the owner, so only the goods that you give away in charity will be of permanent use to you.—LOWEDA SANGHABAYA.

It is impossible to take all this spirit from any thing whatsoever, for, by this bond a thing is holden back from falling to the first matter, or nothing.

This spirit is somewhere or rather everywhere found, as it were, free from the body, and he that knoweth to join it with a body agreeable, possesseth a treasure inestimable. All things operating, do it to this only purpose, to make things upon which they work, like themselves.—MIDICINA MAGNETICA.

A "God" who permits his antagonist, the Devil (created by himself with foreknowledge of the consequences) to do as he pleases on our great ball of clay, and play ducks and drakes with the souls (supposed to be) created by Himself, is illogical and unthinkable; one of those draughts to be swallowed with the eyes shut.

"The Devil is a liar and the father of it," says Jesus. And who is the father of the Devil—the incarnate lie? Surely that God

who is credited even in the exoteric dogma with having created this disobedient and rebellious son. Thus verily is the Devil a gigantic, personified, and eternal LIE.

There is no MALUM IN SE; only the shadow of light, without which light could not exist even in our perception. If EVIL disappeared, good would die out also on earth.—MADAME BLAVATSKY IN "THEOSOPHIST."

To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry; He formed it, and that was sculpture; He varied and colored it, and that was painting; and then, crowning all, He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal drama.—CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Delivered, deliver; having crossed to the other side, help others to cross to it; consoled, console others; having entered upon complete Nirvana, enable others to attain it. THE BUDDHA.

THE I. W. P. A.

On the 10th, of last month. The "Illinois Woman's Press Association" held its annual meeting at the Sherman House. As the roll of membership was called each member either responded in person, giving an account of their work for the past year, or the same was done for them by some friend, as journalists only know how, volumes in sentences. Although the members had all planned and worked, as no other created creature but a woman can, when she is using all the energy of her loving nature to make the world better, no one seemed to think they had done much individually, but they were all glad at the doing by their associates. .

It is one of the signs of the times that all associations of women for practical work in the field they have chosen by instinct—the alleviation of sorrow and suffering—are affiliating and so moving as one, to bring all their force visible and invisible to bear on the points they desire to gain. The following are the officers elect for 1889. President, Miss Mary Allen West; vice-presidents, Mrs. S. M. Moses, Mrs. R. C. Claghry, and Mrs. Louise Rockwood-Wardner; recording secretary, Dr. Odellia Blinn; assistant recording secretary, Mrs. Mercy Thirids; corresponding secretary, Miss E. S. Bass; assistant corresponding secretary, Miss Emily A. Kellogg; treasurer, Mrs. Frances E. Owens.

EXCERPTS FROM MADAME GUYON'S "MYSTIC SENSE OF THE SCRIPTURES."

(Copyright, 1888, by Mrs. M. M. PUELON, C.S.B.)

What God requires is an entire exterior and interior purity of heart and mind, so that we may be able to draw near to God.

The peace offering must be eaten the same day. This teaches us that the soul abandoned and at rest in God, is content with the divine moment, without preparing anything for the future. Its sustenance is the present moment of God's order over us.

Profit by the light while it is day. The present moment must be the life of the peaceful soul.

To advance in purity is to issue out of self, and to be lost in God.

We cannot be sanctified of ourselves nor should we be content with middling holiness. It is God that sanctifies—God is principle.

The soul itself seems to be nothing but pride. All its thoughts, words, actions, are full of it. It feels more than ever attached to the earth and clings to it. All persons who do not abandon themselves travel this road, more or less, according to the degree of propriety, and God's design in their purification. And the more a soul has been advanced by the affluence of divine gifts, the more profound is its fall. I say that all those destined for the mystic death go this way.

I will bring upon you the avenging sword of the covenant. This sword is a knife of division which God brings to the soul, so as to separate the two parts—the superior from the inferior, without which separation it would always resist. This separation causes the soul to suffer a strange agony.

As soon as the soul begins to take pleasure in its distresses, and desolation, and to serve God by the loss of all self-interest, then it is, usually, that all pain ceases.

We have been using a Morris Type Writer, for over a year. The machine is just as good now, indeed we think it better, than at first. We stand ready to endorse all that is claimed for it. See "ad." on another page. We think so much of it, that we are willing to let our friends have a chance for one, with but little effort. For 15 new subscribers, and \$15.00, we will send a Morris Type Writer as a premium, to the person getting up the club.

OUR MARCH NUMBER.

THE HERMETIST for March will contain besides other useful and entertaining matter, the conclusion of the story of African Black Magic, entitled "Karma," the antithesis of "The Story of Egypt," published in the January number. There will also be an article by Prof. Butts of Milwaukee, on The Ideal Church of the Republic, and a poem from the Pacific slope.

LOOK HERE!

For the next three months, we will, on receipt of 25 cents, send to any address, post free, FIVE sample copies of different pamphlets, magazines, etc., whose retail price will average 50 cents or more. HERMETIC PUB. Co., 629 Fulton st., Chicago, Ill.

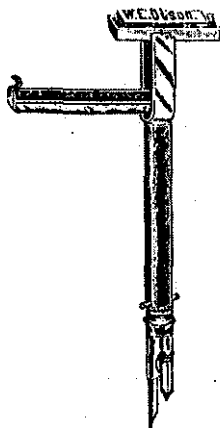
BETTER THAN EVER.—It did seem as though the seedsmen outdid themselves last year in the line of elaborate catalogues, but here comes Vick's Floral Guide for 1889, from Rochester, N. Y., better than all previous issues. "Better" hardly expresses it—rather, we should say, far superior. It has been changed in every respect; new cuts, new type, enlarged in size (opening like an old fashioned singing-book); contains three elegant lithographs: (8x10); inches of roses, Geraniums and Melon and Tomato; besides a very fine plate of the late James Vick and his three sons who now own and manage this large business. These features must make the Floral Guide valuable to their many thousands of customers in this country.

We also notice that Vick returns to the plan started by the founder of the business years ago, of offering cash prizes at the State Fair. One would think they were a little out of their heads to offer to the public such a work as the Guide free, for that is what it amounts to, when they say it will be sent on receipt of fifteen cents, and that a certificate good for fifteen cents worth of seed will be returned with the Guide.

ANYONE has entered upon its third year. It has been enlarged to 20 pages, and is full of excellent matter, treating upon the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, without theological controversy. It is issued monthly at \$1.00 a year, by the Star Publishing Co., Springfield Mass. It is sent free for two months, on the receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps.

THE MORNING STAR.—Vol. I. No. 1, is on our table. It rises in Glasgow, Scotland, and is neatly printed, bright and promises good things. May it continue to shine. Subscribers in U. S. send 10 five cent stamps for a year, to The Morning Star Office, 127 Stockwell Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

We have also received: "Planetary Evolution or a new Cosmogony." Published by J. H. Ramsey Printing Co., Kansas City, Mo. "Illuminated Buddhism or the True Nirvana." Published by Spiritual Scientific Publishing Co., Kansas City, Mo.

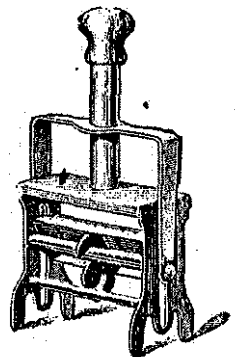


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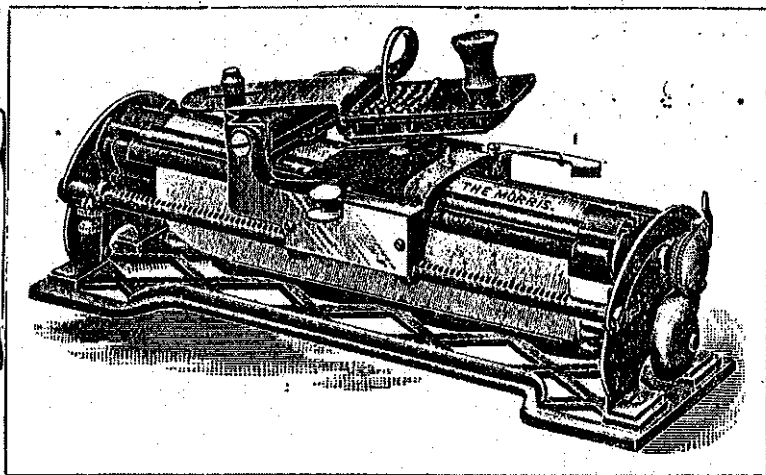


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