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JUDGE JAMES G. MAGUIRE

Here is a man of might. There is nothing "namby-pamby" about Judge Maguire. If any one thinks differently, let him cross swords with the "honorable gentleman from California." Just throw stones at the Single Tax doctrine, or assail fine democracy, or attack human rights in any way, and see how suddenly this gentleman will enter the arena in defense

of the right, and behold the sledge hammer blows he will deal to the wrong.

He is not an aggressive man when folk behave themselves, but he is a terror to the evil-doer, and a sworn enemy to tyrants and fossilized institutions.

He has a strong Mental-Vital Temperament. Indeed, everything about him is strong. That is what

is the matter with his brain. It is strong, it is big, and is of the practical kind; and he has a strong body to support the strong brain. He has a voice like a saw-mill, or like a lion, or like Niagara, or like anything else that is powerful. When his steam is up and he is preaching the Single Tax gospel to the impenitent land monopolist, he can be heard a mile and a half, and his logic!—Well, it just dissolves the entire landlord system, as the Chinook wind melts the snows of the Sierras, and his invective is like a Kansas cyclone, leaving nothing but a grease spot, where erstwhile stood a defiant landlord.

He is very much alive. That temperament may be soothing under summer skies, but there is too much base brain to loaf at the corner grocery longer than is necessary to secure votes at the next election.

His square chin indicates a rhythmic bearing of the heart. He never gets "rattled;" the greater the excitement the calmer he becomes.

The full, plump cheeks indicate good digestion, which is as steam to the engine. He evidently likes the good things of earth, and is never oblivious to the musical tones of the dinner bell. A good digestion is the bottom plank to success. The Cerebellum is Nature's reservoir of Magnetism. Judge Maguire has it in quantity to suit the occasion.

People feel his presence with their eyes shut. That full, round chin is the facial sign of the well-developed Cerebellum. It is a good thing to have, especially in Congress and on the stump or rostrum. The distance from the medulla-oblongata to the cortex, where is located the brain centre of Self-Interest, is not very great. He is not puffed up with his own importance, but weighs himself justly.

He has the organ of Human Nature strongly marked, rendering him intuitive, and an excellent judge of men and of their motives. No bunco steerer wheedles him out of his summer's wages; and wily politicians who concoct little schemes to defeat Judge Maguire or his pet measures, must retire very early and rise at the crack of day, and even then they will be likely to be placed in the predicament of "Moses when the light went out?"—"In the dark." That

large organ of Human Nature is a "trump card" with the judge. It enables him to beat demagogues and politicians at their own game.

There is a fund of humor about the Judge, which makes him genial, and his large social nature causes him to be very companionable. He laughs heartily at good jokes, but he is very particular that they are good. His analytical brain detects nonsense very quickly and a funny remark must have some sense mixed in its ingredients to make it a good joke in his estimation.

Judge Maguire is a first-class lawyer and a statesman, but he could have succeeded well as a physician had he turned his talents in that direction. His temperament and brain favor the medical profession. However, it is probably well that he is Congressman Maguire instead of Dr. Maguire. The Single Tax and other reforms will get along better with him as their champion.

He has a full habit, and rivers of rich, arterial blood course through his arteries, hence he had "better look a little out," and not indulge too heartily in eating or drinking, and should keep up vigorous physical, as well as mental exercise, or some fine day he will take the same route to "kingdom come" that was taken by that other great American, Henry Ward Beecher—Apoplexy. This is a gentle hint, but the judge had better take it. If he lives hygienically, he will be likely to weather many a gale and reach a good old age. Let us hope so. He is an American statesman and reformer, and our country needs such men.

We are indebted to Mr James H. Barry, editor and publisher of "The Star," for the portrait of Judge Maguire. We mention this because we hope some day to be permitted to exhibit Mr. Barry's features to our HUMAN NATURE audience. He is a pretty good duplicate of the Judge, and is also fearless in the advocacy of all sorts of reforms, which promise human betterment.

WHY THE TWINS LAUGHED.

The nurse was told to give the twins a bath. Later, hearing the children laughing in bed, she said: "What are you laughing about?" "Oh, nothing," replied Edna, "only you gave Edith two baths, and haven't given me any."—*Leviston Journal.*

PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY.

Phrenology and Physiognomy stand in the same relation as the works in a clock and the dial-plate. Physiognomy is the dial-plate.

Phrenology in its broadest sense includes the whole man, body and mind.

Many who are unacquainted with its principles think that Phrenology is a study of "bumps." Probably phrenologists themselves are partly to blame for this misconception of the Science. Its exponents generally fail to show the public that character is determined by the length of brain fibre from the *medulla oblongata* to the cortex. We exhibit a model head, instead of the whole body, face and head included, as if the science were confined to the head alone.

The brain depends as much on the body for its support and nourishment as the steam engine depends on the boiler for its propelling force.

The face tells of mental activity. Each brain organ has a polar centre in the face. This facial centre records the action of its corresponding brain organ, and in this way facial expression is manifested. All infants at birth look nearly alike, are expressionless.

There are primary or hereditary traits inherited from parents, but no individual mental action at birth. As the child grows, and mental activity takes place, come formation of features and expression of the eye corresponding to the awakening of the mind. If the mind is dull, so are the features and expression of the eyes.

In proportion as animals and men differ in intelligence so do they differ in expression, because the mind leaves its record on the face; and he alone is the true phrenologist—the true reader of character, who judges of the whole organization, and while reading other signs does not neglect the mind's written page on the face.

The true phrenologist is also a physiognomist although there are physiognomists who are not phrenologists; indeed, a majority of physiognomists seem to know very little about phrenology. They deal with effects and seem to look at effects without searching for cause.

The Phrenologist traces cause and effect, and effect back to cause.

Without phrenology there could be no physiognomy, there can be no expression to a dead brain.

Phrenology explains the relations which exist between the brain and mind. Physiognomy tells of the mind by its expression in the face; take, for instance, one who is mirthful and full of fun. The outer angles of the mouth turn upward, accompanied by a merry sparkle of the eye; but they turn downward in the melancholy man.

The great art of reading character consists not only in knowing each brain organ, its size and function, its sign or expression on the face, but how much the faculty is offset by others. The secret of reading character lies in being able to judge of the combination of faculties, and how far these are influenced by Temperament and Organic Quality.

Phrenology is a Science.

Shall We Meet Again?

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have no firmer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones, whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its dark passage may lead to Paradise; we do not want to lie down in the damp grave, even with princes as bedfellows. In the beautiful drama of "Ion," the hope of immortality uttered by the death-devoted Greek finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his Clamantha asked if they would meet again, to which he replies: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that

looked eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit has walked in glory. All were dumb; but as I gaze on thy living face, I feel there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clamantha."

QUALITY.

BY JOHN F. BERNARD.

The subject of "quality" has long engaged my attention, on account of the difficulty I have experienced in trying to secure a scientific precise notion of it, which has been owing to the vagueness in its treatment by the phrenological writers. I have long been on the alert for anything like a precise definition or a sharp description; but so far I have been obliged to rely on my ability to perform the task of extracting the principle which pervades, more or less obscurely, the general and lengthy dissertations, which, though abounding in correct inferences and beautiful figurative statements, yet fail to disclose the principle from which they flow, and thus leave a student to grope his way in the dark and discover the principle the best way he can.

The nearest I have come to such precision in my notions on the subject is the conclusion that Quality in human science is the same thing as that fineness of fiber or grain in the natural sciences which determines the Density.

If that is so, then the measure of power is not Size alone, but *Size multiplied by Density*, in other words, Mass, it being remembered that Mass is the product of Size and Density, and Density is determined by Quality.

Matter is porous. The actual Mass of a lump of matter, such as the brain, in its substance, minus its pores; and this measures its power. In estimating the power of the brain the practical phrenologist pursues a method which is perfectly scientific, though it is as off-hand as that of the expert who estimates the weight of cattle by the eye, without varying. Sizer says, more than a few pounds in the aggregate. The phrenologist first takes the Size, that is, the magnitude of the whole, pores and all. In other words, he first estimates the *solid* cubical contents of

the skull. Then, knowing that the brain is porous and that the porosity of different brains varies with the degree of fineness (or Quality), he estimates and notes the degree of fineness or Quality (in the same off-hand yet accurate manner); and modifying the gross Size by the Quality thus ascertained, and eliminating the space occupied by the pores, he obtains the actual Mass, which is the true measure of power. Or, as "Mass is always proportional to the weight," the weight of the brain also measures its power. The greater the Density (that is, the finer the Quality), the greater the Mass, the greater the weight, and the greater the power. If two heads have exactly the same dimensions, but the subjects differ in Quality, the one of finer Quality has the greater actual Mass of brain, the greater weight of brain, and the greater brain power. Perhaps it may be most truly said that weight is the measure of power. This is the measure sought and obtained by physicians in *post-mortem* examinations; and perhaps this is also really the measure sought and obtained by the phrenologist in his external estimates of the living subject. If such is the case, then weight is the true measure of power, and weight is the product of Size modified by Quality.

If a traveling phrenologist should equally fill seven tumblers or glass jars of equal capacity with shot, the shot in each vessel differing in fineness from that in all the other vessels, or, (to adapt the illustration to fibrous rather than granular matter), if he should equally fill seven glass boxes of equal capacity with wire rods, the wire in each box differing in fineness from that in all the other boxes, would not the vessels containing the fine metal outweigh the others and contain more metal and less unoccupied space?

I find that the above theory of "Quality" renders it much easier for me to follow the deductions and figurative statements of the excellent articles on the subject that are appearing in the journals of late.

A practical Phrenologist can readily distinguish in a person hereditary traits of character in contradistinction from those acquired by cultivation.

Health Department.

APOPLEXY.

I assume, that it is a fact, that every human being has some hereditary tendency or weakness, and that this fixes the limit of life. In the case of those who have apoplexy the inherited structural weakness is in the blood-vessels. You are aware, of course, that these vessels circulate the blood to every cell in the body. It is found in those who have apoplexy the vessels are thinner, the muscle fibre of the vessel wall is smaller and therefore weaker, and that the whole wall and structure of the blood-vessels have less tone than the other parts not affected by hereditary weakness. You can now understand that the weaknesses are constitutional, and enduring, and must always be a menace to the health of such a person. You can also understand that such an individual is no stronger than the hereditary weakness. It is like a chain having a weak link; when the chain is subjected to strain, it will always break at the weak link, and the chain is no stronger than the weakest link. So it is with the human body.

Heredity determines everything about us except what is acquired. It gives us our physique; it gives us our mental faculties, and their combinations, and determines our force mentally and physically. Our tastes are determined by it, whether vice or virtue are liable to be our lot. It is not a good inheritance to have a structural weakness in the life-pipes that convey the blood to every cell which control all physical, mental, and moral force.

It is a fact, that apoplexy is the bursting of brittle arteries in the brain, and this bursting is due to a degeneration of the vessel walls by a foreign element deposited in them, and this foreign element is *lime combined with fat*. The question of the hour is: Can any preventive measures be used against this bloody hand of apoplexy?

In the first place the hereditary weakness will not be overcome, only will it be kept at the greatest possible strength by proper nutrition. In the second place, do not eat more than the body requires to live and labor. These are the

greatest preventive measures to this body withering apoplexy.

Another important question is: How to rid these life-pipes of the lime already deposited there? My advice is, to drink hot distilled water and avoid foods containing excess of lime; in fact, avoid all foods which may clog the eliminating organs; and, above all, do not eat too much of any kind of food, as this will always burden the eliminating organs, to eliminate it. These are the best measures known to me to rid the system of the limy deposits.

* * * * *

Every day of your lives there was more lime and fat getting into your systems than the vital forces and machinery had the remotest need of. You easily see and oppressively realize what becomes of most of it, but some of it will be found in the degenerate walls of those blood-vessels as is seen, post mortem, after the clotted blood is cleared away.

It is something to know, that this disease is due to *avoidable causes*, and by far the larger factor, very much larger than structural hereditary weaknesses.

Dr. W. P. Barke in *Health*.

CONCRETIONS.

By DR. T. R. ALLINSON.

Concretions, calculi or stones, are found in many parts and organs of the body. I have already written of concretions that form in the gall bladder and are called gall stones, and of those which form in the kidney and bladder. Now I write of those that form elsewhere. Concretions are formed chiefly of lime salts which have been slowly deposited and formed hard masses. A familiar example of such a concretion is the fur or tartar on the teeth of those who do not take any care of them. I have seen so large a mass of tartar on the back of the teeth that an ulcer has been formed on the spot where it rubbed against the mouth. A deposit of limy matter is useful at times, when deposited in a cancer, or in uterine, ovarian, or other tumor, or in tuberculosis matter in the lungs.

CAUSE.—Concretions are caused by limy matter being deposited from the various fluids in the body.

The limy material finds its way into the blood from the use of hard water and from foods that have been boiled. Boiling water dissolves out of vegetables their soda and potash salts, but does not dissolve out the lime salts, for these are insoluble in hot water. This results in the lime salts being taken into the blood, and then deposited in various organs and tissues. But when vegetables are eaten raw, the soda and potash salts are the chief ones taken into the blood and being very soluble, they rarely cause concretions.

VARIETIES.—Concretions are common after twenty years of age. When they form inside the ears they are called otoliths. Seboliths are concretions that form in the sweat glands. Amygdoliths form in the tonsils. Enteroliths are found in the intestines; they are rare in man, but common in the horse. Rhinoliths form in the nose. Limy stones are also found in the salivary glands, in the pancreas, in the tear glands and in other parts. I have found them in the navel, and taken them from under the tongue. Gouty concretions form in the lobes of the ears in the eyes, on the elbows, knuckles, toes, etc.

PREVENTION.—If persons will drink soft water, and eat freely of fresh, raw fruit, salads, and raw green stuff, concretions or stones are not likely to form. All vegetables are best cooked by steaming then their soda and potash salts are not dissolved out and washed away. Fruits are better eaten raw than cooked. Meats are better roasted than boiled. Do not drink soda, potash, lithia or lime water.

CURE.—Drink rain or distilled water, and use either for cooking purposes. Eat freely of all ripe fruits as they come in season. Eat freely of salads and raw vegetables, as onions cucumbers, tomatoes, cress, radishes, &c. Eat freely also of cooked vegetables, but steam rather than boil them. Soups made from vegetables are good. Avoid malt liquors, they contain much lime; and spirits are injurious as they cause the deposit of lime salts. To drink a tumbler of fresh lemon water at supper time is good and will help to dissolve out concretions that have been deposited. Avoid all drugs, as they lead to disease rather than cure.

The Literary Grotto.

Reviews

By C. P. HOLT.

THE HESPERIAN.

The April—June number of this superb literary magazine is laden with gems. There is a portrait and sketch of the life of Alphonse Daudet, the greatest French novelist since Victor Hugo. The portrait is excellent and a good character study. Intensity and literary genius are stamped upon the features of this author, who, having passed, last December, to the "land of souls," still lives in his "Jack," "Tartarin de Tarascon," "Sappho," and other immortal works.

The side-lights thrown upon the characters and lives of Voltaire and Rousseau in this number of the "Hesperian" will do much to set English-speaking people right in the estimate of these two representative Frenchmen of a past generation. Those who think an "Ironclad" a modern ship should look upon the frontispiece in the "Hesperian," and behold "The First Ironclad" built in Antwerp, in 1585. The "Hesperian" is delightful.

MIND.

The March number of this magazine contains many readable articles bearing upon the Occult. The continuation of the serial, "A Daughter of Love," by Julian Hawthorne, retains interest. "Reincarnation" by W. I. Colville is a strong article. "Unity in Variety" by Swami Abhedananda is a thoughtful paper.

THE OSPREY.

The February—March number of this neatly prepared and finely illustrated magazine of Ornithology comes to my table with its usual silencing countenance and entertaining conversation upon our feathered friends. Everyone who loves Nature and birds should subscribe for the "Osprey."

INTELLIGENCE.

The March number of this Scientific, Philosophical, Psychic and Occult magazine has a frontispiece

which is a character study sure enough. It represents Swami Abhedananda, a gentleman from India. He is not dressed in the style of the business man of San Francisco. He has a queer thing wrapped around his head. I believe they call it a "turban." I wonder how a Yankee would look in such a head-gear. However, Mr. Abhedananda, (oh, what a long name), is very interesting to look upon, turban and all. I wish space would permit a delineation of his character as revealed physiognomically—the turban conceals his head. To sum up,—our friend from India is good, strong and sensible. He has an article in this issue of "Intelligence" entitled "The Attributes of God" which prove him a thinker of no mean order. I have devoted so much space to Mr. Abhedananda that none is left to speak of the other good things in these pages.

The name of "Intelligence" will be changed in April to the former better cognomen, "The Metaphysical Magazine," but it will be the "same old musket." I am glad.

HEALTH.

This is Dr. Burke's magazine, and is an able exponent of the grand work he is doing at the Sanitarium at Altruria, Calif., in healing, and pointing out the path to health. The March number is brimming with good things. The article on Mechano-Therapy by the editor is most excellent and so are his answers to "Queries." Long live "Health" and Dr. Burke, especially Dr. Burke, because "Health" depends upon him.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

It shows no sign of flagging, and its contents for March are as good and varied as usual, which is praise enough. A character sketch of the Rev. George Hansen with portrait, leads, followed by "Prison Industries," "What is Quality?" "Personal Interviews," "Child Culture," and more readable articles than I have space to enumerate. Let those who value knowledge subscribe for the "Phrenological Journal."

GOOD HEALTH.

The March number of this monthly visitor to my table is a

generous one. I should describe its temperament as the Mental-Vital. It is well-nourished and just talks. What it says about "Tea and Coffee and their effects upon the Body," about "Flesh-Eating," "Man's Natural Diet," "Tuberculosis in Cows," "The Evil Effects of Alcohol," and a great many other things, will set thinking people to thinking.

THE HUMANITARIAN

For March is as good as ever. The frontispiece is a portrait of Sir Henry Thompson. Who is he? Well, he is the distinguished President of the Society of Cremation at Woking, England, and the first article in this number describes a cremation by the Necropolis Company at that place. Read it, and burn instead of bury. It is the better way. There are ten or eleven other good articles following this, but it needs the magazine itself to describe them. Get it and read for yourself.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

This is a Japanese magazine devoted to Japanese and American Art, Literature and Politics.

It is unique and raises the curtain upon scenes Oriental. Our Japanese friends are small in stature, but very active, and like the "Chrysanthemum," highly artistic.

Looking for Flaws.

Don't look for the flaws as you go on through life,

And even when you find them
It is wise and kink to be somewhat blind.

To look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in the shadows hiding.

It is better by far to look for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean.

Don't set your face 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.

Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Don't shrink at the trials before you;
Don't butt at the storm with your puny
form,

But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things must go wrong your whole
life long.

And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite.

And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wisest man shapes into God a plan
As the water shapes into a vessel

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Puget Sound Department

LOVE OF FRIENDS.

BY PROF. D. C. SEYMOUR.

This faculty runs through all life. Every thing that exists seems to "love its kind," and shows an inclination to be gregarious. Weeds, flowers, plants, grains, trees, are generally found growing too thick for their own good, and each kind as much by itself as possible. Oysters, clams, fishes, all animal life dwell more or less in schools, herds, etc. The mighty ocean, the clouds above us, the shimmering rays of light that give us life and happiness, and bathes our world in life and beauty, joy and pleasure, the air we breathe, the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the material with which we build our habitations, even our old earth itself, and all orbs, suns and worlds rolling in space, even our own bodies, everything that exists, all organic matter, is made up of myriads of small particles or atoms, bound together by ties of unity and a common interest, in fact, it seems to be a law of nature by means of which creation, or rather formation, takes place. Without this law, *this natural means of procedure,* there would be no life, no forms, no aggregations, of matter, nothing but a vast ocean of space, filled with matter in a gaseous form. Thus all nature teaches us co-operation. Socialism teaches us to all pull together for a common interest.

Man, in evolving from the "dust of the earth" up through all organized matter and animal life, has carried this faculty with him, has *mentalized* it, so that we have friendship or "love of friends." Without this faculty every one would be simply an "Ishmaelite," and want to dwell alone. This faculty causes humanity to settle in neighborhoods, towns, cities and even build ten, twenty and thirty storied, "sky-scraper" buildings, as if there was not room enough on our great planet for each one to have a piece of ground to live on, all to himself. Even with our dead, we bury them as closely together as possible, for fear they may be lonesome in their long

sleep and want company, and thus our "cities of the dead" far outnumber the cities of the living, in population.

"Cremation" is another step forward in the same direction. We have such a love and friendship for our dear ones that we very greatly dislike to bury up their precious forms in the bosom of Mother Earth, and thus lose sight of them forever, but often take them to the crematory and have them reduced to ashes, which we bottle up and keep in our homes, and thus, look upon the face (dust) of our dead and keep up the remembrance and love for our departed, Photographs and pictures, keepsakes, etc., are simply the tokens, which the organ of Friendship cherishes as mementoes of acquaintances and friends. This organ binds the *whole world together* in "the brotherhood of man." (or it should do so); but, owing to the dominion of the selfish faculties, Combativeness, Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, Self-esteem, etc., Man has built up the competitive system and we are robbing each other, and call that business

Friendship is being throttled by greed. The holiest, divinest, purest part of our nature, the affectional, is being frozen out of humanity by the lust for wealth. Sons of millionaire fathers are being disinherited, (See Pullman's will), because they show no business ability, that is to say, ability to get legally something for nothing. Poor sons of millionaires when deprived by nature of the ability to rob their fellow-men like their unworthy sires, then to be robbed by their progenitors also, while the fact is, having no ability to paddle their canoes financially, should be the very reason their parent should assist them. We might as well turn out of doors our children that happen to be born blind or deaf and dumb, which would render them incapable of amassing much of the "filthy lucre." However, this is in accord with the scriptural declaration: "Unto him that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken, even that which he hath."

The avarice of the world is damning the human family at railroad speed. It is putting out the fires of filial affection and fraternal love. It is fast destroying all love for God or man, and making our world a den of thieves and a gam-

blers' rendezvous. Business, (there should be no such thing as business), is only a system, legally overwrought, by which the producer is made to give the larger part of what he earns or produces, and the worst part of it is, the producer has been so educated and never has known any other way that he seems quite willing to thus be systematically robbed. He does not seem to know that a system of exchange with his brother producer would eliminate all the profits, interest, rent, taxes, clerk-hire, advertising, drumming and most of the insurance, freights, high and salaried offices, when will our producers learn that the men who raise eight cents wool and get seventy five cents a day to make it into all wool cloth are being unmercifully robbed when they buy that cloth at from one to two dollars a yard, while a yard of it may only weigh from four to eight ounces. A farmer often sells his dry hides for eight to ten cents a pound, and buys it back in boots and shoes at two to five dollars a pound. Those hides have probably traveled from Oregon to Boston, have been sold and resold several times with a large profit each time, shipped here and sent there, by dray, by railroad, by steamer; insurance paid several times, also storage, everybody who has handled them being well paid for such manipulation, such travel over a half dozen lines of railroad, in carrying freight, bills without mercy which help to pay all the high salaried officers and employes of the different lines over which they have passed.

They go to the tanner, and he must make his ten to twenty per cent; then they go to the jobber in hides with another large per centage added, with costs for drayage, storage, insurance again added, then moved again to the manufacturing of boots and shoes with another big profit, and more cartage, storage, insurance, freight-clerk hire, etc., added. Now the cost of manufacturing into boots and shoes, then another large profit must be added with all the cost of clerk hire, book-keeping and insurance, rent, taxes, telephones, telegraphs, advertising and storage must again be reckoned. A high-salaried, good, business man must be sent out as a drummer over the long line of railroads back to Oregon or Chicago, Tacoma and San

Francisco. He travels in style, has his sleeping car and fifty-cent and one-dollar meals, his railroad fare and two to four dollars a day hotel bills; all paid, for what? Why, to sell those eight-cents-a-pound hides, now in boots and shoes, to the wholesale boot and shoe dealers in these western cities with all the freights, cartage, insurance, clerk hire, portage, etc. again added. Now these new jobbers in the western cities have the original hides in the form of boots and shoes sent out from Oregon, for instance. They pay big rents, taxes, insurance, clerk hire, advertising, telephoning, telegraphing also, and must raise the price to cover all these immense and necessary expenses, and add on also a ten to twenty per cent profit, so they too can retire from business bye and bye, and live on the rich cream they have skimmed off the *Noodles* they have been helping to fleece. Now these Western jobbers must in turn find some more fine, commercial men to send out in fine style, with fine salary, to board at the best hotels, sleep in Pullman cars, hire the best livery, drink the best whisky, to sell these boots and shoes to the merchants in small towns and country places, with more freight, drayage, etc. added. The country merchant now gets his chance at the said boots and shoes. He pays rent, insurance, clerk hire, advertising, etc., so he adds his big per cent to pay all this and give him his living profit. He sells some of the boots or shoes back to the sturdy ranchers that sold him the hides a year or two ago for eight cents a pound. Said rancher is well pleased with his new boots for himself and fine shoes for his wife and children at from *two to four dollars a pound*.

This hide and shoe business is true to the letter and well illustrates all other kinds of business that is taking place in every nook and corner of the United States, and all over the civilized world. Why not do away with the whole competitive system and establish "*Nationalism*?" Have everything raised, manufactured, transported and distributed at cost by the government, everybody to be paid for what they do by the Government, with profits to none. No private property, work for everybody, and everything at actual cost to every one; in other words, *universal co-operation*. Crime, drunk-

ness, prostitution, poverty, disease, and all that curses the world today would gradually be eliminated, for the cause would be gone, and these things are but the effects of a cause, and that cause is our wrong economic system, which builds up avarice, stimulates greed and develops selfishness. Government could as well run *all* production, transportation, distribution, as to run the Postal system, the Army and Navy, the Revenue; or the State to run the public school system, or cities their street cars, gas and water works, electric lights.

No one should blame men for getting rich or going into business to try to become wealthy and independent. Most of us have tried the same thing; it is the best the world has known so far, but the development of a higher intellect, more brain power, gives us more knowledge, more science, more labor-saving machinery, less need for labor, and gives the strong and shrewd a *tremendous lever* to hold down the weak, to grind them to powder, to reduce them to serfdom, and to elevate themselves to be nobles, barons, counts, and to wear silly titles for the under world to worship and to serve. Let the producers unite, (*while yet they may*), and by their votes abolish the old competitive system forever.

A DREAM.

Burton had set his alarm clock for 5:30, as he had some writing to do, and knew that he couldn't steal time for that purpose at the office during the day. When the alarm clanged he awoke, sat up in bed, thought lazily for a moment, and utterly forgot his writing. It was 5:42—for he looked at the unwinking face of the dial—when he settled back for an involuntary doze—one of those quick little naps that overpower a man in the short hours of the morning.

A few moments later he was standing in a small enclosure surrounded by log walls. A brown horse stamped beside him, and a woman—bearing a marvellous resemblance in face and voice to his wife—was trying to tell him something. He shook his head, disengaged his arm from her restraining hand, and tightened the saddle girth upon the brown horse. On the horse's back he sprung, the

walls opened, and he sped out, while behind him came streaming a tumultuous rout of horse and foot soldiery in blue uniforms, whom he had really failed to notice before, but who evidently belonged to the walled enclosure.

The air was cool, bracing, delicious—the skies bright blue. To right and left rolling hills of considerable height were crowned with underbrush and straggling trees, while deeper woods extended to the background. He noticed that the leaves were resplendent in red and yellow, and he realized that October was in all its glory.

Somehow the ride must have been short. There was a whirl of dust and a coach whizzed by—not a stage coach of the West, but one of those affairs with broad tires and cushioned seats, so much in vogue for tally-ho parties. He found himself, horse and all, by the side of the log wall again, and the coach passed inside. The next instant he noticed a puff of white smoke up on the hillside, about 1,000 feet away. Then came other white puffs, and the leaves flew in spots on either side of him. He called his men—called in a voice which seemed to give no sound—and there was no noise accompanying the white puffing up there among the underbrush. His men began to skulk behind trees and walls, and opened fire upon the places whence the white clouds kept rolling.

A man in black ran out upon the hillside, emerging from a clump of brush. There was a general firing and the man staggered. As he fell Burton noticed that he had changed his costume in the moment of the fall and was now arrayed in a blue-gray uniform. He picked himself up and reeled back among the trees. There was more firing and Burton awoke.

Fully believing himself hours behind his office time, he looked at his clock. It registered 5:46. All the events of the dream had passed before his drowsy mind in four minutes of actuality.—*The New Century*.

Phrenology is often blamed for the mistakes and practices of so-called Phrenologists. This is unjust to the science. Quackery abounds in all professions. Let the blame attach to the quacks, not the professional.

San Francisco, Cal., April, 1898

Human Nature

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ALLEN HADDOCK,
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C. P. HOLT, Associate Editor
D. C. SEYMOUR, Editor Puget Sound Dept

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A Phrenological examination will put you on the right track for success, and enable you to take advantage of your natural talent. If you are a natural physician, then you should practice the healing art and not aspire to be a lawyer. We know a lawyer in this city who is fairly successful in his practice, but is by nature a physician. has more books on physiology and medicine than on Law, and takes delight not only in diagnosing disease, but in treating the sick. His very presence is genial, as is that of the true physician, while a natural lawyer is by nature contentious, and exhales an atmosphere of disputation and unrest distressing to the invalid.

A thin boiler may receive a light pressure of steam, but if subjected to a heavy strain, would betray a weakness which would make proximity undesirable, and familiarity unsafe.

While crime is naturally the result of our Social system, one who possesses a good moral type of brain with Firmness large, seems able to resist the many temptations around him; but the natural criminal will commit crime even if his circumstances place him above the sting of poverty.

Reincarnation.

Heredity, Pre-natal Influences.

Somewhere on the earth's surface, with every tick of the clock, there comes into the world a human being, and simultaneously another one of the same species takes its departure. Whence came the one and whither goes the other? Have either been on earth before, and will they return?

Answer these questions, and the problem of human life is solved.

It is an axiom in logic that a beginning pre-supposes an ending. A rod or line or anything revealing an end must, near or remote, betray another. Only of the circle can it be said "it is perpetual."

If the human race had a beginning, it is only a question of time when it will cease to be. If an individual human soul commenced its career as an individual, no matter whether three score years ago or many eons in the past, sometime, somewhere, its existence as an entity will cease. Its life will go out in darkness and the pall of annihilation fall upon its bier. Logic is inexorable. So is Destiny.

All peoples, in all ages, seem to have conceded this principle as applied to Diety. He is represented in all theology, whether Christian or heathen, to be "from Eternity to Eternity," and to be "without the shadow of turning," otherwise He were not immortal. This law must apply to man, if he shall live beyond the bounds of time. He must forever stand in the middle of Eternity, as he is always in the centre of the Universe, there being no bounds to the one or the other.

If man has existed eternally as an entity, he must have been conscious of his existence, and of his self-hood, and this conscious existence, to be of any value, should be supplemented by Memory. It also follows as a corollary to the fact of his existence that he must have had, throughout all the eons, an abiding place. That is to say—at every instant during all the past ages—as at present and in the future—he must be somewhere. It

does not follow that earth has always been his home, nor that it will continue thus to be.

He may have existed on other planets, or upon some orb in some other solar system than ours. This is all speculation, and of it nothing can be proven. The only solid fact we have is, that he is here now, and so far as history, tradition and geological investigation can prove, he has been on earth as a race a long time, and has developed through savagery and barbarism into civilization, and is still progressing.

In recent years there has been imported into Europe and America from the Orient the ancient doctrine of man's reincarnation, and finding suitable soil in the minds of many theorists, especially a class known as Theosophists, it has grown to respectable proportions. These speculators upon human life and destiny aver that each individual human being repeats his visit to earth many, *very* many times. That upon no other hypothesis can we account for such prodigies of genius as Napoleon, Shakespeare, Raphael, Mozart, and other marvels of greatness. They furthermore point out that one earth life is too brief in which to finish the work assigned each human soul.

Besides this, there is a "Karma," which to be outwrought, necessitates a return to earth.

In other words, earth is the crucible in which human souls are refined, and having nothing else to do, keep on re-embodiment on earth, millions of times, until they are refined enough to reach a place called Nirvana where everything is lovely, and they take a good rest.

Thus the circle is completed.

This theory is to some extent plausible, but the arguments given in its support are not altogether convincing.

There is an axiom in philosophy which states that the simplest explanation of any phenomenon is the correct one.

Heredity and pre-natal conditions will account for the genius of Napoleon, who had a soldier for his father and whose mother rode with her husband in his campaign before the birth of the future Emperor of France.

Shakespeare's mother was poetical and so was Byron's, though passionate, which trait of character she also bequeathed to her

talented and erratic son. James I, of England, was a cringing coward, caused by pre-natal influences, the murder of David Rizzio having been perpetrated in the presence of his mother, Mary, Queen of Scotland, shortly before his birth.

It is unnecessary to quote instances illustrative of the influence of heredity and pre-natal conditions in forming human character. History and Human experience is replete with facts proving that "like begets like." "Men do not gather figs from thistles." White parents have white offspring, and a Guinea negro bears an ebony-colored baby.

The doctrine of reincarnation may be true, but its proof must rest upon a stronger basis than the genius of a Napoleon, who is supposed to have been Caesar reincarnated, or of other notables whose greatness can be explained by heredity and pre-natal conditions.

Man is undoubtedly immortal, but it is doubtful if souls stand expectant on the shores of the herefore, clamoring for a chance to try their luck again in "this vale of tears." How about some other planet? I am disgusted with the way things are run upon earth, it is so hard to get a nickle. I am weary of seeing the strong beat down the weak. Tired of witnessing the injustice dealt by the rich to the poor, and discouraged waiting for a change in the programme, waiting for the multitude of slaves to capitalism to get sense enough, and manhood enough to assert their rights and declare their freedom by establishing socialism.

"All the days of my appointed time (on earth) will I wait until my change cometh," but I take this opportunity to warn the committee on re-incarnation, that once well off this planet I shall not return until this competitive system is abolished.

What would be the use in coming? The plutocrats possess the earth and will soon have it all fenced in, so there will be no room for impecunious souls to reincarnate.

I repeat—Until those fences are down and socialism established, this is my last trip to earth.

C. P. HOLT.

PERFECT TRUST REWARDED.

A resident of one of the suburbs of Chicago, having a fondness for animals, secured a fine kennel of dogs, consisting of three fox-terriers, two greyhounds, two St. Bernard pups, weighing 150 pounds apiece, and a beautiful coolie. There was no cat on the premises, but it was the fault of the dogs, for they had no respect for cats, and considered them merely as their legitimate prey. It was the delight of the greyhounds to tree them in their morning excursions, with whatever equipages were in use, while it seemed to furnish keen delight to the fox-terriers to tear them to pieces whenever the opportunity presented itself. The good-natured St. Bernards and the friendly coolie expressed their good-fellowship with the other dogs by simply joining in a y cat hunt which they might institute.

On a beautiful Sunday morning when all the dogs were assembled in the carriage part of the barn, patiently waiting for something worthy of their attention to present itself, an innocent-minded, simple-hearted, inoffensive two-thirds grown kitten, leisurely entered the open door, and approached the dogs with the intention of joining their company. It chanced that the kitten had not been raised among her kind, but had been in constant association since her babyhood with a company of friendly dogs, among whom her lot had been cast.

Dogs: why, she just loved dogs. Dogs were her friends, and she seemed pleased at this new opportunity of demonstrating her friendliness for them. Before the dogs had time to recover from their astonishment at the audacity of the new arrival in their midst, the little thing walked up to one of the big St. Bernards and began to rub her sides against the big leg of the animal and give expression to her friendly sentiments in true cat fashion. The greyhounds, whose experience with cats had always been in the chase, with the cats in the lead, pricked up their ears and waited for the kitten to start on the run, holding themselves ready to take after it. The kitten receiving no attention from the St. Bernard, observed the ex-

pectant attitude of the greyhounds, but misinterpreted their hostile intentions for playfulness, so that instead of running from them it began to walk toward them. Having heretofore merely chased cats, and being entirely unaccustomed to facing them, they did not know what to make of the new situation in which they were placed, and as the kitten did not seem to be afraid of them they became afraid of the kitten, and backed away as fast as they were approached.

By this time the three fox-terriers had closed around the poor little kitten from behind, and were about to pounce upon it when they were observed by the intruder. Recognizing in dogs no sentiment but friendliness, and with its little cat mind thoroughly imbued with the spirit of good-fellowship, the little trustful kitten stopped following the greyhounds, and while the interested coolie stood patiently waiting for the excitement to begin, in a spirit of playfulness, turned its attention to the fox-terriers. These cat-destroyers were so dumb-founded at the audacity of the kitten that before they had time to recover from their surprise the kitten began playing with them in a most cordial manner.

The contagion of good-will which the kitten brought with it completely overcame all opposite sentiment in the breast of every member of this pack of cat-hunters, and the kitten was duly initiated into their good graces and permanently established as one of their fast friends. Cats suffered and died at the hands of these dogs afterward as they had done before, but this specimen of the feline tribe was an exception, and was always welcome and safe in their midst. Upon the morning of its introduction to them, if a single suspicion of distrustful fear had entered the mind of the kitten, if a single hair along its spine had become erect, or its tail grown one bit larger, if it had spit just once, or expressed the slightest trace of antagonism to the dogs in any form of cat language, that Sunday morning would have been its last on earth.

But its implicit trust in the honorable intentions of dog nature and its fidelity to its memory of all good things it knew about dogs, saved its life and made playmates of beasts to whom friendly senti-

ment toward cats were a new sensation.—Dr. E. H. Pratt in *Journal of Orifical Surgery*.

Dumb Toilers

This is the age of machinery. Nearly everything consumed by man, or which contributes to his comfort and pleasure is produced by machinery.

In a state of socialism, where all human beings shared the free gifts of God alike, there could not be too many machines, but under the present competitive system every newly invented machine means idleness and starvation to the toiler in the department of industry which the machine displaces.

Our great dailies are now printed by newfangled typesetters, which take in the blank paper at one end, and deliver it printed and folded at the other, with the result that an army of printers who have spent long years in learning their trade are idle, and hungry.

Last month a machine was placed in the tanneries of the country which does the work of fifteen men, requiring only one man to run it, thereby sending fourteen men for each machine, to join the army of unemployed. A good machine is a good thing, but it should be owned by the whole people. A capitalist is a disagreeable product of the age. Destroy the bad machine, (the competitive system), that produced him C. P. HOLT.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

"I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again,
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

"I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

"I feel no pride, but pity,
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
O the little hands so skillful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds;
The daughter's heart grown willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds.

"No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle,
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream, away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day"

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Vaccination Despotism.

The free and equal citizens of Georgia and Alabama, have been having an epidemic of small pox and vaccination circus this winter. There were a few sensible people there who having lived clean lives, and as a consequence were healthy and wise, objected to the injecting of filthy "virus" into their veins, but it was of no sort of use protesting, they had to join the procession and walk up to the shambles and bare their white arms to the executioner. The very stubborn ones were treated to a dose of fine and imprisonment in order to bring them to terms. "The Journal of Vaccination" relates the following instance as a result of this coercion.

"Miss Lee Miller, the Atlanta, Ga. dress-maker, one of the persons fined and imprisoned a couple of months ago, for refusing to be vaccinated, during the doctors' small-pox scare, is now in a critical condition, and expected to die. The case is a pitiable one. She has to support two children, and refused to be poisoned, as she could not afford to lose any time from sewing. Being weak and delicate from overwork, the trial in the police court, sentence and imprisonment, coupled with the effects of the poison in her system, was such a severe strain on her that she became insane, and has for weeks been imagining the city authorities, especially the police, were trying to take her life. (A not groundless fear either.) Jan. 22d, she ran away and wandered a distance of over 20 miles in a heavy rain, before being found."

The Belgic came steaming through the Golden Gate about a month ago flying the yellow flag. She had a case of small pox on board and every soul on the ship from captain to cook was compelled to submit to the vaccination rite. There was no escape. A gentleman who recently moved to San Francisco, wishing to send his little daughter to school was informed that she must first be vaccinated and re-vaccinated until the virus should take. That is to say until she became ill. The father protested, stating that he had lost a brother by vaccination, and did not propose to lose his daughter. But the Board of Health was inexorable, and the child is out of school. The father threatens to sue the city and make it a test case. That is as it should be. Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God. Let the Board take their own medicine. They are good men, let them have it all.
C. P. HOLT.

SEMOLA DISHES.

The Del Monte Milling Co. have furnished us with a few recipes showing how to make a few excellent dishes from Semola.

Semola can be had in 25c packets at any grocery on the Coast, or in 10, 25, or 50 lb. packages from the Company in this City. Here are the recipes Try them.

SEMOLA GEMS.

Three cups Semola, two cups milk, two eggs, one-third cup sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful melted butter, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Beat eggs, add butter and milk, sift Semola, sugar, salt and baking powder together, and beat thoroughly. Bake in hot gem pans.

SEMOLA PUDDING.

One-half cup Semola, two cups boiling water, one tablespoonful butter, three eggs, two cups milk, three-fourths cup sugar, flavor. Stir the Semola slowly into water salted to taste add butter, boil ten minutes. Save the whites of two eggs for frosting, beat the balance well, add the sugar, milk and flavor, stir in the mush slowly, beat well; bake in moderate oven, and when done spread with layer of jelly and fruit. Beat the whites of two eggs to very light froth, add one-half cup powdered sugar, mix and spread, put in oven and brown slightly.

SEMOLA FRITTERS.

Two cups Semola, one cup milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful sugar, one pinch salt, one teaspoonful baking powder. Beat eggs, add milk, sift Semola, sugar, salt and baking powder together, add, and beat well. Drop in teaspoonfuls into boiling lard, leave till brown. Sprinkle with powdered sugar. serve hot.

SEMOLA PANCAKES.

Two cups Semola, two and one-half cups milk, two tablespoonsful melted butter, one-half teaspoonful salt, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Beat eggs. Mix same as Fritters.

Try Semola for breading cutlets and fish when frying, you will never use anything else.

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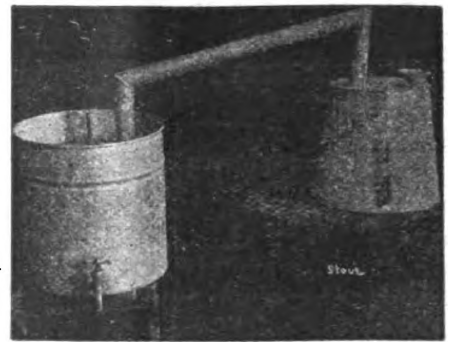
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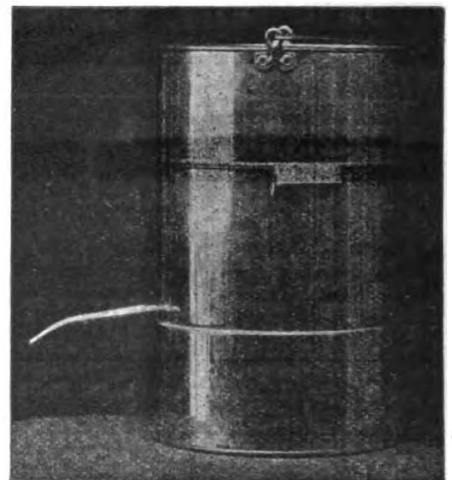
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