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THE RISING OF THE TIDE

By WALLACE G. MINOR.

THE MOUNTAIN PINE

COLORADO'S MAGAZINE

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The Coming Man.

DR. HENRY WAGNER.

SOMEHOW or other we have become exclusive and selfish in our desires, but nature knows no law for the individual apart from the whole race. We rise or fall together as one whole organism, therefore, see to it that healthy normal, just laws and rules are enacted to govern all our relations, socially and politically and keep in operation those laws that will give a healthy growth and evolution physically, mentally and spiritually and enable the race to evolve its latent powers and attributes as a whole race, regardless of national, political or religious differences; these differences are as natural and necessary to the whole organism, our earth, as the different organs of our bodies are to it. Each part has its separate functions to perform, necessarily different from its brother organ; each organ has its own functions to perform, and all the nations of our earth combined co-operate as one organism of high intelligence that relates by correspondence to other organisms of our solar system, and this system corresponds to the supreme intelligence we recognize as Deity or God. Man can go no higher in thought while environed here below in matter. His duties and obligations to himself and his race demand of him a strict obedience to the laws of his evolution as a part of the race to which he belongs.

Truth is dual and interchangeable, and manifests differently to each separate organ of the universal organism,

therefore, good and evil, right and wrong, can not be used without qualification when the individual part is referred to because what is evil for one individual organ is good for some other organ and, vice versa, what is good for one nation is the opposite for another. Liberty of thought and freedom of action for each separate organ must be recognized as absolutely necessary in order to enjoy universal peace, health and harmony, therefore, see to it that no legal obstructions of any kind, of commission or omission, interferes with nature's cyclic evolution. She will slough off every fungus growth, eliminate every festering sore and abnormal growth of whatever kind that may interfere with her onward, upward progress.

The coming man will be the perfect type of Aquarius which produces physical form of perfect proportions, clear sanguine complexions; sandy, or dark flaxen hair, very prepossessing appearance; disposition amiable, good-natured, witty, artistic and fond of refined, educated society of the scientific, philosophical and metaphysical turn of mind. Aquarius symbolises judgment, therefore the coming man will sit in judgment over mental expression in science, philosophy and religion. Those individuals who are true types of this constellation will deal out rewards and blessings or wrath and condemnation according to the works done in the body. Progress is its watchword, therefore new systems of thought on

medicine, philosophy and religion will establish themselves in keeping with the Sun's vibrations in this sign and overthrow the old systems on these subjects that belong to the past round of evolution which is about to culminate in every department of human thought.

Uranus has chief control over this sign and his erratic, independent action will surprise, astonish and overwhelm the old conditions in every department of human thought. Our financial panic of 1893, which swept the globe in nearly every country upon it, was caused from this center of action and we are about to witness the religious revolution which will correspond to the financial panic from which we have just recovered. Creeds and dogmas will fall to the ground and be replaced with science, philosophy and truth as expressed by nature's laws and not man's. There will be a co-operative spirit recognizing each part in its relation to the whole which will evolve the brotherhood of man. There will be a mental manifestation of greater activity than ever before on this planet that will round out and develop our western races in every department of human thought. Rapid moving machinery of all kinds is already the result of this force in action and it will culminate in the flying machine as a means of transportation. The wireless telegraphy is also the result of this force in action. The study of the occult forces of Nature is becoming almost universal and they will be taught in our universities during the present century. Astrology and alchemy will be taught as the sciences that explain the dynamics of Nature's higher

forces as revealed by the Sun, Moon and planets of our solar system. The Sun's vibrations modified by her planetary mediums manifest every phenomena witnessed upon earth as well as the hidden attributes of Deity as expressed in the races of mankind upon earth.

These higher sciences explain to mankind the marvelous manifestations, the harmony and the beauty of every expression of natural law on the planes of spirit, mind and matter. Man is all these combined as an epitome or microcosmic expression of all nature, hence self-knowledge enables him to understand and comprehend the whole of Nature in her infinite ramifications, the brain becomes illuminated under this dynamic power with the Sun's influence polarized in the sign of the man, which is the true and only reason at the back of every scientific invention and new discovery the race is witnessing today. The more intense vibrations of this Uranian influence gives a mental illumination that corresponds to the electricity which has become almost universal as a means of illumination and transportation.

Those who are dominated by this Uranian influence are reformers and leaders in the overthrow of conventionalities in which they find themselves surrounded.

They are always persecuted by popular opinion and the leaders thereof, but the Uranian soul does not care for consequences, his dauntless, intrepid spirit acts with perfect independence and overthrows the false, shallow, hypocritical and artificial conditions of life.

It is this influence which will tear

down the old creeds and dogmas of religion, science and philosophy and plant upon their ruins the higher thought.

The new wine or spiritual forces of the Aquarian and Uranian vibrations, during the present cycle, cannot vibrate harmoniously through old heads; the old adage, "Men do not put new wine in old bottles," is applicable to this influence. The old heads will break open and spill the wine. In other words the spirit requires young, pliable, supple and adjustable vessels or mediums through which to manifest the electric and magnetic vibrations of the Sun and Uranus; the chief errors of this sign during the present cycle. Uranus is the octave of Mercury on a higher scale of vibration. As proof of this witness the young men and women of today wielding the sword and scepter of power in war, commerce, science, art and literature and in nearly all the vocations of life. The young people's brains are easily moulded and influenced, they are the necessary sounding boards for the Uranian music. They are quick, pliable and tough in fibre and can stand up under the intense action and reaction of this spiritual force; they are like the hickory and oak, that will bend and not break, the mahogany and walnut that will take on a smooth polish; they represent the cherry and the pine also with strength and beauty. All of these represent the leaders of mankind and are symbolized in our present race. The law of correspondence runs through the tree, cereal and plant, through all life, vegetable and animal, and they all can be found

in their correspondence in the different races of mankind that inhabit our earth. Every animal is typified in some degree in the different races of men. The classes can easily be seen and studied by the anthropologist, the naturalist and the scientist. In every department of Nature's manifestation of mind, by correspondence, these different types of species and races go side by side in their evolutionary progress through the cycle of time. The different religious creeds are likewise distinguishable in their comparative functions as an organic whole. They may be classed by comparison to the different fruit and nut trees, the pear, apple, apricot, cherry, orange, lemon and lime. etc., the walnut, hickory nut, beech and buckeye as well as every other tree and shrub, has its corresponding expression on earth in the corresponding degrees of good and evil as it applies to the different races and the different species of animals and men.

The spiritual and mental ideas of every visible manifestation on earth must evolve its potentialities, even briars, thorns and thistles have their correspondence, and it is intensely interesting to study and trace out this law in its infinite ramifications as we see it manifested throughout all nature.

This earth, carpeted all over its external surface in green and yellow, violet, indigo, blue, orange and red is but a living manifestation of the Sun's vibrations manifested by means of planetary organisms to express the light, life and love of the Infinite, the Absolute.

How Some Fortunes Were Built Up.

BY J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL.

THE accumulation of a fortune by the use of brains, no matter what channel they work in, necessitates their being always kept ready for use on the spur of the moment. For example, about 15 years ago a young man who was running a small novelty store in Brooklyn, N. Y., happened to enter a jeweler's and watchmaker's establishment. He had his brains with him ready for use. On a shelf he noticed a curious, old brass clock that the jeweler had been trying to dispose of for several years. The young fellow probably did not dream that that old brass clock was to yield him as much gold as any single mine in the Rockies gives the world—that his brains were going to make it a greater treasure producer than Aladdin's lamp—but so it was. He purchased it for two or three dollars and gave it a thorough examination. He found that it differed considerably from an ordinary clock and that its machinery, except the spring, could all be cut from brass plates very cheaply, yet it was a good time-keeper.

After ascertaining this the young man used his brains again. He knew the world needed a cheap pocket time-keeper and he conceived the idea of giving it a serviceable watch for a dollar. With his brother he formed the Robt. H. Ingersoll & Brother company and the Ingersoll watch was given the world. The capital of the company was very limited but the world was ev-

idently needing the watch for there was a demand for more than they could supply. In fact the company has never been able to supply the demand though it is increasing its capacity all the time. Now it turns out 10-000 watches a day and still is behind with its orders.

The brothers are yet young men but during the past twelve years they have accumulated a fortune of several millions of dollars and it is increasing at the rate of three-fourths of a million a year. As their product is carefully protected by patents, and they are amply able to defend their rights, they are able to fix their profits at the figure that suits them and the public must pay it if it times itself by an Ingersoll.

Perhaps thousands saw the brass clock at the jeweler's but only Robt H. Ingersoll had the brains to make it the foundation for a fortune that will amount to at least a score of millions of dollars in a very few years.



PLUME & ATWOOD.

Did you ever dream that the burner on your kerosene lamp has yielded a fortune of perhaps ten millions dollars to its inventor and his partner? Probably you have never given it a thought.

When kerosene came into use as an illuminant the modern lamp was unknown. In its stead was the old lard or whale oil lamp with its smoky rag wick that was raised or lowered with anything with a sharp point that hap-

pened to be handy. One of the great obstacles to the general use of kerosene for illuminating purposes was the impossibility of burning it in the lamps in use at the time of its introduction. Better lamps were soon made but for some time no satisfactory burner was produced. Then an almost penniless Massachusetts Yankee, Wm. Plume, set his brains to work and invented the only one that has ever come into general use.

Of course the wise ones in his vicinity knew his invention was good for nothing and laughed at him, "knocked" his idea, and refused any aid whatever. But the inventor's judgment told him he had a good thing and he refused to listen to the words of wisdom (?) he received on every hand

and give up his idea. On the contrary he started a small factory, in which he was the only workman, made a few dozen at a time and peddled them over the country. He managed, in this way, to keep from starving for a year or two and then found a fellow by the name of Atwood who had \$500 in cash and was foolish enough to invest it in the manufacture of the burner. The world had to have it for kerosene had become the universal light-producer. They had the patent and could put the price where they wanted it and compel the world to buy. As a result they simply could not avoid becoming millionaires. It was inevitable. On y they, or their heirs, know the size of their fortune, but it is very large.



Guardianship.

BY EDWIN BROWER.

The loving ones of spheres above,
Who aid us in our works of love,
Are often near us in our strife.
Within this mortal sphere of life.

The dear friends who have gone before,
Who think of us forever more,
Are in the realms of life sublime
Where thoughts flow in most perfect rhyme.

With always a pure, loving thought,
The higher ones from light are brought,
To tell the denizens of Earth
The real truths from the higher birth.
With outstretched hands from purest light,
Descend the higher ones from bright
Celestial shores to Earth below,
On mortals some good deed bestow.
Crystola, Colorado.

The Rising of the Tide.

BY WALLACE GILMAN MINOR.

THE EBB and flow of large bodies of water on the earth's surface is a familiar subject to all. The times, seasons, regularity and irregularity, maximum and minimum of the high water and low water; the swells, waves and undertow, channels and currents characteristics of oceans need no description here for our purpose in illustrating the occult movements of the great ocean of magnetic and odic forces that beat upon the shores of time as related to the planet we at present inhabit. Just as surely and regularly as the waters of the ocean advance and retire, accompanied by the rhythmic beating of the waves against the land, so the great vibrating etheric ocean of the higher spiritual knowledge and angelic thought surrounds us and recedes from us at intervals of more or less precise regularity.

With the entering of the Sun into the airy sign of Aquarius in 1881 began the flow of this spiritual tide—the inflowing of subliminal light which shall, for a time, push back the clouds of mental darkness and bring into the scope of our cosmic consciousness a deeper and clearer comprehension of the true meaning of things known, and a broader, more expansive conception of things unknown.

As we have neither desire nor power to prevent the tides of the ocean, so we can no more stop this inflowing spiritual tide than we can understand the ulterior forces operating behind the

Law which regulates it all. This is fully comprehended in the one word, Destiny. Just now it is our destiny to advance in knowledge and wisdom. All past knowledge will be revived. "Lost arts," "lost word," and all will return on the tide, and as each wave of the ocean rushes higher than the preceding one, so we shall this time not only reclaim all we have lost, but go beyond that and learn more. We shall become in closer touch with the higher Intelligences than ever before. It behooves us now to neither doubt nor fear nor be surprised at anything, for nothing that is within the range of our present conception should be regarded as impossible. "What man has done man can do" is truer now than ever, and what we have done once we can do again—if we desire to—and more, for we are now sounding the highest notes of the ascending scale in the gamut of our human—or earth—experiences.

To bring out most clearly the idea we desire to convey in this let us go back to the "beginning," so far as at present revealed to us. To avoid the mental jar of such a long leap we will endeavor to go back by stages and try to penetrate the "misty past" by induction, returning by deduction to the present, hoping in this manner to secure a greater mental conception of "where we are at."

Our written history can take us but a short distance. All the scientific knowledge of today will be pretty well

exhausted in landing us at the pyramids of Egypt, or, we will say, the stage of our development 25,000 years before Christ. That is merely one turn of the wheel—one passage of the Sun through the twelve signs of the zodiac—one ebb and flow of the etheric tide, with its lesser waves (sub-cycles) depositing fragments of experience upon the shores of time—one little turn in the spiral comprising the vibrations of the universe.

Imagine us as we were at that "high tide," far ahead of ourselves as we are at present in our cosmic understanding of things. Our condition at that time was the result of experience gained during the time of the Sun's passage through its grand cycle of 12 zodiacal signs—or one ebb and flow of the tide of Infinity—and was undoubtedly far in advance of what we were at high tide 25,920 years before that. We have but to look down the scale of humanity by the light of modern science to perceive that the further back we push our mental vision the less developed, cosmically, we will find ourselves. Times after times the spiritual tide had ebbed and flowed. Cycle upon cycle had been added to the Sun's course through the heavens, each time placing us a little higher in our cosmic understanding as physical

beings upon earth. In this mental attitude of contemplating our evolution we may be able to let ourselves down through the various "stages" to the "beginning."

The planet we call earth has been known "always" to the celestial beings as "the dark star." It was formed, originally, from the residue of 12 other planets which had developed to perfection and passed into the spiritual universe, the abode of spirits of a high order, the exalted Intelligences—Creators—who have sole charge and control of the destiny of this planet. For ages upon ages they have watched and guided its development, and will so continue until it becomes the brightest star in our firmament. It has been thus far, and is now, the kindergarten for the schooling of younger spirits who have incarnated in earth forms, as well as for the further development and perfection of those who had not "graduated" on the 12 planets from which the earth was formed. This accounts for the variety and distinctiveness of tribes and races of people who have been scattered over the earth, each getting by experience what has been distinctively and peculiarly necessary to them.

(To be continued.)

Sea Bright, California.



The Vale of Lethenia.

BY ROBERT BURNS, THROUGH MISS E. M. WEATHERHEAD.

[Lethenia is a beautiful vale in the Celestial sphere of the Spirit World.]

Thy vales are fair Lethenia
Where bright the amaranth grows,
And where the lovely Marthelene
Its purple glory shows.
I fain would rest me by thy stream
Where wimpling waters play,
And cooling fountains lightly toss
Their rainbow-tinted spray.
Where song O' thra and nightingale
Is ever glad and sweet,
And flower bedecked, the velvet sward
Beneath our li'som feet.

Thy vales are fair Lethenia
I luv thee, a' soo weel,
My soul is filled wi' thots o' God
When on thy banks I kneel.
Sa like my ain fair Scottish hills
Where bright the heather grew,
And where at morn and dusky eve,
Fell sweet the jeweled dew.

Thy vales are sweet Lethenia,
And green thy bosky dells,
And tones O' gladness fill the air
As sweet as chiming bells.

I'm thankful for the bliss O' heaven,
For blessings God hae giv'n,
And for the lovely self O' one
Who doth to me appeal.
The lassie that I lost awhile
And whom I luv'd sa weel.
But na' she's mine, the bonny maid
The ane I luv'd sa true
Rightly fondly do I gaze intwa
Her een sa soft and blue.
And I smoothe the golden glory
Of her tresses unconfined,
And if I touch her lips sa sweet
A' she, she dinna mind.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

14 1-2 Pike's Peak Avenue.



The Medium Bailey.

BY CHARLES BRIGHT, IN HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

The medium Bailey is perhaps the most wonderful instrument for the production of spirit phenomena on earth. In private life he is plain, hard-working blacksmith, of Melbourne, Australia. His seances are usually held at the home of Thomas Stanford, a brother of the late Ex-Senator Leland Stanford, of California. A special feature of his seances is the bringing of the "apports" mentioned below. These are articles, some of them of great value, brought from all parts of the world and dropped in the seance room. A large collection of them, much of it jewelry in the form of gold ornaments and precious stones from ancient tombs in Egypt and having a value of many thousand dollars, forms part of the museum of Leland Stanford University at Berkeley, California—the gift of Mr. Thomas Stanford.

THERE have been several special manifestations during the month although the atmospheric conditions have interfered somewhat with the phenomena. One of an unusual kind was the bringing of a flower from India and the placing of it in the hand of the lady for whom it was intended, quite away from the medium. This flower was brought at the request of a young spirit—a little boy—who passed over last year. Dr. Whitcomb related an Indian legend concerning the origin of its name, "Spirit-flower." "It has a legend attached to it," he said. "You will note that it is like two leaves close together, small, with a seed in the center. The Indian legend is that an old woman—a very holy woman, who devoted her life to the good of humanity—had a little son, who went into the jungle one morning and plucked some poisonous berries and died. The mother was distracted, and wandered about the jungle trying to find the bush, and came across this one with shut-up petals, and she was told by an old sage that it had a scarlet flower. She waited for the season of the flowers and went into the jungle,

but, strange to say, the flowers were closed up as if they were glued together. She conceived that it was the spirit of her son in the flowers, and one day they would open, and she would be able to see him, and from that time it has been called the Spirit-Flower." The light was then lowered for an instant, at Dr. Whitcomb's request, when immediately a spirit light appeared close to the medium, and moved to the lady in whose hand the lovely flower was placed. It was something of the formation of the boronia, and like the N. S. W. species but of a deeper rose color, and consisted of a cluster of blossoms on feathery stems about three inches in height—a most beautiful specimen, and specially noteworthy as not being touched by the medium. A fortnight later a materialized hand appeared, which took up a pencil and wrote a message to a lady present. The same evening a spirit-flower, which was only visible as a light in the medium's hand, was carried round the circle.

The following is a brief record of sittings held since January 4th.

24th Seance, Jan. 11th. Address by

Signor Valetti on "The Great Masters in Art of the Greek and Roman World." Phenomena. Two Babylonish tablets which Dr. Whitcomb said were from a hitherto unexplored country. A fur hat from Thibet. This was a most curious apport, the size of a large teacup, and said to have belonged to a Thibetian executioner, made from the skin of a goat. Two more tablets.

25th Seance, Jan 18th. Address by Dr. Robinson on "The Hittites." Phenomena: Tablet. Abdul being asked to bring a sparrow, stood up and caught one in his hand without the light being lowered. Encaustic Tiles, from Roman strata in the mounds near Babylon.

Jan. 25th. No seance.

26th Seance. February 1st Creswick Night. Greville, Coppin, Glover, Olly Deering, and a number of other actors passed to spirit life were said to be present. "An arrest for Witchcraft" was the principal recital—a composition of a most telling kind of Mr. Creswick's in spirit life, followed by "The Flight from Pompeii."

27th Seance. February 8th. Address by a Catholic priest, Rev. J. Hogan, of Clonmel, Ireland, on "Miracles in the Romish Church and Modern Spiritualism." Flower brought to lady present without contact with the medium. Two spear heads in a wet lump of clay, Manuscript on thin vellum in the Thibetan language. Bird's nest of an unusual kind lined with fur.

ADDRESS BY DR. W. E. CHANNING ON
SPIRITUALISM, FORTUNE TELLING
AND COGNATE MATTERS. THE
FIRST OF A SERIES.

My name is Channing. I have been most cordially invited to speak to you

to-night on the subject, "Spiritualism, Fortune Telling, and Cognate matters."

Spiritualism is very old: it is as old as truth and truth is eternal. Spirits from the realms of light are pleased to draw nigh unto you to communicate with you. They desire to help you along the journey of life. Once they traveled that weary road, and they have gained experience, like the old mariner who has traversed the ocean in his ship, studying his chart of shoals to avoid and havens of safety to reach and they draw nigh unto you to direct your footsteps towards the golden city. They are commissioned to teach you and to bring conviction to the minds of the brethren and sisters yet in the flesh of the fact that after life's little day upon earth there remains a rest, a place of rest where all may be happy. Since the first man went to Beulah land there have been spiritual communications from the spirits. Those of you who are versed in the Old and New Testaments will readily agree with me in this without my quoting them. There are numbers of instances of undoubted spirit return and apparitions wherein angelic visitors have spoken to and have eaten with those who are yet in the flesh. That there are legions of evil spirits every Spiritualist or investigator knows and so there were in the days that are gone. Unfortunately upon your earth plane there are thousands of men and women who do not live according to the light that they have; they are deceivers, liars, and on passing to the spirit world in that state, unless they give heed to the teachings of the higher intelligences, they stay in that sad

condition. They have also the power to return to earth and influence men in the flesh.

Spiritualism, rightly investigated and understood, is the greatest and the grandest blessing that has ever come down to the children of men. There is nothing that has yet been given to man so blessed, if he knows how to use it and how to profit by the advice and the teaching. There is something sublime, grand and ennobling in the teaching of the higher intelligence, and it is calculated to uplift the whole of the human race. It breaks down all the barriers that exist religiously and socially, sets all men upon a common basis, and urges them to press forward "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God," to put aside everything that would hold them back, to count the things of time and sense as dross, and to lay up treasures in heaven. The man or woman who receives spiritual teachings and lives according to the spiritual light can be truly said to dwell in heaven while on earth.

Spiritualism, then, should be a comfort all the days of one's earthly existence; it should permeate the lives of all; the home should be brightened through it; everyday life and conversation should be purified through a knowledge of its teachings and its truth; through it a man should be a good citizen and a good father—if a woman, she should be a good citizeness and a good mother, abounding in works of charity and mercy, ever ready to lend a helping hand to all organizations that are good—not stopping to ask concerning one's creed or nationality, but remembering only that every

man is a brother, every woman a sister, and that God is the universal Eternal Father. This beautiful teaching was inculcated by the early Christians, and if the church had retained her primitive simplicity and power, I venture to say that the evil that is abroad among the nations of the world at the present time would never have obtained, would never have gained so much power. Man has turned his back upon the spiritual. He is groveling in the material.

Now, my friends, permit me to say I am a plain spoken man, who loves to call a spade a spade, and I am going to tell you my thought on all that is opposed to true Spiritualism, which is often passed off on unthinking people as being genuine. Men, for filthy lucre's sake, have prostituted the best gifts that God endowed them with. Judas, called Iscariot, sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver. There are men selling holy truth for less than that every hour of the day. I have often likened Spiritualism unto a ship sailing over the ocean of time. You know as the giant ships traverse your ocean and move up and down over the great seas that they become encrusted with barnacles and other accretions, and the people of whom I am about to speak I regard as barnacles on the sides and bottom of the gospel ship.

Before I proceed I must first inquire how much you people are to blame in this matter—when I say you people I not only mean people sitting here, but the people at large—what share have you in this evil matter?

First, there is a desire in almost every mind to lift the veil and gaze into the future; it is irresistible. And it is

so with all nations. That spirit intelligences have the power to forecast certain events we well know, but as Paul once said, it is not expedient nor desirable it should be so, and when it is done there is some grand object in view. As on one occasion in America when a certain event was foretold, it was a prophecy to command the attention of the people at large, to stop them in their downward course. Note in the Scripture prophecies that the result was always for some grand object or purpose. The prophet went forth and prophesied against Ninevah: "yet forty days and Ninevah shall be overthrown." That he was laughed at there cannot be any doubt. The grand Teacher and Master sent from God, that grand man, Jesus of Nazareth, prophesied frequently, especially concerning the city of Jerusalem, "Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee." Did he not say that not one stone should be left upon another? What man will say he did not prophesy truthfully? Titus razed the city to the ground, and that splendid temple of which the Jews were so proud passed away.

Well, then, we find that in the Bible prophecies there was some special object in view, and when the veil of the future is lifted by higher intelligences it is for some worthy object or purpose. But that irresistible desire of which I have been speaking to-night that is in every heart to know something of the future, has been used by dishonest persons to bring grist to their mill: hence a whole army of charlatans and impostors have come round who for a certain sum of money pretend to lift

the veil that hides the future. Mark, some of these people have a little psychic power, and for that reason they are able to make some little headway. There are mediums also who have a little power undeveloped, and they go out into the world and declare that they are psychics. The result in nearly every case is disappointment to themselves and to those with whom they come in contact.

FORTUNE TELLING.

Permit me to say that I regard the results obtained at the fortune teller's usually as frivolous, and of no value. Couched in vague terms, something like the answer returned by the oracle at Delphi, it might be taken anyway. There seems to me to be a pandering to sentiment, to the affections, to the yearning that is in the souls of people to know certain secrets or mysteries which they cannot in any ordinary way find out, and I know that I speak the truth when I declare that the preponderance of these who go to fortune tellers for this purpose are females. I desire to discriminate between a legitimate message obtained through spirit power and rubbish—nonsensical messages delivered by fortune tellers. It is not the work of the spirit world to dabble in the affairs of the mundane world. Sometimes they have to do so, or to give special advice, because that is the work of the missionaries sent to your earth plane. But the spirits who have passed into the home land are not special detectives. In New York some years ago a detective made a statement which, in the eyes of all Spiritualists, showed that he knew nothing of the subject. A certain murder had been committed, and the

police were unable to find the murderer, and he made a statement that if there were anything in Spiritualism the spirits should inform the authorities where the murderer should be found. Now, permit me to say that a man who would make a statement like that has a carnal, fleshly mind. The spirits of just men and women who have passed into the spirit world have entered into rest, and it is not their mission or their work to come back to earth and do the work impotent detectives should do or to bring to the gallows their brethren, even though they be guilty. There are Governments that make laws and appoint their officers to protect society at large, and they should be able to do it without calling upon those who have entered into the sanctity of rest. For a man to make such a statement as that proves that he knows nothing of the subject; that he has missed the mark.

It is not the work of the spirit world to enrich men in the flesh. Stupid, unthinking people, when talking over phenomena say, "Why don't they bring a lump of gold or some diamonds?" This is the sensual in man that stands out. The spiritual man does not talk like that. He prays: "Give us this day our daily bread," and he only asks that he shall have health and strength to go forth, and with his hand and his brain, win that bread that is necessary for his physical existence. But to call upon the spirit world to bring gold or diamonds to enrich a few miserable wretches, who, possibly if they got it, would go forth and make a bad use of it, is an absurd and a monstrous thing to ask. Mark, a piece of gold or diamonds

might be brought to be shown as evidence that the spirits have the power to bring such things, but they cannot and will not do it to fill the pockets of individuals with filthy lucre.

Now to pass on. The law, very rightly I think, declares it to be an offense for these people to take money and to mislead and delude the people who go to them. But the law does not reach far enough. I have always said this in connection with the sale of drink in prohibited towns. The law has always been severe upon the publican, but a righteous and just law would also inflict the penalty upon the man who tempts the publican to sell. The publican should be fined, and the man who asks him for liquor should also be fined. So should the fortune teller be fined, and also the one who goes to tempt him to do wrong. You have no right to put temptation in any one's way, or to tempt any one to do wrong, and you partake of his sin when you do so. Spiritualists should be united. Whilst looking over your earth plane we see that there are divisions among you, and these are a source of weakness. You will not make much headway in this or in any way until you combine—until you sink your petty jealousies and differences, and strive with one grand object in view. I tell you why this in the past has not been brought about. I am sorry to say it, but it is true—it is because you have not sat at the feet of the meek and lowly One; ye have not become as little children, but you have been puffed up and desirous of getting the foremost seats in the synagogue. You must be humble in your mind, willing to become a vessel emptied and

filled from the spirit world, then you will be full of that mighty power which nearly two thousand years ago went forth, and with mighty power and wonders converted the people.

There should be a society in which mediums should be tested. I venture to say that with the exception of the medium through whom I am speaking, and one or two others, you cannot find half a dozen in your city who have even been tested—I doubt if you could find half a dozen. I am not saying they are not mediums, understand that. I say they have not been tested with such tests as Slade, Home and others have passed through. Every medium that claims to be a psychic should be tested, and if found to be genuine should receive the credentials of the society, and go forth bearing a certificate that they have been tested. Until that takes place you cannot be sure that these mediums are genuine. They may have power but are undeveloped.

Again, a medium should not have to wander about to find subsistence; to look in this corner and that corner for shillings whereby he may feed and clothe himself. If the Spiritualists combined they would be powerful and influential, and sufficiently wealthy to pay accredited agents or mediums, and to send them forth. That, I may tell you, is not the order that we read of in the New Testament, of those who went forth without purse or script, and I will tell you why. In those days they

lived a higher life; they were satisfied with sufficient to keep them in health; they were not over anxious about the future; they did not carry two coats with them, or have two or three port-manteaux or trunks filled with clothes, and live at fashionable hotels. Their thoughts were centered upon the work they had to do, and they believed that if they were true messengers of God He would somehow or other provide for their necessities.

You will gather from my remarks that I am not in sympathy with people who forecast the future. That it is possible to do so I freely admit, but I say there is no reason whatever why it should be done. Sweethearts desire to know something concerning their lovers, and the result is that if they do receive legitimate messages it is from spirits who have not advanced but are earth-bound, and it is against such you are warned. "Try the spirits and see if they be of God," you are told in the New Testament. Every man who is seeking to purify himself and his life, to acquire knowledge, is desirous of communicating only with these intelligences who can help him. You who have received so much good teaching will have nothing to do with this thing, and I cry out to you as the old prophet cried to the people of his time: "Come out from among them and be ye separate; touch not the unclean thing. Be ye purified."



DR. HENRY WAGNER.

Salvation and Conversion.

BY ARTHUR F. MILTON, IN SUNFLOWER.

SALVATION may be free, but the road thereto is too often paved with obstacles that require golden boots to climb over. The poverty-stricken frequently become discouraged in the contemplation and seek damnation as a balm. "Keep off the grass" vibrates in the atmosphere of velvet-carpeted churches of capitalized Christianity, and in which heaven seems too far away for the unfashionable clad artisan, whose labor makes capital, to venture, and yet there is more liberality in modernized Christianity than among those who claim to be "true to the faith."

True to orthodoxy is implied, and that means with some, damnation to all outside of their special creed or "straight and narrow" mental way of viewing things spiritual. Such uncharity, of course, is not understood as a wrong—it being a constitutional part of a narrow mentality. It only seems wrong when it strikes them as a broader view from an opponent. It then acts like an unwelcome truth on the individual who doesn't know himself.

They too, sing "Salvation's free," but rob their clients of the very principles in advance that is to insure it. The gilt-edge churches dim their charity with sables and soft cushions,

while the others preach against it by implication.

The Salvation Army people come nearer to the original intent of Christianity than any of the organized churches do, but in time they too will "hold the fort" within the walls of masonry. What form of orthodoxy they will assume is yet a blank page—perhaps the more eloquent if left blank. Besides, it will not bear out their inspired speakers, on which their own salvation is now dependent. But, like the rest of the spiritual organizations which cannot offer proofs of a future life, they too are doomed. Perhaps not yet awhile, but civilization is fast approaching a state of spirituality that makes it natural believers in immediate resurrection of the soul from the body, with a compatible disregard for that ancient doctrine of resurrection from the tomb at the sound of a cor-net-a-piston.

That one little fact is an inviting sign to the spiritualists' tent; and as neither worldly ism nor bigotry has any foundation to stand on in Spiritualism, the stranger will not be repelled by ostentation or faultfinding with other seekers after salvation. The comfort he finds in such an atmosphere is sufficient to make him a convert on his own responsibility.



Junetime.

BY MISS E. M. WEATHERHEAD.

'Tis June, sweetheart, 'Tis June,
Don't you hear the robins sing.
All nature is joyous and glad today,
There's a song in everything.

'Tis June, sweetheart, 'tis June!
O sweet is the summer air.
O the tender green of the clustering
leaves,
O the scent of the rose so fair.

'Tis June, sweetheart, 'tis June!
There's a song in the brooklet
clear,
And the bird's sweet note is a trib-
ute of joy

To the fairest month in the year.

'Tis June, sweetheart, 'tis June!
O the skies are so softly blue,
And hearts that beat to the strain of
love

Are true, sweetheart, are true.

'Tis June, sweetheart, 'tis June!
With color the world's aglow.
And life is a joyous dream, sweet-
heart,

While the long days come and go.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

14 1-2 Pike's Peak Ave.



The Churches.

BY MRS. C. K. SMITH.

"But for the churches as a fold,
Many would be out in the cold."
Would there be any cold to be out in,
If folks acknowledged all their kin?
They preach that we are brothers all
Without regard to Race or Fall;
Unwind the chains of ignorance
And give to each an equal chance!
Church members think they are se-
cure
From sin's intoxicating lure;
Henceforth they are God's holy
saints,

On whom will gather no complaints.
Who can bring charge on God's
elect?

Do we not follow, as a sect,
The rules in God's own Book made
plain,

Eschewing worldly things and vain?

Take kind nature as your teacher,
Ignoring every human preacher.
Then you will get the discipline

Which hourly does instruction win.

San Diego, California.

THE MOUNTAIN PINE

SUCCESSOR TO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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GEO. B. LANG, Editor and Manager

This is an age of invention. Each day sees some wonderful product of human brains given to the world. And each seems more wonderful than any of its predecessors. But just at present an invention of Professor George Poe, of Washington, D. C., seems to be away in the lead. He calls it a "Respirator," and claims that it will start respiration in human bodies and bring them to life and consciousness long after they are apparently dead. He claims that it will resuscitate people dead from asphyxiation, drowning, or poisoning; prevent the death of people from anesthetics while undergoing operations; make drunken men sober in five minutes, revive men electrocuted or hanged—if a broken neck did not result from the hanging; prevent buying alive and keep Arctic explorers from freezing to death.

If Professor Poe can demonstrate that his machine will "make good" half his claims for it he has done a great thing for the race in inventing it. And no one is justified in ridiculing him or calling him a humbug or crazy. The wise thing to do is to quietly wait and let him demonstrate some or all of the wonders he claims for it.

• • •

Woman is fully recognized as a law-maker in Finland. The recent elections in that country gave eighteen of them seats in the national legislature. Eleven of them were elected by the so-

cialists who polled nearly 300,000 out of the 750,000 votes cast. Woman is proving herself man's equal in almost all other fields, but it is to be hoped she will prove herself a long ways his superior here. Money, not men, makes most of the world's laws, and money makes laws for money, only. It is to be hoped that the women of Finland will prove unbribable and will labor for the elevation of their nation only. The eyes of the world will be upon them and the value of their sex as lawmakers will be largely determined by their actions.

• • •

As all the world knows, one of the perpetual hobbies of President Roosevelt is "race suicide," or, in other words, he complains that the American woman is not bearing a large enough number of children. The President frequently uses his mouth when it would be far better for him to use his brains.

The true cause of "race suicide," if such a thing exists in America, is the effort of the American woman to adapt herself to her environment. Her grandmother, in a large majority of cases, lived in a little cabin in the wilderness. Her education was very elementary, books, papers and magazines were conspicuous by their absence in her humble cottage, but the spinning wheel and loom were always in evidence. Her world was her immediate

neighborhood and the few families it contained and she and her husband needed children very much to assist them in conquering the wilderness around them. With their environment it is not strange that large families were the rule.

But the woman of the present is unfitted for maternity by almost everything that influences her life. From her birth until it was forced upon her by marriage she is taught that she must not even think of it, that there is no subject more gross, more vile or obscene, in fact the taboo of the South Sea Islanders is as a dream when compared with the taboo that is placed upon all subjects bearing in any way upon maternity in the home life of the American girl.

Nor is there anything whatever in the American girl's education that fits her, in the slightest degree, for that important function. On the contrary, while it fits her for self-support, for shining in society, for spending the money of her parents or husband—if they have any—it often injures her health and contains practically nothing that fits her for maternity and much that unfits her for it.

The President has two daughters and one has been married for perhaps two years and so far "race suicide" has no better exponent than she. She can wear the finest clothes even more beautifully than a dressmaker's model, she can swim, ride, fence and box, she can speak at least two or three foreign languages, she can pound a piano, she can plan a party or get up a divine luncheon, in fact do any and everything an American lady of her environment can be expected to do ex-

cept discharge the duties of maternity. Of these it is a cinch that she is profoundly ignorant and so is her younger sister, the belle of the White House. And the President would send anybody to the penitentiary for life—if he could—who presumed to instruct them. And his boys are, and will remain until the knowledge is forced upon them after marriage, just as ignorant of everything pertaining to paternity.

With all else the modern American woman of the middle and wealthy classes has to live for why should she have or desire a large family? With her education fitting her for everything else, with her many social duties, easy facilities for travel, her books, flowers, friends, often poor health, is a large family desirable? We think not.

• • •

One of the President's chief reasons for crushing statehood in Oklahoma was that its proposed constitution declared for the Initiative and Referendum and there was no doubt but that it would carry by an overwhelming majority. It would take the political power of the state out of the hands of the politicians and give it to the people and the President will have none of it as long as he can help it.

But the idea is spreading with wonderful rapidity all over the east and, strange to say, it is supported by all political parties, more or less. For example in the land of mosquitoes and bottled lightning, New Jersey, on April 16th Governor Stokes signed a bill establishing the Initiative and Referendum as the only method of law making in the cities, towns and boroughs of that state. That is the municipal governments will draw up ordinances, as

they always have done, but they can only become law by a majority vote of the people. The bill was passed by a Democratic house, a Republican senate, and became law by the signature of a Republican governor. No politics about that.

In Delaware a law has been passed giving municipal Initiative and Referendum to its largest city—Wilmington. In Pennsylvania the lower house has unanimously passed a bill giving it to cities, towns and boroughs, and the senate has amended and reported on it favorably and it is almost sure to become a law. In Maine a constitutional amendment granting it to the entire state has been submitted to the people, while a majority of both branches of the Massachusetts legislature is pledged to advisory initiative in state affairs. All this indicates that the people are trying to govern themselves with a fair chance of succeeding.

The strong point in favor of the Initiative and Referendum is that the people can propose or initiate any law they please and it is impossible to devise any system of lobbying or bribery that would be effective with the whole people of a state after the law had been referred to them for adoption or rejection by their votes. In a word the Initiative and Referendum is simply enacting laws as we now enact constitutional amendments, by direct vote of the people.

• • •

Of course you have heard of the horrible slaughter of the Shriners in the California railroad wreck? There were 32 killed and over 100 injured and no

official will be blamed in the least, though perhaps some poor devil of a switchman or section hand or brakeman may spend a few years in the pen on account of it.

By the way did you ever hear of a disaster on the government owned roads of New Zealand or Australia? They don't occur there because the roads are run by the people and the people don't arrange death traps for themselves.

Could government owned and conducted roads have made any worse slaughter than this? It is hardly possible. But such appalling "killings" of the traveling public are of almost weekly occurrence. Is it not strange that nobody thinks or cares anything about them unless they or their friends are among the sufferers? If the higher officials, the president and directors, knew that such an accident meant a term of years in the pen for them another would not occur. But the Capitalists call "the masses" whom they butcher in various ways "them asses" because it is the proper name. If you and I, reader, and all the other common people of America were men instead of things we would see to it that national ownership and operation of all public utilities become a reality at the earliest possible moment.

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NUMBER 1, VOLUME 2.

The MOUNTAIN PINE has had a birthday. It has passed its first anniversary and commenced on its second year as full of health and vigor as any infant ever born and reared under the shadow of Pike's Peak. During the year it has lived it has ever tried to

give its readers the best and newest thought of the times. And during the year to come it will keep steadily on in the path it has marked out for itself. It will never be satisfied with doing well but will only feel content when it realizes that every issue is the very best possible under the circumstances governing its production.

With hearty thanks to its many old readers and patrons and an earnest wish for many new ones it enters its second year full of hope and with every promise of prosperity and long life.

• • •

Boise, Idaho, is not the only city in America where Socialism and Labor Unionism are on trial. They are also being tried with Mayor Schmitz and Abe Ruef. There is a very grave doubt of the guilt of Messrs. Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone—in fact it is almost a certainty that they are innocent of the crimes they are charged with committing. But in San Francisco Abe Ruef, with bloodless lips and shaking form, has stood up in court and confessed his guilt and his confession proves the guilt of Mayor Schmitz also.

When Eugene Schmitz, a member of the Musician's Union, was elected mayor of San Francisco the masses the world over hailed it as a victory for organized labor and Socialism. If casting a majority vote constituted a victory it was one. But, for all practical purposes, it ended there.. No one can say that the workingmen gained anything in San Francisco by the election of their ticket. The city was perhaps the most thoroughly unionized place in the world before Schmitz's

election and his election did not change anything in that line. It would be supposed that candidates of an organization that kicks as hard against graft as the labor unions do would be clear of it. But alas, Mayor Schmitz seems to have set a new pace in grafting and it was much speedier than the old one.

We cannot see where anyone was benefitted by the election of Mayor Schmitz. The city was, in many ways, disgraced by it. Ruef and his gang swindled it out of many thousands of dollars, and nobody gained anything by it. We are in no sense opposed to Unionism, we recognize fully the many benefits it has conferred upon the working classes but the regime of Schmitz, Ruef and company in San Francisco was not among them.

And it gives Socialism a black eye also. The world regarded it as a victory for Socialism in a great measure and the monumental failure it has proved to be is certain to have a bad effect.

What the Labor Unionist and Socialist both need is brains and the ability to use them. Each union and local should be a school in which everything affecting the daily life of the masses should be studied until understood. Short hours of work and high wages are very desirable but they are not enough. Human slavery will exist as long as the wage system exists, regardless of hours or wages. Nothing will bring freedom but the education of the working classes. They must learn to make a right, united use of the omnipotent power they possess. Then their chains will drop off and disappear.

Labor Unionism and Socialism have proved failures politically in San Francisco because the political machines owned the people while the people should have owned and annihilated the machines.

• • •

Capitalism and Patriotism are utter strangers. For example, 20,000,000 people are actually starving in Russia and yet the rich landowners of Russia have exported over 60,000,000 bushels

of wheat this year. Hundreds of the Russian peasantry are dying of hunger every day, the whole world is contributing generously to relieve their distress and their own countrymen have sold and shipped from their country at least twice as much wheat as was needed to furnish them bread. Capitalism and patriotism are strangers but capitalism and selfishness are very intimate friends.



Little Things.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A good-bye kiss is a little thing,
 With your hand on the door to go,
 But it takes the venom out of the sting
 Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
 That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
 After the toil of the day,
 And it smoothes the furrows plowed by
 care,
 The lines on the forehead you once
 called fair,
 In the years that have blown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You're kind,
 I love you, dear," each night;
 But it sends a thrill through your heart,
 I find,
 For love is tender, love is blind,
 As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,
 We take, but we do not give;
 It seems so easy some soul to bless
 But we dole the love grudgingly, less
 and less,
 Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

Is He a Medium?

BY RAYAH.

T K., AUTHOR of "The Great Psychological Crime" and "The Great Work", in *The Progressive Thinker* of May 11th, in his reply to Mr. Howe says: "I am aware that there are some prominent Spiritualists who are industriously circulating the report that I am a "Medium"

I volunteer my testimony in their behalf and offer in corroboration the testimony of the Author of "The Light of Egypt," in support of our united position. On page 101, Vol. 1, of the *Light of Egypt* the Author says: "Man, is the mediumistic instrument, through which higher states manifest their wisdom and power. This mediumship on general lines extends from the lowest specimen in the scale of humanity upwards to the highest individual adept. This is an absolute fact. The exalted Adept is actually a medium in one sense for the expression of still higher states of life than his own. No real Adept denies this, though mere mystical pretenders always do." "Man, according to his state, assimilates the specific grade of life essence from the universal force, which corresponds exactly to the quality and development of his soul. As man ascends higher in the scale of spiritual development, he becomes the recipient of finer essences, the coarser atoms are repelled and transmitted to less perfect organisms. This transmission goes on until the lowest state of humanity is reached, and from thence the life essence is transmitted to the sub-mun-

dane realms of life, which thus become the mediums for the expression of the spiritual force rejected by man. This primal life force, in its original purity, contains all the requisite grades of spiritual nutriment for every form of existence in the universe, from God to the mineral."

On page 102 of the same work: "Those forms of life which, by comparison, are passive, become the mediums for those which are active. Ascending to the mental plane we find it precisely the same with knowledge. Active research of powerful, penetrating minds accumulates this knowledge, and then formulates the same into systems composed of truth and error. This combination of wisdom and ignorance constitutes a religious sect or school of philosophy, which, in turn, impresses its force upon the less positive minds of the masses. The ignorant, therefore, become the mediums of the wise. This wisdom may only merit such a name, however, by comparing it with the ignorance by which it is surrounded. The sum total of a nation's wisdom or ignorance may always be found by examining its laws, constitution and religion. In politics, also, we find the same law in force. A great political leader, a giant mind, impresses its force upon a circle of kindred but less positive minds. These, in turn, react upon others, transmitting the same power of thought to them, and so on until that central mind—like a sun—sways the destiny of millions of its fellow creatures. These

millions are simply the mediums for the expression of mental force. Again, the visible head or center of this force may, in its turn, be the medium of some other but invisible head, whether such invisible power be mortal or spiritual, embodied or disembodied, makes no difference to the law.

All of these forms and phases, however, are to be classed as unconscious mediumship; because it seldom transpires that the operator is conscious of the magical powers he is using, or that the mediums are conscious of their mediumistic subjection. We think these brief illustrations will convey to the reader's mind something of the magnitude of the present subject.

We will now briefly notice a few of the most prominent forms of mediumship recognized as having a more direct connection with practical occultism at the present, viz: the mediumship of spiritualism, and then conclude with some of its more recondite phases.

The *sine qua non* of all trance, or physical mediumship, is embraced in the term "passivity," and exactly in proportion to the degree of passivity attained is the power or strength of a person's mediumship increased. The question as to whether a given person will develop into a trance speaker or into a physical medium depends first, upon the brain conformation, and secondly, upon the magnetic temperament of the body. Some individuals are so complex that they may become either the one or the other according to prevailing will of the developing circle. The chief point to be observed in these forms of mediumship, is that they tend toward the destruction of individuality. They can only be attained in the pas-

sive state, and the developing process is a means towards destroying whatever amount of will the poor medium might have originally possessed. This destruction of the human will (subjection to spirit intelligences as Spiritualists ignorantly call it), is the greatest curse of mediumship. The controlling forces of such will-less creatures maybe anything and everything, according to the "conditions" and circumstances. A medium that is said to be "developed" (?) stands upon the public platform, and is said to be controlled by some disembodied intelligence. But in nine cases out of every ten it is the psychological influx of the audience which, centering upon the sensitive organism of the medium, produces that peculiar semi-mesmeric state known as trance. Under such conditions the inspired oration will harmonize with the majority of the minds present, and, in numberless cases, the exact thoughts of individuals in the audience are reproduced. To the orthodox Spiritualist the oration will be received as an actual inspiration received from the "Spirit-world" of translated humanity. Spiritualists should learn the fact that mediums that can be controlled by a spirit can be equally controlled by a living person, and further, that of all places the public platform is the least likely spot to be the center of that spiritual inspiration which emanates from ascended human souls.

Those forms of mediumship known as Psychometry and Clairvoyance depend chiefly upon the degree of sensitiveness attained, brain formation and magnetic temperament possessing only secondary influence in their evo-

lution. Consequently, animals as well as human beings may possess these phases. Their characteristics are too well known to require further notice.

We must now notice two of the most subtle, and so far almost entirely unsuspected forms of this spirit mediumship. The first we will designate as "semi-transfer of identity" the second as "thought diffusion."

1. In a previous chapter we have shown how a person, during life possessing an active, potent mind, will leave within the spaces of the astral powerful thought forms or psychic thought embryos. These thought forms are the earth karma of the human soul. Now, under certain conditions this earth karma of disembodied souls can be, and is contacted by those still in the flesh. Thus, for example, a person of strong positive mind, having rendered his soul sphere contactible by partial development while his brain still remains positive, becomes a true medium, so far as the soul sphere is concerned, and always without knowing it (unless properly initiated). Being self-conscious, as far as the mind and brain are concerned, he scorns the idea of mediumship, but in real truth he is as much a medium as a trance speaker. In this state he comes into magnetic rapport with certain thought forms within the astral karmas of the disembodied, and in this condition a semi-transfer of identity takes place, and he seems to exist in some previous age. He becomes identified with the karmic form controlling his sensitive sphere, and under these circumstances he becomes deceived by his ignorance, and imagines that he is recalling some incarnation of the past,

if he is acquainted with the dogmas of the re-incarnation school. If ignorant of these doctrines, then he simply puts the whole matter down as a sort of day dreaming. Esoteric Buddhists, and others of the same school of thought, unable to account for such phenomena have, in their benighted ignorance, invented their "re-awakened memory" theories. They consider these phenomena as veritable recollections of their past experiences, whereas, they are nothing of the kind. They are indeed past experiences, but not theirs. They come in contact with them because of their magnetic mediumship. The forms they thus contact are those of individuals who belong to the same spiritual state of life, and who possessed, when upon the earth, a similar mental and magnetic temperament. All such evidences of re-incarnation are due to the simple action of mediumship. When the soul receives its true spiritual initiation, all these earthly errors vanish, and the fleeting phantoms of the astral world appear in their true light. The writer once believed in such images as evidences of his past earth lives. Further development, under a strict discipline, revealed the whole delusion. There is no true evidence to be obtained in support of that which is fundamentally false, neither is there any experience that appears to favor or sustain a re-incarnation theory that cannot be explained by the laws of mediumship.

2. Another form of this recondite phase of mediumship is that of thought diffusion. It is by this means that the potent, self-willed minds behind this veil of outward Buddhism are silently subjecting certain sensitive minds, in

order to regain their lost sacerdotal power upon humanity. Thought diffusion is the power of diffusing certain thought forms containing certain positive ideas. These currents of thought circulate around the various mental chambers of the human mind, and, wherever they contact a sensitive sphere possessing any magnetic affinity to the center of such thought, they gradually impress their force and ultimately (in the majority of cases) subject that soul to those dominant ideas, and so prepare the way for the reception of the doctrines behind. In this way, by the subtle mental magic of its devotees, religious theology obtained its first hold upon the human mind. But though the action of this mediumship is sure, yet the re-action is equally certain, and it is this re-action that ultimately destroys Theology. The magical offspring destroys its magical progenitor.

This diffusion of ideas is in active operation upon every mental plane: thus, one potent mind evolving thought forms in Boston may suddenly set in vibration hundreds of sympathetic but less positive minds upon the other side of the Atlantic. They begin to think similar ideas, and to form similar conclusions. These ideas may become universal and constitute public opin-

ion, if the projecting minds are potent enough. But few, very few indeed, are conscious of such ramifications of mental magic. Esoteric Buddhism owes its origin to such magic, and depends absolutely for its continued existence upon such Occult processes. Its followers never dream that instead of being independent, self-conscious minds, they are the mediumistic sensitives of Oriental control. But re-action is already apparent. The reader should never forget that upon the external plane there is nothing so potent as the magic of the human mind."

I will offer still additional testimony, if necessary, to prove conclusively that "T. K." has been and is the unconscious medium of spiritual control, and has given to the world two books on philosophy and religion filled with truth and error that require the initiated Adept to show their true value to this age of the world. To quote an Arabian proverb: "He is asleep and knows it not; arouse him." Until he is aroused from his sleep on the spiritual plane of life, he will remain unconscious of the fact that he is only an unconscious medium, and was used by his spiritual controls to produce "The Great Psychological Crime" and "The Great Work."



"Only a Millionaire."

BY J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

SOME titled foreigners were visiting one of our great national cemeteries not very long ago. Among the monuments they saw was one around which many flowers were heaped. On it was the bronze figure of a plain faced, soldierly looking man in uniform. As they drew near they noticed standing with uncovered head in front of it a man wearing the uniform of the G. A. R. One of them asked him of the quiet sleeper under the monument. "He was my playmate when a boy," said the old soldier, "and my leader on many a hard fought battle-field during the civil war. He was a poor boy. His mother was so ignorant that he never knew whether he was born in New York or just after his parents moved to Ohio. At seventeen he was the driver of a street sprinkler but now I believe if there was but a single page of American history written that the name of Phil Sheridan would be somewhere on it."

One of the titled foreigners said. "I have castles in Spain and chateaus in France. At least three kingly dynasties are among my ancestors. I have half a dozen titles and do not know the sum total of my wealth but my name will never adorn the pages of my country's history and I shall fade from the memory of man in a few years after I leave the earth. I am only a millionaire."

Walt Whitman and James G. Clark died paupers in the homes of their friends but as long as men have souls

enough to appreciate the brightest gems of thought that human intellect has given the world their names will not be forgotten. But why should anyone remember Jay Gould or Cornelius Vanderbilt. They, were only millionaires.

The whole world knows Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet and author, but whoever dreams of E. C. Stedman, the wealthy banker? Yet they are the same person.

An old blind woman, who had spent over 70 years in total darkness, was being led along the street not long ago. An automobile carrying perhaps two or three hundreds of millions of dollars, or, rather, its representatives, shot by. One of them caused a shout of laughter from the rest by raising his cap to her. On being asked if he was crazy he said: "that old woman will live in the hearts of the singers of the world long after we and our wealth are buried in oblivion." She was Fannie Colby. Did you ever go to Sunday school? If so you saw her name on many pages of every singing book you picked up. She has been blind from childhood but her hymns and songs number thousands and the whole world has sung them and been benefited by them.

During the past few months E. H. Harriman and President Roosevelt have engaged in a battle of Billingsgate. Each probably told a lot of truth about the other. One can't count his wealth, the other is Presi-

dent. The billionaire will be forgotten in fifty years, the President, by reason of his position, will find a permanent place in our nation's history but many humbler men and women of America whose entire wealth is in their brains and hearts will live longer in the memory of the people than he.

Build your monument in the heart of humanity if you want it to endure. Forget self and live for others if you desire to live in truth and reality. "He is the greatest of all who is the servant of all," said the Nazarene nineteen hundred years ago and no greater truth was ever uttered.

The man who is "only a millionaire" is to be pitied. Seldom has he any real friends. Seldom has he a real home, seldom does he know real happiness. Even when, like Carnegie, he tries to return to some of the people a part of what he stole from all he seldom gains any reward but sneers and

contempt. A poor man faced an angry crowd 137 years ago and cried: "give me liberty or give me death!" He left his country nothing but his fiery eloquence which he poured fourth in its behalf, yet every school child knows of Patrick Henry. How will it be with Carnegie 137 years hence.

Manhood and womanhood, true nobility, real soul wealth, is the only thing permanent in humanity. Be "only a millionaire" and you will be hated and despised for a brief period and then forgotten. Give yourself to the world, build yourself a monument of good deeds or grand thoughts in its heart and it will hold you in grateful remembrance for many centuries. And while doing this you will accumulate a fortune of soul wealth that will be awaiting you when you are promoted to a higher plane of life in the summer land.



If people would apply the same care to keeping their minds clean from wrong thinking, as they do to keep their bodies from microbes, they would be immune to all dangers, internal and external.—Lucy A. Mallory.

The unwise man heeds only his own impulses, and noisily utters his opinions, and, therefore, remains ignorant: the aspiring man silently listens to all the voices that can teach him and thus he becomes wise.—Lucy A. Mallory.

The Socialist's Two Hour Day.

BY H. B. SALISBURY.

MR. W. H. MALLOCK, the English social economist, was recently imported to crush Socialism in a series of lectures before Columbia University. To the astonishment and chagrin of the capitalist defenders he signally failed. So confident of success were they that the "New York Times" permitted Gaylord Wilshire, the socialist editor, opportunity to reply to Mr. Mallock in its columns, expecting no doubt, the Socialist's defeat.

In the course of his reply Mr. Wilshire incidentally stated a fact which stimulated the New York "World" and other apologists for our present system to vigorous combat.

This particular statement refers to only one of the incidents of Socialism, but so obviously true is it that after writing the New York "World" challenging its disproof by editor, statesman or political economist (and no notice being taken of my letter), I decided to take it as a text, and here and now, or hereafter and any where challenge in written or spoken debate, by any fair means of discussion, the refutation of Wilshire's simple proposition, namely.

"Under the Socialist methods of production and distribution about two hours work a day would be all that would necessarily be required to give a man a fair living. The rest of the twenty-four hours would belong to the man to do with as he pleased."

The New York "World" character-

izes this as "the stock argument of Socialists;" and to refute it says that the cliff dweller and the cave man by compelling their women to do most of the work managed to gain what they considered a fair living by as little effort as the Socialist will require. The "World" also profoundly remarks that "the North American Indian probably did not average more than two hours a day, but he was fortunate in having an industrious and well-trained squaw."

Truth can not be evaded or obscured by sophistry of this sort. The Socialist denies the right of any man to live or to be let live by appropriating the fruits of another's toil, be that other toiler called slave, wife, woman, squaw or wage worker.. The cliff dweller, the cave man or the Indian who made a fair living from the labor of their women, were types of the modern capitalist who lives from the toil of factory hands and of hired superintendents, while he plays golf or takes a trip to Europe. They all exploit the labor of others to which they have no more moral right than the slave holders of the South or the Pantatas of the Bowery, who derive their leisure and their incomes from similar sources.

Neither was it any argument to say, as the "World" said "No farmer was ever able to do it, even in pioneer days when he paid no taxes and had neither railroads nor trusts to oppress him. The World suggests that Mr. Wilshire take to himself 160 acres of Government land and try it."

All this is no argument. It begs the question. The very essence of Socialism is CO-OPERATION, not isolation. Socialism in its modern sense was not possible in the days of the cave dweller, the Indian or the pioneer. It requires the organized energy of the entire community multiplied by all the modern means of production and distribution. It requires the public ownership and operation of all the modern tools of production, the steam engine, the electric motor, the steam shovel, the electric crane, the giant rolling mill and the hundred ton hammer, all these co-operated with railroads, telegraphs, mines, forests and all the natural resources of our country, owned and controlled by the people and for the people. That is SOCIALISM, and I again repeat the challenge. "Under the Socialist methods of production and distribution about two hours a day is all that would be required to give a man a fair living. The other twenty-two hours would belong to the man to do as he pleased."

Now if this is really so, and if I can prove to you that it is so, and if the editors, students, professors, politicians or statesmen here or elsewhere can not refute my statement, then it is up to you and to each of you to become Socialists, to become missionaries of Socialism, to hasten the glad day for yourselves, your wives, your children, and your country. If this be true it calls for the enthusiasm of patriots, the earnest work of statesmen, the zeal of enlightened manhood.

Let us prove our statement. We must define what is to be considered "a fair living." Of course you are all getting a fair living now. Every one

who has a job in this prosperous country, and is working at his job from 8 to 14 hours per day, receives a fair living. If you don't believe it ask your alderman, assemblyman or congressman whose particular business it is to see you get the full dinner pail and vote for the party of prosperity. You certainly do not wish for any fairer living, or you would be among the dissatisfied Socialists who ask and vote for something better. You do sometimes complain of your long hours and strike for shorter ones, but you are satisfied with your fair living or else you would strike at the polls on election day, the day when a strike counts most,

The man who works say ten hours a day, gives all of it for his fair living. Other people take from his product four times as much as the worker himself retains. This is taken in so many ways by the profit system that the worker does not realize it, but it is taken nevertheless. He really retains only the value of two hours labor out of the ten he performs. The landlord takes about one quarter of the worker's wages. That is 2½ hours out of his day. Carfares absorb at least a half hour more. The butcher, baker, grocer, shoemaker, clothier and hatter all have to charge two or three times the actual manufacturing cost of their merchandise because to the profits of manufacturer, jobber and dealer are added profits of transportation trusts, and rents paid to their various landlords. It is really a wonder that the worker gets as fair a living as he does from ten hours labor when you count the parasites he has to carry. Yet all these middlemen are necessary under a capitalist system. Public

ownership of railroads and municipal ownership of local transit would not abolish these. It is safe to say that the prices paid for necessities under the capitalist system above what those necessities would cost under a co-operative commonwealth absorb the wages of five hours daily labor. The capitalist system robs the worker of all but the product of two hours of his daily labor, and it gives him no time to enjoy that which is left.

You may try to deny this statement, but take any of the census bulletins covering any industry to-day and analyze the figures.

For instance, a recent census bulletin deals with dairy products. It states that 15,557 employees in that industry receive a total of \$8,412,937 wages, an average of \$540 per year. This is a dairyman's "fair living" under the present system, and he works an average of ten hours a day to earn it. The value of the product, less the first cost of materials from the farmer, is \$25,262,512, that is, a yearly product worth at wholesale \$1,625, for which the worker received \$540. The worker received one-third of the wholesale value of his product, or the product of three and one-third hours daily labor.

If the robbery of capitalism stopped there I would lose my case, for apparently the worker has one-third of his product. But he is not paid in product at wholesale rates. He is paid in cash. Let him go to the retail grocer or dairy store to buy the butter, cheese and cream which he produced and he will find that the profits of storage, transportation, commission merchant, jobber and retailer, carrying their rent, advertising and expenses of competi-

tion in the market, have so added to the price of his dairy product that his wages will buy much less of the original product than he created in two hours labor.

I have illustrated by the dairy products, but I have followed out reports covering shoes, hats, furniture, hardware and other necessities of life and find in even greater proportions that the worker receives at the retail counter less products for his whole day's wages than he averages to produce in two hours daily toil at the factory.

How does Socialism propose to change this and give a man as fair a living for two hours labor as he now receives for ten hours? Socialism proposes to give him all he produces, less the cost of exchange.

The first step is to convert the world, or at least our portion of it, to the desire for such a system so that they shall vote for it.

When the people really wish to try the Socialist system they will find means to carry out their wishes, just as they changed from the feudal system and from the slave system to the wage system and now will change to the co-operative system.

What methods we shall take to get there will depend on evolution of ideas, but in this as in every other change, "where there's a will there's a way." Socialist statesmanship must succeed capitalist politics. The wisdom of the people will evolve the methods by which the people shall come to their own.

The treasury of the co-operative Republic will be the fountain reservoir of all capital. Rent will be unknown, for no person can take tribute from ano-

ther for the right to live on the common earth. Interest will be unknown, for all capital, the necessary means of production, will be at the service of the producers, organized in the most effective manner, to use it for the common good. Profit will be unknown for the vast system of production, distribution and transportation will be as one giant trust organized to produce the largest and best product from the natural resources of the nation, with the most effective machinery and most efficient application of labor. Each person who has contributed two hours of daily effort in this co-operative commonwealth may rest assured that with no deduction for rent, interest or profit his two hours a day will provide him a fairer living than ten hours under the present system.

But you object, I wish a better living than I make now, twice, thrice, three times as much of the world's good things. Very well, I have only provided in my argument for a fair living such as you get now. Probably much less than two hours daily labor of hand or brain would provide that. I refer to the last clause of the original statement. "The other 22 hours would belong to the man to do with as he pleased." There would always be plenty of work for every one to do. No over-production would be possible where every one received the full value of his product. If a man wanted more than he could produce in two hours daily, nothing could prevent his working four or six hours and doubling or treb-

ling his income.

The Socialist does not dream of a two-hour work day with the other 22 hours uselessly wasted. Granted that a portion of humanity under Socialism, as under the present system, would do no more work than they have to to gain a "fair living." Their number would not reach that of the idle rich and idle poor. No compulsory idleness as now, no fair living to be had without rendering its equivalent in public service. But what of the ability, the genius, the ambition of men? That which is now stifled, crushed or diverted to base uses under the capitalist system, would then be free. Such freedom the world never saw "Twenty-two hours per day would belong to the man to do with as he pleased." What a glorious prospect for the inventor, the artist, the poet. The material wants all provided for in two hours, rest and recreation in ten more, and twelve hours per day free to exercise the fire of genius which burns within. Every facility and appliance, every tool and material, at hand in the public workshops, libraries and museums, free, free, to the hand and brain which can use them. What a civilization! Free from the fear of want or the hope of unjust gain! Do you wish for it? Then join the missionary band that pledges its lives, its fortunes and its sacred honor to forward the ideal until the day shall dawn when we have the votes, the power, to decree its realization.

The Growth of Crystola.

All things possessing health and vigor are apt to start growing in the Spring. Crystola has proved no exception to the rule. During the past three months she has gained greatly in everything material. Among the additions to her population are C. S. Simmons, of Cache, Oklahoma, Sylvester and E. S. Brower, of Eustis, Florida, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Lovejoy, of Wisconsin, W. H. Harris of Amarillo, Texas and Rev. T. W. Woodrow, of Hobart, Oklahoma.

G. B. Lang has a new home nearly completed on his lots on the townsite, C. S. Simmons has one started on his, T. W. Woodrow and E. S. Brower have theirs covered with garden beds and small fruit bushes and vines, and other improvements are planned for the near future. C. S. Simmons is planning to open the store with a good stock of general merchandise. His daughter, Miss Ena Simmons, will be here as soon as her school closes and will transform some of the vacant room in the store into a home for herself and father.

Mrs. Mattie Martin will arrive from Hobart, Oklahoma, about June 1, to

take charge of the Abbott Hotel. Dr. W. J. Hood and Company, of Cooperton, Oklahoma, have leased the Cabin and Iron Mountain mines and will commence taking out ore in a few weeks at most. Dr. Hood is now devoting his entire time to closing up his business in Oklahoma. As soon as he gets this accomplished he will move his family to Crystola and take the position of Superintendent of mining operations in the Iron Mountain and Cabin tunnels. With him will come a number of other Oklahoma people who will become permanent residents of Crystola.

Within sixty days water will be running on the Crystola townsite. It will be piped from never-failing fountains in the mountains half a mile north-east of town. Pipe is now being secured and it will be laid immediately.

During the month Cripple Creek parties have thoroughly overhauled the immense cyanide mill at Crystola, belonging to the Brotherhood Mining and Milling Company, of Missouri, and we hope to be able to state in our next issue that it is treating 200 tons of Crystola rock a day.



Query Department.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to Dr. Henry Wagner, Box 717, Denver, Colorado.

STUDENT, LOS ANGELES.—MYTHS. Symbolical Myths, at one time supposed to be meaningless fables, are now found to be the cleverest, and at the same time the most profound expressions of strictly scientifically defined truths of Nature. I refer you to "Ovid's Metamorphoses," and "Bacon's Essays."

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LEO, DENVER.—THE FLOOD.—At the time you speak of, in the hoary past, there reigned upon earth a colossal civilization, and the white, Red, Black and Yellow races covered the globe. An immense Deluge or Flood took place, as mentioned in a former issue, caused by the change of inclination in the earth's Polar Axis, and all of the southern continent, called *Atlantis*, was engulfed under the waste of waters, including in their abyss the greater portion of the Red race at that time predominating, along with their immense towns and colossal monuments.

The Black race subdued the remainder of the Red, and became dominant in its turn, with Egypt and Ethiopia. True it is "there were *Giants* in those days," and these were the "Giants" who bore the name Gian-Ben-Gian, their stature being proportional to the gigantic monuments which are recognized today in the ruins of Libya, Palmyra, Ninevah and others.

Note what Moses says in Deuteronomy, 32:7, "Remember the days of old, consider the years of many genera-

tions." The "children of *Anak* or *Enoch* bare those "Giants." "And there we saw the *Giants*, the sons of *Anak*, which come of the giants, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight:" Numbers 13:33, but even herein as in many other important matters, the Bible, as well as the Chaldean account, contradicts itself, for in Genesis 7, it shows "every one of them" perished in the Deluge.

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G. D. S. READING—CYCLE OF NECESSITY. Esoterically combined, the Sacred Numbers of the Universe solve and explain the great problem of the Emanation Cycles. According to Hermetic Philosophy, the living human race must, according to cyclic law, inevitably return to the very point from which they emanated, or become *physically* spiritualized.

No human being completes its grand cycle, or "Circle of Necessity" until his Divine Spirit illuminates and blends with facility his *inner* man. The "Circle of Necessity" also explains the "Fall of Man."

Each of the seven chambers of the Pyramids symbolized a planet, as well as one of the seven spheres, and one of the seven types of physico-spiritual humanity in advance of its own. Each mummy, when embalmed, symbolized the human race; for in one sense it had lost its physical individuality, and being posited in such a manner as was

considered the most favorable for the soul's exit, it had to pass through each of the seven planetary chambers, anterior to its exit through the symbolical apex of the Pyramid to the unseen Universe from whence it had started. Every three thousand years the soul, representative of its race, had to return to its primal point of departure, to undergo another evolution into a higher and more spiritual and physical transformation. The Astral Soul of the mummy was believed to be lingering about the body for the space of three thousand years of the "Cycle of Necessity," but in regard to the duration of this cycle, it necessarily differs with almost every individual and indeed must be thought of as comprising *millions* of years.



KABALIST, STERLING. SEX. Everything in matter is Male and Female, Minerals, Plants, Animals and Humanity. Spirit, the creative energy, is the Masculine principle that creates; Nature, the passive recipient, is that which germinates: hence creation. When spirits "fell" the earth drew them like magnetic tractors within the vortex of its grosser element, thus they become what the earths compelled them to be. In the early ages of the growing worlds the conditions of life were rude and violent, hence the creatures upon them partook of their nature. Then came the nature of Sex, and the law of generation, for to people these earths. Man, like the other living creatures, must produce his kind.



F. R. S. SAN FRANCISCO. MAGIC. The exalted Mahatma, or Adept, who

may desire the production of any particular phenomena, cannot produce it by the mere wave of a Magic Wand, or the repetition of some Magical Incantation. No, no, he must work scientifically. He must, first of all, take into consideration, if necessary, the opposing or antagonistic currents which interfere with his desire. These he can generally dissipate by a simple concentration of his powerful will. In the next place he must concentrate his powers upon that particular realm in the four kingdoms which governs the object of his operations. Although all this may seem to require a long time before anything can be accomplished, nevertheless, it takes but a few seconds only. When the distinct image of anything which the Adept may require is formulated, subjectively, in the mind it only wants the necessary concentration of mind to make that image a solid, objective reality; the Powers of Nature, who are ever the humble and obedient slaves of the Adept, accomplish the rest.

In addition to these aids the Black Magi are attended by numerous *trained elementals* who can personate and simulate any person or thing whether an "Angel of Light" or "Goblin damned," the form of an elephant or wriggling serpent.

There is much upon this subject that must of necessity be concealed but it only remains to be said that the discouragements which arrest the first steps in the path of discovery, are but the very first trials of that stupendous will-power upon the full exercise of which the Adept's triumph depends, and that for those who will cultivate the attributes of their own Souls there

is a rich reward awaiting them beneath the "Veil of Isis."



W. J. H. LONDON. That "Light" which you speak of as having "a brilliancy resembling the sunlight" and "which Clairvoyants, sometimes in the earlier stages of Lucidity, describe as being in the Brain," is the Divine Fire, which, in the pure minded, illuminates their Odylic Sphere or Magnetic aura, to such an extent as to form a complete barrier against the attacks of the evil minded and vicious Elementaries, for the latter (like the night-roaming bats and owls which cannot bear the

light of the sun) are unable to endure the effulgence of the Divine Ray. This is the "Silvery Spark" observed by Dr. Fenwick in the brain of Margrave in Bulwer Lytton's Strange Story.

The ancients have encircled all their Saints with a radiant *aureole* and our Christian artists have borrowed from them the same idea.

As to your second query, yes, this light is an indication of the possibilities of a high state of Clairvoyance, if due care be exercised in the training of the subject.



NO PRINTERS LEFT.

The Columbus Penitentiary News, for many years a famous and flourishing daily paper, published by convicts, has suspended publication for the very good reason that there is not left in that big penal institution a single man who can handle type. Bankers there are in plenty. More than 20, and more are on the way. Several convict banks might be operated with men to spare. Enough lawyers are there to handle an enormous amount of legal business. Doctors and brokers, and other "eminently respectable" citizens are not lacking. Business men, farmers, mechanics and representatives of almost every other department of industrial activity are common there. But there is no printer. The fact throws a new light on a character that has long been

commonly misjudged. The printer does not pi his spiritual and normal form. The printer today is a home owner. He is of fixed employment and he has no time for late suppers and fast rides in the benzine buggy. He is—and always was—far above the average man in information and intelligence. All the notable events of human life pass through his hands and make impress on his brain. The fact that more than 20 bankers are in the Ohio penitentiary, and not one printer, tells of the relative honesty of the printers of today—and tells more, for there are ten printers in the land to one banker. It shows us that the most common and most dangerous crimes of today are not being committed by the world's workers.—Fra Elbertus, in April Philistine.

Gathered From Everywhere...

[This department invites contributions of anecdotes, strange happenings, etc. For every one printed, we will give six months subscription to this magazine. Original articles preferred, but send in what you think worth reproducing, giving credit when possible.]

A Boston paper says: "A butterfly was caught at the South End yesterday." It may be safe enough to catch a butterfly at the south end, but when you go to grab a wasp, you want to catch it at the north easterly end, shifting westerly towards the head.

A NOVICE.

A young bride, after serving to her husband a dinner that was so-so, said as the pie was brought on: "I intended, dear, to have some sponge cake, too, but it has been a total failure."

"How was that?" the husband asked, in a disappointed tone, for he was fond of sponge cake.

"The chemist," she explained, "sent me the wrong kind of sponges."—Illustrated Bits.

THE BLIND MAN SAW.

The London Cheonicle relates that during the recent fog a military man, advanced in years, lost his way completely in the nocturnal vapor. Bumping against a stranger, he explained his misfortune and gave his address. "I know it quite well," said the stranger, "and I will take you there." It was some distance, but the guide never hesitated for a moment on the whole route. "This is your door," he said at last, as a house loomed dimly before them. "Bless my soul," said the old gentleman, "so it is! But how on earth have you been able to make

your way through such a fog." "I know every stick and stone in this part of London," said the stranger quietly, "for I am blind."

PROGRESSIVE JUSTICE.

"Jedge," panted the perspiring constable, as he led the begoggled motorist before the Bacon Ridge bar of justice, "I charge this here city chap with violating the speed law and making Jed Oatley's mules run away."

"That so!" drawled the judge, as he stroked his carroty whiskers. "Wal, neighbor, I reckon I'll have to fine yeou five dollars."

"An' jedge," hastened the constable, "don't forget that the court is sadly in need of pens an' paper an' the desk needs painting an' the walls need whitewashing."

"That so! Wal, then I increase yeour fine, neighbor, to ten dollars."

"An' jedge, don't don't forget that city drummer beat us out of a month's fines an' fees playing cards last night, thar ain't a plug of tobacco in the whole crowd of court officers an' the demijohn behind the door hasn't been filled in two weeks."

"Gosh an' hemlock! Mister What's your-name, yeou are fined \$25 an' costs. Lord bless the automobile, after all!"

ATHLETE TURNS VEGETARIAN.

In the last *Nautilus*, the editor, Elizabeth Towne, writes under the amazing caption, "Starve and be a Sampson." She tells about Gilman Low, who "has broken all sorts of athletic records, but not on accepted principles of training. Once before, after using conventional methods, three meals a day with meat, etc., he attempted that 1,000-pound lift, which consisted in getting under a 1000-pound weight and raising it on his back 1000 times in half an hour. That time he raised it 500 times in 25 minutes and had to quit.

"This time he trained for the feat by living first, five weeks on one meal a day, consisting of three eggs, half a loaf of whole wheat bread and raw fruits, nuts or cereals, with one glass of milk taken afterward. During the day he drank plenty of distilled water. Twice during the period he ate meat, but found it detrimental and ceased using it. The last three weeks he ate but four meals a week of the foods before mentioned. At 10 A. M. of the day the lift was made he ate six eggs and plenty of bread.

"During the eight weeks of training his exercise consisted principally of walking, deep breathing combined with light gymnastics, and he kept out of doors as much as possible.

"Evidently we are on the brink of new physiological discoveries when a man fasts to get ready to lift 1,000 pounds 1,000 times in half an hour."—Eleanor F Baldwin, in *Evening Telegram*, Portland, Oregon.

CHINAMEN'S SYMPATHY FOR A TURTLE.

A self-constituted Society for the

Prevention of Cruelty to Animals created a temporary excitement in what otherwise would have been a quiet morning along the waterfront. A native fisherman caught a splendid specimen of a sea turtle at Pearl Harbor and brought it to town. It was one of the biggest things of its kind ever seen in Honolulu. The Hawaiian was immediately surrounded by a crowd of waterfront habitués, including Chinese, Japanese and Hawaiian stevedores, deep-sea and coasting sailors, a steamship company's president, numerous custom-house brokers, and what not besides. The native wanted to make his way with his turtle to some local hotel, but the Chinese entered a strong objection to the proposed transformation of the crustacean into steaks and soup. They then and there formed a hui and made up the \$5 demanded by the fisherman for the turtle among themselves and acquired the animal. Sea lawyers freely offered advice to the members of the hui, setting forth pecuniary benefits which would be theirs by taking the turtle to the Waikiki Aquarium of the Kaimuki Zoo, but the Chinks would have none of it. Their sympathies for a suffering animal had been aroused and they were firm in their intention of giving it its liberty. They carried it to the Irmgard wharf in the presence of a large crowd, and threw it into the harbor, where the turtle made a quick dive for the bottom.—Honolulu (Hawaii) Bulletin.

THE GREATEST WOMAN.

Wilbur Nesbit, being asked to say who in his estimation was, or is, the greatest woman in the world, replied

promptly: "The unknown who invented apple pie. She was and is and ever will be the woman who has done more than any other to gladden the heart of man." Undoubtedly Mr. Nesbit's tribute will not be relished by that section of the feminine which resents the implication that gladdening the heart of man constitutes woman's chief mission or crowns her glory. To invent an apple pie for the sake of cheering the heart, or captivating the appetite of man will seem an unworthy accomplishment in the eyes of some who are suspicious for the sake of the sex. Yet it may be reflected that woman

herself is not insensible to the attractions of a good apple pie, and it is further to be borne in mind that the invention of the apple pie presupposes in the inventor virtues and talents of the highest order. No mere frivolous feminine or weak-brained woman could have devised the apple pie. She was without question a well-poised, clear-eyed, clear-headed individual, with an intellect for organization and a heart for noble ideas. Nobody but the apotheosis of womanhood could have invented apple pie.—New Bedford Evening Standard.

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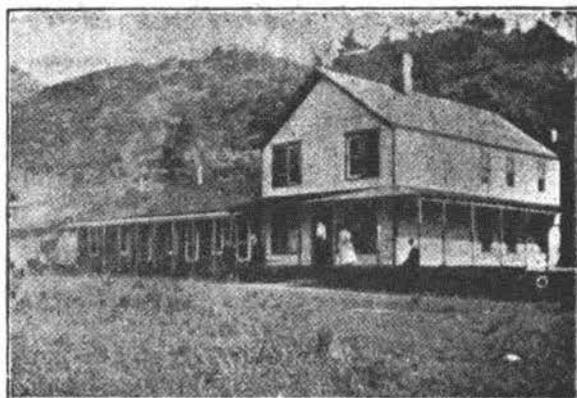
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My Conversion to Spiritualism.

BY CAESAR LOMBROSO, IN THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Cæsar Lombroso, a physician, and professor in the University of Milan, Italy, is the greatest living authority on all matters connected with the human brain and its functions. He has devoted his life to its study. His researches led him into the belief of the non-existence of a future life, which for years he felt certain he could prove. But his experiments, given below, have proved to him beyond any possible doubt that death is only a covered bridge leading to a far higher plane of existence than the present one. The Schiaparelli mentioned is Professor Schiaparelli, who occupies the chair of Astronomy in the University of Milan. He discovered the canals on the planet Mars and has but few equals and no superiors in his profession.

UNTIL 1890 I was the most violent opponent of Spiritualism. To those who would invite me to investigate the phenomena in this field I invariably replied. "To even speak of a spirit animating a table or a chair is simply ridiculous. A manifestation of energy without matter is no less unthinkable than are functions without organs."

The major part of my life had been devoted to positive science; to the effort to prove that thought is a direct emanation of the brain, and that the expressions of the brain (just like those of crime) rest upon anomalies produced by the over-development of certain parts of the brain with coincident deteriorations of other parts. And, besides, I was approaching that period of life when one is prone to dismiss innovations, no matter how lucently their truth may shine forth.

And then, too, I must admit that many years of dispute with the opponents of my theory of *pellegra* (the Lombard disease) and the origin of crime had well-nigh exhausted my energy, and what remained of it I desired to husband in defense of the problems with which the greatest part of my life had been bound up. To en-

ter upon a path which could but lead to fresh strife repelled me.

Still more was I repelled from making investigations of phenomena to the study of which there were almost wholly lacking any tools or other exact experimental means and the direct observation of which was rendered absolutely impossible, as one was compelled always to operate in the dark. A thing, the exact inquiry even into which appeared impossible, seemed to me to be but a paltry object for science.

In 1891 it happened that I was vainly trying to unravel the most mysterious case that I had ever encountered in my medical practice. I was treating the daughter of a high official in my native city. The girl had, at the age of puberty, fallen into a pronounced hysteria with accompanying manifestations which could not be accounted for physiologically nor pathologically. Her eyes, for the time being, lost their sight entirely; but, instead, the patient was able to see with her ear. She was able, with blindfolded eyes, to read a printed page held to her ear, and when the sunrays were focussed on her ear by a magnifying glass, she screamed aloud that it was blinding her and that they were try-

ing to make her blind.

Later her sense of taste migrated to her knee and the sense of smell to her toes.

Now and then she would manifest the most wonderful indications of clairvoyance and premonitions. She saw her brother, who was more than a mile away from her room, behind the scenes of a variety theatre. She described the costumes of the dancers, although the surroundings were altogether unknown to her. Sometimes while in bed and with the windows closed, she would feel the approach of her father when he was still several hundred yards from the house.

She prophesied especially with mathematical exactitude whatever was to occur to her personally. For instance, she once predicted "Fourteen days from now, at noon, I shall completely lose my ability to walk." This was fulfilled.

Once she said that within a month and three days she would experience an irresistible desire to bite. I watched her and endeavored to distract her attention. I had all the clocks and watches in the house stopped to deceive her in regard to the time. And yet, at the precise hour of the designated day she was seized with the impulse to bite, and did not grow calm again until after she had torn several pounds of paper into shreds with her teeth.

The patient said that her attacks could be cured by the application of aluminum. We sought to achieve a result with metals which bore a resemblance to aluminum, but she could not be deceived. It was only after the genuine aluminum, of which there was

but little in the city, was applied that she recovered.

Although these facts were nothing new (for similar ones had already been recorded by Petetin, Despina, Franko, and others), they were, nevertheless, most amazing.

I cudgelled my brain in vain for an explanation. I confess that they appeared to me to be wholly inexplicable in the light of all existing theories of physiology and pathology. There was one thing, however, which I believed to be perfectly clear—that hysteria had set free in this previously entirely normal girl new and remarkable forces based upon the existence of unknown partial senses. And in this way I reached the conviction that spiritism might possibly bring me nearer the truth.

One year later, 1892, I came in contact with several admirers of Eusebia Palladino at Naples, where I was engaged in a professional tour of inspection. They begged me to make at least one experiment with this celebrated medium.

I declined then, as I had before, to conduct any investigation either in the dark or in connection with any public seance, but was assured that the seance could be arranged in a room at my hotel in broad day light and without the presence of any strangers. I decided to accept the invitation under these circumstances, and especially as I had already been favorably predisposed by the strong impression which the occurrences I have described had made upon me.

In broad day light in my own room at the hotel, and while I was alone with Eusapia, I saw the table raise itself

and a small trumpet fly from the table to the bed and then back to the table. I was filled with consternation and expressed my readiness to make further experiments of a more detailed character in the same room in conjunction with three fellow-practitioners.

In this second seance I again saw objects change their position and heard knocks which had apparently no cause, etc. But what astonished me most of all was the following: The portiere of the alcove suddenly raised itself and, coming toward me, enveloped me in a tight embrace. For several seconds I made fruitless efforts to extricate myself. The portiere felt like a metallic board. An equally strong impression was made upon me by a plate containing flour which was discovered to have been turned upside down without the spilling of any of the flour. It appeared to have taken on the consistency of gelatine. This lasted more than a quarter of an hour. In conclusion, just as we were about to leave the room, an immense, heavy wardrobe which had been in a corner at a considerable distance from us began to glide toward me like some enormous pachyderm that intended attacking me.

At a subsequent seance, which also took place in daylight, we placed upon the table about two feet from the medium a dynamometer (strength-test machine). We then requested the medium to exert the utmost strength of which she was capable upon the machine. Suddenly we saw the index swing around and stop at about 90 pounds. Eusapia's normal exertion of strength would not have exceeded 72 pounds. She declared that she saw her guiding spirit "John," and that it

was he who was exerting this pressure; and made a great effort to reach the dynamometer with her hands, which she stretched and strained to loosen from our grasp.

The following was similar: A small bell was placed upon the floor some two feet from her and we requested her to ring it. Immediately the medium's skirt began to bulge out in the direction of the bell and assumed an appearance not unlike that of a flexible tube filled with gas. When I attempted to seize the skirt, the balloon like part suddenly reached the bell before I could prevent it and rang it.

At another seance in Milan I saw slowly sprouting from the sleeves of my coat a twig with perfectly fresh roses which appeared to have just been cut.

Eusapia was requested to write her name on a paper pad which Schiaparelli had placed upon the table. The medium seized Schiaparelli's finger and then declared that she had written. We had observed nothing of the kind; but as she kept insisting that it was so, we searched and found her signature on a page in the middle of the pad. Another time we found her name on the page before the last. And a third time on the curtain pole seven feet above the floor.

When we put Palladino upon the scales we observed that she could reduce or augment her weight by twenty pounds. The same happened in regard to a chair which was put upon the scales. It was invariably required, however, that a small segment of her skirt be in contact with the lower frame of the scales.

The possibility of deception or fraud

was out of the question, for we always held the hands and feet of the medium and occasionally even bound her feet. In addition we made sure that Eusabia had nothing on except clothes which we ourselves had at each seance provided for her. Despite all of which the reader will interrupt me pathetically and ask: "Whence do you get all this rigamarole?" Or, what's worse,

"Are you sure that you have not permitted just plain, ordinary swindlers to take you in."

In truth, the first impression (and I myself have had it) is that the whole thing is the result of a trick, an explanation which is to the taste of most people, in view of the fact that it saves the trouble of thinking, of investigating and of reminding the layman that under certain circumstances he is a more conscientious and shrewder observer than one who is a trained scientist. And, moreover, there is no phenomenon that leads itself so readily to both doubt and fraud as spiritism.

This is principally because the most important and most remarkable phenomena of it are almost invariably conducted in the dark. And then, too, the mediums themselves are often dupes against their own will. They are for the most part hysterical, and like all hysteria subjects, are seized with a desire as soon as they miss the spiritistic energy within themselves to substitute for it sleight-of-hand. In this connection I do not take into consideration at all the bogus mediums, cheats by profession and for gain.

In opposition to these objections one might say: Nobody doubts that there is an art of photography notwithstanding the fact that the photographer is

not able to develop his plate without darkness. This comparison is especially good because it gives one a palpable idea why under circumstances light may be an obstruction to the phenomena of spiritism. On the other hand we know of mediums like Slade and Home who are able to operate in the broad light of day. And daylight, too, is used in the strange miracles of the Hindoo fakirs, which are so astonishing that of themselves they should "give us pause."

And Eusapia, too, allowed the sunlight to shine upon a long series of extraordinary manifestations of which I, myself, was a spectator, such as the experiments with the dynamometer and the scales and when she set the big wardrobe in motion.

It may be mentioned in passing that the experiments with the dynamometer and the scales prove that, although these things are exceedingly prudish when a scientific treatment is attempted, they are nevertheless amenable to exact means toward a given end.

One thing is certain, mediums dislike engaging in any mechanical experiments and often refuse flatly to do so. But this can be readily understood when we consider how humanity in general is disinclined to innovations of any sort.

Richet says expressly that seances have often terminated abruptly when the table which had been used was displaced by another or when a stranger has entered the circle. But equally certain it is that in the case of Eusapia absolutely infallible precautions were taken to prevent fraud. Her hands and feet were tied, or she was surrounded with electric wire, which at

the least motion on her part would have set a bell ringing.

The medium Politi was placed nude in a bag during the experiments of the Society for Psychological Research in Milan, and although Miss d'Esperance was enmeshed like a fish in a net, the phantom Yolande appeared.

In the face of my ignorance of spiritism and pursuant to my studies in hysteria and the pathology of genius, I had hit upon the hypothesis that all these phenomena, like those of hysteria and of hypnotism, rested upon the activity of the psychomotor centers of the medium in a state of trance.

The energy of some of the nerve centers is increased while others are weakened by the neurosis and the trance condition. In this manner the creative inspiration of genius consists of a lessening of the whole "consciousness," and even of the moral feeling.

Eusapia, who, in consequence of an injury sustained in her childhood on her head, was neuropathic, lost consciousness altogether during the period of the spiritistic manifestations, and often convulsive jerks took place.

This theory seemed the more plausible to me because I felt convinced that even the loftiest idea is no more than the product of a molecular movement in the brain. I observed moreover that the more important spiritistic phenomena always manifested themselves in connection with persons or objects nearest the medium, and that another influence upon objects outside of the brain, was open to an explanation similar to that by which wireless telegraphy may be accounted for.

It was discouraging that not everything which had been brought to light

up to the present day in the spiritistic domain was adequately explicable. This was also the view of one who was a great deal better versed in spiritism than I, namely Ermacora.

Ermacora proved to me that telepathy operates at enormous distances, for wireless telegraphy grows less in the ratio of the square of the distance, and moreover that the brain is not, like Marconi's apparatuses, an instrument on a stationary basis.

My favorite theory was finally brought to a totter when in the past few years I encountered cases of psychic operation at a distance in families in which there were members possessing mediumistic tendencies; while on the other hand persons who were reputed to be mediums were not gifted with telepathic powers.

Several months before his death Chiasa showed me reliefs which had been made by Eusapia during her trances. She had always employed this method: A small basket of easily kneaded clay was put in a chest which was closed tightly with a board. A heavy stone was placed upon the board, the medium put her hand beneath this stone and the moment she lost consciousness she would say, "Ready." The chest was then opened and there were found impressions of a hand or of the face of a person whose facial expression was that of one suspended between life and death. I was not present at these seances, but the testimony of Chiasa and of a celebrated Neapolitan sculptor, who further elaborated the clay impressions, satisfies me that the occurrences were as they have stated. According to the judgment of Bistolfi, who was able to achieve in a

few seconds similar results of plastic art, which seen at close quarters, appeared insignificant but from a distance made a terrible, depressing impression. The medium would have had to possess an extraordinary degree of artistic skill to produce any such objects.

In reality Eusapia Palladino did not have the first rudimentary notion of the art.

When in addition to all this I attended sessions in which Eusapia Palladino in a trance responded wittily to the point in languages with which she was not conversant, such as English; and

when in conclusion I witnessed the experiments of Crooke, with Home and Katie King and others (one German medium painted most astounding pictures in the dark), I became convinced that although spiritistic phenomena are in great measure due to the influence of the medium, they must at the same time be ascribed to superterrestrial beings in the possession of forces for which the properties of, let us say, radium present some analogy.

The solution of this problem will be one of the most tremendous events of our new century.



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And on peaks that tower high
In their cold white snowy vastness,
'Gainst the blue, ethereal sky.

In stately beauty and grandeur,
We tell of the glory of God;
His wonderful power revealing,
As we our plumed tips nod.

We tell of the grand upheaval
That came to this part of earth,
When God, the great Creator,
Gave to these mountains birth.

We tell of the long, dark ages,
Before the foot of men

Trod these snowy mountain sides,
Or wandered thro' wood and glen—

Or hunted the caves and fissures
For treasures of silver and gold,
Or brought the lofty pines down,
Or tunnelled the mountains old,

Making a way for the "iron horse"
Right through their hearts of rock,
And their flinty veins of treasure rare,
Were opened by the shock.

Such were the words I thought I heard
As I list to the pine trees moan;
As they stood in solemn beauty
On the mountains, grand and lone.

How Some Fortunes Were Built Up.

By J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

JOHN W. GATES.

THE past thirty years have produced many Napoleons of finance that have dazzled the world by the magnitude of their golden harvests. John W. Gates is not a Napoleon, however. He is more of the Phil Sheridan or Marshal Murat type. Few men have made more money or used bolder or more dashing methods.

He commenced his business life with no capital but sound, common sense and absolute confidence in himself. Principle was left entirely out of his make-up. His one aim was to make money—just make it, that was all. He began his business career as a barbed wire salesman for Isaac L. Elwood, one of the original manufacturers of barbed wire, at a salary of \$100 a month. But he soon realized that there was only a living in its sale and millions in its manufacture and he commenced making it. He had a partner and their united capital was \$8,000. Barbed wire was patented and he had no interest in the patents and hence no right to make it, but that did not worry him in the least though it did the patentees a great deal. He simply employed good lawyers, fought the patentees and made money. His company declared dividends of 50 per cent a week from the first.

Soon after the company was organized six more partners were taken in but Gates was practically the whole thing. The other members wearied of being nonentities and he bought them all out but one. With this one and a

new partner, he formed a new company with a capital of \$50,000 and went on with the manufacture. The first year they cleared \$150,000 or 300 per cent. In 1884 the firm moved to Rankin near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and built the Braddock steel mills, now among the largest in the world.

In 1886 he went to Europe and purchased about all the steel billets—50,000 tons—there was in the market. As a result of his buying up the supply the price shot up from \$5 to \$10 a ton, giving him a clear profit of from \$250,000 to \$500,000 on the purchase alone. He sold 10,000 tons to Carnage and cleared \$100,000 in cash on the deal.

In 1887 the Braddock Wire Company showed dividends of 500 per cent on the business it had done since its erection in 1884. From 1880 until 1890 he paid out more than \$1,000,000 in his litigation with the patentees of the barbed wire, Isaac L. Elwood and Washburn & Moen. Then he got them to form a trust with him as general manager, This gave them a monopoly of their product and for some time their dividends averaged about 100 per cent a month or 1,200 per cent a year.

Gold mines sometimes pay well but the best paying proposition in the world is a monopoly of something that the world must have. You can charge it any price you please. The people, brainless fools, never kick on such robbery. On the contrary, every body seems to feel it a solemn duty to swell your fortune to their utmost ability. Of course with all the world pouring

its wealth into his coffers Mr. Gates could not possibly keep from accumulating many millions.

Some faint idea of how easy it is to pile up wealth when you and I and everybody else lets one man rob us may be gained from the fact that in 1898, about 20 years after he began his career with a capital of \$8,000, he formed the Federal Steel Company with a capital of one hundred million dollars. And he made it pay good, big dividends on this enormous capital.

But there was still a small portion of the earth that belonged to somebody else and he was not happy. So in 1900 he started the movement that resulted in the formation of the U. S. Steel Corporation, the most gigantic trust the world has ever known. Some idea of its magnitude may be obtained from the following dialogue which occurred in 1901, between Mr. Gates and a speculator who was trying to make him believe a sharp advance in steel stock was imminent.

"Now, don't you really think there is too much steel trust stock to start a boom in offhand?" said Mr. Gates.

No, Steel was ready to move and it was going to move.

Mr. Gates produced a pencil, and he produced the back of an envelope, and pencil and paper he passed to his entertainer.

"Make some figures," he said.

"How many minutes in an hour?"

"Sixty."

"How many hours in a day?"

"Twenty-four."

"How many days in a year?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five."

How many years since the Christian era began?"

"Nineteen hundred and two."

"So I thought," said Gates.

The man with the lead pencil and back of the envelope looked a little mystified. Two or three neighbors were getting interested. And Gates proceeded:

"Figure. Multiply sixty by twenty-four and you have got 1,440 minutes in a day; multiply 1,440 by 365 and you have 525,600 minutes in a year; multiply 525,600 by 2,000 and you have 1,051,200,000, just about the exact amount of stock that the United States Steel corporation has issued—over \$1 for every minute since Christ was born."

About twenty-two years before the date of this conversation he had commenced business on a capital of \$8,000, now he was one of the chief stockholders in the U. S. Steel corporation, and one of the financial champions of the country.

But all champions find their match some time. Last winter Mr. Gates got on the wrong side of Wall Street and dropped a little matter of \$75,000,000. In order to catch his breath and work out some schemes for getting it back he has retired to his chateau in France. He has a domain of 7,000 acres rented around it and is going to pass away a few of the balmy summer days shooting hare, pheasants and deer. In the autumn he will come back with some new schemes for robbing the people, including you and I, and he will coin them into dividends of at least 100 per cent a month during the winter.

The Song of Life.

R. J. INGERSOLL IN PROGRESS.

THE following article by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll is one of the best dissertations on human life that I have ever read. Surely a man who could write like this had much that was good in his character, regardless of the opinions of orthodox people.

“Born of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms, with lips upon life’s drifted font, blue veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low—looking with wonder’s wide and startled eyes at common things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes—lured by light and flame and charmed by color’s wondrous robes, learning the use of hands and feet, and by the laws of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thought from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing tangled worth—and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

“And time runs on in sun and shade, until one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built, with a fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love.

Again the miracle of birth—the pain of joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle song, drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

“And then the sense of obligation and of wrong—pity for those who toil and weep—tears for the imprisoned and despised—love for the generous deed, and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

“And then ambition, with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction’s worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft—flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed—knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold and honor brought from those who charge the usury of self-respect—of power that only bends a coward’s knees and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverend eyes made rich with honest thoughts of holding high above all other things—high as hope’s throbbing star above the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

“Then locks of gray and growing love of other days and half remembered things—then holding the withered hands of those who first held his while over dim and longing eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest.

And so, locking in marriage vows his children’s hands, and crossing others on the breasts of peace, with his children’s babes upon his knees, the

white hair mingling with the gray, he journeys from day to day to where the dusk is waiting for the night—sitting by the holy hearth of home, as the last embers change from red to gray, he

falls asleep within the arms of the one he worshipped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss."



The Inspiration of Freedom.

BY GILBERT PATTON BROWN.

Six score, eleven years ago,
 On this immortal date,
 Upon the soil of Penn, we know
 Men gathered there in state.
 A year had passed, a few days more,
 When from the village green
 Of Lexington a hero bore
 The news of this sad scene.
 From every homestead in our land
 There sprang a soldier true,
 With flintlock, riding hand in hand,
 To show what he could do.
 Some left the fireside, some the plow,
 When first the bugle spoke—
 These sturdy men, with knitted brow
 And sinews strong as oak.
 Amongst the rank and file of men,
 Most humble of them all
 Stood one, "Old Put," as brave as
 when
 Within the den did crawl.
 And by this man our Warren stood,
 With Gridley by his side—
 All men of valor, brave and good,

To stem the British tide.
 And though brave Warren lost his
 life
 Upon old Bunker Hill,
 It did not end this bloody strife,
 E'en though each heart stood still.
 Not only did his comrades weep
 When this brave warrior fell—
 A brotherhood laid him to sleep,
 Of whom you all know well.
 'Twas knights and masters of the
 land,
 Who once wooed maidens fair,
 Upon his breast placed by this band,
 Lay the compass and the square.
 Not only was their mission here,
 Nor in the thickest fight,
 But 'monst the Quakers, with no fear.
 Did each his name indite,
 The inspiration of that deed
 Will live forever more,
 Endeared by each and all our seed
 Until man's work is o'er.

—*Boston, June 13, 1907.*

The Creative Power of Thought.

BY DR. HENRY WAGNER.

TO DO anything really well requires the free use of a very clear image in the mind. The architect, formulating some future edifice mentally sees the whole construction complete in his mind, and then works out the necessary details upon paper. A great artist, producing some ideal representation, sees the picture clearly before him and paints from the image in the mind. The "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo; the "Crucifixion" of Tintoretto and Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" are all of them the sublime artistic fruits of superb imaginations.

Such fruits find their parallel only in the best works of Greek sculpture, produced in the height of her intellectual and artistic greatness, when the perfect physical training of her magnificent gymnasiums, and the wonderful psycho-metaphysical culture of her temple initiations, combined to produce the nation's ideal of human possibility in the perfect equipoise between spirit and matter, the *god-like man*. Greece labored systematically through the inspiration of her gifted sons to produce that proud monument of *art* which has never yet been equaled, so that future ages might realize to what height the genius of her *art* and the sublimity of her conceptions had risen. What the gymnasium produced in the athlete and the warrior, the sanctuary more than equaled in intellect and art. It was the genius of her own inspiration born in the temple that has cov-

ered her blotted record upon the field of battle with an imperishable halo of glory. The valor of Achilles owes all its deathless fame to the inspired imagination of Homer, while the martial glory of Marathon pales before the brighter radiance of that intellectual victory which won from nature a national conception of the "demiurgic mind." Homer, Phidias and Plato were her greatest heroes; their fame and empire the most extended, because they achieved their victories amid the sublimer realms of the mind.

Thus every great achievement and every great failure receives its initial motive power from the same source. The marvelous victories of the *Vauds* of Piedmont and the *Camisards* of France against almost incredible odds, when the combined powers of Europe's "Grande Monarch" and the Pope were powerless against a mere handful of rude mountaineers, were due entirely to a religious zeal which fired their vivid imaginations so that prophets and martyrs were really believed by them to lead onward to victory. The emancipation of the soul from the bonds of matter and the freedom of the human mind from the despotic tyranny of the church, are fruits of the imagination as surely as the fetters which previously imprisoned and bound came from the same mysterious source.

The egotistical imagination of Cæsar rewarded his personal valor with the crown of Imperial Rome, and the same

power crushed the Rome which gave it, before the martial tread of invading Gaul. And so we might go on through the ages. Wherever we turn we are surrounded by the outcome of the mental imagery of man.

It is not the weight or the development of matter, but the calibre and intensity of the mind which constitutes the greatest man. Cæsar, who climbed the highest pinnacle of martial possibility and saw the known world groaning beneath his mental sway, and Bonaparte, who rose from almost nothing, set up kings on thrones like puppets, and changed the map of Europe by means of the same warlike genius,

were both of them small men. Neither of them were athletes or endowed with strong physiques.

But they both unquestionably possessed those two treasures of the soul in their martial perfection, viz: *the creative power of thought and a vivid imagination*. It is not the muscle of the prize-fighter or athlete but the *perception of a creative mind* that comes out victor from the great competitive battle of life. With Pope we would say:

“Were I as tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I would be measured by my soul,
For mind’s the standard of the man.”



THE ONE LOVE.

Great is a love that stirs a human
heart
To live beyond all others and apart;
A love that is not shallow, is not
small;
Is not for one or two, but is for all;
Love that can wound love, for its
higher need;
Love that can leave love, though the
heart may bleed;

Love that can lose love, family and
friend,
Yet steadfast live, all-loving to the
end;
A love that asks no answer, that can
live
Moved by one burning, deathless
aim,—to give.
Such love, that only asks what path
be trod,
Is Love, itself, is Love that is of God!
Emerson College Magazine.

Starlight.

BY MISS E. M. WEATHERHEAD.

In a tepee on the mountain, 'neath the pine tree's cooling shade
With old Apashay, her father, dwelt Starlight, an Indian maid.
Long and black her braided tresses, like the raven's glossy wing,
Free and careless, light and airy, as the monarch eagle king.
Light footed as the antelope sporting in the woodland glade,
Straight and slender as a fir tree was this dark eyed Indian
maid.

And her voice was like the laughter of the softly rippling breeze
As it stirs and gently murmurs through the quivering aspen
trees.

Came one day beside her tepee, a pale face, brave with easy air,
Noted well the graceful figure and the beauty strangely rare.
In his way he sought to win her, with a lover's pleading guise,
Soon he saw the lovelight gleaming deep within the starlike eyes
And her heart beat faster, quicker, at the ripple of his voice
When he said "of all the maidens, pretty Starlight is my
choice."

Starlight, little Indian maiden, light of foot as any deer,
Joyous as the rippling streamlet, with a voice as sweet and
clear,

Heed you not the white man's pleading, he is playing with your
heart,

'Tis a pastime he delights in, he is versed in lover's art.

But the summer waned and faded, and the pale face went away,
To sweet Starlight in the tepee faded then the light of day.

Long she waited by the tepee till the night came cold and gray,
But the paleface, nothing heeding, came no more in Star-
light's way.

Then she faded like the twilight with the softly dying day,
Still believing in her sweetheart, O so far, so far away.

Then old Apashay, her father, laid sweet Starlight to her rest
Where the aspens softly quiver in the golden glowing west.

By her tepee near the river Starlight's spirit oft is seen.

Ofttimes in the leafy forest, ofttimes in the dark ravine.

But no paleface walks beside her in the twilight cold and gray,

He has found another sweetheart, Oh so far, so far away.

He is basking in the sunshine of another sweetheart true,

She has hair like waves of sunlight and her eyes like skies
are blue.

He's forgotten little Starlight, and the vows that once he made
When he told her that he loved her in the leafy woodland glade.

Religion---and Religions.

BY MALCOLM.

WHO SHALL say there is no light, when all the heavens are studded with stars? Or that one star diffuses it all? Blazing suns march through the abyss, sending unwearied to their families of worlds the luminous seas that flood their shores. Even as we depend from that Golden Vase to whose effulgence our day owes its meaning, and from whose reflected light our night borrows the soft beams of the moon, so do the dwellers on other planets likewise owe to a central sun their being and continued sustenance, and receive continuously from it that which they have of light, glorious light! To them as to us life is only possible in harmonious relation with their solar parent. Translated physically from their own to some other system, without special preparation and adjustment, they would doubtless disintegrate into the primordial elements which each individual synthesizes. They, as other forms of their world, are the outcome, in one sense, of solar power, and that which they express corresponds naturally to the organization of which they are a part. Shall they or ourselves deny to other systems other lights than our own, or consider that the vast universe sparkling with crystal lamps which float in the ether of space, is illumined only by our own or their suns, smaller it may be than myriads of others? No doubt there are none today who would assert as much. And yet there are many who accepting the ut-

terances of material science regarding the worlds of space fail to see that there are correspondences of equal or greater validity in the immaterial realms of Mind or Spirit.

That while the worlds of space are in a physical universe human beings are in a Universe of Spirit, each one a microcosm enshrining within itself, essentially or in actual manifestation, all the powers and forms of a world. Nay, each soul is the seed of a universe. And there are blazing intellectual and spiritual suns, and planets and satellites revolving about them. In the illimitable universe of Spiritual Light, whose foci are eternal egos, each a central sun, why should we circumscribe the sphere of enlightenment by asserting that whatever of illumination has come to humanity has sprung from some one particular luminary? Is it alone capable of giving forth light, that LYXAOUR, or Limitless Light, which pervades Universal Nature? Can we not see that the rays which spring from a particular sun, dazzling though it may be, are visible only to those who come within its power of attraction and who are in a sense its veritable creation? Are all other bodies dark planets or satellites moving in eternal chaos? With Infinity as a background what tiny spaces are the orbits, however vast they may seem to us, of even the greatest suns?

It has not been long since this earth of ours, floating as a mote in sunshine when compared with the countless

worlds in space which surround us, was believed to be the centre of the universe. To deny it was an invitation to a speedy trial and a fiery shroud. Science and philosophy then lay bound at the foot of bigotry. These times have changed and today it is only in its own ranks that the priesthood has power physically to torture its heretics. But in the church, the only real difference in doctrines which must be adhered to by its professors lies in a change of base from the physical universe to the universe of spirit, the doctrine having become spiritocentric or Christocentric, instead of geocentric, for here the founder of a religion is made to be the only source of light and the one name in heaven or on earth whereby men may be saved.

It is to some reflections on these matters, born of an experience which is personal, that the attention of the reader is asked.

Freedom is all about us; literally, it is in the air. Each deep breath that the aspiring soul indraws is replete with the immortal power exhaled by flowers of Truth which bloom in celestial gardens. The limit of our Freedom is now alone that of ability to inspire this Truth, or to perceive the unity of Wisdom and Love which every expression of or effort after it establishes. This Truth is borne in upon us through an atmosphere of freedom, out of the infinities, but none the less is it constantly within ourselves and we are alone freed by possessing it. No one may say that he has encompassed all of Truth; from gods or men such assertion would be impious. Each of the Wise has traversed his path, has touched the Truth in greater or lesser

degree, but none may claim that the essential Truth—that Fount of Verities which is absolute and unrelated—was destined to be realized by himself alone, nor assert that beyond his oracles do not lie those which infinitely transcend them. This vista is beyond the widest intellectual or earthy spiritual vision. We are not limited to the horizon of our so-called normal faculties.

“Nay, come up hither. From this wave-washed mound
Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me;
Then reach on with thy thought till it be drown’d,
Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,—
Still, leagues beyond these leagues there is more sea.”

So much has been written upon the origin and philosophy of religion that few are unfamiliar with the theoretic relation and difference between these organized bodies of doctrine termed “religions” and that inward principle which, impelling men to aspire and to worship, has taken a concrete form suitable to time and place, in creeds and liturgy. Many, indeed, now practically realize the truth that these forms are all but different expressions of the same internal impulse, whether the latter is born of a sense of responsibility or dependency, or is, according to the writer’s own conviction, the striving for a conscious freedom which Divinity seeks to achieve for every atom of being through the experiences of human life. It is only the continuance of a process which begins ob-

jectively in the mineral atom and continues to a disappearing point when man, the highest type of organized life, passes or into another and more real phase of existence removed from this planet. This the great mass of religionists, who accept their creeds ready made, have not yet believed; with the less liberal minded of the spiritual leaders on both sides of life they are totally blind to the declension of pure spirituality which the compression of the religious faculty within limits of fixed and non-progressive doctrine, no longer suited to human needs, has brought about in all old religious systems. The reason for this spiritual blindness can readily be found in the belief that Wisdom has been summed up and has been found to be complete. There never was a greater error, or a mistake more difficult to reason about, than to suppose that spiritual wisdom is unalterable and unprogressive. The attainments of every great soul which struggles up through the submergences of Nature to a conscious At-onement with Divinity add to the eternal accumulations. This process is admittedly mystic, but as it is the realization of Itself by Divinity, and as Divinity perpetually expands within spheres of eternal and progressive realization, so must the higher and highest unfold more and more of their perfectibility as they achieve more and more of Consciousness. We do not assert anything of the INEFFABLE, for to that region naught which possesses Consciousness may follow, but to all below such an inconceivable state each complete realization, each unfoldment of the divine soul blossom—the rose which opens at the center of the mys-

tic cross—is an addition to Divine Wisdom and Love.

Why cavil at the materialist? His mental attitude is but due to the rebound of the soul from spiritual crystallization, for the precise state of belief when it becomes fixed and unalterable. Reacting from doctrines often repellent and apparently destitute of foundation in reason or divine justice, the rationalistic mind plunges into temporary nihilism and turns toward physical phenomena as the only realm where truth can be found: it has lost faith in spiritual leadership. Materialism is therefore but violent reaction with many who are actually driven to it by temperament or the overwhelming force of circumstances. And there are not lacking bigots who are materialists any more than there are wanting religionists who are bigots.

If there is one fact which can be read in the rise and development of the great religions of the world, it is that pure charity, the sense of universal kinship, and the wish that all mankind may equally share the divine benefits, disappear as the walls of dogma arise to separate man from his fellows. We know that no individual or set of them can truthfully lay claim to the control of the Religious Principle, and yet it is common for us to measure what we poorly call "spirituality" by belief in certain doctrines purely historic in foundation; if we believe we are "sons of God," if we do not we are outcasts. No Criterion exists for this save in ignorance. Elsewhere than in selfishness it is difficult to find anything corresponding to it. There are few races, as far as known, which do not regard and term God their "Father." And

what basis in Nature or the soul can be found for denying them that relationship? It has been said: "The people of all nations rise and fall in the grade of spirituality, not by any superiority of the gods they worship, but because they fail to stand erect in the consciousness that all men are the children of the Supreme God, and that all are capable of attaining that measure of supreme wisdom which belongs to the children of light." That appears to set forth the whole truth as far as the mental attitude is concerned. There are more ways than one to the Father's House, and more names than one by which they are known. Stripped of differences of terminology, reduced to their ultimates, almost all religions are alike in their object, and similar in their processes. There may be superiority as regards the forms in which the principles of faith express themselves, but this is merely esthetic, after all. Really, however, it makes no difference what specific forms or terms children employ to describe an object, the latter is not thereby less or more worthy and we are all the veriest children in our knowledge of that mysterious domain whose golden doors but open occasionally to give us faint glimpses of the Infinite, and to awaken memories of some realm to which we feel we belong but from which we are the exiles of doubtless unmeasured ages. We bestow names and attributes upon the Deity, but it is the idea

alone lying back of them which determines the exaltation or otherwise of our conceptions. Even this idea of God is of relatively little importance, for it is only the seal of our ignorance. No one can define the INDEFINABLE and therefore all theologic speculation as to its or His essential Nature, intent or purpose, is as futile and spiritually infantile as is the reaching of the child for the moon from the mature standpoint of the human adult. They belong in the same category. We must transport our theories of being beyond the tiny intervals of years to the great periods of eternal evolution, forget our differences of mere belief in the sublime quest for that Love which is the final end of universal history and that Wisdom which is the means of its attainment. Individual exaltation disappears as an object to the Soul as the horizon of consciousness enlarges, and it is replaced by a yearning that each other atom shall win its way, however laggard, to the royal throne upon which it rightfully should seat itself. Mere diversity of method is nothing which should cause us anxiety. To us, here on earth, Divinity manifests itself through humanity, either present or translated, and the most angelic teachings can have significance only as they come within our own experience. To all else we are truly windowless and without a point of contact.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE MOUNTAIN PINE

SUCCESSOR TO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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GEO. B. LANG, Editor and Manager.

The people of Oklahoma, not the politicians, monopolies, trusts, railroads or other aggregations of organized capital, but the real people, have been framing a constitution that shows that the principles of real self-government are in the ascendency in that territory. It is the most progressive, enlightened document of its kind yet evolved from the human brain. Some of its provisions are:

The Initiative and Referendum, patterned after the law now in operation in Oregon.

Election of all state officers and U. S. Senators by direct vote and prohibition of succession in office.

Prohibition of railroad companies from owning coal lands or other natural resources which, of right, belong to the people.

Public Ownership and operation of the coal mines of the state.

Prohibition of the issuing of watered stock.

Prohibition of alien ownership of land.

An eight-hour day on all public works.

Prohibition of the employment of children under fifteen years of age in mines or factories.

Submission of a prohibitory liquor amendment to the people at the first election.

An article giving the ballot to woman the same as man was defeated by a very close vote. But as the consti-

tution can be amended by a majority vote at any time and the Initiative and Referendum enables an amendment to be proposed with very little trouble or expense it is probable that the people will correct this in the near future.

President Roosevelt does not like it and, if he can do so, will not let the people vote on it. If he fails there will be a special election on August 6th, and Oklahoma will become a state under real, genuine self-government.

Almost everybody, save the Kentucky Colonel, is more or less familiar with water on general principles though very few realize what a wonderful compound it really is. In some way, no one has ever discovered how, two atoms of hydrogen mix up with one of oxygen and the result is a molecule of water. Or, by weight, one hundred pounds of water contains 88.9 pounds of oxygen and 11.1 pounds of hydrogen. And if the atoms of hydrogen and oxygen are of the same size two-thirds of the bulk of water is hydrogen and one-third oxygen.

But hydrogen is 14.45 times lighter than air and 11,000 times lighter than water and oxygen is only a very little heavier than air and 750 times lighter than water. Where does their weight come from when they are so blended that probably two-thirds of their united bulk is composed of the one that is 11,000 times lighter than the mixture, and the other, comprising one-third of

their bulk 750 times lighter than the mixture? No chemist can tell you why water is heavy. Hydrogen is the very lightest substance known, oxygen only a little heavier than air, unite them and water, a heavy liquid results. Both gases are colorless, tasteless and odorless, cannot be felt or seen, but water certainly has a pleasant taste and color enough to be seen plainly and it is also very apparent to the touch.

Do the molecules of water, in spite of their weight, rise and float in the air? And is rain caused by their combining in drops or is it caused by the two gases uniting in the air when the proper temperature is reached? If you know you know more than the wisest scientist.

Hydrogen can be liquefied only by a pressure of 240 atmospheres or a cold of about 300 degrees below zero, oxygen by a pressure of 320 atmospheres or a cold of 350 degrees below zero. Mix them and they are normally always a liquid and freeze at a temperature of 32 degrees above zero. And they absolutely will not be divorced. Intense heat causes their molecules to separate and, in their effort to get away from each other, to exert the mighty power of steam but the molecules are water and are ready to rush together in an instant if the temperature is lowered sufficiently.

Taking it all in all water is very queer stuff. And yet some people drink it.

The reason the Japanese have been adding such wonderful chapters to the history of the world during the past few years is that having no dogs, can-

ary birds, cattle or horses to breed up to a high standard of excellence they were forced to turn their attention to themselves, to breed up a race of greatly improved men and women. Being heathens, and so devoid of what the christians regard as modesty, they have made as great a success in this line as Germany has in canaries, Normandy in horses and Jersey and England in cattle.

Christendom is waging a ceaseless, vigorous war on vice of all kinds. In Japan there are no vices save what has been acquired by contact with christian nations. Twenty years ago there was not a saloon or gambling hell in all Japan—and there are but few now. The Japanese houses of ill-fame are as quiet, orderly and neat as the average American parlor. Tea is the only beverage drunk in them. The inmates, geishas they are called, serve the tea and perform quiet, orderly little dances not nearly as demoralizing as the American waltz or two step and the utmost decorum prevails.

The Japanese get their physical development by obeying God's laws for the development of the body. To begin with their clothing is the best possible for producing a perfect physique, the almost total absence of beasts of burden compel them to take much more exercise than the people of most countries; their food, almost wholly fruits, nuts and vegetables, seems to contain just what is needed in body building and their habits are all that the most ardent physical culturist could desire. Every Japanese peasant bathes at least once a day and changes clothing throughout. All kinds of athletic exercises are con-

stantly practiced by both sexes. And the result of it all is that Japan has astonished the world and during the past few years proved herself to be one of the most progressive nations in the world. And, as she is becoming christianized very slowly she will probably keep on developing her manhood and womanhood for an indefinite period.

By the way is it not strange that while we are seeking the best way to raise better animals of all kinds and the most improved methods of plant cultivation we do not send to Japan to learn how they produce such superior men and women.

Few even dream of the marvellous success of co-operative enterprises in Great Britain. Co-operation was born there in 1845 or 46 when the practically penniless weavers of Rochdale in Lancashire opened a small store with about one shelf full of goods. For several years those in charge gave their services free. They had the two great essentials of success in co-operation—good common sense and an earnest desire to serve and help their starving fellow workers in the big cotton and woollen mills around them. They were owned soul and body by the looms and spindles at which they worked and their wages had been cut again and again until they were forced to add to them in some way or starve. Modern laborers would have struck for higher wages, got them perhaps, and gone on in slavery. Fortunately the Rochdale weavers found a better plan. At the meeting called to discuss the matter many plans were proposed. Finally an old man arose and said: "It is perhaps impossible for us to get

an increase in wages but maybe we can devise some plan to make the little we do get go farther than it does." He little dreamed of what was to come from his words. One result is that several million Englishmen now own the machines they work at instead of the machines owning them.

A committee was appointed to try to carry out the old man's idea—to make their wages go farther. Those who joined the movement taxed themselves two or three cents a week—all they could spare from their wages—and finally a fund of about \$75 was accumulated. A room was rented and this sum was laid out in a few of the necessities of life and the first co-operative store of modern times was opened. It prospered, the stock increased, workingmen saw in it their release from thralldom to the machine and invested their savings and received their profits. After awhile it grew into a mighty society with many stores, ships on every sea, much real estate and the profits always going into the pockets of the workingmen.

Other co-operative societies modeled after it sprang up and spread the good work. Hundreds, yes, thousands of good homes were built and sold or rented to workingmen on terms far better than any ever offered by capital, and, in a thousand ways, the man who ran the machine profited by owning it.

Now Co-operation has grown to almost inconceivable proportions over there. During the 44 years from 1861 to 1905 the enormous sum of 614 millions of dollars was paid in actual profits to members of the different societies and now the societies are confronted by the serious problem of what

to do with their surplus capital. Paying investments are scarce in England and many of the co-operative societies have large amounts of cash on hand they cannot invest. One of them has three thousand acres of land not far from London all laid out in factory sites, residence lots, public parks, gardens, etc. And it will soon build up a city "of the people, for the people and by the people" there. It will be as hygienic and sanitary as modern science can make it. All public utilities will be owned by the public and operated for the public at cost. Its inhabitants will be healthy, happy and prosperous. No strikes will ever annoy them for they will own the whole city, the factories and everything else as partners and profit-sharers. Did you ever hear of partners striking against each other? Hardly.

Every American ought to commit the history of co-operation in England to memory and strive to adapt its principles to American needs and circumstances. The only escape from wage slavery is for the men who operate the machines to own them and receive from their products the wealth their labor produces.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a full account of the Farmer's Educational and Co-operative Union of America. At present it has a membership of over a million and a half chiefly in Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma but it is spreading rapidly in Kansas, Illinois, and other northern states. It has built cotton warehouses all over Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas, it has annihilated the gamblers who ran the bucket shops and skinned

the farmers out of their profits on all kinds of crops. And now it is beginning to build cotton factories right where the cotton is grown, thus saving the grower the cost of transportation.

But its chief value lies in its educational features. Its members are compelled to educate themselves in everything pertaining to farming. They learn everything connected with all their crops from the time they are planted until they reach the consumer. And they learn every possible way of increasing the yield, saving expense in production, securing the highest price when their crops are marketed and securing the farmer a square deal all around.

In this union strikes and lockouts are unknown. Higher and higher wages—that is better prices for the products of the farms of its members—are constantly being secured yet no strike or lockout is dreamed of.

This Union should continue growing until every farmer in America is a member. Its teachings can result in but one thing in the end, the farmers and all other toilers everywhere will join hands and own the machines of production and all share in the profits. Read the article and think about it seriously. There is a promise in it for every toiler in America, Yes, in the world.

The opera bouffe at Boise, Idaho, is dragging its slow, weary, disgusting length along. Harry Orchard's testimony has proven him one of two things, either the most remarkable criminal or monumental liar on record. While Lawyer Richardson, for the defense,

has used every means at his command to get him to contradict himself, Orchard has held his own in a manner that was simply wonderful. It is almost miraculous that a man can tell what he alleges to be chapters from his life until the recital would fill a good sized volume and then, on cross-examination, cross himself as little as Orchard has done. His examination lasted two weeks at least. Its weakest feature was his inability to remember the dates of his many crimes. It is very hard to believe that if he really committed them he could forget their dates. Had McParland prepared his testimony and taught it to him then it would be only natural that the dates would be omitted for McParland would find it almost impossible to fix them exactly.

But Lawyer Richardson, in the opinion of nine out of ten who have read the reports of the case, has committed a grave error in his cross-examination. He should have omitted it and brought in his evidence for rebuttal. He has gained nothing, the reports of his failure have been published in every paper in America and they have formed much public opinion not favorable to his clients and his endless, fruitless questioning no doubt greatly wearied and disgusted the jury. He has plenty of evidence that will rebut and refute Orchard's testimony on almost every point and he should have fought the battle on that line.

But Mr. Richardson in reality seeks

more to follow the lore of his law books, to do things as he was taught at school, than to clear his clients. He does not know it but it is a fact nevertheless. Another thing is clearly apparent and that is that Mr. Richardson knows nothing of psychology. Harry Orchard has either hypnotized himself or been hypnotized by McParland. In either case the suggestion he has been given is that his story is true. He firmly believes he is the scoundrell he says he is. He has had a year and a half in which to prepare his story. He has it thoroughly committed and Mr. Richardson showed a lack of common sense in his attempts to confound him.

Orchard is what Cæsar Lombroso and Kraft-Ebbing would call a degenerate. His story is, in all probability, a gigantic lie and it will be proven so by a mountain of evidence before the trial closes.

If his evidence is true it does not in anyway implicate Moyer and Haywood and only remotely Pettibone. He did all the crimes and apparently glories in it and, at the very utmost, Moyer and Haywood could have only incited him to do some of them. Many of them, he says, were planned and executed by himself without consulting anyone. But there is hardly a shadow of a doubt but that he will be proved an unparalleled liar and the prisoners cleared of every charge by the time the trial finally ends.



"Faith."

BY DR. HENRY WAGNER.

66 **F**AITH is the avenue to the Soul plane, for which the interior calmness is required."

This Aphorism requires us to believe in planes of life invisible to our physical sight. It is self evident then, that the soul plane exists. What, then, is the soul plane? "It is memory," says Zanoni. The memory of all past experiences of the Ego, our God as a personified differentiated ray of the Sun God, the Infinite, the Absolute.

What a vast book of life, conscious life, is here opened up to the developed soul. It is through experience, then, that the adept in soul knowledge knows of his origin, evolution and karma. This experience of the memory of past lives, of spiritual laws governing spiritual planes, of life invisible to this outer plane of life, compels his conviction that he has always existed as an intelligent atom of differentiated potentiality—a ray of the spiritual Sun.

This faith supported by positive evidence to the spirit as self-evident knowledge, like its being in physical form, cannot be denied by itself; it knows that it is, that it has been and that it will continue to be an immortal part of the immortal whole that we call Deity. It knows that it lives in Him. The analogy and knowledge of the one convinces and compels our faith in the other. Neither are visible to this outer plane of life but the visible universe is evidence to our physical senses of feeling, tasting, hearing, smelling and seeing and that there is an interior plane of life called the soul plane that

corresponds to this outer material manifested universe of form. This soul plane is interior to the outer and corresponds to it. Our conviction of this fact and our knowledge of it, is the reason for our faith in the existence of God, of spirit, and spiritual beings, that live, move and have their being on the soul plane of life, to which our physical senses on this outer plane of life correspond. The memory of past lives through the lower planes of evolution in mineral, vegetable and animal and human life is no dream, but an actual experience of the soul in a knowledge of the soul plane of life.

This knowledge and conviction forces upon the developed Ego the thought that it is a self God, without beginning or end, immortal and deathless, as the ocean of spirit, in which it lives, moves and has its being, that its soul is simply its memory of its evolution and evolution through spirit and matter through all past time. That this is true and reflects itself as faith in its outer being to every perfectly unfolded Ego. That eternity is the ever present now. That time is but an illusion of the outer senses, which the spirit senses are conscious of. That all things are real to the spirit but only an appearance or illusion to the physical senses. This knowledge is obtained only by long and deep study and persistent perseverance through matter in all its forms. Hermetic Science has revealed this knowledge of the hidden, invisible universe that environs us

"The outward doth from the inward roll,
And the inward dwells in the inmost soul."

The small and the large, the atom and the globe are both governed by law. This knowledge leads us into a conscious faith that God is and we are. Spirit and soul, then, correspond to our physical body and its senses. Spirit and the soul planes of real life not visible to our outer consciousness.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," said Paul. There are many degrees of faith; no two individuals can have the same faith because they are not equally conscious of their oneness with all life, of all being, of the Father and I being one as Jesus said.

When they become thus unfolded faith becomes conscious knowledge of the truth. It is this knowledge that makes them free: they can then truthfully affirm, as do all initiates. that I am the light, I am the Way, I am the Life. He that hath seen me hath seen the Father, for we are one, a spiritual sun, the only self existent, absolute, unconditioned potential being. This faith in God, in self, in spirit, in soul, in the realms of invisible life, in the laws governing them and their inhabitants, is all conclusive and all sufficient and self evident to all those who have attained thereunto by self unfoldment of their potential being.

It is, therefore, clear that faith is spiritual substance not seen, yet real, potent and powerful when exercised by the one who by experience knows and understands himself and his relation to nature and nature's God. We are told that faith of the size of a grain of

mustard seed will enable us to remove mountains of obstacles, and overthrow obstructions that seem unsurmountable and impossible to overcome by one lacking this faith.

Faith dissipates fear, removes darkness, disease and death. It strengthens every power of the spirit and energizes to the fullest capacity the latent attributes of our potential being. Why is this? Because we have faith in ourselves by reason of self knowledge we have faith in the laws of being, in the laws of the universe in which we live, move and have our being that teaches us our oneness with the Absolute.

This living faith enables its possessor to perform miracles which are only accomplished through a perfect knowledge and a perfect understanding of the laws of all life, of all being, and his oneness with and of it, self governed, self existent, self conscious divinity.

Faith in ourselves and in humanity then and the laws governing them is all important as by this healing power we rise, or fall, owing to the way we use or abuse it. It will both kill and cure. Faith must be guided by a knowledge of the truth, the absolute truth, else it becomes blind credulity, and leads its possessor into false beliefs and superstitions of every kind, which result in disease and death on both planes of life as well to the physical as the spiritual being.

This knowledge is obtained only through experience to the perfectly developed soul, who has rounded out and developed his god nature.

Faith is the law of justice that compels us to believe in justice, of virtue,

of truth, of morality, of goodness and opens up these avenues to the soul plane for every one who puts the law into practice, for faith without works is dead. We must use and not abuse our faith by believing blindly. Faith must be guided by reason, by common sense, by experience, by our knowledge of nature and nature's things about us for they are not what they seem. The sun seems to revolve around the earth, to rise in the morning and set in the evening while the earth, to us, seems to stand still. The very reverse of this is the truth. God is the soul of the universe which is a manifestation of force in perpetual motion or vibration formed out of imponderable, invisible atoms. There is no reality or permanence to the visible universe. All is in a state of becoming. Constant change in every thing about us, therefore faith is a necessary guide to our enlightened reason on all subjects.

We are environed by the law of all life which is motion or vibration guided by intelligence. These facts are apparent and self evident to every thinking mind: there is no private legislation for the individual atoms, no matter of what composition they consist, what forms they assume, or col-

ors or appearances they present. All atoms called matter rotate around each other. There is space between the atoms of every body, no matter how solid it may appear to our physical senses or our soul senses. This globe of earth and our bodies as well as the visible universe composed of every substance known to science is in a perpetual state of vibration and permeated by an invisible, imponderable intelligence that acts through solids and liquids, gases and ethers, moulding, shaping and controlling them with a wisdom that is apparent to the most stupid, as well as to the most enlightened, forcing home the conviction or faith that the soul is the senses of divinity, the motive power that moves the visible universe called in all its intricate, complex and complicated manifestations, and Deity, the Infinite Being, the power that manifests intelligence and wisdom throughout the whole.

We cannot escape from this conviction, all that we know, all that we can conceive of and comprehend, compels this faith in the ruler of our being, the author and finisher of our faith in whom we live, move and have our being.



Book Review

THE PINKERTON LABOR SPY. This little volume, from the pen of a former employe of the Pinkertons tells of the part they have played in the war between capital and labor during the past twelve years. It really tells what every body who gave the matter a thought knew must be so—that the Pinkertons, who are ready to hire to whoever will pay them, were (and are) the spies of capital. Through them the employer is kept fully in touch with all his employes do or say. By their aid dissensions were sown in the ranks of labor and disunion and strife resulted.

No one can doubt the truthfulness of the book. It could only have been written by a member of the Pinkerton's inner circle and all who are familiar with the labor troubles in Colorado since 1893 know that its statements are true. It ought to be of great value to the Labor Unions by educating them in certain capitalistic ways they knew nothing of before. It is worth many times its price to any one interested in the social revolution now in progress in our country. Price 25 cents. Wilshire Book Company, 200 Williams Street, New York.

FROM YOUTH TO AGE. In this volume, from the pen of Daniel B. Lovejoy, of Crystola, the story of a well-spent life is well told. Mr. Lovejoy has been a very pronounced altruist all his life and his life story is practically the summing up of his efforts to help his race. In addition to being an altruist he is also an optimist of very pronounced type and he brings out the sunshine and hides the shadow wherever possible. Another leading characteristic of his life is his boundless energy. As boy and man he was always busy, always striving to do something for somebody, and seldom for himself.

When the war of the rebellion broke out he was undersized and not strong but nevertheless he got to the front right away and stayed there till the last gun was fired, coming out as second lieutenant and acting adjutant. He is quite a psychic and several visions are given, each with a meaning to them.

He passed from youth to age as a typical American citizen should pass and his life is a very eventful one and its story is well told. If you like to read of a life well-spent in the service of God and man you will like this book. Price \$1. Address the author D. B. Lovejoy. Green Mountain Falls, Colorado.

CONCENTRATION: THE ROAD TO SUCCESS. A constant stream of New Thought books is issuing from the press these days. Many of them will be forgotten in a very short time but one that will live and grow in the favor of real thinkers everywhere is Henry Harrison Brown's latest work on Concentration. Its author is one of the World's half dozen leaders in New Thought. His book, while it contains little that is really new, is the cream of what he has learned about Concentration during his studies of the past thirty years.

He intends it to instruct the reader and he tells it all in plain, earnest language that cannot be misunderstood. Do you know what Concentration means, what it has done for the race? The railroad, the telegraph, every factor of our modern civilization, is due to somebody's power of mental concentration. It is the development and proper use of the human will, the greatest power known save the will of God. Mr. Harrison's book makes the development of this marvellous power easy to all who follow his instructions. Price \$1, paper 50 cents. For sale by the Balance Publishing Company, 1744-46 California Street, Denver.



The Farmers' Union.

ITS GRAND WORK IN ARKANSAS.

CONWAY, Arkansas, June 18.—

What is generally recognized as the best of the state unions of the Farmers Educational and Co-operative Union of America—the Arkansas branch—has its headquarters here.

So powerful has it grown that it has succeeded in forcing the passage of laws to protect the farmers of the state, and particularly one wiping out the gambling ring that swallowed up the growers' profits in cotton, grain and other farm products.

This college town, from which the state union conducts its business, has a population of 3,300 and is thirty miles northwest of Little Rock. It is progressive; the people are prosperous and cultured. The State Methodist university, Hendricks college and also the Central Baptist college are located here and a cleaner, prettier, more thriving town for its inches one might travel far without seeing.

The headquarters of the union is under the direct charge of Secretary-Treasurer Ben L. Griffin, who in addition to his duties as an officer is publisher and editor of the Arkansas Union Tribune of Conway—one of the most influential newspapers published in the state—and is president of the Farmers Union Press association, composed of the farm union papers.

Griffin is a native of Alabama, but has been a citizen of Arkansas since 1900, and in all the state there is now no better known man than "Red-headed Ben." He is a fine farmer, an excellent country newspaper man and his

work as the only secretary-treasurer the Arkansas Farmers' union has had since its first state meeting in April, 1905, speaks for itself.

The present efficient president, elected in August, 1906, is J. B. Lewis of Jonesboro; the vice president, J. T. M. Holt of Bingen; state business manager, James I. Ellis of Little Rock; state lecturer H. Beecher Lewis of Brinkley, one of the most eloquent speakers in the South.

The executive committee is composed of five of the best Arkansas farmers headed by chairman R. H. McCulloch of Beebee. The other members are A. R. Austin, secretary, of Gilky; O. P. Nixon of Clinton, J. Coleman Palmer of Blackton and A. J. Craig of Jamestown.

The present strength and financial condition of the Arkansas state union as well as the actual accomplishment of the benefits for its members, are the strongest possible evidence of the efficiency of the management by these gentlemen.

The first state meeting was held on April 28 and 24, 1905, when there were approximately 40,000 members in the state, belonging to 1,005, local unions. They have today 2,868 local unions, sixty-nine of the seventy-five counties of the state having regularly chartered county unions.

There are only two counties in the state without local unions, while the total membership is just a trifle short of the hundred thousand mark.

Secretary Griffin said of the financial

condition: "It is fine. We are in fine working condition, with a handsome surplus over all needs. In the payment of dues to the national union we are at the top of the heap, the first state and chief mainstay of the national organization.

The secretary also said that the question of warehouses has been one of great interest to the members of the union and "we have already contracted for and have in course of construction 116 warehouses." "At least 100 of these," said he, "will be completed by the time the present cotton crop is ready for picking. Our aim is to have at least one at each important cotton shipping point in the state. In some counties we have three, some two and in some but one."

State Business Agent Ellis has an office in Little Rock, and is accomplishing much along the line of saving to the members by making arrangements to buy flour and provisions, fertilizers and machinery, in fact, to supply all the principal needs of the members direct from the mills and factories at a very important saving in price.

He said the question of developing the fruit business of northwest Arkansas has been given much attention. A northwest district, of eight counties, has been formed, and they have been chartered and have a business agent of their own. It is estimated that in that district the additional money made by the small fruit and peach growers alone amounted to \$69,000, and this does not include the saving made on the apple crop. As Mr. Ellis says: "They have indeed accomplished wonderful results."

In that district they have under con-

templation at this time the building of a number of cold storage warehouses to take care of a surplus that might otherwise be lost. On their last crop of apples they succeeded in securing a price of \$1.25 a barrel when the regular commission houses were offering but 65 cents.

Mr. Ellis says their saving on flour bought has been from 70 cents to \$1 per barrel generally. Fertilizer has not been handled generally except in Southern Arkansas, where important savings have been made to members.

The union has paid much attention to teaching diversification of crops and very material progress has been made in that respect.

The national meeting of the Farmers Union will be held in Little Rock, opening on the first Tuesday in September. Ten state meetings in as many states will be held preceeding that in August. The Arkansas State Union will meet August 6th,

The executive boards of the various states first fix a scale of minimum prices for their crops and this is finally passed upon and fixed by the members of the national meeting.

Secretary Griffin summarized some of the accomplishments of the union in the legislative field as follows:

"We have succeeded in causing to be enacted an ironclad law in Arkansas wiping out the bucketshop business and all gambling in futures, in cotton, grain, or any farm products, and we are making an effort to have the other states adopt a similar law. Texas has already done so, and adopted a good, strong statute. Tennessee and Georgia have done likewise, but their law is weak and not apt to prove effective.

"Then the Farmers' Union was largely instrumental in securing the passage of the 2-cent railroad fare law.

"We have now pending a measure introduced in behalf of the Farmers' Union, to establish an agricultural college purely in the interests of the farmers and appropriating \$50,000 for that purpose.

"We are also, with other bodies, advocating the passage of a good roads law, which bill has passed the senate already, and will probably go through the house.

"We hope and trust that this great farm movement may be made an instrument for the good, not only of the

farmer, but for the welfare of every honest citizen.

In Colorado the Farmer's Educational and Co-operative Union of America Number One has been organized at Cryetola and a number have been organized over the state by Rev. T. W. Woodrow under the direction of State Organizer Geo. B. Lang. The work is making good progress and will continue until the state is thoroughly organized. If you desire a union in your neighborhood address the State Organizer, G. B. Lang, Green Mountain Falls, Colorado.



Uncle Johney's Bugle Blast.

BY G. W. HANDLEY.

Uncle Johney's bugle call
Is echoing far and wide.
It says to working people, all,
Come, help me stem the tide.

Uncle Johney's earnest work
Down on the Rio Grande
Proves him a man who will not shirk,
When once he takes a stand.

His honest, earnest, forward shove
In all he undertakes.
Shows that his heart is full of love,
Help him avoid mistakes.

Co-operation is the key
That opes the dungeon door,
And sets the slaves of labor free
From want, forever more.

Uncle Johney's Woollen Mills,
Down in New Mexico,
Are mending all the poor man's ills.
Wake up, and help them grow!

Uncle Johney's bugle blast,
Cotton mills in every state,
Is sounding clear and true at last;
Come on good people, change your
fate!

The Rising of the Tide

BY WALLACE GILMAN MINOR.

IN THE initiatory installment of this series we predicted that the earth will be the brightest star in our firmament. We do not mean by this that it will be the largest, or most illustrious or luminous, but that as necessarily resultant from the fact of its being the "baby" of twelve, and combining, potentially, all the qualities and powers of those twelve, its quality of light will be of such a finer and clearer nature that, as compared to the sun, it will be as a grain of radium to a burning "turpentine ball." The rays of the sun and other larger planets may be more all-embracing, far reaching, and "powerful," i. e. masterful; but this radium-like quality of the light which shall emanate from "earth" in the future ages, will be so penetrative that when meeting the light of other planets—sun included—it will permeate and become the qualifying control of the force and masterfulness of their light.

The foregoing thought is projected ahead—like a ray of light—from our position at the "beginning" (which we undertook to reach in our first article) and has reference more particularly to our understanding of things materially, but, subsequently, in the latter part of our series, we shall again pick up this line of thought and weave it into the general fabric, in order to get this "clearer light" into our understanding of the "why and how" of this prediction.

Our desire at the first writing was simply to show "where we are" and

how we got there, as a factor of the universe, at this time, when the tide again begins to flow, and where we shall possibly and probably be at the time of high tide, 900 years hence, and how much of the future we may be likely to penetrate from our exalted position at the next "high water." [Let us note right here: *that* will depend entirely upon the degree of unity and harmony with which we endeavor to cultivate this peculiarly penetrative and permeative light of our future irradiance] But every such of our thoughts were met by the counter-thought that we cannot make ourselves understood as we desire, and the effort would be lost, for the object would not be attained: unless we first endeavor to ascertain *who* we are. If we can get a little knowledge of who we are, we may then have some small ideas as to why we are, resulting in a clearer conception of where we are, and where we would naturally desire to be at high tide.

Let this be borne in mind constantly by our readers, that the writer has no argument whatever with *anybody's* views, and we earnestly beg that nothing we may promulgate may be construed as an "attack" upon any pre-existing opinions. We have no pet theories, or ologies or osophies. We desire simply truth for truth's sake. The writer knows the effect when these "new thoughts" shall meet the materialistic and other phases and shades of thought, for he has waded through it all in his own experience, and re-

joices in it, for he sees that only in that way could he learn, in its fullness and beauty, the lesson of Tolerance which opens the door of the heart to Brotherly Love.

The writer's object and sentiment being now introduced (at the expense of your patience) we will sink his personality completely and regard ourselves as a Whole being, carried up on the rising tide.

We hear the vibrations of Angelic and Celestial thought—hearken—coming nigher, nigher; lifting us higher, higher, as on the waves of the rising tide. Oh! Brothers, sisters, can you not hear it—feel it in the depths of your innermost souls? Like the faintest, far away tones of approaching music heard by those only who are listening, yet may be heard by all who will listen, and will be heard on its nearer approach by all who do not wilfully oppose or obstruct it.

“The lamb and the lion shall lie down together,” and “a little child shall lead them.”

Who are we?

“In the beginning was the Word.”

Ideas of things must exist before the things themselves, for a “thing” is but an idea manifested. Ideation, then, *must* precede manifestation—as legislation must precede execution.

Ideation is legislative.

Manifestation is executive.

Ideation—legislation—the Word, is sent out, and must be manifested—executed: but to what end? Perfection.

Perfection, then, is adjudicative.

And how adjudged? By the Ideal.

Perfection of the Ideal is the Ultimate of Manifestation.

All Time is Now. The process of

ideation and manifestation is continuous, and the “beginning” is the moment of ideation. “In the beginning was the Word.” As relating to us, the Word was “Let us make man in our own image.” Then the Ideal was (and is) a race of incarnated beings with all the powers (limited to their sphere of action) of their Creators, and all subsequent anthropomorphic manifestation is toward the perfection of that ideal, i. e. mankind evolved to a state of being in which may be realized, and exercised, all the functions of Creation, principal of which is control and direction of manifestation, yet including inception of ideals—or ideation—and the prerogative of adjudgment as to perfection of the ideals. Elaborative of this, millions of instances might be cited as illustrating man's conscious and intelligent (but, to a degree, incomprehensive) exercise of these functions on various lines and in varying measures of completeness. The architect works on the line of ideation. The lumberman, carpenter, painter, and others, on the line of manifesting the ideal; and all exercise the adjudicative.

Again, man or woman will exercise all these functions alone: and we may note that it is quite common to speak of our productions—either individual or communistic effort—as “creations.” Think of the creations of Burbank, Edison, Westinghouse, Bell—oh, anybody, everybody—we are all creators, and we know it, but, in the exercise of the adjudicative, we are forced to exclaim, “oh, how far—how very far—are we still from the Ideal of the Creators *who are making mankind to be “in their image.”*”

(Continued in our next)

Query Department.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to Dr. Henry Wagner, Box 717, Denver, Colorado.

S. W. W.—Decidedly not. Your conceptions of an Adept are erroneous. An Adept has no necessity for obtaining sacred knowledge or truths from any "spirit." His source of inspiration is his own divine self-spirit—and his own inherent powers give him all the information which any "spirit" ever could give him. He can, however, have the assistance of the Elemental Spirits, and other semi-intelligent powers of Nature, if he chooses to do so.

• • •

MISS WOOD.—A Natural Magician is one who has, by his own spiritual and occult training developed the spiritual attributes of his own soul, one in fact who has obtained a *full command* over his own organism.

This mastery cannot be obtained by allowing himself to be brought under the absolute control of unknown "Spirit Guides," for if this course is adopted the "development" will result in irresponsible mediumship, a condition fatal to the operator as a Practical Magician. Hence, the Natural Magician and the modern Medium are two vastly different personages: the one retains the full and complete possession of all his senses, the other is but the helpless marionette of his invisible controls; the one has naturally evolved the psychical powers of his soul, such as Clairvoyance and Clairaudience, the other has been *un-naturally* stimulated, or "developed" by the aid of a foreign and unknown spiritual force. Such "development" destroys the will

and subjugates the soul, and instead of being a free-thinking, self-acting, responsible being, the Medium is but the mere tool of this unknown force.

• • •

F. W. A. FREE WILL AND DESTINY. Man certainly possesses Free-Will, but this is only in a limited degree. The greater the power which the soul acquires over the fetters of flesh, the greater will be the amount of free-will possessed by that personage. Knowledge is power, it renders the soul positive, whilst ignorance surrenders the whole organism to the bondage of innumerable forces and annihilates freedom.

True, "No one can escape Destiny; neither can any one escape the action of the stars," but, my friend, you must not confound this with the so called "planetary influence," the chief factor in Judicial Astrology for no one can escape the action of the stars in their innate or spiritual plane of influence, in which only that which is beneficial can operate. These astral influences, which control the earthly and wordly condition of the physical body, can only affect the soul by and through their agency upon the physical body, but as the gross body of a developed soul has been gradually eliminated and transformed into an ethereal organism, which is entirely under the control of the Divine Ego, the latter having become permanently united therewith, it is entirely beyond the reach of the influence of the stars.

Many students labor under misap-

prehension regarding planetary rule over the life and destiny of a developed human being. It is solely from this point of view that the Astrological

apothegm becomes a verity which declares that: "The wise man rules the Stars, but the fool obeys them."

EUGENICS FOR JULY.

In "**Paternal Impressions**," Dr. E. B. Foote discusses a neglected phase of the important subject of heredity.

In the white slave traffic Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, director of the Mount Lowe, (Cal.,) Observatory, sees "**An Appalling State of Affairs**," and deals with it in his well-known vigorous manner.

The "**Opposition to the Freedom of the Press**" is the subject of a valuable contribution to the literature of Free Speech by Theodore Schroeder, attorney for the Free Speech League and associate editor of the Arena.

M. Florence Johnson, successful teacher and lecturer writes of "**The Scientific Method and**

Eugenics."

The editor, Moses Harman, writes of "**Yesterday, Today and To-morrow**" and "**Eugenics**."

E. C. Walker, Hulda L. P. Loomis, James Armstrong, Jr. and Jonathan Mayo Crane, are among the other contributors.

And there is a young people's department with the motto 'What will become of the children?' conducted by a school-girl, the editor's grand-daughter.

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COLORADO'S MAGAZINE

Volume 2.

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AUGUST 1907.

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Not Guilty.

Query Department.

Editorial



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the stripes of the tiger, and its duplicate in the crustacean.

It may be that the piercing Spiritual Sight of the exalted Master can also descry the *Animal* underneath the *Human* form, when the progressive soul has not yet shed the animal nature, for although the outward human form reaches its full maturity, still the *interior reality* is only partially reached. From the preceeding it will be easily understood that in our present age, as viewed from its spiritual nature only, our crowded cities must contain a far greater proportion of animal natures than of real humanity. Such being the case it must naturally follow that animal lust, obscene licentiousness, brutality, selfishness and hatred, will be the rule rather than the exception,

Perceiving that the Soul is partially Human, anterior to its discontinuation of the external animal form, and that the matrix can only bring forth its own kind in the semblance of the generators, it will be the more readily understood that it is only when the major portion of the human is attained that the Soul acquires the power to pass on to the highest plane of Matter, and to assume the human form divine.

Recognizing the above fact, it nec-

essarily follows that a properly trained Spiritual Seer can perceive the human model incarcerated within the form of the brute animal, undergoing the agony and torment of Nature's physiological attainments. This may be called a "delusive dream," but it is nevertheless a truth that there can be seen, concealed within the animal, the potential form of Man, having limbs and lineaments resembling those of his cruel and brutal tormentor, who little dreams indeed that a potential fellow-creature may be writhing and moaning in agony under the savage lash of his merciless whip, or the agonizing throes and lacerations of his blood-stained knife. Is it strict and impartial justice that the unmerciful, heartless and cold-blooded villain should only be endowed with an immortal spirit and not the noble, wise and self-denying dog, who starves himself upon his master's grave, or at the peril of his own life protects the child or master who loves him?

Let the limbo of frenzied superstition and materialism be the fitting abode of those "civilized and scientific" censors, who suggest such horrible and heartless partiality, a revolt to human nature, as well as to the Justice of the Great First Cause.



Not Guilty.

The great trial which has agitated the labor world as has no other in two decades past is ended and a jury of twelve American citizens has rendered a verdict in accordance with the law and the evidence as they saw and heard.

The verdict will meet the hearty approval of eighty per cent of the American people. Americans hate the perjured assassin who, when caught red handed, is willing to swear away the life of as many of his fellow men as is necessary to save his own worthless neck. They hate the professional sleuth who deems it "professional" to manufacture testimony to accomplish any desired end for so much per day and expenses.

Upon these two agencies alone the state of Idaho depended, and the ver-

dict is evidence sufficient that Americans as a body are not yet ready to place in jeopardy the life of any man who by his political course has antagonized any of the interests who wax and grow fat under our present commercial system.

All thinking men of whatever school of thought will give to Judge Wood his full meed of praise for his absolute fairness in the case, and to Senator Borah, who, while doing his duty as a prosecuting attorney, did not forget his duty as a man.

Now that the battle is won let all animosities engendered be forgotten and let the pride of American citizenship be so built up in the hearts of the people that a recurrence of the Haywood trial will never again occur.



A full account of the greatest meeting of the State Editorial Association that has ever yet met will be found in

our next issue. It occurred too near our day of issue for insertion in this number.

Gathered From Everywhere...

[This department invites contributions of anecdotes, strange happenings, etc. For every one printed, we will give six months subscription to this magazine. Original articles preferred, but send in what you think worth reproducing, giving credit when possible.]

A NATURE STORY.

John Siwash, a full-blooded Indian, came to town with three deer skins, which he wanted made into moccasins. He says he was walking along Smith lake to meet a camping party which had engaged his services. As he rounded the point by the throughfare at the north end he saw two large bucks fighting. Suddenly a third joined them and began fighting the other two.

Just then a rabbit dashed across the beach, pursued by a wolf. The rabbit leaped between the bucks just as the wolf caught him. At this moment the bucks clashed again, and the wolf, holding the rabbit in his mouth, was impaled upon the horns of one of the deer.

At this the deer jumped, but all three of the pairs of horns became interlocked. They struggled and fell into the water, bearing the wolf and rabbit with them.

All five were drowned.—Gordon, Wis., Correspondent Chicago Inter Ocean.

WHEN ETIQUETTES CLASH.

The etiquette of hat raising in Germany is one of those things which may betray the foreigner into unintentional rudeness through sheer ignorance. A correspondent of the London Chronicle knows of a German lady who was puzzled and hurt because some Englishmen whom she met before did not

raise their hats to her in the street, until the explanation came that she expected them to do it of their own accord by the German rule instead of waiting for her to recognize them first by the English. These differences of national etiquette are great pitfalls. A converse case was that of an Englishman staying in a German town who accompanied his host's wife to a concert. Walking home, he gave her the inside of the pavement according to English manners; but the host, who happened to see this, was rendered painfully suspicious by this unfamiliar attention.

SHOTS FROM THE APPEAL.

The Dominion of Canada is preparing to build a national railway to ports on Hudson Bay, to cost \$8,000,000. You know "private initiative" is all that can do these things.

It was not Haywood, after all, who was on trial at Boise. It was capitalism. It has been found guilty by a jury of the American people, and judgment will come upon it a little later on.

People never so much object to devouring other beings as they do to being devoured themselves. The little dealer thought competition was the life of trade until he, himself, was about to be destroyed by the competition of the trust, and then he wanted to be

freed from that competition and still be permitted to go on with his own destructive methods. His real interest is to forsake all forms of competition for the Co-operative Commonwealth.

The farmer in the olden days raised his food, sheared his sheep, spun the wool and made the cloth for his garments, built his own house, and produced practically everything he used. In those days he was independent. But now his meat is packed in the cities, his grain ground by others, his shoes and clothes made in factories. He is dependent on others for his building, his machinery, his clothing, his food, and on all these things he pays profits. In other words, the farmers of today are victims of the system as much as any people on earth,

The old parties are at all times just as radical as they have to be to fool the mob and get votes. Practical pol-

iticians know how to bend before public opinion just enough to deceive dissatisfied voters. A recent instance of this is the resolutions adopted by the Tammany general committee of New York, demanding that the president of the United States be empowered to appoint the chairmen of boards of directors of corporations transacting interstate commerce or to act as such chairman himself, also demanding that the governors of states shall act as or appoint the chairmen of boards of directors of corporations operating within their states, and that the mayors of cities shall exercise like authority in the public service corporations of their cities. This dope for dupes will no doubt win many votes for Tammany, and that's all that it is for. Were the Tammany demands put into effect it would only furnish an additional motive for corporation control of presidents, governors and mayors.

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FELLOWSHIP, a magazine of New Thought published at 420, W 6th Street, Los Angeles, California, by B. Fay Mills, Price \$1 per year.

REASON, advocates Psychic Science, Education, Healing, Success and Social reform. The Austin Publishing Co. Publishers, Rochester, N. Y. 50 cents per year.

THE WORLD'S ADVANCE THOUGHT AND UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC. One of the best known New Thought magazines in America. Lucy A. Mallory Publisher, Portland, Oregon. \$1 per year.

THE HARBINGER ON LIGHT, an able exponent of Spiritual Philosophy, Psychology and Occultism in Australia, Mrs. Anna Bright Publisher, Austral Building, Collins Street E. Melbourne, Australia. \$1.50 per year.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, the organ of the Theosophical Society of America, is published at 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price \$1 per year, 25 cents a copy.

THE VOICE OF THE MAGI, a journal of Religion, Philosophy and Occult Science is published by The Magi Publishing Co., Waldron, Arkansas. 50 cents a year.

A STUFFED CLUB, a magazine through which the editor, Dr. J. H. Tilden, expresses his opinion of humbuggery, especially in Medicine. Published at 19, E. 11th Ave, Denver, Colo., by Dr. J. H. Tilden. \$1 per year.

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ator. \$1 year.

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THE SWASTICA, a magazine of Triumph, an exponent of New Thought. Dr. J. Alexander McIvor Tyndall publisher, 1742-48, Stout Street, Denver, Colo. Single copies 10 cents, \$1 a year

LITTLE JOURNEYS, published by Elbert Hubbard at East Aurora, N. Y. Single copies 10 cents, \$1 per year.

NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, a cheer up magazine is published at

649, W. 43d street, New York city, by the Magazine of Mysteries Ass'n. \$1 per year.

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to time of employment, and the Board shall fix the compensation for officers not otherwise provided for.

SEC. 5. The Board of Directors shall have power to designate the manner of keeping the books and records and accounts of the Union, and it shall be their duty to see that all accounts are kept in a neat, accurate and proper manner, and that the books are written up and posted at all times, to the end that an inspection of the same at any time will disclose the true condition of the Union. They shall require a monthly trial balance to be taken at the close of each month. At the end of each fiscal year they shall cause to be prepared a full and complete statement, showing the condition of the Union, a statement of the receipts and disbursements, and shall cause such statements to be published in the Union papers.

SEC. 6. The Board of Directors shall have power to remove any officer agent, or employee at any time for misconduct in office, incompetency or dishonesty; provided the accused has the right to be heard at a trial before all elected officers, the accused excepted.

SEC. 7. The Board of Directors shall have power to fill any vacancy in the Board or in any office by an appointment. Such appointee shall hold office for the unexpired term, or until the next annual meeting, unless removed for cause.

SEC. 8. The Directors shall receive for their compensation a per diem of three dollars a day, transportation and an allowance of two dollars a day for expenses when called from home.

SEC. 9. The Board of Directors shall provide a good and sufficient bond in a

reliable surety company for all officials and employees whose duty it is to handle the money of the Union.

SEC. 10. The annual meeting of the Board of Directors shall be held immediately after the adjournment of the National Union.

SEC. 11. The regular quarterly meetings of the Directors shall be on the first Tuesdays of December, March and June.

SEC. 12. Special meetings may be called by the President or three Directors, five days' notice by wire or ten by mail having been given each member, designating the purpose, time and place of holding such meeting.

SEC. 13. Three members of the Directors shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

SEC. 14. The President shall be the executive officer of the Union. He shall preside at the annual meeting and appoint such officers as are necessary from the delegates present to aid him in opening and closing the annual meeting in ritualistic form and preserving order and secrecy of the session. He shall preside at all meetings of the Board of Directors, but shall have no vote except in case of a tie, and shall perform such other duties as may be required of him by the Board of Directors. He shall receive for his services a salary of \$600.00 per year and a per diem of \$3.00 per day, transportation and an allowance of \$2.00 per day for expenses when called from home.

SEC. 15. The Vice President shall perform the duties of the President in his absence or in case of his inability or refusal to act.

SEC. 15. The Secretary-Treasurer shall keep a record of the proceedings

of each annual meeting, and of each annual meeting of the Board of Directors. He shall receive and receipt for all money due the Union and pay out the same upon the order of the Board of Directors duly signed by the President. He shall keep the books of his office in accordance with the instructions of the Board of Directors, issue all charters, in unorganized States and for State Unions, and perform such other duties as may be required of him. He shall receive for his services a salary of \$1,200.00 a year and transportation and an allowance of \$2.00 per day for expenses when called from home.

SEC. 17. No National officer shall hold any county, State or National office.

NATIONAL UNION.

Article III.

SECTION 1. The Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America, hereafter designated as National, shall be composed of its officers and one delegate for each five thousand members or majority fraction thereof, who have paid dues for the current quarter; provided that any State having a chartered Union shall be entitled to at least one representative.

SEC. 2. All delegates to the National Union shall receive actual expenses for attendance not to exceed \$2.00 per day, and transportation to be paid by the National Union.

SEC. 3. The annual meeting shall be held on the first Tuesday of September in each year, at such place as may be designated by the Board of Directors.

SEC. 4. All delegates to the National Union shall file their credentials with the National Secretary-Treasurer at

least ten days prior to the annual meeting, and said credentials shall be signed by the President and the Secretary-Treasurer of the State Union.

SEC. 5. Delegates absenting themselves from the session of the National meeting without consent of the presiding officer, shall not be allowed expenses.

SEC. 6. The National Union, when assembled, shall adopt and declare minimum prices on all farm products, which may be considered sufficiently in control of the membership to give reasonable grounds for hoping to maintain said prices; may make its own rules and regulations governing the actions of the body; and make such amendments to By-Laws as deemed advisable; provided, that all amendments shall be submitted in writing and passed by two-thirds vote of the delegates present, and thereafter must be submitted to a referendum vote of the entire membership to be voted on within not less than thirty nor more than sixty days after adjournment of the National Union, and must be ratified by majority of all votes cast before becoming effective. A uniform date shall be provided by the Board of Directors for holding such elections.

SEC. 7. A quorum for the transaction of business shall consist of one or more delegates from a majority of the States entitled to representation.

INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM.

Article IV.

SECTION 1. The right of the initiative and referendum and imperative mandate shall not be denied the members of the Union.

SEC. 2. Five per cent of the mem-

bership may petition the President to submit to a referendum vote any measure or ask the recall of any officer, and upon receipt of such petition he shall submit the same to a referendum vote of the entire membership, naming a date for said election not less than thirty days nor more than sixty days from the time of the receiving said petition; and if a majority of the members voting for such measure or recall shall have cast their vote for said measure or recall, the President shall immediately declare the same to be enforced.

SEC. 3. The Board of Directors shall establish uniform rules for holding all referendum elections and provide necessary blanks and return envelopes. The report of said vote shall be signed by the President and Secretary-Treasurer of the local Union and the seal of the Union placed upon the same and sealed up in the presence of the Union and at once placed in the mails. Ten days after such election the Board of Directors, assisted by the President and Secretary-Treasurer, shall count and declare the result of such election.

STATE UNIONS.

Article V.

SECTION 1. Any State having a membership of 5,000 male members may be granted a State charter.

SEC. 2. Each State shall have the right to regulate its own fees and dues for State, county and local purposes, enact all laws, rules and regulations governing the membership and subordinate Unions in its jurisdiction; provided, said laws, rules and regulations shall not conflict with this Constitution and By-Laws.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of each State Secretary to at once furnish the National Secretary with the names and number of local Unions of male members in good standing together with the name and post-office address of each local Secretary.

SEC. 4. All additions to the membership and changes in the office of local Secretary shall be reported quarterly at the time of remitting dues to the National Secretary by the State Secretary.

SEC. 5. Dues for the National Union shall be enforced and apply for the fourth quarter of 1906, and shall at once be due and payable upon the ratification of this Constitution and By-Laws.

CHAPTERS.

Article VI.

SECTION 1. The charter of any local, State or county Union may be revoked for the following causes and no other:

First. For failure to pay dues on or before the last day of each quarter for which such shall be levied.

Second. For open violation of the Constitution and By-Laws under which such Union may be chartered.

Third. Where such charter was obtained through fraud or misrepresentation and where the true conditions existing, at the time the charter was issued, did not justify the issuing of said charter.

SEC. 2. The President of the State Union only shall have the right to revoke the charter of a local or county Union under his jurisdiction.

SEC. 3. The President of the National Union shall have the right to

suspend the charter of the State Union; provided, such suspension is approved by the Board of Directors and then such suspension shall be enforced until the next annual meeting, to which body the right of appeal is reserved to the defendant State, and if the National Union shall affirm the action of the President and Directors then said charter shall be revoked.

SEC. 4. States having been chartered shall have full power to issue all charters within their jurisdiction,

SEC. 5. No local Union shall be organized with less than five male members, and no charter shall be issued until the fee of \$15.00 has been paid.

SEC. 6. In unorganized states county Unions may be chartered when five Unions in said county have secured charters.

SEC. 7. A charter is the authority under which a Union works, and it is the duty of the President to see that the charter is present when the Union is open for business.

SEC. 8. Duplicates for all charters lost or destroyed will be issued without cost to any such Union; provided, satisfactory evidence is furnished the secretary-treasurer of the state or National secretary under whose jurisdiction

the same was issued; and provided further, that the names of the officers are supplied.

RITUALS.

Article VII.

SECTION 1. The ritual and secret work of this Union is hereby declared a part of the organic law; provided, nothing be allowed in said ritual that conflicts with the Constitution and By-Laws of the Union; and provided further, that said ritual may be revised and changed at any National meeting without being submitted to a referendum vote.

SEC. 2. The ritual adopted by the National Union shall be used in all Unions throughout its jurisdiction.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the Board of Directors to furnish the State secretaries, at a minimum cost, the required number of rituals for each state, from time to time, upon proper request being made.

SEC. 4. The ritual is the property of the National Union, and when a charter is forfeited all rituals belonging to such Union must be returned to the State secretary under whose jurisdiction the charter was forfeited,



The Rising of the Tide

BY WALLACE GILMAN MINOR.

OUR last thought was, the Ideal of the Creators who are making mankind to be in their image. That, in the line of effort to ascertain who we are.

Now, it may be necessary to go still further back toward the beginning, and inquire as to who are the Creators, and "who" would be that which is in their image: as well as to learn the difference and relation between Creators and their images.

An image is an embodied idea: an idea given form. It must first exist as an idealistic image, then as a manifested image. It is first imaged as an ideal, then given form, and the image in the form is made to correspond with the image in the idea: in the likeness of the ideal—"after the likeness"—after the ideal—after the act of ideation.

God, in the beginning, said "Let us make." Solomon built a temple, Grant took Vicksburg, Washington recrossed the Delaware. It would be very tedious to enumerate and denominate all the men operating with and under their direction, and by whom they "did" those things. So we refer to them simply and shortly as the heads of those enterprises, and who, in fact, did the imaging—ideating—formed the image or ideal of the things to be done. The ideal is the image in the idea, or the idea of the image. And the process was started by the word—"let us."

Solomon's temple existed first as the ideal. He had the image in his mind. It was his own conception, consequent-

ly it belonged to him—was in *his* image. The beginning of the temple was the word—"Let us make a temple, so and so, after this likeness," and when they had received the plans and specifications it was imaged in their minds and became *their* image and was a counterpart of the ideal of Solomon's conception. This constituted the first act in the creation of the temple—ideation. Solomon was the original ideator, having in his ideal the temple imaged in its completed perfectness. We don't deny that he had assistance in the details but all the others became ideators *in secundus*, in varying degrees and qualities, according to the various parts of the work assigned to them in the process of manifesting—giving form to—the ideated image. In that they were all creators, in manifestation: but, although Solomon was—we will say—the one creator in ideation it required all the others, in their various capacities, to constitute the one creator in manifestation, through which and whereby, the imaged ideal was perfected. Though in regard to which all had the privilege of exercising the adjudicative, Solomon, alone, possessed the prerogative of supreme adjudicator, as he was the original ideator, and alone was competent fully to judge of the temple being the perfection in manifestation of the ideal.

The Creator in Ideation, the Supreme Architect of all the Uucircumscribed Universe, with Whom is the Word, is and has been indicated to the human mind by various appellations,

at different times, and among the several nations of the 12 tribes, It is the Christian's God, the Mahomedan's Allah, etc, etc, The Supreme Ideator and Adjudicator. That is as near the beginning (and the end) as we are allowed to get in the Present, and is ample to give us an idea of the Idea. The fact stands, undeniably, that it is the concentrated Center encircling the whole, by whatever appellation we may call it to mind. It has always been designated (very properly and naturally) as "He," the reason for which will become more apparent as we proceed.

With, and in, the Supreme Idea lies the totality of functions, powers and capacities for the Legislative, Executive and Adjudicative. With that we leave the business of the Universe, and come back to this solar system with which alone *we* have to deal. This is *our* job, and that which is of paramount interest to us, is the Plans and Specifications by which we are to assist in Manifestation of the Ideal, in regard to *our* structural part of the Great Temple of the Universe.

The Word from the Idea was "Let *us* make *man* (male and female) in *our* image (the image in the ideal) after *our* likeness." Those are the specifications—"after our likeness." The "us" to whom the Word was given are the millions of secondary Creators having, thus, in charge the "destiny" of our system of worlds, each being assigned to a certain part of the work, and delegated with powers necessary and peculiar to his—or its—special line of work.

Each is an individualized part of the Whole—an Ego. Having manifestly

such supreme, though specialized powers, they have been known among earth people as gods, and the Greeks had good reason for their Mythology. The Egos, being individualized, are each complete within itself. Not distinctively masculine or feminine but both—indivisible duals, existing inseparably, yet manifesting at all times separately as male and female, though sometimes conjointly and sometimes conjunctively. Sometimes on one planet and sometimes on another. Sometimes working, and at other times resting while others work. Some are higher in authority, some lower, etc., yet all work in harmony with what we are pleased to call "the Divine Plan," which means, the Plans and Specifications accompanying the Word.

We have tried to plant firmly and lucidly in our minds, the fact that Ideation is the beginning, and Perfection of Ideas the end of Creation, and this with the object of forcibly impressing upon our Consciousness that Manifestation and the Present is the active, working part of Creation, with which we have to deal. Manifestation, in fact, is about all of it, as it begins with the Idea and ends with the Perfection of the Ideal. With all its multitudinous minor phases we cannot deal—other writers are doing that. What we are inquiring most particularly about is, who are we? Well, we are Egos. That's just who *we* are; and the work we have in hand, in all its ramifications, is Manifestation. That is our work in Creation. How? Look at the Specifications, "in our image and after our likeness." As before stated, we cannot herein delve into the various lines of manifestation in the

mineral, gaseous, aqueous, plant, animal and other divisions, only as we are to regard ourselves as the epitome of it all. Since the Ego's creative work is "manifesting," and we are Egos, what are we doing and where are we at? We manifest by taking on the flesh-carnate forms: we incarnate. On this point we may not here enlarge, it will become plain to us further on. We want every man and woman, boy and girl, on this globe, to know that each is only half of himself or herself in the Ego. Somewhere—incarnate or in the spirit-world—is the other half, the true mate. At the proper time each will become known to the other. Ego knows all about it and makes no mistakes.

The Ego is the "personal god" of each, and when we sing "Nearer My

God to Thee" it is our prayer for a more perfect manifestation. We shall know as we are known. Jacob's ladder is not a figure, it is a fact, as we will explain later on, and the bottom step of that ladder is going to be planted firmly on earth during the rising of this tide:

Oh! we had hope of being able in this writing to show where we are—we are so anxious to do so. We try to condense writing so as to touch on the important points—but, above all else, we desire to be understood. It is so difficult to clothe these matters in earth language so as to, even meagerly, give expression.

At the next writing we will endeavor to show where we are, how we got here, and indicate where we are going.

(Continued in our next.)

Underneath the Pines.

BY MRS. H. C. WONSEY.

Underneath the dreary, somber pines,
Creeping to where the daylight shines,
There flows and sings a crystal brook,
Gliding in and out of each mossy nook.

High 'mid the mountain's perpetual
snow

The brook is born, that singeth below.
It drinks the cold, sweet, water joy-
ously,

As drinks the soul from the fount of
knowledge free.

I catch the murmuring, low sweet un-
dertone,

That seems to softly say, "alone,
alone."

While far away the glorious rivers flee,
In their unceasing, endless journey to

the sea.

Dear murmuring brook, press onward
through the pines,

Press thy way through to where the
sunlight shines,

Sing on, as o'er the moss and stones
you go

To rest and quiet in the vales below.

Sing on, Oh crystal brook, we lessons
learn from thee,

That somehow, somewhere, God his
own shall free.

That somewhere, somehow, in the
great unknown,

We'll drink of living waters, flowing
from his throne.

Religion--and Religions.

BY MALCOLM.

THERE is an excellent aphorism: "He who knows one religion knows none." In this respect, a religion is a body of doctrines incorporated in books called scriptures, and these latter are canonical. We trace these doctrines to their source, only to find an older origin in another religion and body of doctrines; to comprehend a religion therefore one must not fear honestly to investigate all others. The process of growth is alike in all. We are today seeing the rise of one such religion. A study of origins will here show us how the boundaries are established between great religious movements, and how it came about that mankind has been parcelled out into definitely diverse bodies of devotees. Cults arise as the outcome of a faculty as natural as the faculty of speech or thought which reaches out for something which neither sense or reason, as we at least know them, on this earth, can supply. The dogmas of these cults are the efforts of men to explain things of which they have no direct knowledge, and they have value accordingly. It is out of the yearning of the Soul for the Land of its Exile that the religions of the world grow to bud and blossom. As to all growths so to them likewise come decay and death, unfitness and mal-adaptation to environment. The utterances of the founder of a religion may be a very pure idea and if so it is mostly a symbol of some spiritual truth, discerned in his own being, perceived by spiritual

vision or transmitted through inspiration. It is inevitable that the symbol should be materialized in time, and be given a literal interpretation. It is folly to quarrel with the process, for that is natural, but is it not equal folly to suppose that any partial truth can have validity for all time "There is a time for everything under the sun." Whatever is about us even now, exalted as we may deem it, is but ephemeral and must give place to that which is perhaps already prepared, in the spiritual spaces, to supercede it. The pity is that this sublime process of progressive substitution should be so strenuously resisted by egotists who fear the loss and disintegration of inferior creations, reflecting their own ideals. It is the province and the sacred duty of every Soul to create new ideals continually, and to bury dead ones without undue devotional rites at their tombs and their subsequent canonization. Silently, behind that impenetrable veil which in every soul covers the divine Isis, a divine principle is eternally evolving higher forms through every human being who permits their expression. One need not speculate here: it is the privilege of each of us actually to experience the process and we will do so if we keep ourselves so elastic to the Truth that it may make its impress on our Souls. We can readily justify the saying: Religion lives: religions die." The latter becomes the worn-out garments of races, but the former is what inhab-

Socialism as Viewed by the Artist and Poet.

BY A. M. NESBIT.

THE topic which throughout this universe is being discussed more than any other topic is Socialism. For it is not only an important factor in Protestant Europe but numerically the Socialists are the strongest party in the Russian Douma, and in progressive Japan Socialism has made such advances that the government resorts to repressive measures much similar to the repressive measures employed by the German government and which cause Socialism to be disseminated and to grow like the proverbial mushroom, so that at the last German election, while the party lost many seats in the Reichstag, the vote was increased a quarter million.

Socialism has been much discussed as a solution of social and industrial problems, but very little has been said about it from the standpoint of the artist. And in this article I shall discuss this world-wide theme from the viewpoint of the poet and the artist. About seventy-five per cent of the poets, artists and authors of the world are Socialists, communists or anarchists. The anarchist believes in a system of society in which individual liberty is not repressed by government. The most illustrious of the anarchists are Prince Krapotkine and Count Tolstoi. Anarchy in my opinion is impracticable unless all men are as gentle and free from selfish motives as Christ was.

Socialism will be the Collective Ownership of all property when all the people will labor together for the general good. This idea of universal brother-

hood is an idea which appeals strongly to the mind of the poet and the artist, because Socialism demonstrates that it is only commercialism and self-interest which creates enmity between the people of one country and the people of another.

Almost all the great poets of all the ages have sprung from the ranks of the common people. Perhaps their parents could not read and their descendants accomplished nothing in literature. These great men were lovers of peace and lovers of humanity and their voices were raised in defense of the right. Like Milton they may have been neglected or ridiculed by the aristocratic classes or like Omar and Hafiz they may have been termed atheists. So, therefore, their sympathies were with humanity oppressed or enslaved and not with the governing classes.

In America a strange spectacle presents itself in the literary world, something which this old universe has not known before. The novel has stepped outside the field of light and entertaining literature and entered the Arena of politics. London and Sinclair, the two most popular American novelists, advocate Socialism in almost all their novels. Other novelists (Dickens for example) have written to correct certain social abuses. But these Socialist writers advocate political doctrines in their novels, doctrines against which all the money and power of capitalism and the world's governments are directed. However while this is unique

in entertaining literature of this sort, it is a well-known fact that the great poets of the ages have been the champions of freedom, the prophets who were far in advance of their age, whom their contemporaries ridiculed and to whom the next generation erected colossal monuments. Milton composed the *Areopagatica* in defense of the freedom of the press. Byron entered the struggle for the independence of Greece, Hugo courageously advocated the cause of the Paris communists. Almost all of the illustrious poets have written in favor of better government, in favor of progress and improved social conditions.

No great and good literature is written merely for self. Cicero said that to desire to live in the affection and remembrance of posterity is the noblest ambition of man. And I would add to this that to create some good literary work which is a source of pleasure or profit to both the present and the future age is greater than to rule many nations. The desire for fame is the vaulting ambition of poet and artist. This desire for fame, this ambition to be remembered and this delight in creating some good work which becomes a pleasure and a profit to the nations—these are the incentives which inspire

the true poet and artist. Those who labor at art merely for monetary compensation accomplish no good or permanent work and the sooner they are eliminated from the field of art the better for the world.

When Socialism comes the poet and the artist will be in his true sphere. The theatre, the music hall, the art gallery and the library will be free to all the people. Under this present system perhaps the young poet out on the farm, who is to be the Milton of the future, does not have access to a half dozen good books. Under Socialism when a book is published the question will not be, "will it pay" but is it well written and does it contain pleasing or instructive reading matter. Then all the people will be better educated, higher ideals will be cultivated, and trashy literature will disappear.

These are some of the advantages which will occur to literature, to poetry and art when this worn-out competitive system disappears. There will appear a new era in the literary world and we may expect to see some masters in English letters such as graced our language in the early part of the last century.

—*Crocker, Mo.*



The Burial of the Knight.

BY GILBERT PATTON BROWN.

“Why ringest thou the village bell?”

A stranger asked one day
Of the sexton, as he tolled a knell,
Bent and aged and gray.

“I’ve counted the strokes, almost
fourscore.

I knew not a man lived here
That could boast of sixty years, or
more,

Since the siege of Old Edgemere.
At the last stroke the sexton paused,
And looked in the stranger’s face.
The look he gave him almost caused
A stillness within the place.

Then he slowly said, “good man, I
see

You’re a stranger in these parts,
For never there lived a man like he
Who brought joy to so many hearts.

“’Twas back, my man, in seventy-
two,

When a storm was at its height,
That Philip Strong showed he could
do

What was given up that night.

“A crew was off the storm tossed
coast,

Unable to make the land,
In sight of friends—a very host—
Though none could extend a hand.

“But Ho! Whose voice rose then on

high?

‘Have courage, my lads, out
there.’

A hero’s command: ‘Now, all stand
by!’

From his soul there went a prayer.

“With giant strength through the
storm tossed wave

With a coil of rope swam he.

‘God willing, every soul I’ll save,
Or Davy Jones will have company.’

“Time and time did they shout on
shore.

Each time that the cable spun,
Until he knew there were no more,
He had saved them every one.

“Throughout all England, and o’er
the sea,

They sang, as well they might,
Praises of Philip Strong, and he
Was then created knight.

“Throughout the Isle, the good old
queen

Proclaimed a day of feast,
And a nation’s hero he has been,
In North, South, East and West.”

The stranger spoke, “O that I might
Have seen this noble one,
He saved my father’s life that night,
When his great deed was done.”



"Omnia Vincit Veritas."

BY RAYAH.

THIS trinity of words, when properly interpreted, means: Truth crushed to earth shall rise again. Truth overcomes all things and the Truth shall make you free.

P. T. Barnum said, "the people love to be humbugged," and he gratified them by humbugging them.

Lawson has been telling us, through the papers of the Financial Frauds, the Bank Frauds, the Political Frauds and the Insurance Frauds, and it has fallen to my lot to tell you of the Religious Frauds. They have carried off the palm and will be known to history as the Boss Frauds of all frauds. They have perpetrated the most gigantic and most stupendous fraud ever revealed to mankind, from the fact that they have deceived the whole Christian world as to the so-called redeemer of mankind.

The first question to answer is, was there ever such a person as the Gospel Jesus, as taught by christianity? We are compelled to answer this question with a positive No!

According to history, Apollonius of Tyana is the personality and Guatama Buddha the individuality that gave the western world the historical teachings that have been attributed to Jesus and were established by vote at the celebrated Council of Nice. Christianity under the rule of the brain, instead of simple faith and brotherly love, became proud; from being the persecuted she became the persecutor. The church became dogmatic, cunning and thoroughly determined to succeed at all

hazards; the most transparent forgeries were accepted as absolute truth; they mutilated works of the cotemporary authors, of the Apostles, and of the early Christian fathers, and interpolating suitable passages of their own were considered meritorious actions. Orthodox Christian theology has always, in every age, opposed with all its colossal might the least step toward progress and reformation; it has deluged every country under its baneful rule in torrents of human blood, and exterminated with fire and sword every opposing school of thought; it stands pre-eminent as the only religious creed on earth that proclaims a free salvation to the crime-stained soul, and the divine efficacy of the atoning blood of the murdered prophet. It is the only religion the world has ever seen that preaches the comfortable doctrine of eternal damnation amid flames of hell fire for the noble free-thinkers who refuse to credit the infamous pretensions of its priesthood.

Buddha's teachings and doctrines have found far more followers and accomplished infinitely more moral purity and brotherly love than christianity, besides being free, absolutely free, from the foulest blot of every other creed, human blood.

I mean the original teachings of Buddha, himself, as given anew in this age of the world in "Illuminated Buddhism," and not the false doctrines and interpolations, falsely denominated "Esoteric Buddhism."

The first message transmitted from

Buddha reads as follows: "The Christ of the Western Nations is only the Buddha of the Orient transferred into another sphere of mental unfoldment. I was not aware, when I was toiling for the redemption of India, that my work was to become so widespread; but it is now a literal revelation of my prophecies that the earth would be covered with the knowledge of goodness as the waters cover the sea. I am again upon earth as an illuminating mental power and I speak to all souls that grasp the significance of my thought. I have attained Nirvana in the work of bearing the light to others, and I rejoice in the power of illuminated science that enables me to revisit the minds of men with the same form and features that I had when in the earthly life: be not surprised therefore, that I come in the clouds of light that envelop the spiritual form. My work is not perfected while man is in darkness, and so long as human hearts call for that bread of life that cometh down from above, so long will the heart of Gautama respond to the cry of the desolate upon earth."

Gautama, the Buddha, was a teacher of reformed religious ideas in Hindustan in the sixth century before the Christian Era. His system differed from the old Brahmin cult in that it admitted all souls to the attainment of future happiness, not through successive reincarnations upon earth, but by obedience to the laws of mental discipline which Gautama denominated "The Paths that led to Nirvana." There seems to have been a striking analogy between the attributed nativity of Gautama and the traditions of the Christian faith that can hardly be

overlooked by the students of the two systems, and a comparison between the legends shows no greater dissimilarity than naturally results from the transmission of the ideas from generation to generation, for as an illustration, the life of Guatama, as colored by the imaginative, oriental minds, describes him to have been a child of Brahm, as Jesus is said to have been the offspring of the Divine Spirit.

Gautama left the glory of an earthly throne that he might become a wanderer among the poverty-stricken outcasts of India, to teach them the sanctity of the soul and the way of obtaining earthly happiness. Jesus is said to have left the glory of an *heavenly world* that he might effect the redemption of the human race from the power of evil. Gautama is tempted by the God of Love, Sin, and Death, the Indian equivalent of Satan, whom Jesus met and vanquished in the wilderness. Gautama had his forty-nine days of fasting, which Jesus is said to have imitated, although he was only required to obtain the victory by forty days abstinence; each of them emerges from the ordeal strong in wisdom to cope with the powers of evil. Guatama begins his mission at about twenty-nine years of age, and Jesus was about thirty years old when he began to preach his doctrine. Angels and spirits were familiar companions with both, as Gautama is said to have had visitations from the ancient teacher Brahma, while Jesus holds interviews with Moses and Elias upon the Mount of Transfiguration. Gautama's doctrines are almost paraphrases of the chief teachings of Jesus, for both of them insist upon purity of motive as the

condition of spiritual redemption.

The Hindoo doctrine of incarnation seems to have been quite familiar to Jesus, for in his discourse with Nicodemus he is said to have insisted upon it as the precedent condition of ability to perceive the kingdom of God, and the very doubt expressed by Nicodemus is treated as if it should have no place in the mind of a Rabbi in Israel. They both sought to lead their followers to a plane of conduct that would free them forever from the necessity of any further experience in the earthly life. They both sought to deny the dogma of rebirth as taught by the Brahman schools, and in the idea that Jesus is said to have taught of the new birth as spiritual we see the correlative of Guatama's ideas of the entrance into Nirvana.

The way of salvation as declared by Jesus is so strikingly similar to the "Four Paths of Gautama" as to excite the most profound interest. The first stage is sorrow on awaking to the misery of existence, and then turning to the Enlightened One for assistance. The second stage is when the awakened believer has got free from all impure desires and revengeful feelings. In the third he becomes free from all evil desires, from ignorance and doubt, from unkindness and vexation. In the fourth the believer is imbued with universal charity; when this is reached the soul is in Nirvana, and by the tenets of the Buddhist faith all souls will ultimately attain it.

We find nothing in the Christian cult superior to this comprehensive method for the redemption of the human race, and as the Buddhist faith preceded it by about six centuries the question

of priority of doctrines becomes no longer a bone of contention in the world of scholarship. It only remains for the thoughtful student of religious evolution to proceed along the pathway whereby similarity of ideas becomes so widely diffused as religious truth, and ascertain if they have a common origin, or are the results of accidental coincidence or design.

The foregoing is sufficient to show us the claims of Gautama to having been the original character from which the primitive Christian cults were drawn. Here in the Mythos of the west is a religious teacher that embodies all the distinctive features of the Indian cult with a change of names and some minor details of history, but the ideality of each is identical.

Gautama preceded Jesus some six centuries, an ample period for the introduction and spread of his doctrines through the nations subject to the old Roman empire that pushed its boundaries to the banks of the Tigris and that spread its power of protection over the religions of all nations.

The scholarship of Germany and also of America, has been puzzled to account for the similar points of doctrine which Christianity and Buddhism have in common, but if priority of ideas is an evidence of truth, the incarnation of the Christian Jesus is but a revamped tale of the incarnation of Vishnu or the second person of the Hindoo Godhead as Gautama Buddha. That such a cultus should have originated in a monotheistic country like Judea is preposterous, and that the Christian founders belong to that nation is too palpable a forgery to escape detection.

In the influx of Oriental Mythology

to the schools of Alexandria and Greece, or possibly Rome, itself, we must seek for the truth of the basic principles of the Christian faith and the revival of the study of Oriental literature is the probable method of a successful pursuit of the subject, for the historical data of Christianity and its dogmas are so involved in obscurity that they can hardly be considered as evidence, for they violate nearly every essential principle that belongs

to the sphere of testimony regarding its early founders as a basis for the existence of its dogmas and creeds. It would not be so improbable a theory had the ideas attributed to Jesus been in any degree original with him, but they preceeded him too many generations to admit of their being rediscovered truths, or unknown to the philosophic thought of his own age.

(Concluded in our next.)



EUGENICS FOR AUGUST.

Some of the principal papers in this new journal are "A STUDY IN SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY" by the Rev. Sidney Holmes.

"THE QUESTION OF POPULATION" by C. Gonnard.

M. Florence Johnson will have a department in which questions pertaining to "CULTURE, PHYSICAL, MENTAL, EMOTIONAL, for MAN, WOMAN and CHILD" will be considered.

James Armstrong writes of "RELATIVE SEX MORALITY."

"THE SONG OF MATERNITY" is sung by Lillian Browne-Thayer.

Lillie D. White tells of "GOOD-NATURED PEOPLE I HAVE MET."

Moses Harman writes of "LIFE,

HEALTH and LONGEVITY," and supplies notes of his sojourn in Los Angeles.

"THE YOUNG PEOPLE" department has an original playlet. "THE CLASS PARTY," by Winifred, and other good things.

LILLIAN HARMAN writes of the housewarming at the "SPIRIT FRUIT HOME," and reviews William Platt's new book "The Blossoming of Tansy."

There are many letters and other articles as well.

Sixty-four pages and cover; sixteen pages more than were contained in the July number. Ready July 22.

Ten cents a copy, \$1 a year. Order of newsdealer or of

M. Harman, 500 Fulton st., Chicago.

Query Department.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to Dr. Henry Wagner, Box 717, Denver, Colorado.

MR. F. C., Colorado Springs: I cannot advise you to take up the study of "Occultism" until I know your true relations to the Forces of Nature, your aspirations, the extent you wish to push your investigations and also, if you are perfectly willing to pay the price of such knowledge. I do not mean in dollars and cents, but that price exacted by your fellow-men. As soon as the true aspirant begins to question the reality of appearances, he polarizes the Soul qualities within and sets the vibrations of his higher life in antagonism with the mental life of his race, and must pay the penalty of excommunication from his times and be cast into the wilderness of isolation. He becomes a mental Ishmael, who is dependent upon the "Angels of the Lord" for safe guidance in the unknown paths of his higher intellectual life until such times as he has evolved the consciousness within, when the path becomes clear, the darkness becomes light, the rough is made smooth, appearances give way to realities, the Lost Word is found and the Key to the Sanctuary is won.

• • •

NEO.—PENN.—THE MILKY WAY: The changeable waves of white dusty light, scattered throughout the galaxy of the heavens, are star-clusters already fashioned. Many of these nebulous clusters are, however, but the mere masses in embryo of the prepared matter for the worlds to be. Throughout the immense range of the visible heavens there is no space devoid of stellar

worlds, both inside and outside "our system" as well as within the atmosphere of this earth. The real body of the Sun, as it is termed, *has never been seen or reflected even*, by any telescope or spectroscope in existence. It is only the shell, or covering of the Great Invisible Sun, which has been so observed.

The "dark spots" are the reservoirs of Solar Vital Energy, by which the united system has its being. It is *vital* electricity, and you need not be surprised as to its effects upon the magnetic needle, etc.

• • •

STYX.—LONDON—The souls of superior animals are Irrational and Rational, for such beings are emerging into higher spheres of life, and their bodies (*souls*) contain an Essence which is revertible.

Progress is the responsive anthem of the Universe, and the apparent retrogression by the fall of pure spirit-entities, from their Paradisiacal bliss, to the gross, material earths, is progress in its most accurate sense. Such a descent was necessary for their further advancement.

Yes, the souls of these superior animals are emerging into higher spheres of life—the Human. This is one of the most profound truisms as taught by the Initiates of Hermetic Wisdom.

An Adept can discern whether the soul of an animal is upon its *upward* or its *downward* path, for the mark set upon Cain finds its counterpart in

aid in the slightest in the production of these essential things. Then no human being has the moral right to sell them or give them away.

These natural resources were made for the benefit of all mankind; and the poorest child, born today in one of the slums of any of our large cities, has just as much moral right to his or her share of all these natural resources as has a child of a Rockefeller or Vanderbilt.

All the natural resources of earth belong equally to all the people: and by allowing a few to monopolize these natural resources, we have allowed our labor to be wasted by giving much of its products to the landlord, who did not give us an equivalent for it. The only just equivalent for any product of labor requiring the same amount of time and energy to produce.

As civilization advanced it was found to be a saving of labor to divide it into separate industries and let each one follow a single line of work, and then exchange the products of their labor. That is instead of each one's getting his own food, making his own tools and clothing and building his own house, it was found to be much more economical for some to work exclusively at making clothing, and others exclusively at making tools; and so they kept on subdividing labor more and more, until now it is found to be a great saving of labor to have the work of making so simple a thing as a shoe divided among more than a score of different workmen.

This division of labor necessitated a gigantic system of exchange of products, giving rise to the commerce of the world. This necessitated a me-

di-um of exchange called money. For where the products of labor differed so greatly in time cost, some only requiring a minute of time to produce, while others required the life time of one man to produce, it was not practical to exchange product for product. So a medium of exchange was invented whereby the smallest or greatest product of labor can be easily exchanged.

But here again the few cunning selfish men who had succeeded in monopolizing the land also succeeded in getting the ignorant masses to allow them to monopolize this tool of exchange. And in this way an enormous waste of labor is produced.

The power of our money system to enslave the laborer is almost inconceivable and has caused the downfall of all past nations. The basic money of our country by which every product of labor is exchanged, is a comparatively worthless metal of great rareness.

Do you doubt the statement that gold is a comparatively worthless metal? I think I can make it plain to everyone that such is the fact. Suppose that all the gold in the earth were destroyed today, would it seriously affect the existence of the laborer?

Would there be any the less food or clothing, or houses, or tools and raw material wherewith to produce all the comforts and luxuries of life? No: All our means of happiness would remain. But suppose all the iron was destroyed today, would it seriously affect the existence of the laborer?

Yes, it would instantly reduce the entire world to a state of barbarism. Every tool for producing everything would be destroyed, and the mass of mankind would perish off the face of

the earth. Thus we see that iron is of infinitely greater intrinsic value than gold. Again supposing every government on earth should today annul all laws making gold a legal tender for debt, what value would gold then have? Practically none. It is only the law that gives it its power. By the law and the rarity of the metal a few men are enabled to monopolize it and extort vast amounts of products from the laborer for the use of this tool of exchange. For labor has to pay for all this use of money and the laborer gets no equivalent.

Money never produced anything. So if we have to pay interest for the use of money we can only do so by robbing some laborer of part of his labor product. It is easily shown that money never produces anything. If I borrow 100 chickens or 100 hogs of you for a year and they are all the chickens or hogs there are in the world, and agree to pay you back at the end of the year the 100 chickens or hogs that I borrowed, together with ten more chickens or hogs as interest for the use of those you loaned me, you can easily see how I might be able to do it. Because with proper labor bestowed on them they might be made to increase a hundred-fold. But if I borrow of you 100 gold dollars, and they are all there are in the world, tell me, please, how, at the end of a year, I am going to pay you back ten additional gold dollars unless there are ten additional gold dollars made? I couldn't even pay you back one additional gold dollar, for there is no possible method of making the 100 gold dollars produce even one more.

And so interest is not paid in gold but in labor products. Gold can only

be used as money to buy labor products. And as the laborer is justly entitled to all he produces, it logically follows that if anybody ever pays any interest on borrowed money he does it because he has robbed himself or some other laborer of part of his produce.

How few realize the power of interest to rob labor of all it produces, when measured by gold as the basic medium of exchange. Let me give a simple yet startling illustration: Any sum of money put out at compound interest at 2 per cent will double in every thirty-five years. Supposing a man had put out \$1 at 2 per cent, compound interest at the birth of Christ, and let it run till now, how much money would be due his heirs? In the 1906 years that have elapsed the dollar would have doubled fifty-four times, amounting to over thirty-six quadrillions of dollars, or over a million times as much gold and silver and paper money as there is in the whole world. If the debt must be paid in gold it would take the gold coin of several millions of worlds like this. Is it not plain that this power of interest will surely wreck any individual or any nation if continued any length of time?

Now, when we remember that an average of at least 6 per cent interest on all commercial enterprises is being charged up to the consumer and remember that labor has to pay it all, we can readily see that the laborer is hopelessly crushed under such a system.

Do you ask how we pay this vast interest bill if all the money of the world falls so far short of the amount? We do it by thousands of yearly failures. When you borrow money you have to

put up collateral security. Each year more and more of those collateral securities on borrowed money are swept into the possession of the money monopolist, and in a few short years he will own everything.

When the banker lets you have money to use he requires you to put up good security for it. But when you let him have money to use he never puts up any security. Statistics show that we have deposited in the banks of the United States \$5,700,000,000, while the money in the banks to pay this sum is only about \$600,000,000. So that if we were to call for our money today we would not get what is due us by five billion dollars. A postal saving bank would remedy the matter.

All nations of the past have gone down under this curseful waste of interest, and it never can be stopped till the laborer finds a way to make a tool of exchange equal to the volume of all his products, and made of a material of minimum cost.

Perhaps some of you say that you do not borrow money, and therefore you do not pay any interest. But every one who buys anything pays interest money, or its labor equivalent. Take for instance a pair of shoes. The man who sells the hide adds the interest on his cattle investment to the price of the hide. The tanner adds another interest for the money he has invested in the tannery. The wholesale leather dealer adds another interest for the money invested in his business, and the manufacturer and retailer each adds interest for the money invested

in their respective businesses and the whole amount is charged up to the consumer. So that when you pay \$2.50 for a pair of shoes 50 cents is about the actual cost and \$2.00 is for interest or profit, which is robbery and labor waste. And what is done in the shoe trade is done in all trades. And labor pays for all of it.

Great as I have shown to be the enslaving power of interest, the laborer is now crushed by a still greater power—the power of machinery. The accumulated wisdom and power of the brain and muscle of all preceeding ages have enabled the workers within the past few years to so perfect machinery that one man, with the aid of the machine can accomplish the same results as could from five to five hundred men without the machine. And we, laborers, have allowed these cunning, selfish few whom we allowed to monopolize the land and money to use that power to monopolize the machinery; so that now our slavery is worse than was that of the black man in the south fifty years ago. The black man was comfortably clothed and fed and housed, and if sick he was well cared for. But under the enslaving power of the monopolization of land, money and machinery, the laborer is compelled to compete for a job until his wages are reduced to the point of a bare living of the most meagre kind, and even of this pittance there is not enough to go around, and thousands of men are forced to tramp and women and children to starve.

(Concluded in our next)

In the Shadow of the Rockies

She is Sleeping.

BY MISS E. M. WEATHERHEAD.

My heart is sad indeed, tonight, and lonely,
For I'm thinking of my home out in the West,
And my blue-eyed, brown-haired mountain sweetheart—
The one in all the world I love the best.

O, sometimes in my dreams we walk together
In the twilight when the birds are singing low,
When the winds are sighing softly in the gloaming,
And the sunset in the west is all aglow.

And I tell her once again how much I love her,
As we wander 'neath the shelter of the pines
O, angel from the skies come back and tell me
If, in the world beyond, you still are mine.

In the shadow of the Rockies she is sleeping,
The one in all the world I love the best,
Where the winds at morn and eve are softly sighing,
'Neath the shelter of old Pikes Peak's snowy crest.

And I wonder if she knows that I am longing
For the voice that I on earth shall hear no more,
And I wonder if she knows how much I miss her,
In that other land, beyond Death's shadowy shore.

Manitou, Colorado.



CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

OF THE

National Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of America.



Adopted at Texarcana, Texas, September 5, 1906, and ratified by Referendum vote of the Locals, November 24th, 1906.

PREAMBLE.

Speculators and those engaged in the distribution of farm products have organized and operate to the great detriment of the farming class.

To enable farmers to meet these conditions and protect their interests, we have organized the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America, and declare the following purposes.

To establish justice.

To secure equity.

To apply the Golden Rule.

To discourage the credit and mortgage system.

To assist our members in buying and selling.

To educate the agricultural class in scientific farming.

To teach farmers the classification of crops, domestic economy and the process of marketing.

To systematize methods of production and distribution.

To eliminate gambling in farm products by Boards of Trade, Cotton Exchanges and other speculators.

To bring farmers up to the standard of other industries and business enterprises.

To secure and maintain profitable

and uniform prices for grain, cotton, live stock and other products of the farm.

To strive for harmony and good will among all mankind and brotherly love among ourselves.

To garner the tears of the distressed, the blood of martyrs, the laugh of innocent childhood, the sweat of honest labor and the virtue of a happy home as the brightest jewels known.

CONSTITUTION.

MEMBERS.

Article 1.

SECTION 1. All persons are eligible to membership who are of sound mind, and over the age of sixteen years, a white person or Indian of industrious habits, believe in a Supreme Being, is of good moral character, and is a farmer, farm laborer, rural mechanic, rural school-teacher, physician or minister of the gospel; who is not engaged in banking, merchandising, practicing law, or belongs to any trust or combine for the purpose of speculating in agricultural products of the necessities of life, or directly affecting injuriously the agricultural interests, provided the owning of bank stock by an actual farmer shall

not be construed as making him a banker as long as his principal support comes from the farm.

Provided, that all editors of newspapers are eligible to membership, who will take the following obligation:

I, _____, do solemnly promise upon my honor that I will openly support the principles of this Union through the columns of my paper, the _____ and will do all in my power to promote the upbuilding of the cause of agriculture and the interests of this Co-operative Union, and should the time ever come when I cannot consistently do so, I will quietly withdraw from the Union and will remain silent concerning the workings of the same.

Provided further, that said editor be not engaged in any of the occupations prohibiting membership as previously provided.

SEC. 2. A membership fee shall be paid by each male member. Said fee shall be fixed by the board of directors for the states not having a state union, but after a state union has been chartered the fee shall be fixed by such state for its own jurisdiction; provided the fee in any state shall not be less than one dollar. Strict account shall be kept of the receipts and expenditures from each unorganized state, and when a state union shall be perfected any excess of receipts over expenditures from such state shall be paid into the treasury of such state within thirty days after the chartering of such state union.

SEC. 3. Females are eligible to membership on the same conditions as males without the payment of fees or dues,

SEC. 4. The dues for the National Union shall be eight cents a year per

capita, payable quarterly. Each state shall collect and must remit before the close of each quarter the dues for the current quarter and upon receipt of said remittance the quarterly password shall be forwarded by the National Secretary to the State Secretary, and by him forwarded through the regular channel to the secretaries of all local unions in good standing. Provided the next National Union may reduce the national dues five cents per annum without submitting the same to a referendum vote.

SEC. 5. Each state union shall have full power to regulate dues within said state for state, county and local purposes; provided, a state may include the national dues in the state dues or make a separate item of the same, as it desires.

SEC. 6. A special assessment of ten cents per capita is hereby levied and shall be due immediately upon the ratification of this constitution and by-laws and must be paid within 90 days thereafter. The proceeds of this assessment shall be known as an organization fund and be used exclusively for extending the Union; provided that after state unions have been formed in all agricultural states this fund may be transferred to the general fund; provided the current quarterly password shall not be given until this assessment is paid.

SEC. 7. Should these By-Laws be adopted in lieu of those now in force, then all arrears of dues from organized states shall be cancelled and all amounts heretofore received by the General Secretary from any state union, either as a loan, contribution or payment of dues, shall be refunded as

soon as the condition of the treasury will permit.

SEC. 8. No member is entitled to the quarterly password until all dues for the current quarter are paid.

SEC. 9. No person shall be disqualified from membership on account of his religious or political views.

SEC. 10. Any person qualified for membership under these by-laws wishing to become a member of the Union after the Union has been organized and chartered, shall be required to offer his or her application in writing at a stated meeting, giving age, occupation and why he wants to become a member, application to be accompanied by the initiation fee. Upon receipt of same the President shall appoint a committee of three to investigate the character of the applicant, who shall report as soon thereafter as convenient. The candidate may be initiated at said meeting, if he so desires, and it suits the convenience of the Union.

SEC. 11. All elections for membership in the Unions shall be by ballot, and three black balls shall reject.

SEC. 12. No person shall be eligible to membership who has not lived within the jurisdiction of the nearest Union to him for at least three months; provided, however, that should he be able to furnish proof of good moral character and good citizenship where he formerly lived, he shall be considered eligible to membership.

SEC. 13. When an applicant has been rejected or a member expelled from the Union, he shall not be permitted to renew his application for the space of three months.

SEC. Any member clear on the books and otherwise in good standing

wishing to transfer his membership to another Union shall be furnished a dimit signed by the President and Secretary under seal.

SEC. 15. Any person holding a dimit and wishing to become a member of another Union, shall file his dimit with the Secretary-Treasurer of the Union to which he makes application for membership and shall be declared elected only upon a two-thirds ballot: provided that the Secretary-Treasurer shall collect from the applicant dues from the date of the dimit at the rate of current dues. Provided further, said dimit shall be void unless application is made within ninety days after issuance.

SEC. 16. When personal or pecuniary differences arise between members of the Union, it is hereby recommended that as a last resort the Union shall take it up and arbitrate the matter, in which case the Union shall take such steps as it sees proper and from which decision there shall be no appeal.

SEC. 17. Provision is hereby made by which any local Union may separate and form two Unions by a two-thirds majority vote, in case its membership becomes too large or unwieldy.

An extra charter will be furnished them without cost by the National Secretary, when application has been made, by giving names of charter members: provided the new Union shall not be located nearer than one mile from the parent Union.

SEC. 18. Where it is deemed best for the good of the Union two local Unions may unite their membership by a two-thirds vote of each Union and by surrendering the charter to the National Secretary.

SEC. 19. If any member shall dis-

close or divulge the secrets of the Union to any one not entitled to receive the same, he shall, upon conviction, be expelled from the Union and his name published throughout the jurisdiction of the Union.

SEC. 20. The local Union shall be required to meet as often as twice a month and shall have as many call meetings as the business of the Union may demand.

SEC. 21. All committees shall be appointed by the President unless otherwise ordered by the Union.

SEC. 22. All members present at any meeting shall be required to vote on all questions proposed: provided, visiting members may be considered in an advisory sense, but are not allowed to vote.

SEC. 23. A county Union may be formed in any county having five chartered Unions.

SEC. 24. A county Union shall be composed of its officials (when elected) and one delegate for every ten members or majority fraction thereof, and one delegate from the local Union at large; provided any county may change basis of representation by a two-thirds vote at any regular meeting.

SEC. 25. It shall be the duty of each local Union to see after and render assistance to all sick and distressed members; and the President, Chaplain and Vice President shall constitute a relief committee, and upon evidence of the sickness of any member the President shall appoint a committee to render all necessary assistance who shall have authority to use any funds belonging to the Union not otherwise appropriated.

SEC. 26. In all unorganized States

it shall be the duty of the local Secretary to remit all membership fees monthly to the National Secretary and all dues quarterly in advance for the current quarter.

SEC. 27. All election of officers shall be by secret ballot unless by unanimous consent.

SEC. 28. A quorum for the transaction of business shall consist of five male members.

SEC. 29. Nothing of a religious or partisan nature shall be discussed in the Union, and any member guilty of violating this section shall be expelled from the Union after the second offense.

OFFICER AND DUTIES.

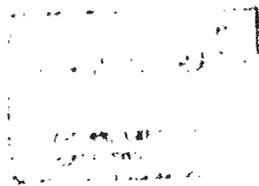
Article II.

SEC. 1. The officers of the National Union shall be a President, Vice President, Secretary-Treasurer, General Organizer, and five Directors; provided that the office of Secretary and Treasurer may be filled by the same individual.

SEC. 2. The President, Vice President, Secretary-Treasurer and Directors shall be elected annually and hold office for a term of one year or until their successors are elected and qualified.

SEC. 3. The election of General Organizer and the work of the organizing department shall be left to the Board of Directors.

SEC. 4. The Board of Directors may appoint an attorney and such agents or other representatives, and employ such persons as may be necessary to properly conduct the business of the Union, but all such appointments shall be subject to the pleasure of the Board as



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1114 21st Avenue North,
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Labor Waste.

By D. EDSON SMITH.

IN A report of the Illinois commissioners of labor statistics they say "that their tables of wages and cost of living are representative only of intelligent working men, men who make the most of their advantages and do not reach the confines of that world of helpless ignorance and destitution in which multitudes in all large cities continually live, and whose only statistics are those of epidemics, pauperism and crime." "Nevertheless," they go on to say, "an examination of these tables will demonstrate that one-half of these intelligent workmen of Illinois are not even able to earn enough for their daily bread and have to depend upon the labor of women and children to eke out their miserable existence."

The wage, measured by the wealth produced, is ever growing smaller.

The machinery in the mills and factories of Great Britain alone is equal to doing the work of 700,000,000 men, more than all the adult population of the world. The single little state of Massachusetts has machinery enough to do the work of 50,000,000 men. Statistics show that 500,000 men, with the aid of machinery, now do the work which required 16,000,000 men a few years ago. And this power is rapidly increasing.

What are these men to do who are thrown out of work by machinery in a world where all the resources of life and happiness are monopolized by a few landlords and money lords? Do you know of any kind of industry, from the making of a pin to the build-

ing and equipping of a railroad, where labor-saving machinery is not used? Are not wages reduced to a bare living of the most meager kind because labor-saving machinery has forced two men to seek the same job? And isn't this same cause forcing thousands of men to tramp and women and children to starve? And the situation is daily growing worse because of the rapid invention of labor saving machinery.

Is machinery, then, a curse and shall we destroy it? No! No! Machinery can be made the greatest blessing to mankind, because, under right conditions, it can be made to produce all of the comforts and luxuries of life that every human being wants, with less than four hours daily labor of each adult person. Machinery is the product of society and society, not a few individuals, is entitled to all its benefits. The making of so simple a thing as a pen knife took the combined mental and physical labor of society for thousands of years. The laborer invents, builds and operates all machinery. But while one portion of society is building and operating these machines they are entirely dependent for life and all its comforts on another class of laborers. And society has now become so complex that one class of laborers is just as essential as another class. So that all are entitled to share in the benefits of all improvements just in proportion as they labor.

At present the vast wealth produced by machinery with a little labor is piled up in the coffers and warehouses of a

few individuals who never earned it and who are unable to consume but a very small portion of it, while those who produce this wealth are suffering for these products of their labor wasting in robber warehouses.

But in a just state of society this enormous wealth now monopolized by the few would be distributed amongst everybody. **JUST IN PROPORTION THAT THEY WORKED** Under such a system, if able-bodied persons would not work they would have to starve. And this would be right.

We hear the silly statement made by the unthinking that if the great wealth of the world was equally divided amongst all the people, in a short time it would again be mostly in the hands of a few as it now is. Certainly it would be if we still allowed the monopolization of the resources of wealth in the shape of land, money and machinery. But if the majority of us insisted on having our laws changed so that these three things which rightfully belong to all and from which, by labor, all wealth is produced, were owned and controlled by and for the people; together with a law that each laborer should have all he produced—that is a law of just distribution—then it would be utterly impossible to have the wealth of the world piled up in the coffers of a few individuals. We have a plain illustration of this in one of our industries which is now partially socialized. I refer to the postal system. This is one of the greatest industries we have, and yet there are no accumulations of millions of dollars by a few individuals in that industry. So far as any great amount of unjust wealth is accumulated by any one in that industry it is

by the monopolist of the railroad industries. If the railroads that carry our mails were owned and run at cost by the people, it is evident that no one person connected with this industry could ever become very rich. The official reports show that in 1892-1894, the average price for carrying mail was 8 cents a pound for an average distance of 448 miles. At the same time these same railroads were carrying merchandise 2,400 miles, five times as far as the average mail carriage, for eight-tenths of a cent a pound. The people as a whole were charged fifty times as much as the individual. Let the postal roads and trains and the telegraph lines be owned and operated by the people's representatives, for the best interests of all the people, and our mail matter could be carried for even much less than it now is. Then enlarge the scope of the people's interests till all merchandise is carried at cost by public conveyance, and you readily see the great advantages of public conveyance, and you readily see the great advantages of public distribution.

Now, there is no good reason why all industries of production and distribution should not be owned and operated by the whole people in such a way that it will be impossible for any one man to ever become enormously rich; or for a few to have the bulk of the wealth produced by labor, while the mass of the laborers are suffering for the comforts of life.

There is one other important factor in this waste-labor problem which must be eliminated before each laborer will get a full equivalent for his toil. And it is the key to these other outrageous monopolies that I have spoken

of whereby we are enslaved. I refer to profit. Were it not for the profit idea most of our wrongs would soon be righted, and we would be a happy people. And this pernicious idea which is upholding and deluding the middle classes, those with a little capital, is rapidly working their downfall, and it will inevitably work the downfall of all people and nations.

If every worker received all he produced it is evident that he could buy back an equivalent of all he produced. But if he receives but one-fourth of what he produces how can he buy back an equivalent of the other three-fourths?

Do you not plainly see that even if all our able bodied men had steady work, but received only one-fourth of what they produced, it would be impossible for them to buy back, or exchange for other products, but one-fourth of what they produced? Give them all they produce, its equivalent, and they can, and will, buy back an equivalent of all they produce.

What amount of goods is sold in any city, county, state or nation? Only just an amount equal in value to the wages paid out in that city, county, state or nation. It is impossible to sell more; and if the full value of the goods has not been paid for in wages, then some of the goods will be left unsold, or sold below cost, which means bankruptcy.

If 100 of us work for a capitalist, making shoes, and receive one dollar a day for our labor, and make 100 pairs of shoes for which the capitalist asks \$2 a pair, tell me how we can possibly buy back but 50 pairs of those shoes? And as all the money in circulation in

the world is simply wages for labor, if all the wages have been only an equivalent for part of the labor product, or selling price, then it will simply be impossible to ever sell those shoes for the price asked. The products of labor can never be sold for a higher average than the wages paid in producing them. And if some are sold for a higher average, then the remainder must remain unsold, or be sold below cost, which, as I said before, means bankruptcy.

And the 16,000 (more or less) large yearly failures show the fallacy of the profit system.

But if the laborer gets only one-fourth of what he produces who gets the other three-fourths?

I answer: It is a Rothschild, or a Rockefeller, or a Vanderbilt, or a Carnegie, or an Astor, or an Armour. Such men, by the special privileges which we have voted them, are enabled to take from us the larger portion of what we produce.

At first the small merchants attempt to rob us through the profit system. But they are doomed to failure, and their goods are swept, at a great loss, into the hands of more powerful exploiters, and these again fail through the idiotic delusion of the profit system; till now the wealth of the world is rapidly concentrating into the hands of a few soon to be billionaires, and the mass of mankind is doomed to eternal slavery if they quietly submit to this robbery.

It is being found that a concentration of industry is a great saving of labor, hence of costs and so all the important industries, except farming, are socialized into trusts. And these trusts will inevitably drive to the wall

all the smaller competitive producers and distributors of wealth, because the saving of cost in the socialist organization is so great that it can sell much lower than the individual producer and distributor, that his profits will be so small that he cannot live on them and will be forced to seek other employment. But the trust also is doomed to destruction because of the idea of profit. Trusts are wonderful object lessons; and ere long the masses will get their eyes open to the fact that a combination of these several hundred trusts of the capitalists into one great trust of, for, and by the whole people, thus doing away with all profit, everything being done at cost and everyone getting a full return for his labor, is the only just way; and so the trusts will fall by the weight of profits, as are now falling the small competitive industries.

Every mercantile man in the world today is working for profit. And every man who hires another man expects to get a profit out of his labor. That is, every mercantile man and every hirer of labor intends to appropriate to himself a part of what some one else has earned; and this can always be done as long as we allow land and money to be monopolized. Will we always be slaves and allow this misappropriation of the products of our toil by a few privileged persons?

The only remedy is to agitate, educate and organize till the masses become fully conscious that no freedom, nor justice, nor true happiness can ever be had until the present system of competition and special privileges is entirely overthrown and a great trust, of, for and by the people substi-

tuted, whereby the land and all tools and machinery of production and distribution shall be owned and controlled by all, and every one receive all he or she produces or its equivalent.

Do not be deceived by any offer of palliative measures. Nothing can possibly bring relief that does not do away entirely with rent, interest and profit.

Between beasts of burden and beasts of prey—between the capitalist and the laborer—there is an eternal warfare.

How long before you and toiling millions will rise up in your unity and might and shake off your fetters? You do not deserve freedom unless you will take it. Compromise is out of the question. It is either absolute freedom or absolute slavery. Every day you are being ground lower and lower; your wages, measured by the wealth you produce, is ever growing smaller and smaller. It is not a question of sentiment, but a question of self-preservation; a question of the most selfish kind, involving life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Every time you vote for any old party you simply add another link to your chains. No matter what promise any old party may make you, I have shown you briefly, but plainly, that nothing can give you satisfactory relief that does not entirely overthrow all systems of rent, interest and profit—that does not give the laborer equal access to all of nature's storehouses and give him all he produces. This no old party will ever do. And a vote cast for any old party is simply a vote thrown away, while a vote cast for a principle is never thrown away.

Only a government of, by, and for an intelligent people, through propor-

tional representation and the initiative and referendum, will ever make a prosperous, happy people.

Will you awake to the situation? Now you can strike off your chains by the ballot. Soon it may be too late and nothing but the bloody sword will free you.

Indications show that measures are carefully, but surely being taken to disfranchise all who are not property holders.

Again I ask, will you awake? Will you sound the alarm? Will you do all

in your power to educate and organize every toiler in the land to strike for absolute freedom at the ballot box?

Just as soon as the masses are educated and united to see the cause, and remedy of the great evils which are enslaving us, then a leader will be found to lead us out of bondage and superstition into the highlands of freedom and happiness. It has ever been so from the time of Moses to the present time. First educate and unite; then comes the promised land.

Santa Ana, Cal.

Smile, Anyway.

We cannot, of course, all be handsome,

And it's hard for us all to be good.
We are sure now and then to be lonely,

And we don't always do as we should.

To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still.
But at least we can always be pleasant,

If we make up our minds that we

will.

And it pays every time to be kindly,
Although you feel worried and blue;

If you smile at the world and look cheerful,

The world will smile back at you.

So try to brace up and look pleasant,

No matter how low you are down,
Good humor is always contagious,

But you banish your friends with a frown.



"Omnia Vincit Veritas."

BY RAYAH.

THE invasion of the east by Alexander the Great, and the continual interchange of traffic, between the east and the west could hardly fail to have its modifying effect upon the western philosopher, if it had no special influence upon the religious status of its people; that it did have the latter is well known, and the bringing into the western world of the precepts and exalted doctrines of the new religious thought of India by Apollonius of Tyana must have had a marked effect upon the mental and spiritual concepts of the western cult; that the semi-barbarous tribes of the northern part of the old Roman empire should have been converted to the state religion, by the influence of political motives, is not unlikely, but that such scholastic minds as Eusebius of Cæsarea and others should have been advocates of the Christian Mythos can only be accounted for by their probable hope of present advantages, rather than the strict regard for truth.

In consequence of their neglect to record the true sources of their doctrine, the world of Christendom has been the victim of a religious fraud that is about to be repeated over again in the present religious movement the world over, and by the same hierarchies that succeeded in this stupendous fraud which has produced so much wrangling and disastrous consequences to the mind that was then emerging from the plane of barbarism to a condition of a semi-civilized toleration. It may have been as well for the west-

ern world that it should have worshipped the Buddha-hood under another name, and that its priesthood should have been more eminent for zeal than knowledge, yet one can hardly regret that as long as the principles of Gautama were to be taught at all, they could not have been taught so that there need never have been any controversy as to their true meaning, or the source from which they emanated. However, as the early Christian fathers seem to have regarded falsehood as only a venial sin, their descendents who cling to their recorded writings as veritable history, will probably have some trouble in ascertaining why the early doctrines of the church lack the essential originality of a new revelation.

Previous to the advent of so called modern spiritual transmission of thought, the world of scholarship was believed to be helplessly dependent upon the records of a historical character, that had escaped the mutilations of time or the destructive zeal of iconoclastic advocacy of the church; but the opening of the doors of the spiritual world itself bids fair to change the mental atmosphere of scholarship.

What avails it if the recorded ideas of previous ages have been obliterated, or their possession concealed in the archives of superstition and deception? The very writers and actors in those days so long departed have the power to touch again the chords of memory and by the process of thought transference the records are again upon the

planet, shorn of the drapery of imaginative interpretation, and free to work a new deliverance from the power and domination of ignorance. There is no limit to the range of such a power as this, and hardly a possible deflection of its exercise in improper channels. It is found to be strongest when utilized to obtain and disseminate the knowledge of truth, and rarely can be intelligently exerted upon a plane of error without detection. The craft and dissimulation that are so essential to the propagation of error avail nothing in the light which spiritual illumination can bestow, and the soul under this malign power shrinks into the shadow until it can emerge to the plane of truth in its purity.

The life of Gautama, that seems to have furnished the Oriental world with the greatest spiritual illumination for many centuries, has a strange correlative in the later cult of Protestant christianity, which has sent again a modified form of the primitive faith to the home of its nativity.

It was a fitting tribute to his life work that the participants of the benefits of the older cult should again carry them to the nations that have lost them through the oppressive edicts of priestly intolerance. It is equally noteworthy that when they went again they were no longer subject to the tyranny of Brahminical supervision, but under the protection of a power that permits no interference with the exercise of conscientious belief, and that has interdicted the inhuman rites which the tyrannical Brahman faith taught as a part of its religious system. If there is any recognition of the power of retributive justice in the spirit

life, it must have been gratified when the arms of England overthrew the political power of the Brahmins and made it impossible for them ever again to assail the doctrine of the more humane Buddhists, or quench their brilliancy with the blood of their disciples.

To those who are not familiar with occult law or the workings of universal cycles of time as recorded by Hermetic philosophy and the ancient Hindoos I will recite the key of Polar, Solar and Diurnal motion, which explains scientifically as well as philosophically all that history has recorded, what has been in previous cycles is being repeated again in the present cycle upon which the planet and the races inhabiting it have just entered. The old cycle of the past round of evolution symbolized by the Sun in Pisces passed into the new cycle Aquarius, the symbol of the man, upon which the planet and the races are now polarized, hence the old rulers of the past cycle are being forced out and the new rulers of the present cycle are taking control of the machinery of universal life. The old rulers die hard, and many of them will not resign their offices to the new incumbents, hence they are summarily expelled and their deeds done in darkness are brought to the light. The day of judgment is upon them.

This explains satisfactorily everything we are now witnessing upon earth in the political, financial and religious worlds. It is all due to this law of universal evolution.

The truth shall make you free, to worship Om, the equivalent of All in All, in spirit and in truth, hence all false creeds, isms, faiths and beliefs will be shaken from their sandy found-

dations; the shams, frauds and wrong doers in every department of universal life will be exposed and denounced and relegated to their proper places in the cycle which you may be sure is not that of leaders of the new order of things socially, politically nor religiously.

The Buddhas of the world are torch-bearers of the world of spirit and while they enlighten the earth with the knowledge of spiritual life and its laws, they do not make that life, nor do they control the destiny of the souls who enter it from any nation or sphere of earth, therefore, to regard them as saviors in any such sense as the Christian world teaches is to place them in a false position in the spiritual world, and retards the minds upon earth from receiving that light of the spirit which would make the work of the Buddhas of immense value to mortals.

For the Buddha-hood is not obtained by the mere belief that in its existence. India has had its principles taught for centuries, but its light comes not as in the days of Sakya nor do the priesthood of Benares or the rest of the nation dwell in that spiritual freedom that belongs to the spiritually illuminated. They, like the Christian priests of the west, are only in a reflected light from the written word, but the transcendent glory of a spiritual revelation of the eternal life is not shining upon them as it should and would were they free from the superstition of caste and dogma. There would be no cloud of ignorance and doubt to hang about the sacred altars were the ministrants at the altars as pure in their inner lives as their external garments symbolize, for the power

of the spirit comes to those only who are pure in spirit, and the Buddha-hood is given to such freely; it comes to those of any nation or people who seek its influence, but it comes not in the pride of caste or glory of earthly grandeur. Gautama attained it by self renunciation, and all souls who would have its pure light must live in its presence as though they stood in the sphere of Brahm to whom the darkness and the light are the same. The sons of Brahm who seek the Buddha-hood should not seek it in the spirit of pride or self-will. The Buddhas who teach are specially gifted by birth and spiritual instruction from the womb, but the Buddhas who are taught do not always receive this experience although they can obtain all its real benefits in their own lives and become fitted thereby to obtain a blessed entrance into the Nirvanian heaven.

The Christian is strenuous in his claims as to the monopoly of divinity in the form of an incarnated God, but not more so than the Brahminical cast of India, yet neither of them are ever likely again to impose their fabrications upon a world without serious criticism. In reality both are victims of a system of religious fraud that had its origin in the worst phases of priestly licentiousness, supplemented by spiritual power that belonged to the savage and barbarous period of the evolution of the race. That power is not entirely broken in some quarters of the spiritual world, and through its popes and priests in Christian nations serves to prevent the people from obtaining knowledge that would elevate the world above the power of such priestly fiction and obstinate dogmas.

It is this power in spirit that produces the extravagances of faith which generate fanaticism and make fetishism out of the very teachings which a more enlightened thought has sent into the world as an aid to assist the mentality there to rise to a higher plane. This power in spirit life should be discarded as instructors. Its doctrines ministered at the altars, however, could have shed more light upon the subject had they cared to do so, but they seemed to have maintained a judicious silence. The Christian cult has laid its foundation in the same theory as the heathen world as to the source of its embodied divinity.

It has always seemed incongruous to the Indian mind that the Christian missionary should insist so strenuously upon the divine paternity of Jesus and deny so persistently the incarnations of Brahma, Vishnu, or Christna. It has also seemed equally reprehensible to the philosophical thinker that what should be deemed so degrading and immoral in the character of the supreme Brahm is regarded in the Christian world as the most holy and benign work in which the divine power has manifested His will to the human race. If there is any truth in the principle of Aviatorship, certainly India has had priority of claim to its advantages, for all her greater reformers were regarded as incarnations of the divine essence centuries before the western nations centered their worship upon any one person as the only incarnation that had a basis of truth.

Upon the plane of priestly dogma the spiritual nature cannot have any realization of the great principles of spiritual fraternization. The mind

becomes narrow and dwarfed and its range of spiritual vision is limited by the boundaries of human definitions of the eternal power which has established the precedent conditions of all life. It even teaches that this power is deficient and unable to provide for the spiritual redemption of all its children, and limits the range of possible efforts of salvation to the brief period that marks earthly life, instead of recognizing the incomparable advantages that an eternity of existence rationally provides for the exaltation and fuller development of the spiritual nature. The dogmas of priestcraft have wilfully excluded this humane concept of the divine nature as heretical, and it has taught and is still teaching that the very life principle which enables the soul to become perfected in wisdom and goodness is a dangerous state of being to all who reject priestly interpretation of the Divine Will, or rather I should say priestly fabrications of a character that attributes to the eternal goodness the nature of a supreme Devil.

Deity is no respecter of persons. He is progressive in his laws of involution and evolution as well in the small as in the great. He grows in His manifestations. From briars, thorns and thistles are evolved more perfect growths; the same law is true of animals and men, from the savage to the civilized, from the infant races to the mature and perfected races of which the Buddhas are the highest type.

Forward, March! is the watchword of Deity, cycle after cycle, eon upon eon forever. The priesthood have absolutely no control over this law of evolution, therefore they are powerless

and impotent to arrest the growth of the infant races into the matured ones, and as the Sun passes onward through its Zodiac it manifests its influence differently through each sign, hence we have an eternal change of nature's vibrations that gives us an eternal manifestation of divine law manifested in mental growth and spiritual wisdom as well as in scientific and philosophical wisdom in the laws of Deity. The priesthood are as ignorant as children of the occult laws of nature, and in their conventions and councils they appear ridiculous in their childish statements of the methods of divine salvation. They have been tried and found wanting, the day of judgment is upon them, they are powerless to avert the blow they have invited by their venality and crime. Higher and better ideas of the Creator and His infinite creations are being taught to men; superstitions of every kind will ere long be relegated to a merciless oblivion by the higher and better types of mankind. By their fruits ye shall know them. This universal law of evolution proves to us that God is no respecter of persons. Wisdom says: "Thy will be done, not mine, O Lord!"

The great psychological crime of the age is being perpetrated by these religious hierarchies upon the subjective plane of life through the mediumistic mentality of the races upon earth. Just think of it! A whole race of people brought under the psychological influence of a religious universal movement by adepts in hypnotism and psychological law from the subjective plane of life. This is no miracle when we realize that all are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body nature

is and God the soul.

We all know of wireless telegraphy and its law of thought diffusion as applied all over the planet. Thought transference is the same law when applied through the human brain, therefore, wherever there is a brain to record the thoughts, be they good, bad or indifferent, the registry takes place. This is the reason for such diversity of thought upon every subject upon earth today. Those masters of psychological law can will their thoughts to control the great masses of mankind upon earth to do their will.

The New Thought movement is backed by this hierarchy, and they are determined to renew their lease of earthly rule over the races upon earth, if possible, both in religious and political matters. They are spiritual kings and rulers of the religious cult who belong to that past cycle of time that is called by occult science of today, "the childhood of the race" and this fully explains all that history records of their doings. This present cycle is that of the Man, hence men no longer worship priests or kings, therefore there is war in heaven regarding all subjects of rule. It is the Apocalyptic struggle between the woman and the beast spoken of in our bible. The beast wants everything regardless of justice or right, while the woman recognizes the rights of others, politically, religiously and financially, and she is doing her part nobly to bring about her ideas of a more humanitarian spirit of justice. We are living over today the history of King David and Saul, but removed from the physical to the mental planes of action. We are now in the greatest struggle that this earth

has ever witnessed and the conflict will be similar to those of the previous round of evolution.

This mental war is now raging the world over both on the subjective and objective planes of life. This appeal to the American people who love liberty and freedom better than life is intended to arouse them to a sense of their responsibilities, and to apprise them of their threatened danger. No man, saint or devil, has a right to control our mental organs to accomplish his will, and if we make this declaration strong enough they cannot do so. This mental force, like every other force in nature, will go in the channel of the least resistance and if counteracted by our will power it is thwarted in its mission.

Our fore-fathers fought for our mental and physical liberty and we owe it to our race to fight for our spiritual liberty and our united efforts will bring this about if not wholly for ourselves, for the generations to come. Our concerted, united will can break this psychological chain that these spiritual tyrants are projecting over the mentality of this planet.

Rally around the Stars and Stripes and mentally fight for your rights of spiritual and mental freedom on every subject, mental or spiritual. Take full control of yourselves and realize your God-given inheritance of salvation within each one for him or herself, thus proving that Christ is in us as an individual, the only redeemer or God that man can ever know. No matter what name we call this child, remember he is God's only begotten in us, through His own law of redemption manifesting His will to all men. Realize this and we

will know the truth which makes us free indeed.

Personally I have hopes and confidence in the free-born, liberty loving American people to defend and protect their own and their children's rights, if they can once be made to realize their great danger from this invisible foe. Remember we war not with flesh and blood, but against the powers and principalities of the air, which belong to a previous cycle of time—the dead past.

Mentally dismiss this spiritual hierarchy and forbid them to project into your mentality their thought, and the victory will be won and posterity will bless us as we bless our ancestry for our freedom, liberty and wealth. United we will conquer, but divided we will fall into the hands of our merciless enemies. It is mind and will force against a like force and it works like the engine, backward and forward but with vastly different results.

Forward, is our motto, therefore let us see to it that no backward movements are permitted. If we look backward, like Lot's wife, woe be unto us. Poor old Russia is being weighed in the balance and is found wanting; the oppression and tyranny of her rulers will be justly dealt with, and truth and right will come uppermost in time. These old rulers of kings and priests belong to a past cycle of time, and they must step down and out as nature's universal law of evolution demands this change, physically, mentally and spiritually, but the old rulers are determined to renew their lease of life upon this earth and have used and are using every means known to them, both fair and foul, to bring this about. Nor will they resign their offices to the

new incumbent until they are compelled to do so. So widespread are their means of warfare that they are hydra-headed and are known under many names. Every dogmatic sect and creed, by whatever name they are known, is made to do their work.

This is the great Psychological Crime against the whole race of mankind, no matter by what nationality he is known or what religion he may profess.

Think of it, my brother and sister, we are being hypnotized and mentally forced into circumstances and conditions that we would not agree to for one moment had we our free will and liberty of thought and action in the matter. Hurl defiance at this inhuman monster, and so sure as we do so unitedly the victory will be ours. Our spiritual liberty and the liberty of generations to come will be won. As an American citizen and an enfranchised soul upon this planet, I both warn and entreat you, one and all, to break your chains of mental and spiritual slavery, demand your God-given inheritance, liberty and freedom from tyrants of every kind on both the subjective and objective planes of life.

We have now the chance offered us and the way and means pointed out for this achievement, and I feel confident of our ultimate victory.

To stimulate your efforts and to encourage your hopes and allay your

fears, I will tell you that the countless^s hosts of purified souls that have passed beyond are arrayed in battle for our spiritual and mental deliverance. Believe in them, and in yourselves, and fight as you have never before fought for this glorious prize. Let your courage grow and glow into the sunlight of omnipotent truth. Know that there is no law for individuals apart from the whole race; we live and die as one organism and that is the great organism called Deity, Om, Brahm, the All in All Life. We reap what has been sown by those who have preceded us, and sow that which will be reaped by those who come after us and come face to face upon the subjective plane with our own creations, and must work out our own redemption which we will do as we gain knowledge and wisdom of the Tree of Life and Immortality.

The Great Fountain of Infinite Love and Wisdom from whose being we were differentiated into life's rivers that flow from the spiritual Sun from whom radiates and vibrates and pulsates every phase of life from mineral to man, from man to angel, and from angel on upward forever.

Our kingdom of God is within us. It is our consciousness of our true relation to the Infinite Life in whom we live, move and have our being.

A Napoleon of Finance.

BY J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

NAPOLEON overthrew the monarchies surrounding France as a child overthrows sandpiles because he evolved and used new tactics on every battlefield. He completely ignored all existing systems of warfare, planned his campaigns and fought his battles on lines devised by himself and made the world tremble at his victories.

In the present mad financial strife everywhere, when men are blindly piling up uncounted millions merely for the pleasure of acquisition the financier who, alone and unaided, can reach the front rank and then stride far in advance of it, must be a financial Napoleon. He can attain such success only by adopting the tactics of a Napoleon, throwing precedent to the winds and following his own genius where it leads him.

Forty-five years ago a boy was born in Chicago who was destined to play as great a part in the financial world as Napoleon did in the military. And his tactics are practically the same as those of the Corsican. They are all his own, not learned from books or borrowed from precedent. And like Napoleon his career has been one unbroken series of victories. Unlike Napoleon he need fear no Waterloo, for his financial genius has rendered that an impossibility.

George Wallbridge Perkins was not the kind of a boy most parents would choose for a son. While he had absolutely no bad habits he was not in the least studious and left school forever

at the age of seventeen. He was very athletic and fond of all athletic sports, especially base ball, and was always the captain of his nine.

His father was widely noted for his great philanthropy. He depended on life insurance for his bread and butter and gave to philanthropy everything he made above a living. His son has helped more thousands of men than he did scores but in an entirely different way. He gave them food and clothing but his son has created many thousands of chances for them to earn an abundance of both without an appeal to charity.

When his son was seventeen he took him from school and put him to work in his office. When George was twenty-three his father died leaving nothing but his good name and office furniture. In a day the boy became a man. He had his mother, sister and brother to support and he took his place at his father's desk and went to work.

His first move was to utterly discard old methods of doing business and introduce new ones of his own evolving. And he succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. His salary was \$1,200 a year at the beginning. At the end of a year he had made such a surprising success that he was offered a salary of \$7,500 a year to work for another man. He utterly refused to have any master but himself and accepted a salary of \$3,600 a year in a field where he was general-in-chief. His field was the state of Indiana and his position that of general agent for the state. Before

going to work he went to Kansas to settle his father's private affairs. Here he found a great field for insurance work and pitched into it completely ignoring his Indiana appointment. In a year his commissions and fees amounted to \$15,000. He was then twenty-six years old and the President of the company engaged his services at a salary of \$15,000 a year. But his career has been one unbroken success. At twenty-nine he was made third vice-president of the company—The New York Life—at a salary of \$25,000 a year. By the time he was thirty-nine it had risen to \$75,000 a year.

Then J. Pierpont Morgan wanted him as a partner in the great United States Steel Corporation and offered him \$125,000 a year and told him if that was not enough to name the salary he wanted. He was so deeply interested in the New York Life Insurance Company that he felt he could not honorably leave it then. For four years Mr. Pierpont sought to secure his services. Finally, without relinquishing his position in the New York Life he became a partner in the U. S. Steel Corporation and served both for awhile. Now he is connected with the Steel Corporation only and his compensation is not known but is probably the largest ever paid for the services of a single person.

The U. S. Steel Corporation is the greatest aggregation of capital the world has ever known. Its employees could furnish two armies the size of those that fought the battle of Waterloo and have a corps of 30,000, just the size of Blucher's, in reserve. They could furnish two armies the size of those that met at Gettysburg and have

a reserve of 50,000 left. The mills and factories of the Corporation, not counting streets and alleys, cover a territory 20 miles long and 6 miles wide and a strip 5 miles long and 1 mile wide in addition. Its 200,000 employes were organized when Mr. Perkins became its financial head and their strikes were costly to both them and their employers. Then the members of dozens of small companies it had absorbed were at sword's points with each other. Under the old competitive system they were always in a strife to secure business and it had engendered much hatred. To eliminate strikes and this hatred was the one great problem that engaged Mr. Perkins' attention. Capitalistic methods would not, could not do it, so he tried socialistic and succeeded. In addition to the salaries paid the owners and employees in the different plants he arranged matters so that all could become stock-holders entitled to all the dividends and profits of their stock. And the workers, the brawn and muscle of the concern, were given the preference over the better-paid officials—or they were made to believe they were. That is the stock was issued and sold to all the laborers who cared to buy, first. If they bought all the issue the officers got nothing. But, as the shares only cost the Corporation the trouble of printing them it is probable that no shortage has yet occurred. During the five years the plan has been in operation 72,531 employees of the Corporation have purchased stock but 25,739 have failed to complete payment leaving an army of 46,792 men in this one corporation that actually own a part of the machines they work at in-

stead of being entirely owned by them.

The plan has eliminated strikes and hard feeling, has made the employees much better contented and more efficient and practically cost the Corporation nothing as the shares were all sold at market prices.

In addition to his work in the U. S. Steel Corporation Mr. Perkins organized the International Harvester Trust and applied the same stock-selling, profit-sharing principle there and it has proved equally successful.

And he openly calls it Co-operation, though he would hardly admit that it is practical socialism, as far as it goes, but it is. In speaking of he says: "I believe that Co-operation, with proper

supervision and regulation, will solve many problems that have puzzled us in this era of changing and confused industrial methods. It is the sure path of the future. Competition is no longer the life of trade. It must yield to the higher, broader principle of Co-operation."

When the leading financier of America—if not of the world—speaks thus of Co-operation is it not time for all to commence studying it? If George W. Perkins, an unquestioned Napoleon of finance, finds in it a panacea for all industrial ills why should not everybody study it, learn it, and apply it wherever possible?



How to Win a Husband.

The following extracts from a lecture by Chas. M. Schwab, the Steel Trust magnate shows that all men, rich or poor, like real women best.

If his precepts were carried out the business of the divorce court would be seriously injured. It is in order now for some multi-millionairess to tell men how to get wives and what kind of a husband the average woman really prefers. But, after all, real manhood and womanhood, not education, wealth or polish, is what counts in all marriages that bring happiness to the contracting parties.

"Don't try for a career. Men do not like brilliant women.

"Don't adopt a business life. Man's love is won by the quiet housewife who can cook.

"Don't study Greek, Latin and the higher arts. The study of domestic science will win a husband when all else fails.

"Don't cultivate aggressive qualities. Gentleness is the most essential of all traits in woman.

"Don't despise sewing, cooking and homely accomplishments.

If you would really impress a man don't talk Ibsen or Maeterlink. Tell him instead that you can broil beef-steak, make prize coffee and darn socks to perfection."

The Rising of The Tide.

BY WALLACE GILMAN MINOR.

JUST a few words more regarding the Egos, and we must leave that phase of the subject until some later writing, for it is now our first desire to define where we are at and what the rising of this tide means to us: what it is necessary for us to know at this time in order that we may direct our efforts harmoniously and satisfactorily to secure the greatest benefits from the conditions existing for the next 900 years for while it is impossible to stem or prevent the tide, we can accomplish great good for ourselves by taking advantage of the conditions if we know what they are, and what they mean to us.

Sex is male and female; gender is masculine and feminine. Sex is gender in manifestation on the material plane. Thus we, on the animal plane, are sexed, requiring two to create, on this plane. But each of us, whether male or female, is double-gendered, the masculine or feminine predominating in one or the other. Angels are not sexed; they are masculine or feminine, representing the two qualities of the Egos, manifesting on the spiritual plane. Among the Egos, themselves, there exists a relation for which we as yet have no name, but which is as strong in attraction on their plane as all the love combined between masculine and feminine, male and female, that we can possibly conceive, and in that Ego-Love lies the power to create worlds, etc., by manifesting. From this we get the inception that "God is Love," for Love is the Creative Power.

The point is right here: until we develop in our material manifestation to the exalted condition wherein we may comprehend and exercise this creative Ego love, we shall not have attained to the "image in the Idea"—the Ideal, "in our image and after our likeness." That, when attained and developed, will constitute the 8th sense, which is the first of the five Ego senses. In the perfected ideal—the perfect man—will be exercised twelve senses. When that is accomplished all will be mated.

But all manifestation is in the line of progress, from lower to higher, and before we can realize that higher Matehood in the Ego we must first discover true matehood on the lower planes. We can't jump to it, we must grow—up—into—it.

The Solar system of worlds in general, and this planet especially, for the present is our workshop, and it behooves us now to take a look at the plans and specifications inasmuch as they relate to this part of the general structure. Let us keep this constantly before our minds: all things without exception compensate. Whether of Time or Being, there is always Balance—Equalization—Justice. In the same measure and to the same degree as the scales tip to one side, so they must inevitably dip to the other side, for Compensation is the Law, This will continue throughout all lines of Effort until that Law is fully and completely filled in the perfected manifestation of the ideal, and we find Equipoise.

Being moves in Circles.

Time moves in Cycles.

Space don't move—is merely agitated.

- All is Vibration.

The smallest atom of which we are cognizant is in motion, Planets are but atoms in the universe. The orbit of the moon around the earth is a vibration of being. The portion of Now that is consumed or occupied in passing round this orbit is a vibration of time. These are correlative vibrations. So it is with the earth around the sun, and one trip of the sun through the 12 zodiacal signs, or 25,920 earth years, is but one vibration of the sun's being, and, correlatively of solar time. We might call it a solar year, as we term one revolution of this planet one earth year. The quickest way for millionaires to count money is to get it into 100 or 1,000 or 10,000 dollar bills. So the simplest way for us to compute the more extensive periods of time is to grasp the larger vibrations and count first by solar years, centuries, etc. Then we have a solar year as one cycle of time and earth revolutions are sub-cycles. We have high tides and low tides, and tidal waves. Every solar year we have a high tide. *That is coming now*, and it is up to us to make it a tidal wave if we choose. Let it destroy the old and worn out tenements of our former opinions and beliefs; we are ready to occupy new quarters in higher conditions. We have finer and better material to build with than ever before, and a still higher class of architects are coming among us, with more advanced teaching from the Christ sphere.

Vibration is of three kinds: spiral,

zig zag and rotative. The motion of the earth on its axis is rotative, giving us the vibration of time called day and night. All rotative vibrations are day and night vibrations. That is, one rotation is a day and night. A rotation of being is a day and night of being, while, correlatively, a rotation of time is a day and night of time, and, by our rule of grasping the larger vibrations we may bring within our comprehension a still greater cycle comprising many centuries of solar years, beyond reach of our numerical computations, and which we denominate One Creative Day. This "Day," in the larger vibrations, constitutes the lifetime of this planet. Time with the Egos is measured only by events. The creation of earth, from the beginning to perfection of the ideal, is with them an event, and as they measure time, is but a day and night.

Right here is where the supreme law—Compensation—becomes most manifest and apparent. Vary as they may, day and night are always equal. Mid-day and midnight are directly opposite. Every day has its forenoon, high noon, and afternoon. In the Day which constitutes the lifetime of this planet, we have almost completed the forenoon. At the time of high water on this incoming tide the hands of the dial will point to high noon. Figuratively and comparatively speaking it is only 9 minutes to 12 o'clock. Just time enough, boys, for us past "Lords of Creation," to brush up a little, put on clean collars, and be introduced to our sisters, the future Queens of Creations," as will be shown in our next.

(Continued in our Next.)

THE MOUNTAIN PINE

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GEO. B. LANG, Editor and Manager.

Has Judge K. M. Landis commenced a new era in dealing with capitalistic criminals? His fine of \$29,240,000 imposed on the Standard Oil Company is at least ten times greater than any ever imposed. The crime consisted in making a special rate of 6 cents per 100 pounds with the Chicago & Alton railroad for the shipment of kerosene when the legal rate was 18 cents. This enabled the Standard Oil Company to sell its product \$2.40 per ton cheaper than any rival and still clear as much money on each ton as they did. And this enabled it to ruin any rival company whenever it desired.

Can it pay this enormous sum? Yes, without feeling it. During the past ten years its yearly dividends were \$40.40 a share or a total of \$404,000,000 in cash. And this was in addition to the princely salaries it paid its many officials, and the vast sums it spent for new refineries, new oil lands and pipe laying. And the Standard Oil people are very large stockholders in many other trusts and receive an income from their stocks and bonds probably at least equaling the one they receive from the Standard Oil Stock so they can pay several such fines without inconvenience.

Can it be collected? Perhaps. It possesses the largest oil refinery in the world in Indiana where the crime was committed. The value of this refinery is said to be \$50,000,000 and no reason is known why it cannot be sold if nec-

essary, to satisfy the law's demand. If it has to pay it will not be out anything. There will be a rise in the price of oil, a tax will be levied on every user of kerosene in America and they will pay the fine.

What effect will the fine have on the other gigantic corporations who are only multi-millionaire anarchists, who know no law but their own sweet wills? If its payment is enforced, if law and justice finally win and establish a precedent it may be the beginning of the end of the trust rule. But if some higher court reverses Judge Landis the result will give the corporations a greater contempt for our laws than they now have and make them greater anarchists.

In studying the recent Standard Oil trial in Chicago one finds much food for thought. For instance the Chicago & Alton road hauled many thousand carloads of oil for it at a freight rate of 6 cents per hundred pounds or 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds for a cent. And this rate paid the railroad a profit or it would not have been given to its largest shipper. If kerosene can be shipped at that rate why cannot other things be handled nearly, or quite, as cheaply?

All over the Southland millions of pounds of wild fruit, especially blackberries, go to waste each year because it cannot be shipped to northern localities where it is needed for food. Freight rates are prohibitive. Sup-

pose the people could get a rate of 18 cents a hundred pounds, the rate fixed by the Elkins law—not 6 cents as the Standard Oil got—would not this wasted southern fruit go north in countless carloads each summer? And there would be many millions of dollars paid out in the south for gathering it and many thousands of homes made happy by eating it in the north.

And this is only one of numberless instances where the people would gain immensely from such rates.

Education is becoming more and more practical all the time. Forty-eight years ago an agricultural college was started in a western state and the major part of its six year course consisted of Greek and Latin, Rhetoric and the higher mathematics. Of course no farmer would dream of putting in a crop of corn or wheat without a thorough knowledge of Greek and Latin. But Professor P. G. Holden, of the Iowa Agricultural College has demonstrated that there are other things fully as important. After several years hard work he has learned the farmers of his state to use common sense in selecting their seed corn. That is he has taught them to have a definite idea of a perfect ear of corn and to select for seed only such ears as approach as close to that idea as possible. As a result the corn crop of 1906 was increased 37,775,840 bushels or four bushels per acre. The cash value of the increase, at 33 cents a bushel, was \$12,345,027. Iowa's gain on that one crop will equal all her agricultural college has ever cost her.

But it has educated the farmers in stock-raising, in dairying, in the prof-

duction of all kinds of crops and its good work has only just begun.

And the same results are being attained in all other states. Dry land farming is being given special attention at our agricultural college. Many varieties of grain suitable for the uplands have been distributed by it, improved methods of farming and stock-raising have been taught and the state is realizing about 100 per cent on its agricultural college investment every year.

It was a Kansas boy trained in her agricultural college that in reality gave the United States the Smyrna fig and in doing it gave his country a fruit crop whose value each year amounts in dollars and cents to half a dozen times the cost of the college.

The Smyrna fig tree was taken from Asia Minor to California where it grew as well as in its homeland but would not bear fruit. Two men were sent by the U. S. Department of Agriculture to Smyrna to learn what was necessary to make it bear. They failed and a boy whose brains had been developed by the Kansas State Agricultural College was sent. He got work in the orchards and went to studying the problem. Finally he found that the almost invisible fig flowers were fertilized by a very small wasp that lived upon their honey and carried the pollen from flower to flower while satisfying its appetite. He captured some and took them to California, turned them loose in the fig orchards there and today the Smyrna fig is rapidly taking rank as one of the state's best and most profitable fruit crops.

Greek and Latin no longer occupy a

place in the curriculum of the farmer's school. Common sense prevails now and the students receive the education most fitting for an active, practical life on the farm or elsewhere. And no money invested anywhere returns larger profits to the nation than the money spent in maintaining our agricultural colleges and schools.

A press despatch states that 500,000 western retail merchants have declared a war of extermination on Sears, Roebuck & Co., Montgomery Ward, and other mail order houses. We remember that in 1832, or thereabouts, the sans culotte of Paris rose in their wrath against a villain who had invented a sewing machine and established a factory for the manufacture of army uniforms. The people destroyed the machines and ran the inventor out of France. Did they accomplish anything? No, and their descendants blush when they read in history of their foolishness. We remember, also, how the railroad was fought when it was introduced in England. But it is impossible to put a brake on the wheels of progress.

The small merchants have just cause for alarm for their day is rapidly passing. Whether the mail order house is right or wrong, a benefit or a nuisance does not matter. Its era has dawned and it is here to grow, flourish and increase.

Who are the Socialists? A very few years ago the mere mention of the Initiative and Referendum and Imperative Mandate was sufficient to brand a man as a socialist and anarchist and to procure for him unlimited scorn and

contempt. Now the good republican state of Oregon has the Initiative and Referendum, the republican city of Des Moines, Iowa, has it in her new scheme of government to go into effect on the second day of next March. And both the Initiative and Referendum and the Imperative Mandate are included in the charter of Los Angeles, California. In that city the *people* can have any ordinance they desire submitted to a vote of *themselves* by a petition signed by 15 per cent of the legal voters. And they can fire from office any city official by a petition of 25 per cent of the voters at any time. And to make it still more horrible a lot of patriotic citizens of Los Angeles have put up \$10,000 in cold cash as a permanent fund to secure the enforcement of both these laws. Can it be possible that the people of Los Angeles are contemplating real self-government?

Most of our readers have read of the great strike now in progress in the Mesaba iron district **but not one** in a hundred, we feel sure, **has the** remotest idea of where it is located, though it is the largest and richest iron district in the world.

Duluth is at the extreme west end of Lake Superior. Perhaps a hundred miles further west, in the state of Minnesota, is a range of pine clad sand hills, the Mesaba range. In them is the richest, most remarkable and most valuable iron deposit in the world.

It was discovered over twenty years ago. Its discoverers were laughed at, ridiculed and called crazy for insisting that the hills of yellow sand were iron ore, and only convinced the world af-

ter a hard struggle that there was untold millions of wealth lying ready for man's use there among the pines.

Some of the iron beds are two miles long, half a mile wide and of unknown depth though they have been penetrated to the depth of several hundred feet. A railroad extends to them, switches are built out on them and the ore, which looks like ordinary yellow sand, is loaded by steam shovels. A shovel worked by eight men loads ten tons a minute, or a ton and a quarter per minute per man. It costs 12 cents a ton on the car and there is a royalty of 25 cents a ton, making the total cost 37 cents a ton. About \$18,000,000 worth is mined annually and seven thousand men, almost entirely Finns and Italians, are employed. One of the most beautiful cities of the world has sprung up out there in the wilderness. Its electric lights, grand theatre and fine department stores have made

it the wonder of all who have visited it.

Regarding the merits of the strike we know nothing. It is being fiercely fought on both sides and is seriously crippling the Iron industry and causing great loss to hundreds of thousands of people not in any way connected with it.

A poem in this issue by one of our associate editors, Capt. Gilbert P. Brown, of Boston, Mass., is written especially for *The Mountain Pine*, "The Veteran's Return," is from a scene laid at the home of a gallant soldier of 1861-65. The location is a rural spot in the "Pine Tree State." Friend Brown is a member of the Sons of Veterans, a 32nd degree Mason and a contributor to many popular journals throughout our great country. As an editorial and Masonic writer he has an international reputation.



NATURE LOVERS.

A nature lover ventured once
To write a little screed;
Then other lovers called him dunce—
Their mildest term, indeed,
For nature lovers love the beast,
Regard the bird as brother,
But never, never in the least
Show love for one another.

Philadelphia Ledger.

THE SPECIALIST.

We have specialists to fix our eyes.
Our teeth and fingers, too,
And specialists who cure our ills
When we are sick and blue.
Now wouldn't it be a glorious thing,
And something well worth while,
If a specialist would come along
To teach mankind to smile?

Liberator.

Little Merchants Organize to Fight Big Ones.

BY J. H. BEARRUP. . . .

THE day of the little merchant is passing as fast as that of the freighter when the railroads came, but he can't see it yet.

You, Consumer and Producer, this is not your fight, it is an economic question and condition in which the old must give way to the new. It is a matter of evolution in which you must step in and take *your* place and claim *your* rights. They are, to keep your raw products in your own hands a little longer by owning the machines and putting your products into a more convenient form for exchange, thereby getting the *full* product of your *labor* instead of giving *toll*.

A Chicago Press dispatch states that 500,000 retail merchants of the country have organized a Home Trade League to systematically wage war upon the so called Mail Order Houses. Do you know what this war is to be about? It is to be about your patronage. You see that they are worrying to see who shall get your profits, they would not fight if it was not for what they can make out of your patronage.

While they are fighting Mr. Mach-

ine owner just laughs, because he don't care where you sell or in what market you buy. He takes his toll just the same, and *you* Mr. Producer, Consumer and Wage Worker, *you* pay it.

Now do not be fooled by either of them. Your only escape lays in your attending to your own business and that, in your owning the machines and making your own necessities, PURE and GOOD.

That is just what the Rio Grande Woollen Mills Co. (Co-operative) of Albuquerque, New Mexico, is doing. Come, Join us, and let them fight it out amongst themselves. They have not got sense enough to know that you will not stand and be robbed by the Trusts (the machine owners) by buying their products from either the little or big exploiters, located at the cross roads or in a commercial center. Co-operation is the watch word. Our Co-operative Manufacturing plans is Progressive co-operation that co-operates and will be sent to you free at your request.

"UNCLE JOHNNY."



The Spirit Land.

BY KATHERYNE CLARKE.

There's a realm of ethereal being,
Where my soul oft times will flee,
And my spirit bathe in the waters
Of the shining Soul Land sea.

Silent and voiceless the Soul Land;
Yet forms of earth's vanished press
So near that I feel their dear presence
And hands oft my forehead caress.

In this mystical Realm of the spirit,
Enshrouded and wrapt as the seers,
I sense the sweet perfume of flowers
And the thrill of the infinite spheres.

I feel the soft kiss of a lost one,
The clasp of a dear spirit hand,
And oh, 'tis a foretaste of heaven,
Of the bliss of the blessed soul land.



EUGENICS FOR SEPTEMBER.

"SLAUGHTER OF BABES IN CHICAGO." Raymond Parnell, M. D. writes of the "Fifty thousand criminal operations every year in this city—and their cause.

THEODORE SCHROEDER considers the question "WHY DO PURISTS OBJECT TO SEX DISCUSSIONS?"

Under the title "VOTES FOR WOMEN" George Bedborough writes of the play by that name, which has created such a sensation in London; also other matter of interest relative to the Woman Movement in England.

In "CLIMATOLOGY," Its Bearing upon Eugenics, Joseph Steiner, Ph. D. discusses questions raised by Prof. Edgar L. Larkin's "Appalling State of Affairs" in July Eugenics.

"INSTRUCT THE YOUTH" is the title of Hulda L. P. Loomis' contribution.

"THE NUDE IN JAPAN" is the subject of a paper by S. R. Shephard, in which he analyzes the difference between the viewpoints of the Japanese and American mind in relation to sex.

E. C. WALKER discusses the "UNWRITTEN LAW" and its application in recent cases—the Thaw in New York, the Loving in Virginia and the Birdsong in Louisiana.

"RIGHT MARITAL RELATIONS." Under this caption F. E. Binney criticizes J. M. Crane's article on "The Reproduction of the Unfit" in July Eugenics, and Mr. Crane rejoins.

"SANITY, CEREMONY AND LOVE" are analytically considered by James Armstrong.

MOSES HARMAN, the editor, supplies a condensation of a lecture on "Marriage" which he recently delivered in Los Angeles, comments on some new books and "Los Angeles Notes."

There is an allegorical sketch, "TWO TALES" by Hugh Mann, a poem by Ernest Winne; "The Young People," (department); many letters, criticisms, etc.

Ready August 15. Sixty-four pages and cover. Standard magazine size. One dollar a year—ten cents a copy.

Order of your newsdealer or of the publisher.

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton St., Chicago.

CRYSTOLA THE BEAUTIFUL.

Thirty-eight years ago when Denver was only a pretentious village, before the birth of Colorado Springs or Manitou, when Cripple Creek was only a cow pasture, there journeyed from Chicago toward the setting sun, a man of middle age in years but old in the great field of life where in politics and business he was known as a leader. With Lincoln and Ingersoll he had helped to form the Republican party. With Peter Cooper, Chase and Weaver he left it when it, as he believed, departed from the broad field of equal rights.

From Chicago where for years he had been one of her leading business men, where for eight years he had served his city and state as a member of the legislature, Henry Clay Childs came into the famous and historic Ute Pass, and selecting a broad place between the mountain ranges which form the sides of the Pass settled down to his life work in earnest.

Selecting a most charming site where the mountains of the Rampart and Pike's Peak ranges meet, he built his home, constructed a laboratory in which he scientifically tested the mineral he found and diligently gathered together an estate of 2,000 acres, rich in mineral resources. The Colorado Midland Railway traverses this tract and a station and platform where passengers and freight can be received is maintained throughout the year. The station is known as Crystola and is situated between Green Mountain Falls and Woodland Park.

CRYSTOLA

Is in the heart of the Ute Pass at an elevation of 8,000 feet, and is 10 miles from Manitou, 13 miles from Colorado City where the great mills for the reduction of Cripple Creek and Leadville ores are located, and 16 miles from Colorado Springs the third city in size in the state. The townsite is located in a comparatively level spot surrounded on all sides by mountains covered with pine, spruce and aspen. The water supply for the townsite is taken from a mountain stream fed by everlasting springs. Fountain Creek traverses the central portion of the Crystola holdings, which

comprise 2,000 acres all held either by virtue of United States patent or by virtue of the mining laws of the United States. A fertile valley produces, without irrigation, large crops of wheat, oats, potatoes, and vegetables except cucumbers, tomatoes and melons. The hills and dales are covered with luxuriant grasses. The fuel and water supply is inexhaustible.

The title to this tract, with its great deposits of Lime, Native Marble, Gold and Silver ore, Jasper, Onyx and building stone is vested in the Crystola Brotherhood Town, Mines and Milling Company, a corporation chartered under the laws of Colorado, capital stock \$600,000, fully paid and non-assessable. Of this stock \$175,000 is still in the treasury and of the remainder Mr. Childs, the founder, holds 60 per cent, which controlling interest will be vested in a board of 9 trustees and will be by them used in practical humanitarian purposes in accordance with the expressed wish of the donor.

The appointment of the 9 trustees has been legally arranged and 5 of the 9 have been legally named as a provisional committee to assist in the development of the several enterprises which will be located at Crystola. This committee consists of Geo. B. Lang and Dr. W. J. Hood, of Crystola, Colo., Leo Vincent of Boulder, Colorado, A. Scott Bledsoe, Station C. Topeka, Kansas, and John D. Vail, of Marshalltown, Iowa. These five will also be members of the board of Trustees when the board is finally named. Sylvester Brower is secretary and Geo. B. Lang chairman of this committee of five.

The present development consists of the Crystola, Porphyry, Sandstone, Fountain, Free Coinage, Morton, Cabin and Iron Mountain Tunnels. The Cabin and Iron Mountain tunnels have been leased to the Crystola Leasing and Development Company, capital \$50,000, for five years at a net royalty of 10 per cent of all ores marketed. This company is now taking out ores.

The Crystola Paint Company, capital \$100,000, is preparing to manufacture paint, while a company is in process of formation for the manufacture of lime.

The Crystola Publishing Company, capital \$10,000. Owns a first-class printing plant and publishes monthly The Mountain Pine, now in its second year with a large subscription list and growing rapidly.

The Crystola Mercantile Company has a storebuilding, with hall above, and carries a general stock of groceries and provisions.

The Hotel Abbott, Mrs. Mattie Martin proprietor, has accom-

modations for 30 guests and furnishes first class rooms and board at popular prices. The hotel is open the year round.

The Colorado Midland Railway has a station at Crystola, the Adams Express Company an agency, long distance telephone connections, and an application for a money order postoffice is now in Washington.

A school district has been agreed upon and a public school will be maintained here.

The Colorado College Faculty has its permanent summer camp here as has also private parties from Kansas City, Missouri. Individuals from several states also make this their summer home.

The Inter Mountain Camp Association has chosen a site at Crystola and, beginning with next year, will hold a summer camp annually. Write A. Scott Bledsoe, Station C, Topeka, Kansas, regarding this.

The plan is to make Crystola a thought center, gathering here in this favored spot the highest and best of the thinkers and workers of the country. The plan is individualistic. We believe in Co-operation but realize that Voluntary Co-operation is the only successful kind. Every inducement and advantage is given to co-operators, but those who desire to "go it alone" have also an equal chance so far as natural resources are concerned.

It is intended to develop as fast as possible the great mineral resources and the vast industrial possibilities of Crystola, to the end that remunerative labor may be had for those who do the world's work.

A town site has been platted, lots 50x140 feet, streets 60 feet, and lots are sold at \$100 each, either cash or \$25 cash, balance \$5 or \$10 per month, without interest. When lot is paid for purchaser receives a warranty deed, absolute clear title, and, in addition, he is presented with 100 shares of stock in the parent company none of which is sold for less than par. And the proceeds from the sale is turned into the treasury and spent in the development of the property. Crystola will be the only town in Colorado, so far as we know, which will furnish free water on the town site. The water system agreed upon and ordered by the board of directors will consist of a complete water system for the town and no water tax is contemplated.

Crystola has no salaried officers and all money received from the different sources is expended upon the property.

The entire estate is free from all liens, taxes or incumbrances

whatsoever, the title is perfect and the fullest investigation is courted. From Colorado Springs you can reach Crystola on the train leaving the Union depot at 12:15 P. M., or on the train from the Rio Grande depot at 6:45 P. M. During the summer season a train leaves the Rio Grande depot at 9 A. M. Freight to Crystola must be prepaid. Trains stop here on signal.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

Crystola has a number of good business propositions which will net the investor handsome dividends and which can be handled with a very limited amount of capital. We have unusual facilities for the manufacture of Artificial Stone, for making Pressed and Common Brick, for manufacturing a Cement that will answer for paving and sidewalks, for the making of Paint, for the making of articles requiring Marble and Onyx. for the manufacture of Lime, and also have as many as twenty known good mining prospects some of which cannot fail, unless all indications are at fault, and much of the 2,000 acres of Crystola has never been prospected

It is the purpose of the Crystola movement to extend to all investors whether organized as partnerships or incorporated companies, the very best concessions commensurate with good business principles. It will pay you if you desire to engage in any of these or kindred pursuits to visit Crystola. We have the raw material, we have the transportation facilities, we are close to the fuel beds, we have within easy reach a permanent and remunerative market for all the products mentioned.



A word about the townsite. It is beautifully laid out, Residence lots are 50x140 feet, streets are 60 feet wide except hillside streets which are 40, alleys are 20 feet. Clear, unincumbered title, warranty deed. and with each lot we present to you \$100, par value of the stock of the parent or Crystola Company and then your \$100 which you pay for the lot goes into the general fund and is wisely and economically expended for the good of the entire estate. The Company is legally incorporated and is governed by a board of directors and is strictly a business institution run on strict business principles. No one cares what your politics or religion is, what your profession or life calling is, if you want a home in the most beautiful spot in the Rocky Mountains, where the everlasting hills cast their welcome shadows in summer and rear their massive bulk as a protection from the winter's icy blast; where the

fragrant pine and spruce give healing balm to the sick in body; where the pure air of heaven, the blue sky and the perpetual sunshine bid the weary in spirit look up and be glad; where rivulets of pure spring water make music unceasingly and where the great Father has placed the precious metals to reward the toil of the miner, come to Crystola the beautiful. We will bid you welcome and whether you elect to become one of us or not, your visit will be appreciated, and your stay made as pleasant as possible.

For Particulars and further information address,

EDWIN S. BROWER,

CRYSTOLA (Green Mountain Falls) Colo. Secretary.

The Veteran's Return.

BY GILBERT PATTEN BROWN.

The old man sat on a rustic seat,
With his grandson at his knee;
And told of the fights—"ne'er a retreat

I made in the war," said he.

Across his brow ran a purple streak,
His right sleeve empty and frayed,
Recalled the sad night at "Bloody
Creek,"

When the Southern foe was stayed.

He marched throughout the entire
war,

He'd sing and then kneel in prayer;

Ne'er heeding the bullets, or cannon's roar—

When heeded was always there.

On his return to the mountain side,

Said he, "I'll till the soil as before."

His old neighbors in unison cried:
"Thrice welcome, the war is o'er.

"Your Grandmother was waiting for
me,

To win her was ever my goal—

With her arms outstretched: 'darling,' said she,

From the bottom of her soul.

"Always fight for the weak and oppressed—

Be just, my boy, and you'll see—
Give them your right arm, if for the best,

They can't take your soul," said he.

Boston, Aug. 20.



Victory is in Sight.

Farmers and Laborers give up Fighting each other and Unite to establish Justice and destroy Trusts without raising the price of Raw Materials, Wages, Finished Products, or meddling with Politics.

AT TOPEKA, August 15th, the Kansas American Federation of Labor unanimously adopted the following resolutions, thereby accepting the omnipotence of Warehouse Certificates and Pro Rata profit sharing, uniting to help in operating a force unknown in History:

“WHEREAS, the Farmers Educational and Co-operative Union of America adopted at their convention, May 23, 1907, the following Preamble:

(1) “The object of the Kansas State Union of the Farmers Educational and Co-operative Union of America is to establish and conduct any lawful business that will, as far as possible, through volunteer co-operation, secure to every man a chance to exercise his natural right to work and control his own product.

(2) This object shall be sought:

(A) By the use of warehouses, warehouse certificates and terminal exchanges and manufactories.

(B) By the pro rata sharing of all the profits arising from the manufacture and sale of all manufactured goods; and the basis of such pro rata division of all profits shall be the market value of the farm or other raw material used,—the market value of the labor required to produce the finished product,—the money paid by any person for the purchase of any manufactured goods,—and the interest on the capital necessary to establish and conduct the business.

(C) By direct exchange of goods between Farmers Unions and Labor Unions by the use of their respective Union Labels.

(D) By the co-operative purchase or sale of goods in quantity and by any other means deemed wise by the Union.”

WHEREAS: The Farmers of America being the producers of all the raw materials and the tradesmen of the various crafts being the producers of the finished product that is put on the market for sale, it behooves all to co-operate, so that in the end the producers will receive the full value of their products.

WE, Your Committee, recommend that this convention endorse the Preamble of the Kansas Farmers Educational and Co-operative Union, and that this convention instruct the President of the Kansas State Federation of Labor to confer, co-operate and assist the Business Agent of the State Farmers Union in immediately establishing their proposed system of co-operation, and

WHEREAS: The Trusts have heretofore robbed the Farmers with small prices, the laborer with small wages, and both of them by selling back to them at exorbitant prices the things which they have produced, neither owns, and each must have, it is self-evident that the workers cannot rise up and enter a state where each will be free to work and control his own product without the aid of a powerful Jour-

nal devoted exclusively to the interests of co-operation and

WHEREAS: For the first time in the history of the labor movement the Farmer and the Laborer now stand before the world as economic and industrial brothers, and

WHEREAS: The President and Secretary and many other members of the Farmers Union of Kansas are now working to establish a co-operative Journal under the Union label to dis-

seminate labor and co-operative news and keep the friends of our cause in touch with each other,

THEREFORE: Your committee recommends that the Delegates to this body and all Union labor members unite in helping to establish and push this Journal to a success worthy of our great movement.

JAMER BUTLER,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.



The Banner of Peace

BY EDWIN S. BROWER.

All hail to our beautiful banner of
peace,

Unfurl it on land and sea,
Till wars and rumors of wars shall
cease,

And the nations of earth are free.
War is hell, has been wisely said,

Why then that power prolong?
Have all the arts of peace been tried,
In our contest with the wrong?

We are told of a time that must surely
come,

In the eons yet to be,
When the balance of Justice shall
move for all,

And the toilers of Earth are free.
Free in the manhood that makes for

peace,

And the womanhood fair to see,
With an equal right in the world of
work,

And a truth that love sets free.

God speed the right, and hail, all
hail,

To our banner of new device,
And hasten the day that the olive
branch

Finds Freedom, above all price.

All hail to our banner of peace and
love,

Unfurl it on land and sea,
Till wars and rumors of wars shall
cease,

And the nations of earth are free.

Intellectualism Without Intuition.

BY P. O. CHILSTROM.

OLD Intellectualism with Materialism only to rest on, whilst perhaps satisfying to some to some, thinkers, investigators and scientists, does not today satisfy the minds and souls of those who seek occult truths.

The occult, the hidden, the unseen, are the true and potent forces in all Nature and these require and call for all there is in man, brain-intellect and soul-intuition combined.

As said by a noted teacher of today :

“There have been and ever will be two individualized, opposed, intelligent forces, producing discord when out of true relationship—without which life would be a blank and cease—being purposeless and useless.”

These paired forces are familiarly known as *Spirit* and *Matter*, *Light* and *Darkness* the positive and negative, and on the planes of human life. *Good* and *Evil*. Spirit cannot manifest itself except through matter; and matter non-impregnated by spirit is inert and lifeless. Strength and life are qualities of Spirit to lift up, sustain; while the qualities of matter are stagnation, inertia, weight, to bear down, depress.

During modern times, and from time to time in the world's past history, these have been out of adjustment and at war, until one or the other has become the inner controlling thought-force over large areas and at crucial periods, even over the whole world. Then it culminates by embodying and

expressing itself through a ready-at-hand, towering, commanding, Personalized Intelligence, competent to focus, control and direct this force culmination of centuries, as it breaks bonds for dominion.”

If the foregoing be of true conception, be the fact and truth, and the writer with his present light believes that it is, then it follows that a pursuit of one of these Forces, to the ignoring and exclusion of the other, is a vain and misleading course, in seeking to solve the Universal Facts and Truth of Nature. “There is but one eternal, universal law” This is a wonderful period in the world's stage of evolution and ripenment. The best thought from the best minds, expressed in thousands of ways through that ready hand-maid of the mind—the press—is in accord in recognition of this fact, that cyclicly, evolutionary, by means of a returning tide that has been 25,000 years in running out and coming back again, we have entered and are rising with an upliftment of Psychic Light. And it must revolutionize all other thought-modes up to the present, all systems and creeds, liberate the minds and souls of mankind, planting it on a higher plane, in a clarified atmosphere, a widened horizon and a clear-seeing such as not enjoyed since the commencement of our descent into the cyclical trough of obscurity.

This is a stupendous thought, carrying with it stupendous possibilities.

Is it true? Study the matter for yourself, without bias, *without fear of anything*, and then take careful observations, and the chances are your prior superstition, ignorance, hardshell egotism—all, will have been smashed and ground to powder, and, like a child convinced of former grave error, you will stand shame-faced but penitently ready to accept acknowledge and be governed by what you have learned.

Viewed with psychic sight, the effort on the part of so many bright and able minds of materialistic conception and trend only, who are today seeking mathematically and otherwise to account for the presence of a *force* by them yet undetermined—a force which they can no longer deny, being earnest and honest with themselves—but which they as yet feel called on to insist is only a more sublimated matter-manifestation and that only, is a sight of pathetic interest, and it goes to prove how often we must go through the lesson of *how not to do it*, before we learn the simple right method.

This brings us back to where we started in this article.

You cannot mow with only the handle of the scythe. Neither will the scythe without the handle serve you in your effort at harvesting a vast field. In other words you must get back to, or up to, an equipoised, material, intelligent instrument to which is firmly coupled the keen Intuitiveness of the Soul with its higher, aye, illimitable powers.

Then first may you hope to deal accurately with that wonderful combination in all the universal things that we are, *the combination of Matter and Spirit*.

The latest reduction and sub-division of the *occult force* which our materialistic friends of more brainal development and keen intellectuality still insist must be matter only, is what that eminent scientist Professor Larkin calls *corpuscles*, of which, he says, if you make a row an inch long placed side by side it takes 12,500,000,000,000. This number is 12 trillions, 500 billions. One corpuscle is so light, he says, that the number required to weigh one Troy grain is 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, or 100 septillions.

Query? If you conceive the possibility of making even greater sub-division, even to the multiplying of these vast, and to the human mind uncomprehensible, figures by themselves how much nearer are you to having arrived at the true quality in and operating through even such a divided corpuscle of a corpuscle than you were at the outset?

You are still up against the same proposition of "What s it?" This and nothing more. Stupendous calculations such as these no doubt constitute a gymnastic, brainal exercise, tending to yet more sharpen the intellect, and to overwhelm with awe the millions upon millions of earth's common people, some of whom have not yet even heard that there are about 50 mathematicians in the world of today who can outfigure all the other people of Earth. But what of that?

The wonderful, accurate, and manifold discoveries as to material conditions and movements and positions of the heavenly bodies is a grand showing of advanced thought, advanced minds,

The world's people in common owe

to these faithful souls, these untiring and ever-searching minds. a lasting gratitude for an invaluable service.

This only, we wish to add, that no scientist, leaving out of consideration the fact that Universal Intelligence, Spirit, moves through, actuates, governs, all that is, can hope to solve Nature's riddle further than by giving with a high degree of accuracy the result of *spirit action* through all that he deals with. He still knows not *why all this is*, what its direction, control and life *for this is spirit*.

Let science multiply discovery upon discovery, until all that it can show today in the way of actual knowledge of the *mechanism* of all things universal is but a primer of what is ahead, and yet, until there has been added the Spirit to all this, we have been given but a detailed description, with measurements of the parts, of a stupendous machinery found in motion and capable of most wondrous results, but of which they know, or profess to know, nothing of what drives it all.

Assume that science, material science, has not yet mastered one millionth part of what there is to be learned, and this would seem a modest assumption in view of what material science has already learned, and then the same question stands by it unanswered,

which is, WHY?

Why, and by What, was all this brought about?

What is the *object* of it all? What and Whose purpose does it serve? What is to be done with the whole thing when analyzed and summed up to its fullest extent.

Come, ye wise ones, give answer to this, for it is the question in every mind and soul on Earth. Don't evade, don't try to throw us off by a display of your wondrous knowledge and grasp of the mechanism and the mechanical action.

Admit all you say, and more, infinitely more, yet to be learned and advanced by you, and still the question stands unanswered. Who invented the machine in the first place and what was it invented for? Who owns it? What is it for? Why? Why? Why? Can you answer?

If you cannot answer does it follow that your silence *must* mean that *no one* is nearer to the answering than you are?

Don't let your modesty stand in the way. Give it to us, though whilst *your* hand is off the whole machine be everlastingly blown into Smithereens, for the suspense is unendurable and we want the TRUTH.



"Forward."

BY DR. HENRY WAGNER.

66 **T**HIS temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath the stupendous
march
Of grand eternity."

This is Denver's motto. It is also the symbol of the race of man upon the planet earth, as symbolized in the zodiac. This is significant, to say the least, and shows that Denver is in her right place in the line of march of natural progress and planetary evolution. It is symbolical of all that is miraculous in nature and is ruled over by the planet Uranus, or Herschel, which governs the first series of a higher round of celestial influence upon our earth. So you see there is no accident in Denver being chosen as the center from which to radiate the higher wisdom as expressed in this sub-cycle of planetary evolution.

The Sun entered this sign, Aquarius, in 1881 and will remain in it 2,150 years, during which time wonderful achievements will be wrought by man on earth in new inventions and in the discovery of his relation to nature and his mastery over it.

Everything will be done rapidly as the Sun's vibration in Aquarius, radiated by Uranus as her medium of expression is such as to produce mental telegraphy, wireless telegraphy and the wireless telephone which is the external manifestation of man's seventh sense, thought transference which enables him to converse with those keyed to the same vibration as himself. All our modern machinery is due to

this influx and all are governed by Uranus jointly with Mercury which is the ruler of the mind in action.

Mental science in all its diversity as expressed in every phase of action is due to the Sun's vibrations manifested through Aquarius, the symbol of the man. The conflict engendered by the incoming forces and the out-going forces results in wars, upheavals, as witness the earthquakes both mental and physical. The old must succumb to the new peaceably, or otherwise if need be. This overthrowing of the old systems of religion, science and philosophy gives great upheavals of mental force that correspond to the planet's volcanoes that have recently manifested great activity due to the changed polarity of our earth to the Sun.

Much distress of mind is the result, as well as many deaths from these causes. Sorrow and anguish of mind are inevitable, but the glorious results to the future faces that will inhabit this earth will more than balance this distress and compensate for all suffering caused by this change of planetary vibration from water to air; besides, the suffering is nature's method of development of man. He grows by being chastised. God loves to instruct by the rod of power. Man grows by affliction to perfect at-one-ment with Deity.

Man must realize his dual nature and experience both heaven and hell, as both are his to comprehend, to understand and utilize, to master the forces of nature. In this way progress is ac-

complished which is the watchword of Deity as well as man.

"FORWARD MARCH!" should be written in letters of gold all over this planet for the present races to inspire them to a higher and more glorious destiny than they have yet dreamed of.

ONWARD AND UPWARD! to the goal which is a destiny worthy of a god. The birthpains will soon be forgotten by the races of men as they are

by the mother. The bright child, the lovely babe, the future man will more than compensate for all suffering endured by the present races during this transit of the Sun from water to air, from the old to the new. After everything has become adjusted to the new vibrations in Aquarius, all will be harmony and happiness, health and heaven upon earth for the genus homo, man.

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The Brown Peril.

FROM THE NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE.

THE following article from the New Orleans Picayune shows that western America is menaced by a brown peril and there seems to be no immediate way of averting it. Japan is about half the size of Texas and has a population of nearly 50,000,000. She can spare 10,000,000 and only be the better for it.

The 93,000 now in California are strong, able-bodied and, for the most part, have been well-trained in military science. Should we engage in a war with Japan our fleet in the Pacific would be attacked at once by the whole Japanese navy and annihilated. Then it would be easy for Japan to send a fleet and vessels loaded with arms and ammunition to California and transform those 93,000 "little brown men" into an army strong enough to do an immense amount of damage.

Really we have "brown peril" of immense proportions on our hands and how to get rid of it is a problem very difficult to solve. The article below is worthy of the most careful thought. It states the case very clearly and the American people should consider it well.

"The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record, through its intelligent and observant staff correspondent, Mr. Albert Phenis, is studying the Japanese question in California, and he finds that of all foreigners who seek their fortunes in this country the Japanese are the most thrifty, the most acute and ingenious in the various devices for

making money, and the most merciless in oppressing those in their power.

They far outnumber the Chinese and are declared to be so unreliable that the bare word of a Chinaman is regarded as better than the bond of a Jap.

Statistics prepared by the California Promotion Committee show that whereas there were only 20,000 Japanese in California in 1904, there are 93,000 there today. The estimate of the bureau of Labor provides the figures for 1904. Since then the steamships have brought 52,928 more than have been carried away, and the Promotion Committee estimates that 20,000 have come in by way of Seattle, British Columbia and other Northern points and by way of Mexico. This estimate puts the number of Japanese at the head of the list of foreign born residents of California, the Germans coming next with 90,000.

In San Francisco there are probably 20,000 to 30,000 Japanese at this time. Besides working as servants, helpers, etc., they are to be found in almost every line of business and profession. They are living in various parts of the city, for awhile they are liable to locate in swarms or colonies, they do not confine themselves to a single quarter, as do the Chinese in every city where they reside in any number. As tenants it is complained that they pursue the same tactics that they do as contractors for field and orchard work. As they thickly bunk together in a house and carry on several busi-

nesses under one roof, they can afford to pay a larger rent than white tenants. Appearing to be more advantageous than the whites, the landlord displaces the whites. In the course of time, and when a colony has been established so that the property has lost its attractiveness to a white tenant, the Jap will notify the landlord that he must have a material reduction in the rent or he will move away—which is another point of difference between the Jap and the Chinese.

They swarm through the fruit growing districts of the State and by leasing and purchase they own many orchards and farms and have opened many stores, which by underselling

the white merchants, are fast gaining possession of the trade. The white people cannot compete with them, and it is plain if their coming is not stopped they will spread through the entire country.

The pretense that the trouble between the United States and Japan over the admission of these brown Asiatics into this country has been settled is not for a moment accepted by those who know the Asiatics. Nothing but force can keep them out and if that be not used in a very strenuous manner they will be here by the million in a very few years.—New Orleans Picayune.

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A Psychological Experience.

BY EMMA JAY F. BULLENE.

SEVERAL years ago, I was visiting friends in Beloit, Wisconsin, where I witnessed a most marvelous occurrence which could only be accounted for on psychic principles, as the most rigid search by men of professional skill failed to find the slightest physical cause for the phenomenon.

In the house where I visited, a family was boarding who had an infant daughter four weeks old, at the time mentioned. It was on a Sunday evening at early twilight of a lovely June day when the full moon shone resplendent.

Friends were calling, and the lady of the house, who held the sleeping infant laid it upon my bed in an adjoining room to avoid interrupting our visit.

I also chanced to step to the bed, and as the child was laid down, saw, simultaneously with my friend, a peculiar light, a trifle larger than a dime which fell upon the counterpane about six inches from the infant's face. As there was an outside door, we fancied that it might be a reflection. We therefore had the door closed, the mirror covered and all things which could reflect light carefully scrutinized, calling to our aid the visitors and resident gentlemen of the house.

During this search the singular golden white light had changed its shape. It concentrated to the size and ra-

diance of a star of the second magnitude, glowing and scintillating like a diamond under a strong light. It appeared at 8 o'clock p. m. and for five consecutive hours remained subject to the critical examination of neighbors and passers by who came to look at the wonderful phenomenon.

In the brightest lamplight possible it still shone on beside the sleeping infant. Place the hand above the star and it was hidden, thus destroying the theory of reflection, but lift each article of bed clothing underneath and still it was seen, remaining until at a few minutes before one o'clock a. m., it began to fade; it quivered for a moment, flashed back a bright adieu and was gone.

I will add that whenever the infant was moved the light followed, proving that it could not have been the result of material substance prearranged.

The beautiful little spirit, Lilly, dwelt in earth-life but four months when she was transplanted to celestial gardens where the soul blooms in supernal beauty, but one who saw the radiant star-light that crowned her like an angel benediction on that remarkable occurrence, can never doubt psychic law and its varied demonstrations.

The memory of that material vision of rare beauty haunts me still, and I wonder why there are not more psychic infants born to give humanity clearer views of nature's occult forces.

Query Department.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to Dr. Henry Wagner, Box 717, Denver, Colorado.

G. F. S.—LONDON.—What is the origin of the Zodiac?

We will give you the Hindu conceptions of the cosmogony, as the origin of the Zodiac lies buried in the obscurity of many thousands of years. The Hindu ideas may thus be condensed—

1st. The Universe is an outcome from pre-existent matter, and not a spontaneous creation.

2nd. It is only one of an endless series of Universes.

3d. Eternity is pointed off into Great Cycles, in each of which twelve changes or transformations of our world takes place, following its partial dissolution by fire and water alternately and when a new period sets in the earth is so much altered, geologically, as to be practically a new world.

4th. In these twelve transformations the earth, after each of the first six is grosser, man and everything on it being more material than the preceding one, whilst after the other six the contrary is the case, man and earth being more refined and spiritualized with each terrestrial change.

5th. When the top of the cycle is attained, a gradual dissolution takes place, and every living being and material object is destroyed. For humanity has now become fitted to exist subjectively as well as objectively. Those conceptions our ancient philosophers pictured forth for the public instruction in a single pictorial emblem—the Zodiac.

• • •

W. F.—DENVER. Is the soul which

is attached to the body, an incorporeal Essence? Yes, for the Human Soul is not, as is often supposed, composed of the Astral Light, for in reality it does not consist of this fluid, which is only the medium by which it is enabled to manifest itself. The Soul, like the Divine Ego, is invisible and intangible. The evolutionary process of the Soul's generation is gradual from the lowest rudimental forms of organic life in the descending arc of the "Cycle of Necessity" upward and onward throughout dense mineral, leafy plant and shaggy animal, it evolves higher and higher and reaches its culminating point in Matter, as Man. At every step of its onward progress it gains, or attracts unto itself in the scale of evolution, function after function, and organ after organ, until it finally stands complete as the Lord of Creation. The magnetic forces of innumerable elements are directed and concentrated, or focused to one center and the currents of magnetic power pass along their convergent poles, until the Sacred, Living Fire is created, which in itself forms the Crystallization of Magnetic Force.

• • •

ASTER.—SEATTLE—The well known "Riddle of the Sphinx" is as follows: What animal walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon and three at night? It was solved by Œdipus—"Man walks on his hands and feet in his infancy or morning of life: at noon, or in middle life, he goes erect on two

legs; and in the decline, or evening of life, he is supported by a cane in addition, or corresponding to the third leg.

• • •

ACOLYTE.—N. Y.—Did Luther have

a "Coat of Arms" and what was it?

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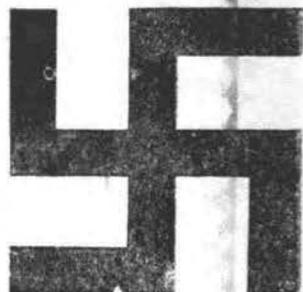
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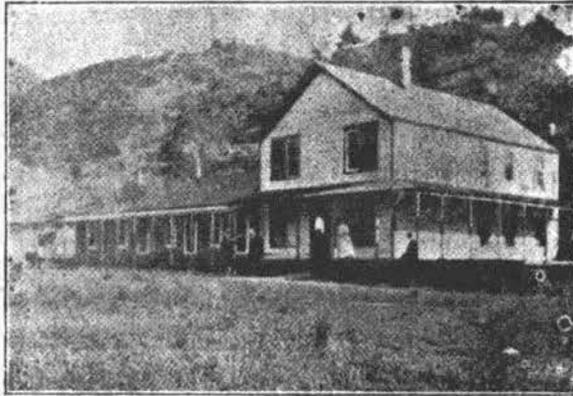
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Identity, or True Self of Man

CHARLES DAWBARN, IN SUNFLOWER.

When a babe is born we recognize that, like everything else, he is a child of our mother earth. His bones, his muscles, his nerves, his blood, are each and all manufactured out of planet raw material. Every molecule in his organism is the planetary compound of intelligence, substance and energy. Even if he is an idiot every organ has to work intelligently, or he would soon die. His heart must beat; his lungs inhale and exhale air; his kidneys secrete; his stomach digest and his blood flow. He has a complete system of nerves, a regular telephone system enabling his organs to communicate and work together. If he is a normal child he will have something more, and that something is not LIFE, for, as we have seen, even an idiot is full of intelligence in activity, which is life. That SOMETHING is the object of our present study.

If we take the new born child to pieces we will not discover even a trace of this "something," although it may have been there from the moment of conception. We find, however, help us in our search. This energy, ever, an energy present which will by which intelligence controls the

little form and its organs, is so interfused with every molecule in the organism that it does its work imperceptibly, and without fatigue. The organs do their work, and hard work, too, sometimes for a century, yet the child passes into manhood and old age without any sensation of weariness from the work of these organs. When those organs do at last stop work, and the blood ceases to flow, the human form dies, and presently goes to pieces. So we have to look further for that something we seek, which is in the body and yet distinct from the body.

The first question is, how shall we find it? It cannot be a normal part of the form because of a remarkable distinction in the way it works. That difference tells us the secret. Its everyday name is self, for it is selfhood which distinguishes one being from another. The use of this self individuality makes the body very tired. It is always making certain parts of the body so tired that they must go to sleep and rest. It compels certain organs to work, when of themselves they would be quiet, or only move to seek sustenance. So we have found the something we are seeking, which is

in the body but not of it, and which can only use the body part of the time, yet is the real man, the guider and director of the personality we know and sometimes love.

Having made this discovery that the man and his will or self are not one but two distinct individuals with very different powers in one body, we are ready to discuss the difference between personality and identity, which difference puzzles so many students of the mystery of manhood.

We are all aware that the person we know and admire has not only the human form with its organs and nerves, but also what we speak of as a will or selfhood of its own, which we now perceive is quite distinct from the rest of the form. It is also true that we always include this mysterious self in our conception of personality, or if absent, as in the case of the idiot, we count him as an imperfect personality.

In sleep we have an expression of manhood. Everything is present and active save self. There is even a simulation of that in the sleep-walker, but in every dream the intelligence becomes grotesque and distorted because the self has withdrawn. Self comes and goes. It sometimes happens that the form dies while self is absent, but as self has been in the habit of coming and

going, all that has really happened—that is to say the death process—merely keeps self from coming back again. Since he was always independent of the body it is absurd to suppose that death could kill him.

In order to mark the power and the limitation of this higher and only real selfhood, we will now trace a little of his manifestation, beginning with the new-born babe. If we knew enough, we might go further back, perhaps beyond conception, and even into the asserted realm of reincarnation, but in this enquiry we must confine ourselves to the proveable, and so learn our lesson.

We acknowledge we do not know from whence self comes, or whither he goes. Our little real knowledge is comprised in the fact that sometimes after the body is dead self can once again manifest, though always in a very imperfect manner. So far as we know he is linked to but one body in earth life. Of course he must have a form of his own. He could not come and go without form, but what that form is we do not know. We are told by some of these selves which return, and by our own clairvoyants, that a copy of the mortal form, but of finer material, continues as a sort of duplicate of the old personality. We presume that self uses that new form as he used

the earth body, but under universal law, he will still come and go because he is just what his name implies, an independent selfhood, and necessarily with a form of his own. So confessing our total ignorance as to the nature of self we will watch him attempting to get control of a new-born babe.

See the babe lie on its nurse's knee, just a molecule of planet earth. Its own form intelligence is already there. Its little organs are assuming their several duties in adaptation to planet life and atmosphere. For a while that is all you see. Sometimes such a babe dies, and then the student discovers a brain with plenty of convolutions, but never a scratch on them. Let us remember that, like the disc of the phonograph, once scratched with a tune or a word it can repeat itself indefinitely. That repetition is memory. The remarkable fact is that the infant, or the man, has almost no power existing within his mortal organism which can thus create its own memories. When the heart beats, or the brain palpitates there is no memory of that life expression. Memory is thus almost entirely the work of self, even in that new-born babe.

Professor Elmer Gates divided a litter of puppies, and some he proceeded to train, while the rest were left to their normal activity. The

interesting result was that presently the brains of those he had taught had evolved cells that were not there in the beginning, because the untrained puppies did not have them. The interesting fact in this experiment is the alternation of brain structure as the result of outside influence.

In the case of the babe we call the influence "outside" because it comes and goes, but it does its work from the inside, and is always limited by the development of its mortal instrument. So the infant, with almost no control of its eyes or ears, makes little movements of its hands by reaching for what it wants. That is a feeble effort of self. It can do little before the hand will drop fatigued, but the tiny effort has made its mark on the brain, which is presently repeated and deepened into a memory. It's not long before the babe exhibits selfhood at work on its eyes, and ears and vocal organs, but requiring frequent periods of rest.

We now come to a most convincing fact proving the distinction between that infant form and its selfhood. It is a fact we cannot explain for it shows a startling limitation in the power of self. If that child is born right handed every impress recorded by self will be on the left lobe of that child's brain. And if he is to be a left handed mortal it

will be his right lobe that will bear that impress. But still more astonishing, there are certain localities in the lobe used by self for his impress or scratch which are so differentiated by the skilled scientist of today that a troubled patient can often be relieved by a surgical operation. For instance, the utterance of words is memorized at one spot on the brain lobe called Broca's convolution because Dr. Broca first proved that articulated speech was impossible if this convolution were diseased. This discovery led to many others where the passing events of life were each impressed on a definite spot on the lobe. If a patient has become suddenly affected with word blindness, as word failure is now called, the surgeon knows the exact spot which is diseased.

This is not an anatomical essay. It is enough for the reader to recognize that self is limited to the use of one brain lobe to record his own experiences as memories, and to certain localities on that lobe. The young may sometimes make a use of the other lobe if a previous center is destroyed, but once manhood is developed such partial recovery is difficult and rare.

Now let us see what we have so far discovered. Here is the infant mortal with no apparent power of memory in his little organism until

it is evolved and developed by an outsider we have called self, who comes and goes, and always tires that organism when he uses it. When we think of that babe as a personality we always include both his form and organs, and also this wondrous selfhood. And in that total we have evolved the personality of our mortal friend or loved one. But in our ignorance of these facts we have demanded that the form, with all its organs and also its selfhood shall be present in the next life for instant recognition. We know the mortal form has gone to pieces, but we have been taught that a duplicate form will be all ready to give us greeting on the other side.

In a recent article on personality we noted the impossibility of the new form being a duplicate in its organic details, but, we now see, that so far as that form exists, self must always be the foreigner he is here. When that new form is in its turn discarded, self will still be the real man, the ego as distinct from the personality. He will be the **IDENTITY**, which in its essence is as near to our conception of godhood as anything finite and a distinct entity can be. Personality after personality may be evolved, each form from finer and finer planetary material, till at last cosmic substance must be used. It is then that the new form, freed from every

earth attraction, will be guided by self into experiences we cannot even imagine.

At every step we see self at work, and sometimes he loses his hold. The infant dies before he has placed his seal upon it. Self is no infallible. He can gain experience, but he can also fail to gain the experience he seeks. The form may overwhelm him, and experiences may horribly degrade the personality. In fact it seems quite probable that the personality may sink to its own destruction, lower and lower till annihilation is achieved. Self cannot die, but the effect upon him we cannot even guess. All suffering of which we can conceive is an organic expression through form. So if form vanishes and personality ceases self would ultimately be freed from that which had dragged him down.

We have now reached a point where the distinction between personality and identity should be clear to the student. He should now see that personality will be ever changing, by either progress or retrogression. On the other hand, self or identity has always a limited relation to form, for it fatigues it by use, and it comes and it goes. Comes from we know not where and goes back to that unknown when the form is compelled to rest.

The spirit seeker chases person-

ality, and when found it may or may not include the selfhood or identity. In fact the "return" seems to often act as if identity were absent, and the form with its organic intelligence was played upon by surrounding forces. Brain impressions are apparently carried over into the new form, but if self is not present to control they exhibit a jumble of intellectual confusion. At the best the visitor soon makes complaint that the power is gone, with little said that can give proof of identity. The entire personality, including its selfhood, which was the individual we knew in earth life is not present. Something is absent, and that something we now see is self, or the ego of the mortal.

Here is a thought we must follow for a moment. The student of life sees selfhood in every form. It accepts and rejects even if it is a microscopic microbe. Therefore selfhood is a universal fact, and an individual fact we cannot ignore. And since all forms grow fatigued and rest, self comes and goes in all alike. Herein is the mystery of mysteries which no sage has unravelled. Selfhood's expression is just such as form may permit, with man as the highest and best—or worst. It may be that self thus gains universal experience. It seems as if spirit return can throw no light on these mysteries. But the spirit

seeker finds at best just enough of the old identity to encourage him to persevere. It is not now working as self through its old form and conditions. Its new form and the old won't harmonize, and at best, self finds himself trying to recall a past that in many details he cannot now grasp. Presently his instrument becomes fatigued and he retires. Another self may try to take control, but it is no longer the identity we seek.

So our lesson becomes plain. Personality is for us a mortal form with a self in it. Identity is the self that

may be in that form one hour, and absent the next. Identity comes and goes so long as the mortal form lasts and if that mortal form has a spirit successor then self will continue to come and go, subject to the new conditions. Personality evidently must sometimes cease, but, so far as we can grasp the thought, identity may have an eternity of experiences before it.

Such is the distinction and difference, in the writer's judgment, between personality and identity.

San Leandro, Calif.



CHILDHOOD.

CHAS. LAMB.

(Selected.)

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
 Upon the days gone by; to act in thought
 Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
 To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,
 Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay flowers,
 Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
 (Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled),
 Would throw away, and straight take up again,
 Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
 Bound with so playful and so light of foot,
 That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.



The Spirit of the Mountains

JULIA E. WONSEY.
San Diego Calif.

There's a Spirit of the Mountains,
The mountains dark and grand.
And gazing on their lofty peaks,
I see the working of His hand.

The workings of His mighty hand!
I see it in the morning mist
Veiling the peaks that towering stand,
While the valley are sun-kissed.

Then He breaths upon the mountains,
And the snow-caps glisten white
While the brown one near the valley
Take a soft and lambent light.

Sometimes I see, a mist is spread
On the lower hills and vales;
While far above the snow-caps gleam
Are swept by living gales.

Sometimes He makes the mountains high
Glow like a burning star;
And seeing them penciled on the sky,
They bring to mind "the Gates Ajar."

When setting sun at eventide,
Tint clouds and peaks a golden hue.
It seems the "Gates" are open wide,
And you see the "Glory" shining true:

Oh! Spirit of the Mountain high,
That pictures you print! How grand!
They lift the thoughts from earth to sky,
And that "Home in the Spirit land."

Nature and Respectability.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE IN DIVINITY.

The proletariat and peasant class of the old world and the so-called common people of the new, furnish a striking illustration of the comparative natural or productive values of mankind from a breeding standpoint and the estimate which nature puts on her best brood. When savage or civilized man and woman, following only their own animal instincts and nature's law become father or mother, the issue is certainly in favor of physical fitness. Such seem to be the norm of her future progeny, the seed of her happiest copulation. Nature asks nothing more and nothing higher than to be left alone to develop her species. There are exceptions, it is true, but these exceptions belong to the class of the abnormal, to their variations from the type. The abnormal shows nature's hand and proves her competency under the best conditions, both to plan and to carry out her plans. Thus the lower classes seem to be nature's favorites in whom physical possibilities are unlimited.

How about the so-called respectable class who are busy differentiating nature's plan, setting up artificial standards of culture and ad-

vocating all sorts of schemes for civilization and race suicide? Is nature as kind to this class and does she tolerate its egotism and vanity? Is the respectable class as a class fit to be nature's almoner, oracle and sponsor or the chosen people, through whom the warp and woof of her greatest generative undertakings are to be perpetuated and through whom her scheme of natural selection is to be fought with a free hand and passionate action? Meanwhile it is wise to ask what is the standard of judgment by which her rewards, if not her providences, are determined and measured. Is it indeed the thing that happens when nature is obeyed or the alternative when she is disobeyed?

The masses (for the proletariat and peasant class can be so grouped) and the classes show marked physical and psychological differences and characteristics—the physical being so marked that the theory is widespread that in order to get back its sovereign power of manhood royalty should coalesce its blue blood with the red blood of the masses. Fancy establishing so horrible a precedent, even though a fit union were possible, to say nothing

at all of actual love affairs between peasants and princes? And yet so able a man as Bernard Shaw, the English satirist and critic, claims that under present conditions the superman can come in no other way.

That nature establishes a chain of correspondences between coarseness and refinement as between nitrogen and carbon, is a fact of psycho-chemistry which no student of biology and anthropology can ignore. And yet civilization to most minds seems to be a movement so divergent from nature and nature's plan to frighten scientists by its monstrosities. One thing is certain, that nature so far as observation of her law goes, cares little or nothing for spirit and less for civilization, in which respectability acquires its morale and legality. To her, hygiene and cleanliness are artificial devices of society. She renews the skin of man as she does the feathers of birds and fur of animals, once a year. What cares she for Ivory or Pear's soap? She punishes uncleanness with leprosy but leprosy is a violation, not a fulfillment of the law. Her technique is to avoid the necessity of a bath and the curse of materia medica. Her law is stick to the soil and the water and the bigger the animal the better the man. But what is uncleanness to her is not what is popularly understood by the word. It has nothing

to do with the outside of man. It is the law of his existence and whoever violates it shows his hand and is euchred out of her favor.

Suppose one attempts to refine the species, to regenerate the races, to get mankind out of the mire, in which he delights to wallow, and to apply a culture to his coarse entailments, nature follows the experiment with a jealous eye and if—if man by domestication and civilization begins to mock at and defy her and point to his white face, fine manners and pretty form as the apotheosis of the new art, she at once undermines his organism and unbalances his mind so that he dare not go farther. Nature adores beauty but not at a sacrifice of life. If a princess elopes with a peasant or a scion of the nobility falls in love with a buxom country lass or a music hall dancer whose body is her best asset, nature thus gets square with the corset maker. That is how she settles the problem and cheats heaven of an angel and hell of a degenerate.

All this fine talk of the respectable class about propriety is nonsense when applied to the problem of generation. And so long as they turn the natural products into by-products which produce pleasure at the expense of life or vitality, nature's only capital, nature will offer such a hard career and a premature

grave. Her law obliterates respectability.

Is there not enough of the raw material—the human crying protoplasm—which the masses delight to endow with a meagre intelligence and an insatiate stomach, without adding to it? What is the use of going on in this way forever, like a circle which repeats itself at a centre of a never changing diameter? How is progress possible anyway, if this sort of stuff is to clog the wheels of development and no effort is to be made to end the farce? The fact is, nature does not ask or wish for progress! She is satisfied to move in a square. It is spirit that is dissatisfied and it is spirit that is making all the trouble. It seeks to regenerate, not to generate life. It attempts to refine and spiritualize life. It operates to dematerialize and disillusion matter of life and personality. It draws life and matter like the sun the water upward into vision and mist. Nature holds and drags down the human kite with a tail which is earthly. Spirit glorifies, nature eclipses; spirit sublimates, nature condenses; spirit exalts, nature degrades. And whoever attempts to force her into novelties, and her animal and bird life into a use for which they were not designed, suffers.

It is hard to have to acknowledge that nature and spirit are thus op-

posed and resist a mutual congress, but such is the case and will continue to be the case to the end of the world.

All this leads to the final observation that as the weapons of the spiritual warfare are not carnal and those of the physical are one should understand the two opposite courses of life and what to expect. Bitter disappointment awaits the man or woman who, living the spiritual life, expects to be rewarded in earthly pleasures. Dollars and cents, health, opulence, success mean nothing in the spiritual kingdom, because spirit knows no contrasts or names created to define contrasting conditions. Health is vitality and he who is debilitated is sick, whatever the location or nature of the organic disease. Wealth is abundance and the man who is poor is not necessarily one who is spiritual. Success is finding and doing a work, and the person who fails is one who is a nebula whose form and orbit have not yet been determined. So it goes with the category of contrasting, dual conditions, in which the trick is so well played that one looks for the explanation in spirit. It was well said by the great teacher that rest is at the end of the journey. This rest does not define what another life is or may be but the end of the struggle in which action drew so heavily on one's forces that rest,

like sleep, is a boon to a tired brain and to a tired body.

Let there be no mistake, indeed, can there be any further misunderstanding about those sophistries which, under various pseudo names have enticed the ignorant and the vain to expect a gold brick for a mental attitude and certain sensuous enjoyment for a bit of courage or a smoky aspiration. Let there be no further argument about those "primrose paths of dalliance" in which egotism walks with vain pomp and pride as a reward for religiosity and perfunctory moral behavior. Nature and God abhor and abominate a hypocrite. If it is a fact that to pass from a short circuit of generation to the divine power of life means a loss of all sensuousness and sensuous pleasures. Wealth, health and success no longer alluring, the feet rest on the rock, the head touches God's high heaven and spirit satisfies the

spirit. Nature has no power on the height—hers is in the depths.

To be spiritual is its own reward and to expect or make that reward material is to misinterpret scripture, pervert the sacred history of mankind and make Christ a sham and deception. The cross means the separation or divorce, and not the union or marriage of matter and spirit. "Ye cannot serve two masters." Health is good, but there is something better. Success is desirable, but there is something nobler. Opulence is powerful, but there is something greater. And in the last words of Sydney Carton, let the golden ring of these pure words sound in the ears until all else is still; the man is greater than mankind who can live one moment as Christ lived. "It is a far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."



Creative Power of Thought

DR. HENRY WAGNER.

To do anything really well requires the free use of a very clear image in the mind. The architect, formulating some future edifice, mentally sees the whole construction complete in his mind, and then works out the necessary details upon paper. A great artist, producing some ideal representation, sees the picture clearly before him and paints from the image in the mind. The "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo; the "Crucifixion" of Tintoretto and Murilla's "Immaculate Conception" are all of them the sublime artistic fruits of superb imaginations.

Such fruits find their parallel only in the best works of Greek sculpture, produced in the height of her intellectual and artistic greatness, when the perfect physical training of her magnificent gymnasiums, and the wonderful psycho-metaphysical culture of her temple initiations, combined to produce the nation's ideal of human possibility in the perfect equipoise between spirit and matter, the GOD-LIKE MAN. Greece labored systematically through the inspiration of her gifted sons to produce that proud monument of *art* which has never yet been equalled, so that future ages might realize to what height the genius of her *art* and the sublimity of her conceptions had risen. What the gymnasium produced in the athlete and the warrior, the sanctuary more than equaled in intellect and art. It was the genius of her own inspiration born in the temple that has covered her blotted record upon the field of battle with an imperishable halo of glory. The valor of Achilles owes all its deathless fame to the inspired imagination of Homer, while the martial glory of Marathon, pales before the brighter radi-

ance of that intellectual victory which won from nature a national conception of the "demiurgic mind." Homer, Phidias and Plato, were her greatest heroes; their fame and empire the most extended, because they achieved their victories amid the sublimer realms of the mind.

Thus every great achievement and every great failure receives its initial motive power from the same source. The marvelous victories of the VAUDOIS of PIEDMONT, and the CAMISARDS of FRANCE against almost incredible odds, when the combined powers of Europe's "Grande Monarch" and the Pope were powerless against a mere handful of rude mountaineers, were due entirely to a religious zeal which fired their vivid imaginations so that prophets and martyrs were really believed by them to lead onward to victory. The emancipation of the soul from the bonds of matter and the freedom of the human mind from the despotic tyranny of the church, are fruits of the imagination as surely as the fetters which previously imprisoned and bound came from the same mysterious source.

The egotistical imaginations of Caesar, rewarded his personal valor with the crown of imperial Rome, and the same power crushed the Rome which gave it before the martial tread of invading Gaul. And so we might go on through the ages. Wherever we turn we are surrounded by the outcome of the mental imagery of man.

It is not the weight or the development of matter, but the calibre and intensity of the mind which constitutes the greatest man. Caesar, who climbed the highest pinnacle of martial possibility and saw the known world

groaning beneath his mental sway, and Bonaparte, who rose from almost nothing, set up kings on thrones like puppets, and changed the map of Europe by means of the same warlike genius, were both of them small men. Neither of them were athletes or endowed with strong physique. But they both unquestionably possessed those two treasures of the soul in their martial perfection, viz: *the creative power of thought and a vivid imagina-*

tion. It is not the muscle of the prize-fighter or athlete, but the *perception of a creative mind* that comes out victor from the great competitive battle of life. With Pope we would say:

"Were I as tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I would be measured by my soul,
For mind's the standard of the man."

Measuring Rockefellers Furtone.

LEE FRANCIS LYBARGER IN FAIRHOPE COURIER.

The fortune of John D. Rockefeller, the richest and most powerful man in the world, is estimated at \$1,000,000,000—a thousand million.

Should Mr. Rockefeller decide to convert his fortune into gold, and then to carry it out of the country, say, to Canada—he would carry across the borders three times more gold than he would leave behind in the entire United States. And this amount of gold would weigh 1,750 tons, not pounds, but tons. If he loaded it on the backs of men each carrying, say, 150 pounds, it would require an army of 23,000 men to move it out of the country—all this the fortune of one private citizen.

And if these men, carrying Mr. Rockefeller's gold, should march ten feet apart, they would form a line 44 miles long.

Mr. Rockefeller's income of two years ago was estimated at \$40,000,000. That

would mean \$109,591.78 a day; \$4,566.21 an hour, for twenty-four hours in a day; \$76.10 a minute—\$1.27 a second. His daily income, if converted into gold, would require the strength of seven men to carry it, for it would weigh 1,000 pounds.

If he should have his income paid him as fast as due, paid in dollar bills, he could scarcely receive it as fast as it would be handed him; for he would have to receive one dollar every second—five dollars every four seconds. If he should decide to burn up his income in a grate he could scarcely poke the crisp greenbacks into the fire as fast as they would drop down to him. He would have to throw them in so fast as to burn up five for every four seconds. And he would have to keep it up for 24 hours, having no time to eat or sleep or rest.

Did you ever stop to figure out how long it would take a man to earn a million dol-

lars? Well, the average wages for all laborers engaged even in manufactures is something less than \$9 a week, or \$1.50 a day. But for the sake of argument, let us assume that the man gets such wages that he can save \$1.25 a day, over and above all expenses.

Even at that rate, how long would it take him to earn and save a million dollars? 2,564 years! And yet in the single year 1901, Mr. Rockefeller's fortune increased not less than \$150,000,000. And so with the one mighty sweep of his great cradle this colossal harvester of the fields sown by others must have impoverished 150,000 American citizens.

Nor is that all. My figures are already way behind time, for they are two years old! His income last year was estimated at \$60,000,000—\$5,000,000 a month, or \$1.93 a second. His annual income is greater than

the combined incomes of all the crowned heads of Europe, and of the presidents of the United States and France.

His fortune has twice doubled in the last twelve years.

It is estimated that it will continue to double every seven years at least. At this rate, by 1913 he will be worth \$2,000,000,000, by 1920 four billions; by 1927, if he lives so long, he will be worth eight billion dollars—eight thousand millions!

Had Mr. Rockefeller been born on that fair morning when Jesus was born, and had he got and saved a dollar a minute from that time until now, he would not have his present fortune! One dollar a minute, for 60 minutes in the hour, for 24 hours in the day, for 365 days in the year, for 1907 years—and still not have his present fortune.

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EDITORIAL.

Has anyone of our readers noticed the announcement of the payment of its fine by the Standard Oil Co.?

When Taft comes marching home from the Continent filled with patriotism and pretzels, then we shall witness a mighty exodus of the Foraker-Cannon tribe into the tall uncut.

Recent dispatches chronicle the coming to town from his recent squirrel hunt of the president and proudly states that Teddy came in on the run surrounded by his retainers and that it was very picturesque. Just how many of the natives took to the woods is not stated.

The agitation now going on in

favor of admitting New Mexico into the sisterhood of states should not be allowed to cease until that act of justice is accomplished. Peanut politics has gone the limit in this country when the senators of rotten boroughs like Delaware and Rhode Island keep a vast territory shackled as has been the case with the western territories.

Now that the Federal Judges in several of the states have "enjoined" the state officers from enforcing laws which have been placed on the statute books by the legislatures, we will have no more use for that estimable but often misguided party of gentlemen and can readily dispense with the legislative body. So pass our honored traditions, one by one.

About every twenty years the people of this great and glorious republic have re-aligned themselves politically and changed the order for a time of political events. At the inception of the government the Jeffersonian adherents yielded to a compromise but only for a time and continued their agitation until Jef-

person himself became the president of the country. The question of the renewal of the Bank charter caused a political upheaval and witnessed many strange bedfellows. The Annexation of Texas was the next notable event and then the great Slavery agitation.

With the ending of the war came the advent of the great industrial era, when whole empires were to be redeemed from the desert by the magic hand of credit, personal and governmental. When the first lull came in the ever increasing speculative values, men readily and quickly perceived that it was all on account of the Tariff, while a respectable number could easily see that in the contraction of the currency all possible commercial disasters were to be expected. The Tariff battle of 1884 followed and the revisionists were in the saddle and times were worse instead of better. so that when the next campaign came on it seemed far better to endure the ills we had than to keep flying toward others we knew not of.

It was at this period that the insistence of those who claimed that trade was affected by the amount of money in circulation, that it was impossible to transact business without either money or credit and that all credit was a charge upon productive industry, and that a continuance of the then present system

would centralize all the wealth of the country in the hands of a few, began to attract universal attention in the political world, and at the ensuing election, 1892, their votes aggregated 1,250,000.

The succeeding dull times, continued stringency of the money market and all the several effects emanating from the main cause, compelled the leading political parties to recognize that there was something radically wrong with our currency system and the great battle of 1896 was fought, and since then the "Money Question" has been popularly supposed to have been settled.

It would be well to stop right here and see how it has been settled. The contention of the kickers, as they were affectionately called, was that: 1st. There was not enough money in circulation to properly do the business of the country. 2nd. That all money should be issued by the general government direct without the intervention of private corporations.

That the first position was correct has been admitted by the enemies of the theory who, so soon as they got the power proceeded to increase the volume of currency until now it is more than double what it was in 1896. Recent events are demonstrating that the second contention is also true, since the issuance of those great sums of Bank Currency

while adding to the general wealth of the country by making trade less restricted, has also enabled the few who control the currency supply of the country to concentrate the wealth thus created by the whole nation into the hands of a very few.

It is now further proposed to allow banks of issue to be organized and to issue currency, bank notes, based upon "Approved Industrial Bonds." It is hoped and intended that this much needed legislation, by the exploiters of the people, shall be given us at the coming session of congress.

Meanwhile the great hue and cry is to control the corporations whom we now denominate "Trusts," by almost any old form of control from publishing their names in the weekly papers to generously allowing the government to purchase, by issuing bonds of course, their properties at from 5 to 10 times their real value. Meanwhile the dance of death goes merrily on. Wages are raised 2½

per cent., and the papers are filled with big head lines printed in ox blood, and the price of everything the consumer uses that is cornered by a trust goes up 25 per cent. and the only reference we see is an indirect one stating that the quarterly dividends of the Catchem & Skinnem Food Stuff Company has been increased 7 per cent.

But the people are learning that every man must so far as in his power lies control the price of the product of his labor, and they are also learning that money is the very life blood of commerce and hence there is now a growing sentiment everywhere that the next great battle to be fought in this country will be over the question of the government exercising its constitutional functions of creating the money of the country instead of delegating this vital function to a horde of men who have no motive except selfish gain.



To The McKinley Monument.

Mrs. Charles H. Toby.

Grand and noble, all-inspiring,
Soulful shaft on hallowed green;
Statue of a greater statesman,
America hath never seen.
Ne'er before her lap hath cradled
Truer monument to Love;
Hovering o'er thee shadowy likeness,
(Lent awhile from heaven above.)
All but rents the veil in twain,
Welcome guest on earth again.
And to thy dedication here,
Come from unseen heavenly sphere,
To bless us with angelic smile,
Those once loved and lost awhile.
The love-lit aura of his soul,
Keeps our bark in waters shoal;
And warns us 'gainst the sea of hate,
E'en tho' we ride in Ship of State.
It now reflects in holy might
The beauty of the Kindly Light,
That led his spirt while on earth
On, and on to heavenly birth.
What wonder that a soul so true
Doth give to man a broader view;
And grander insight into heaven,

The home where holy love is given.
We strive to magnify its rays,
That holier still may be our days;
Like star to sun it doth compare,
With radiance that shineth there;
And as each day thro' life we go,
Astral ether will bestow,
On us such emanations rare,
That thoughts of him must enter there;
His life, (like star in Eastern sky,
Portentious message from on High.)
Proclaims—"Love's angels with him slept,
And in his soul her jewels kept!"
Long live this monument of Peace,
And may its meaning never cease,
To cause to flow, a tear of joy,
That Love once lived without alloy;
(It came to earth a spark divine,
And kindled into flame;
And evil's ashes marked its line,
From infancy to fame.)
May still his thoughts from spheres above,
Attract us to the realms of Love,
And Love Divine and Kindly Light,
Aid us to reach immortal height!



Get Possession of Machinery of Production.

T. W. WOODROW, IN ORGANIZER.

I am organizing Farmers' Co-operative Unions in the Arkansas River valley of Colorado and of all the skinned, down-trodden and oppressed set of farmers, these beet growers are the worse beaten of any place that I have seen. Yet this is the greatest wealth producing farming country in Colorado or United States. Sugar factories are so thick and close together running night and day that the country is lighted up at night in the dark of the moon.

The prosperity of these factories and condition of these farmers that serve the factories with raw material, demonstrate the power of organized ownership of machines over disorganized producers of the raw material necessary to the machines.

The farmers here where sugar is made out of their own beets are paying \$1.00 for 14 pounds of sugar and they sell a ton of beets for \$5 which makes not less than \$25.00 worth of sugar at the price they pay for sugar. The labor cost at the factory to convert a ton of beets into the finished product is 40 cents or thereabout. Cost of the raw material and labor cost at the factory total \$5.40.

When the farmers in the cotton growing states were selling cotton for three and one-half to seven cents a pound it sounded very improbable when they were told that they would get twelve to fifteen cents for cotton when organized, which they are now actually getting for their cotton.

It does not sound quite so improbable when we tell these beet growing farmers that the beets they now sell for \$5.00 per ton will bring \$12.00 to \$15.00 per ton when they are organized to set the price: and when they are organized to sell the beets for three times what they are getting now they will also be able to buy the finished product for about half the retail price now paid for it.

The difference between what the farmers get for beets and the value at the retail price of the finished product — sugar — would pay for several factories every year. For instance: one factory at Rocky Ford made last season an average run of eleven hundred tons per day for seven months. The beets tested from 17 to 20 per cent. sugar or from 340 to 400 pounds of sugar per ton of beets. Say 370 pounds of

sugar on the average. Retail price of sugar 14 pounds of sugar for \$1.00 or \$26.40 per ton of beets. Eleven hundred tons of beets per day converted into \$29,040 daily wealth produced by factory. Seven months or 210 days' run, total wealth produced by factory, \$6,098,400. Cost of the beets and the labor cost at factory, \$5.40 per ton of beets or total cost for seven months—\$1,247,400. Taking cost from the total product we leave clear gain to factory \$4,851,000—enough to build the factory about five times.

Whose labor paid this clear profit of \$4,850,000? Answer, the farmers' labor and the small amount of the supplementary labor in the factory. The amount of labor on the farm to produce the raw material is several times the labor in the factory to convert the raw material into the finished product. Farm labor about five times the factory labor. Why not own the factory? Whose credit built the factory and whose patronage paid for it? The factory was built on the farmers' credit and paid for by public patronage. Public credit mobilized in bonds built all the machines of the country and collective use paid for them all.

Why not the people use their credit to build machines and let public patronage pay for the machines for themselves as well as for the "other feller?" Can you give one

reason why not?

You may ransack every recess and dark corner of your beknighted brains and not find one logical reason why a few men should own what all the people build by their credit and pay for by their use. No politics in this—only plain common sense. The principle of co-operation practically applied will bring the co-operative ownership of those things now used co-operatively but owned privately.

The private ownership of things that all must use is bad public policy and not so convenient as for the many to own and operate what the many build and use. The people have given their credit, or allowed their credit to be used to build railroads, mills, factories and all machinery of production and distribution and the people's patronage have paid for them IN AN ORGANIZED FEW HANDS—now the people can build and pay for them by the same process IN THE HANDS OF THE ORGANIZED MANY. No need of a radical change in the system of machine building and production, but go right on in the same old scheme and let the many do for themselves what they have done for the few.

The few have organized and used people's credit to build things and now the people will organize and build these things for themselves.

This is the next step in the evolutionary process toward economic independence and equality. We can organize and build these machines and own them ourselves much easier than we can build them and let the organized few own them. Private ownership of public machinery by the organization of the few is the logical precursor of the public ownership of public machinery by the organization and contribution of the many.

Such men as John D. Rockefeller are only the advance agents of the co-operative commonwealth. Collective capitalism follows close in the path of private capitalism. As John D. Rockefeller said recently—“We are but in the infancy of our economic development which must proceed as it has followed during the past forty years the line of consolidation and co-operation. It is the tendency of the age to combine. Industrial combination has become a fixed feature of our economic scheme. Through combination and co-operation only can an even balance be maintained.”

And as J. Pierpont Morgan said in an interview published in the Boston Post three years ago—“I and men like me are the inevitable organizers of the work of the world. Our proceedings may not be pleasant but they are necessary. We are doing what must be DONE and it is

EVENTUALLY for the interests of the people. When the time comes that the people resolve to take their own they will find the systematization ready for them. You may call us socialists, for that is the ultimate of what we are doing—the taking over by the people of the material of their life.”

As this was not said to favor any political party, so we quote it to favor no party.

The organization, union and co-operation of all the people will overthrow the power of the organization, union and co-operation of a few of the people—for the organization and co-operation of the people will constitute an unsightly and irresistible force to the pulling down of strongholds. It will be what Marx defined as the “expropriation of the expropriators.” Centralization of the means of production and socialization of labor at last reach a point where they become incompatible with their capitalist integument. The integument is burst asunder. The knell of private capitalist property sounds. The expropriators are expropriated. (Capital, Vol. 1, page 487.) He sets forth this consummation as the result of economic necessity, not of political agitation. What I am saying has no political bearing.

The conscious and declared purpose of organization and co-opera-

tion of the producing class—the farmers—is to control the price of what they alone sell and what they buy; but the economic purpose, which is always unconscious, is to possess and control the machines of production and commerce.

The conscious purpose of the organization of the farmers is the immediate demand for better prices—to possess more of what farm labor produces—but the ultimate purpose hidden from view of short sighted men, is to possess ALL that their labor produces by the ownership and control of the means of production.

This is the teaching of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America and already we see the practical application of these principles by the building of machines by farmers that are necessary to the raw material produced by farmers and for the finished products used by farmers. To co-operate in production and distribution, they soon learn that they must own co-operatively the means by which they produce and distribute, and hence they are building cotton gins, cotton seed oil mills, flour mills, warehouses by the hundreds which are means of distribution, a woolen mill to make pure fleece goods for the members, and agitating the building of cotton factories which will surely be done in the near

future.

The cotton growers work hard to produce cotton and sell it for \$50 per bale and buy it back in finished wealth at \$785 per bale, and yet the farm labor is more than two-thirds of total labor performed to produce the \$785 of wealth. The labor applied to that bale of cotton after it leaves the farmer's hands, to ship it to the factory and in the factory to convert it into finished goods and to ship it back to the farmer, is not one-half the labor the farmer exerted to prepare the ground, plant the cotton, chop it out, cultivate it, gather it, and have it ginned. And if labor is entitled to what it produces, the farm labor being two-thirds of the total labor performed to produce the \$785 of wealth in one bale of cotton, the farmer is entitled to two thirds of \$785 for every bale of cotton he produces. But perhaps the bale of cotton is not worth \$785 when finished. According to the government report, when I bought this hat I paid \$15 a pound for cotton, or \$7,500 per bale. If all the cotton was made into hats like this, every bale of cotton would be worth \$7,500, but the last dress I bought for my wife I paid only 65 cents a pound for cotton. When we come to make a general average of all the goods into which cotton is made we find the government analysis is conservative.

Where the Witches of Salem Sleep. GILBERT P. BROWN. AUTHOR OF

"Freemasonry as a Mason sees it," "Creeds one hundred years to come," "Jesus the Jew," "Memories of Martinique," "The Religion of Thomas Paine," "The Maid of Hadley," "Washington as a Freemason,"

Massachusetts is noted for her historic spots. No city in that renowned commonwealth has a more unique story as to religious bigotry during the Colonial period than Salem, where innocent people were accused of being of "evil spirits," "possessed of the devil," or commonly known in those days as witches. Its early settlers were of the "good blood of England."

Turn back the tides of two hundred or more years and there, in that busy New England village, foremost upon the panorama of life, "eminent divines," judges of "ye Commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay" and "keepers of God's Word" were putting to death their contemporaries in the name of religion. But times have changed in ancient Salem, and all that is left of those troublesome days, when the souls of men were tried, is the old "City of the Dead," the Charter St. Cemetery, which was known for many years as "Old Burying Point."

The entrance bears the timely inscription:

"This Ground
The First Set Apart In

Salem
For the Burial of the Dead
And, Since 1637, Known As
The Burial Point.
Contains the Graves Of
Governor Bradstreet,
Chief Justice Lynde,
And Others, Whose Virtues,
Honors, Courage and Sagacity,
Have Nobly Illustrated
The History of Salem."

Within the iron gate is a gravel walk, one hundred feet in length and twenty feet in width, on the right of which are five tombs, on the left are two, containing the bones of Salem Godfathers in "ye olden time."

This graveyard contains about six hundred marked graves. No delicate sculpturings of marble grace the sacred spot. The lettering on those tombstones, is in itself a rude history. Not even a wild flower attracts the eye of the curious passer-by.

The oldest stone standing reads as follows:

"Doraty, wife of Philip Cromwell, aged 67 years, deceased Sept. ye 1, 1673."

Another close by bears the dim inscription:

"Mary Corey, ye wife of Giles Corey, aged 63 years, Dyed August ye 27, 1684."

This good woman was fortunate in her time, in that she was not accused of being "of the devil;" but the second wife of Giles Corey was hanged as a witch, and Giles himself, in 1692, was pressed to death on the charge of witchcraft. When arraigned the brave man stood still and mute, and refused to plead. Unless the accused pleaded in answer to the crime, he could not be tried under the existing "Blue Law." As the statute provided he was subjected to the placing of heavy weights upon his body, until he should "Confess or die." His only answer was: "Put on more weight." During the "pressing," as witnessed by the wise sages, the clergy and other despots, his tongue protruded from his mouth, and the hard hearted sheriff, "Mr. George Corwin, Esq.," quickly pushed it back with his huge cane. This event has no parallel in our "Christian American civilization."

Much could be said of these fine old people of Salem. The Rev. John Hale, of Beverly, was pleased to appear in court "on witchcraft," where he testified that he had examined the body of a woman, whose death was attributed to the acts of Bridget Bishop, and that, to his best judgment, it was "Impossible for her, with so short a pair of scissors, to mangle herself so, without some extraordinary works of the devil, or

witchcraft." John Bly, who had purchased a hog of Bridget, testified to the effect "that said Bishop had bewitched the sow." And to further condemn the woman, another (whose bones have long since crumbled to dust in this old graveyard of Salem), "Mr. William Stacy, Esq.," swore that day "in most solemn court," that on his way to mill, when but six rods from her "all her gears and tacklings flew to pieces, and the cart fell down." The court applauded him. John London (another, who is here quietly sleeping) appeared at the hearing and testified: "I was going to bed about the dead of night, felt a great weight upon my breast, and, awakening, looked and, it being bright and moonlight, did clearly see Bridget Bishop, or her likeness, sitting upon my stomach, and putting my arms off of the bed to free myself from the great oppression, she presently laid hold of my throat, and almost choked me, and I had no strength or power in my hands to resist or help myself; and in this condition she held me to almost day. Some time after that, I being not very well, stayed at home on the Lord's Day; and on the afternoon of said day, the doors being shut, I did see a black pit in the room, coming towards me; so I went toward it to kick it, and it vanished away."— And Bridget, too, with her glories

and wrongs, is quietly sleeping in this graveyard of Salem, her last resting place is beneath a giant apple tree, whose birth dates back over two hundred years. In a lonely corner of the yard, are crumbling to dust, the bones of "Deacon John Bly, Esquire," who aided in his frail way in condemning Madame Bishop. Where she is sleeping, the neighbors are near and in plenty, while Deacon Bly has few.

The spiritual adviser of Beverly has not the distinction of resting until the day of Judgment among the martyrs of Salem.

Nearby are all that is mortal of the venerable Judge John Hawthorne, ancestor of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Mr. Samuel McIntire, Esq., the famous designer and carver, who "departed this world" as late as Feb. 6th, 1811. The tombs of Gov. Simon Bradstreet, Judge Benjamin Lynde and the Rev. John Higginson are near that of the modest gentleman, who met death at the hand of the creed egoist.

The next we find to be that of a child, whose parents wished the little fellow to be known to posterity:

Bartholomew Gardner

aged 2½ years

Dyed ye 20th of

December 1684.

Nearby is a costly tomb, bearing the following inscription:

Here lyeth buried

ye body of
Francis Wainwright
aged 76 years.
Deceased ye 19 of May
1699.

The "good and pious Rev. Cotton Mather" of Boston had a brother, Nathaniel, who resided in Salem. This wise philosopher sleeps in the old cemetery. The epitaph to his memory reads:

Memento Mori.

Mr. NATHANIEL MATHER.

Dec'd Oct ye 17th, 1688.

An aged person
that had seen

But nineteen winters
in the world.

Another grave to have mention in this monograph is perhaps the one of the most sought graves in the yard, that of Captain Richard Moore, who (when but a mere boy) came over in the Mayflower in 1620, a servant in the family of Elder Brewster, and known to the Plymouth Colony as the "handsome young man."

It was on a June day of late, when a maiden of forty healthy New England summers visited this old shrine, where, upon finding his grave, she was heard to exclaim: "Here sleeps the pretty boy." "Handsome Richard" was a favorite with the fair sex, as it is evident that he was much married. To the memory of the first woman to win his heart, he placed a costly stone.

and as the only learned men of those days were the clergymen, it fell upon his beloved pastor to design the following epitaph:

"Hodie Hihi Cras Tibi,
 Christian wife
 to Richard More,
 aged 69 years
 Dec'd March ye 18
 1676."

But when Richard returned from the troublous days of King Phillip's war, he again embarked upon the rough sea of married life; but in ten years he appears to have gone on to dwell with the last wife. To her memory he erected a stone, reading as follows:

Jane, Second
 Wife of Cap't
 Richad Hope, aged 55
 years, departed
 this life ye
 8th of October
 1686."

Her grave is shadowed by a russet apple tree, the seed of which was planted by one who lived in most interesting times.

While the wheels of industry are swiftly turning in old Salem, many a tourist of New England ancestry enters her narrow streets and seeks admission to a quiet spot, where rests all that is mortal of an emigrant forefather.

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The Home Picture.

CONTRIBUTED

Oh, the happy little home when the sun shone
out,

And the busy little mother got the children
all about;

And Johnny fetched the water and Tommy
brought the wood,

And Billy-boy tied both his shoes as every
laddie should—

And Dannie rocked the cradle with a clatter
and a song,

To make the little sister grow so pretty and
strong.

Oh, the sweet peas and the morning glories
climbing 'round the door,

And the tender vine of shadow with its length
across the floor.

Oh, the "pinies" and the roses, and the
quiver of the grass,

And the cheery call of friendship from the
neighbors as they pass.

Oh, the scuffle and the shouting, and the
little mother's laugh

As a rabbit starts up somewhere, and her
"great helps" scamper off.

Oh, the happy little home when the twilight
fell,

And all along the meadow rang the old cow
bell,

With a tinkle that is music through the rush-
ing of the years—

And I see the little mother in the tremble of
the tears,

And I hear her happy laughter as she cried
"The boys have come."

And we know she's getting supper in my
happy little home.



Against Re-Incarnation.

COURTESY OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Man is ever seeking to gain more knowledge.

He would solve the mysteries of the heavens and the earth.

He is studying, investigating, experimenting, inventing.

As a result marvelous advancement has been made in the arts and sciences, in discovery, and in the literary and industrial world.

Men are devoting their whole lives to subjects both profound and insignificant. But of man himself very little is really known. Physiology tells us all about the physical man; but what of the mental, the thinking, active powers that have given to the world so much knowledge; that have set the wheels of progress moving at such a rapid pace? Who can tell us all about this strange force: the human mind? Who can say as to whom or what is responsible for the multifarious degrees of intelligence, of goodness and sinfulness that are made manifest among the children of men? Why some should possess such wonderful brain power, such spirituality of mind, while others are unteachable idiots or occupants of a prison cell?

We have reached a place in our history when we should have some scientific knowledge on this subject. It should be determined beyond a doubt if a man makes or chooses his own mentality; if he can at will elect to be a Roosevelt, a Rockefeller or a rag-picker, a Lincoln or a Booth? Or if some outside influences are helping to shape the minds of men—are fashioning the mind of the criminal as well as to form the mind of the gifted musician or poet. Or if the human mind is a plastic force or substance, and can, like an old garment, be made over at any time.

Individual opinion or any present method of reasoning cannot settle the question.

People are yet to learn the fallacy of human reason, that this so-called reason is as liable to lead people into error as it is to guide them into the right way of thinking and doing.

When the human reason can lead people, and intelligent people at that, into believing all manner of absurd and ridiculous things; can teach one person that a certain creed or question is true and tell another that it is absolutely false, which it has been doing since history began,

it would seem about time the world was guided by knowledge instead of theories and speculation.

Justice will continue to be almost a meaningless term, and as no work of reform can be lasting until the world learns more about the natural laws governing human life, governing the human mind.

Now I do not pretend to know all about the mysterious mental formations, or all about the different influences that are working to make up human character, but I have after some experience and years of study of the human mind, learned something about heredity and prenatal influences, **and I know that these influences can as easily produce a sinner as a saint; that they can as easily deform the human mind as they can disfigure the human body; and that some persons born under these influences are as helpless as though hypnotized.**

Ella Wheeler Wilcox touches the key-note of this truth. When speaking of prenatal influence, she says: "It is the suppressed state of the mother's mind that does the work." That works for weal or woe.

Others have and are coming to know of these influences. Science has made some discoveries along these lines, and some writers for *The Progressive Thinker*, *The Arena*, and other publications, are adding their testimony. The benefit

such knowledge will yet be to the world—to humanity—must be determined by intelligent and progressive minds.

For years I have been trying to possess my soul in patience, waiting and believing that higher intelligence and abler minds would come forward to guide the world into the light of a new day; a time when it would be considered as important to educate parents as it now is to educate children; a time when mothers would be tenderly guarded, and protected from brutal and drunken husbands; a time when little children would not be pushed into the world with nerves shattered and minds distorted; a time when many wrongs would be righted and when reformers would be seeking to remove the causes instead of trying to remedy the effects.

And, too, I have been believing that my mission was only to wait; but I can no longer remain silent and continue to read *The Progressive Thinker*, for there is inspiration in every number. I have been a reader of this interesting paper for nearly two years. It was the name of the paper that first attracted my attention, and it seemed to me that a happier or more auspicious title could not have been chosen for any progressive publication, for progressive thinking leads away from creeds, bigotry, and all limitations

into the broader fields of liberty, investigation and advancement.

I had read only a few numbers of this interesting paper when I felt impressed that here were the people I had so long been seeking; that here were the soul-inspired who were to help redeem the world. And, although the Spiritualists as an organization had never engaged in any works of charity, and of late so much fraud among mediums had come to light, I continued to read and enjoy *The Progressive Thinker*, and to still believe that here were some of the great minds that were to take an active part in the next step of human progression.

Then all at once that ancient and hideous doctrine of reincarnation looms upon the Spiritualistic horizon—a doctrine that, if accepted by the civilized world, would soon block the pathway of human progression, crush out all sympathy for suffering humanity, smother every kindly impulse, and make mankind but little above the brute creation.

Personally I know nothing about the people who are believers in Theosophy, and have never felt any particular interest in their teachings more than to hear what strange things some people were able to believe; but to learn that Spiritualists are believing this awful thing quickens my mind to action. Now I cannot rest until I know why Spir-

itualists have chosen to enwrap the beautiful truth of immortality in a garb so repulsive.

I will admit that my mind was not fashioned in a way to believe, without evidence, any and all sorts of doctrines; so the first and most important part to me would be the proof that reincarnation was a truth; and then, if true, or even believed to be a reality, how would it benefit mankind? Would it make people better or happier? Would the star of hope shine brighter for each soul if they could know that sometime they would not know anything; then after centuries of oblivion they might again come forth—might blossom out into a bird, or worm, or some other interesting expression of life?

Now let us view well this hope-destroying doctrine, and so make sure of its advantages to humanity. If I am correctly informed on the subject, Theosophy teaches that Karma—a supposed natural law of progression—sends people back to earth for an experience they require, for their spiritual growth; that they must return to earth hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of times, or until they have experienced every agony and every happiness and have committed every crime in the calendar.

Now this being true, any work of charity would be nothing less than

a sin. To help the widows and orphans, the blind and helpless, would be only to cheat them out of their wretched but necessary experience, and thus drive them back to earth.

So the greatest kindness we could possibly show the unfortunate would be to teach them the importance of making haste in their career of misery or iniquity, that they might the sooner reach the worm or insane period, for to believe all this jargon would be enough to unbalance the mind of anyone.

And then this "brotherhood of man" doctrine is far-reaching in its ties of consanguinity. It puts the human family into such a tangle of relationship that we could never know as to whom we might be, or as to whom we might belong. Think of the thousands of brothers and sisters we must have had, and the numerous fathers and mothers; and some of these same parents might now be reincarnated as our own children, and then those children could occupy the unique distinction of being their own grandparents and grandchildren at the same time. There is hardly a limit to the amazing muddle of this double-and-twisted brotherhood.

But the crowning picture of hideousness is what it would make of mother and babyhood. It would body are just where they belong.

make of these a nightmare. For any refined and sensitive mother to believe that disembodied spirits were so lost to all sense of decency and respect for others that they would dare invade the privacy of her home, watching over and contending for the possession of her body, would be enough to drive her wildly insane. Race suicide might well become popular. Then, when she held her little one in her arms she could not look upon it as a little bud of humanity—it would be only some dried-up old mullen stalk of creation. **And a mother could never know if she were singing her lullaby to some Fiji Islander, Hottentot, or murderer, or rocking to sleep a Shakespeare, Columbus or a cannibal.**

What an indignity upon motherhood, and despair for the world!

If all this were true, we have no parents or children. Progression would be at a standstill. Everything is as it should be and every-

For picturesque hideousness and hopelessness the doctrines of reincarnation certainly stand alone.

Now, in all sincerity, I would ask if this is the teaching of pure Spiritualism? If so, its mission on earth is ended, for the world is in need of help, hope and encouragement, and this kind of teaching can give none of these.

Now I cannot say that I repudi-

ate Spiritualism, for I know that spirit return is a truth. This knowledge of immortality came to me without the aid of any personal medium. It was one of the truths I gleaned when in search of something to satisfy an inquiring mind, and reincarnation was never any part of this truth as given to me. How I became a Spiritualist while living among an orthodox people, and some of my studies and investigations while progressing away orthodoxy into infidelity, Spiritualism, through different cults, and back to the beautiful truth of life immortal, makes a story I would like to tell to the readers of *The Progressive Thinker*.

And there is more I wish to say regarding the teachings of Theosophy, though first I would like to tell our friends something about the peculiarities — the freaks — of human reason, which make it seem so important that we now have knowledge to guide us along life's pathway. And there is another story about the contradictory, and so, perhaps, unreliable statements of the unseen intelligences. Now I wish it to be remembered that whatever I may say is for a purpose, all in the interests of humanity; that never in my mind has there been a desire to bring about a discussion merely to antagonize another's thought.

My Need.

MRS. CHAS. H. TOBY,
Dover N. H.

Angels from the sphere of light,
Come and lend me of your might;
Let your great uplifting power
Bathe my soul in healing shower.

Let your love be sun by day,
Driving chill and gloom away;
Let your care be moon by night,
And your thoughts be stars of light.

May your presence lull to rest
All the fears within my breast;
Keeping e'er my heart in tune
With each sun, and star, and moon.

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JENNIE B. MOTT.



Co-operative Ownership.

T. W. WOODROW



EDITORIAL COMMENT.

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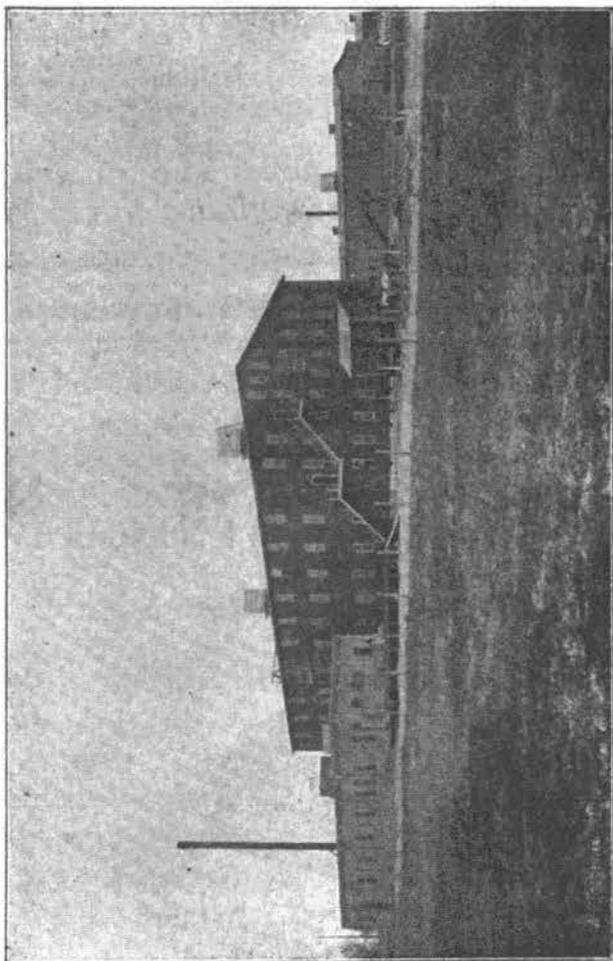
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Rio Grande Woolen Mills, (Co-operative.)

Co-operative Ownership and Production.

T. W. WOODROW.

"Gentleman, our industries must be **DEMOCRATIZED**; if different small bodies of men are to control **ALL** our domestic necessities **where goes our democracy?** The democratizing of industry means the distribution of wealth; the problem is no longer that of accumulating wealth, but of distributing it. **The labor problem can never be solved as long as one set of men owns the tools and another set uses them.** When all those connected with one industry **become together owners and users**, then will come the harmony and union which have been so long striven for."—Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., a leading clergyman in America.

This statement of the reverend gentleman might be supplemented by saying the problem is no longer that of production of wealth, but of possession. Invention has improved the tools of production so that one man with modern machinery on land or in factory can produce on an average more than ten times the amount produced by the simple hand tools 75 years ago. Does the modern laborer possess ten times as much as his grandfather? Does the modern laborer work only one-

tenth as hard? If the grandfather had to work as much harder as his tools were less productive he would not have lived long enough to become grandfather. The fact is, production has been a rousing success. Labor has produced abundantly, but labor has failed to possess. When the problem of possession is solved as well as the problem of production the labor problem will be amicably settled.

The abundant production of labor by improved machinery—who possess it? **Note**, over ten thousand millionaires in the United States. Seventy-five years ago they could be counted on the fingers of one hand. 250,251 persons in the United States, less than three-tenths of 1 per cent. of the population—possess 67 billions of 95 billions total wealth, about 70 per cent. of total wealth. By what process does it happen that the producers of wealth are not the possessors and non-producers possess nearly all of it? One per cent. of the population as per government census for 1900, possess over 90 per cent. of the total wealth, leaving 99 per cent. of population scrabbling for a little bit of ten per cent. of the wealth left to

the producers of the whole 100 per cent. The farmers get a little of this small balance of the dividing up process and **yet the farmers pay the most of the taxes.** In 1850 farmers paid 85 per cent. of the taxes; owned 70 per cent of total wealth.

In 1860, farmers paid 87 per cent. of taxes; owned 50 per cent. of total wealth; possessing less of total wealth paid more of the taxes. In 1880, farmers paid 82 per cent. of the taxes; owned only 25 per cent. of the total wealth.

In 1900, farmers paid two-thirds of the taxes; owned less than one-tenth of the total wealth. Representation should equal taxation and farmers paying most of the taxes should have most of the representation in government, but if I am not mistaken less than 10 per cent. of congress went from the farm, while those that are organized to speculate on farmers' labor and rob producers generally, such as the Standard Oil, railroads, etc., have the most of the representatives. The Standard Oil, by organized effort succeeded in getting H. B. Payne elected to the senate, not because he was a Democrat or Republican, but because he was one of them. As much as \$5,000 was paid for a single vote when Payne was named for the senate. If it is desirable for this kind of talk to stop, the gov-

ernment must quit getting out censuses and reports. If it is an exaggeration of the condition as to the concentration of wealth we are not the source of the exaggeration. The few who own the wealth produced by the labor world are the quasi owners of the means of wealth production.

To have the producers of wealth the possessors, the machinery of production must be owned and controlled by producers. This is so self evident it cannot be exemplified by argument. The proof of it is found in the bare statement of the proposition. When the machinery was distributed among the workers the wealth produced was more distributed among the workers and there were few millionaire cures, but when the workers lost the tools, the machinery of production and a few men took them in hand, the workers lost ownership and control of the products of labor and this was the loss of liberty and the consummation of "wage slavery." "He that owns the land owns the labor on the land" and this old saying can be supplemented by "he who owns the machine owns the labor in the machine and the product of the machine."

It becomes an economic maxim that labor to own the product of labor must own the means of labor. Well, I am getting tired of recount-

ing these unpleasant facts and I want to know what are you going to do about it? Divide up in political parties and have platforms. Oh, ring off, give us a rest, while we consider for a moment how the few managed to get possession of labor's reward. Organized capital has taken the product of disorganized labor. The few, by organization, have confiscated the wealth produced and exploited labor, and now labor is organizing to confiscate the confiscators; exploit the exploiters and this will impose no injustice on anyone who lives by honest toil. Exploitation of the many by the few has been accomplished by union and organization and this being the process by which the wealth of production has been concentrated in a few hands, the people are led to look for their lost treasures in the field where their treasures are lost, namely, the field of economics, and will rehabilitate themselves by the same process by which they have been despoiled and that is by organization and union. The organization and union of the many can overcome the power of the organization and union of the few.

Organized capital and organized labor, or organized piracy and organized production are two armies in a great battle now being fought.

The industrial army is the last to form and the farmers' union is the main body, both infantry and cavalry of this great army marching to the overthrow of organized greed and plunder. The capitalist system of production is simply a few men organized and united holding mastery over the disorganized labor world and could not control were they not organized or were producers organized. Hence industrial organization is the watchword for the emancipation of labor and to crown the uncrowned kings. Organization and union will enthrone labor in the economic mastery of the world. This is the reason I have said the farmers' movement is the last touch of the celestial magnet and the Farmers' Co-Operative Union is the crowning achievement of industrial organization. The organization of the farmers, the producers of the world's necessities, starts in its march of conquest to possess the full product by first setting the price on farm products. To own himself and control his labor he must set the price on his own product and there is no place to stop short of demanding the full value as fixed by the amount paid by the consumer. If the price paid by the consumer is just; if farm products are worth what the con-

sumer pays, the farmer is robbed out of the amount the consumer pays more than the farmer gets, less a small necessary expense of transportation from producer to consumer. The statement of the secretary of agriculture that consumers pay \$3.00 for wheat farmers sell for \$1.00 would indicate that farmers are robbed out of about two-thirds of their reward. The price of the product to consumer is the just reward of the producer. By organized selling the farmer will get more for what he sells and by organized buying he will pay less for what he buys. Being the principal consumer as well as producer; being the only seller of farm products and the only buyer of farm supplies, he has a right; it is his duty to organize and sell for more and buy for less, and justice to himself impels him on till he gets the full value out of his labor and till the price of what he buys is reduced so that labor which produced it for him is justly compensated by the price the farmer pays. The farmer in protecting himself from robbery does not need to rob any other labor.

“To thine own self be true
 And it shall follow as the night the
 day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any
 man.”

The organized dealers in farm machinery sells the disorganized farmer a wagon for \$85 to \$100. The same wagon sells in Europe for \$37.50. It is first sold for less in this country and would sell for less to farmers were they organized. For producing the wagon labor received \$7.19. Organized labor both on the farm and in the factory will supplement each other so that what the one produces for the other will bring more for the producer and cost less to the consumer. The organized dealers sell the disorganized farmers a Deering self binder for \$140. The same machine sells in Europe for \$62.00 transportation paid; would sell to the organized farmer in this country for \$56.00 and the factory that made it for the farmer would get as much as it does now. That is to say the just price to the producer of farm tools ought to be no less than the farmer pays and the price the farmer pays for farm tools ought to be no more than the price received by the producer of farm tools. The disorganized farmer pays on an average two and one-half times as much for what he buys as those that make these things for him get for them.

Take the retail price of any article of manufacture, divide it by two and one-half and the result will be the factory price and the price the

farmer will pay when he is organized.

The organized dealers sell the disorganized farmer a National separator for \$85.00, the same machine sells in Germany transportation paid, for \$22.50. In this case the retail price to the unorganized farmer is four times the price to the factory. The organized dealers sell the DeLaval separator to the disorganized farmer for \$112.00, the same machine sells in Germany, transportation paid, for \$28.00. In this case, also, the retail price to the American consumer is more than four times the price to the factory, which is the price the farmers will buy at when organized.

The farmers when organized can accomplish anything they set out

to accomplish. When unorganized and pulling apart they can do nothing except stand still while being skinned.

The organization of farm labor to buy for less and sell for more and the organization of machine and factory labor to demand greater wages will keep hitching on increasing the encumbrances of labor till the unnatural, fictitious machine owner is squeezed out entirely and labor will attain to its rightful possession the ownership of the means of production.

This is the consummation of the ages; the economic destiny of the world; and thither our trend is inevitable and to that common end we are all floating on the turbulent stream of industrial evolution.



SHOULD LOVE OUR ENEMIES.

A priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whisky. "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whisky is your worst enemy, and you should keep it as far from you as you can." "Me enemy, it is, father?" respond-

ed Michael. "And it was your reverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our enemies." "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them."

Ed.

IT IS COMING.

Mrs. LAURA B. PAYNE,
Abilene Texas.

It is coming, it is coming!

I can sense it in the air,

Hear it like the distant thunder

Bumblin', grumblin' everywhere.

'Tis the fast-approaching crisis

Of the question deep and grave,

'Tis the final grand encounter

'Twixt the master and the slave.

Toilers bending 'neath their bur-
dens,

Giving lifeblood for a crust,

Strike for better terms and wages.

Asking never half what's just:

Then old solid corporation,

With its millions at command,

Coolly contemplates their action—

Knows they'll lose on every hand.

Then come days of anxious waiting.

Hungry children cry for bread,

Men wrought up to desperation

Vow 'twere better to be dead.

And the public, long forbearing,

Suffers while the war is waged

'Twixt the money lords and rulers

And the toilers bound and caged.

Can they hope to win the battle?

No! for gold alone is king,

Labor's arm when 'gainst it nifted

Falls a weak and helpless thing.

And the daily press and pulpit,

Throttled by the powers of gold.

Give the thrust to honest labor

And the cause of greed uphold.

Judging by these object lessons,

Something soon must come to
pass;

While the world is filled with plenty

Thousands starve to death, alas!

Will the sturdy, honest-handed

Millions robbed of hard-earned
gains

Meekly bow to old wage master

And submit to wear their chains?

No! a thousand times, no, never!

Not while coursing through our
veins

Runs the blood that bathed "Old
Glory"

On a thousand battle plains.

From the factory, mill and work-
shop;

From the farm and forge and
mine

We will join the strike for freedom

And will float its grand ensign.

In one broad phalanx, the people

Will march forth with certain
tread.

And will wrench from corporations

Their means of earning bread.

Then the question will be settled.

Not with cannon or flintlocks,

But by peaceful, wise decision.

At the bloodless ballot box.



The Evolution of Consciousness According to The Theosophic Psychology.

REVEL *in The Mighty Atom.*

When some twenty years ago, theosophy presented the theory of the evolution of consciousness, proofs upon which to base this new psychology were lacking. It seemed so absurd to speak of life in minerals, of the identity of life in the physical and chemical constituents of all beings, that such theories had no chance whatever to arouse interest. Things have changed today. Atoms, whether they belong to man, animal, plant or inert stone, appear as infinitesimal and invisible lives. Our savants have found in the mineral kingdom not only proofs of life, but also of consciousness, the latter in a very small degree it is true, but no less real. The identity of life, of sensibility, the faculty to respond to energetic excitation, even to the action of stimulants have been noticed. This is in the minerals as well as in the plants, in animals as well as in man.

If all the experiments made have abolished the barriers that were established between the organic and inorganic kingdoms, and the latter demonstrate universality of life as well as conscience in all the kingdoms of nature we must conclude

that life and consciousness are identical, but that manifestations differ according to the perfection of the apparatus through which they manifest themselves. Biology has established the fact that in proportion as evolution brought more perfection to the instrument of conscience which in animals is the nervous system, the psychic phenomena with them increase. Biology also teaches us that the cerebral hemispheres enlarge as the species has more intelligence.

Theosophy admits that the phenomena of consciousness, the moral and intellectual faculties, follow the variations of the development of the nerve cells and that this is the case in the animal kingdom, as well as in man; but in searching for the cause of these cellular variations theosophy finds that the development of this physical mechanism is the result of the internal activity projected by consciousness, which is ever in search of more perfect modes of expression.

The entire solution of the problem of life is in the following. We notice in all evolution that excitement produces a phenomenon of

consciousness that increases in intensity and positiveness, in proportion as the organism becomes more perfect. It is also noticeable that wherever there is an atom of matter—and space is full of them—life is and exists. This is the case even in powdered minerals. True it is that this life is beyond our comprehension and our perception. The atoms themselves seem inhabited by a desire for life. Everywhere are found the efforts necessary, and vague efforts of consciousness that seek to express themselves.

If we conclude with the biologists that consciousness is but an inherent property of cellular elements we fail to comprehend why consciousness should appear in the mineral kingdom. In order to manifest itself, life and consciousness require, it is true, a material vehicle and the manifestations are the stronger and the more accentuated according to the higher state of perfection of the vehicle; but what is the object of the perfection of this vehicle? It seems logical to admit that the evolution of the material vehicle followed the evolution of consciousness; without this the reason why the mollecular combinations are always tending towards an adaptation more perfect, could not be explained. Evolution would become incomprehensible without

this hypothesis.

Theosophy admits that it is consciousness itself that, always forced by the desire of life seeks first vaguely, later on more definitely, to bring its desire to execution. Consciousness thus gives birth to impulses which in their turn generate special energies that react upon physical matter little by little forming nerve matter. Therefore as a general rule, function always precedes the organ. The organ is simply a means for the function to express itself more and better. This is the fundamental principle of theosophy.

Pleasure—Pain.

At the beginning of evolution, it is true, the violence of exterior vibrations through an overturn of the mineral mass that lies hidden in its grossest envelope begins to vibrate and to enter. Later vibrations of the exterior world awaken the massive or obtuse sensations by provoking the beginning of consciousness under the form of impressions in the living kingdoms; but there are two forces in nature, rhythm or harmony, and disharmony, or that which breaks the equilibrium through violent vibration, and destroys this equilibrium, provokes shocks and disturbances in the material envelope; while from rhythmic and harmonious vibration

awaken sympathetic vibrations that permit the exchanges of life. Consciousness feels an attraction for the one, and repulsion for the other; it answers to pleasure and to pain. All that procures a pleasure is harmonious itself, and increases the life; in this sense health is harmony; all that which gives pain is inharmony (dissonance). Discordant vibrations hurt and oppose the vital waves that circulate in the envelopes and suspend normal activity. These attractions registered in consciousness awaken the obscure search for pleasure, the tendency to pursue the vanished impression. The birth of desire constitutes the first differentiated aspect of consciousness; the expectation of the repetition to pleasure is the first sign of memory and the representation of this pleasure is the beginning of imagination.

In philosophy as well as in physiology, the genesis of pleasure is an unknown world. As to pain it is known rather through its effects than in its real genesis. Efforts have been made to find out if the nervous system had special nerves for the transmission of pain, but outside of the center nerves, none have been found that would more particularly carry the sensation of pain nor have special nerves been found to carry the sensation of

pleasure. It has been noticed that the inferior races of humanity are almost insensible to pain; that the patients who deeply fix their attentions upon the pain of an operation, and who keep in their imagination the representation of the sufferings they are going to undergo, suffer more and lasting consciousness at the first contact with the instrument even before any pain is felt; a new factor intervenes therefore in the processes of pain; this factor is the intellectual state.

The scientific formula on this subject may be expressed as follows. Pain is linked to the diminution, to the disorganization of the vital functions; pleasure is linked with an increase of the energy, the latter coming either from an exterior source or from the potential energy stored up and which is realized by a given cause. Theosophy applies the same formula to all the material bodies through which an individualized consciousness may express itself. The increases of vital activity and the exchanges of life can take place only through harmonious rapports; the latter being due to the similitude and rhythm of the vibratory waves susceptible to being exchanged between two bodies in contact; the pleasures varying according to the nature of the vehicle, and being

either pleasures of sensations or intellectual pleasures. Physical pain is sustained by the union existing between the physical body and the body of sensibility. Any cause that acts upon the etheric double through which life circulates, and which interrupts the communication between the physical body and body of sensibility suppresses pain. The faculty to suffer is evidently in rapport with the development of the latter, since according to the thesis accepted by theosophy, the nervous process has a very intimate correlation with it. As the different races elevate themselves in civilization, sensibility increases, and sometimes determines in the nervous system, an instability due to a defect of adaptation between the rapid development of the one and the hereditary conditions of the physical body. We can thus understand why the sensibility of the savage whose sensitive body is much less developed, is inferior to that of the civilized man. In reality, according to the theosophic thesis, it is more a question of transference of consciousness in the material vehicle. If the attention increased pain, it is because consciousness is centered in the inferior vehicle. A scholar whose mind remains centered upon a problem of intellectual character is sometimes

insensible to pain, because his consciousness is transferred into his mental vehicle. Mystics, saints and martyrs have been able to overcome pain, to overcome the least particle of sensitiveness of pain, and even to dare pain, but in such cases their consciousness is consciously or unconsciously transferred into the spiritual vehicle.

Special psychic states may also result from abnormal relations between the physical body and the vehicle of sensibility and cause phenomena of analgesia, or hyperesthesia. The teachings of Pythagoras may be found in the theosophical thesis; "Life and not only mortal life, but life in its principle and substance, the soul, is a harmonious intelligence, is but a harmony between the subject and the object. The entire world exists only through harmony, is but harmony, and God aims at the same thing, causes a substance, the only premier is yet but supreme harmony, harmony of the even and the odd, of a unity and a plurality, according in the unity or dissonance of the conditions of the contraries; order is not only a rapport, it is the essence of things, and of all things."

An Elaboration of Perception and Intelligence.

Through its sensitiveness to pleasure and pain the living being

succeeds in establishing a tie between the object that embraces it and the sensation through which it answers to this object. This is perception. This faculty that is found in spiritual animals is the germ of the mental faculty, but when through this perception of the sense, "the ego begins to distinguish itself from the non-ego" and that life becomes conscious of exterior things instead of being conscious only of the internal modifications, then the net and precise idea of the "I am" appears. Conscience is transformation in **self** conscience. The savage has no other satisfaction but that of his own pleasure, and establishes no distinction between good and evil; but by distinguishing between the exterior cause, the defect, his ego in one sense or in another, he establishes differences that awaken his intelligence. The differences are necessary to our conditional conscience; we think through differences, we feel through differences, and we know through differences.

The process of the perception of objects is very complex. The contact of objects with the body is affected in diverse manners, and the body perceives certain of their vibrations by certain of these parts differentiated to this effect. The eye, the ear, the epidermis, the

tongue, the nose perceive certain vibratory waves and in the affected organs certain cells respond by similar vibrations. These waves go to the sensorial centers of the brain, and from there to the sense of information of the astral envelope, there to be transformed into colors, shapes, sounds, forms, tastes, odors, etc., and transmitted always as distinguished waves to the mental envelope, where they combine themselves in **one** unique image and in one complete perception of an object. This mixture of diverse waves into one, this synthesis of sensations is the special work of the mental. Inversely the mental sends a wave into the motor centers of the astral envelope; the latter analyze the same, decompose it, and distribute the waves derived from them between the motor centers of the brain. The motor centers distribute these waves by the intermediary of the nervous center between the diverse muscles that are to cooperate with the action.

By means of the different distinctions between the exterior objects and his ego, the sense of the exterior reality awakens in man and thus the physical world only seemed to him real. The self-conscience inaugurated in his physical body constructs in the brain the centers that enable him to express himself.

through the function creating the organ; but by identifying itself with the cerebral center of self-conscience, he knows his distinct and continuous ego only upon the physical plane. He could notice the changes, impressions in his manner of feeling and thinking through the internal modifications that cause the vibrations of the other planes, (astral and mental); but his conscience being solely concentrated in the physical vehicle, all this seems unreal and subjective.

We must remember the law of solidarity expressed in a preceding

article. Between the conscious of the divine mental plane, and that of the inferior planes, there is such an abyss that the latter had to be filled by the intervention of self-conscious entities, having a long past of intellectual evolution to their credit. These entities find in physical man the ready and proper instrument for their ulterior evolution, to be used as their master, and directing the race by incarnating themselves, and giving to these inferior brothers as men were, the man as, the mental.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Once more we approach that season of the year when the sun in his pilgrimage turns toward the north, bringing again in his wake warmer days and a renewal of vegetation to comfort and bless the inhabitants of the earth. From time immemorial this return has been celebrated by joy and thanksgiving on the part of the whole human race. It was only natural that in the formation of a great Christian Church designed by its founders to gather within its fold all mankind that this Christmas time should be perpetuated. Christmas of 1907 will differ but little in the feeling's of Earth's Children as regards their fellow man from Christmas 07, although in the 1900 years the whole world has been changed many times. Nations have risen to the rank of world power and gone again the way of the world.

In this good year let naught but the kindest feelings permeate the beings of this our land. Lay aside

the cares and vexations of the busy life. Forget the little slights and insults that you feel have been cast upon you. Banish from your heart every vengeful feeling, every animosity, and enter the new year—so bright with promise, so full of possibilities—with a heart that is pure and hands that are clean.

We of the Mountain Pine greet you our reader with all the joy of another Christmas time. May the fates be more than unusually kind to you and yours, and may the New Year so soon to be ushered in bring health and happiness to each and every one.

And now they tell us the panic is over. Which brings to mind that our friend Dooley spoke the truth when he said, "All Confidence is based on Credit and all Credit is based on Confidence."

As is always the case, the heavy blow has fallen upon the producer and the laborer of the country. We note that cattle are lower than for

many months, and also note that beef is higher than for many months. That while wheat is down flour is up. That the whole financial world has acknowledged by word and action that the old Populistic theory of an insufficiency of currency to do the business of the country on is and always has been true. Thus does time vindicate him

“Who is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his
 race,
Is wiser than his time.
But Truth shall conquer at the
 last,
As round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes upper-
 most,
And ever is justice done.”

As is always the case, the Government rushed gallantly to the rescue of the stock gamblers who caused the panic and were the only people who could possibly benefit thereby. To supplement this, the bankers all over the country issued their due bills, by courtesy called “Cashier’s Checks,” and he who even intimated that they were not good money was immediately held up to contumely and scorn. But all that has now passed as a hideous dream and we are normal again, so we are informed.

After all, the flurry has been productive of ultimate good, inasmuch

as it has called the attention of the people to the manner in which the currency of the country is put in circulation. No state, or municipality or corporation or individual can, according to law, issue money. But this constitutional function of the general government so wisely reserved to itself alone has, without color of law, by edict, as it were, been delegated to Banking Corporations; and so it has come to pass that all the producers of wealth have for years paid and are now paying a royalty to this corporation for handling their own money for them. It is but natural and to be expected that under such a system stringencies should occur periodically. The rate of interest on this species of credit has always been in excess of the annual accumulation to our national wealth. Hence, at every paying period the money loaned must bring back with it the toll charged for its use and this toll must come in the shape of property unless the increase in real money has been of sufficient volume to pay it. A movement that will compel the Government to guarantee the depositors of every National Bank should have the endorsement of every good citizen.

So far as we are concerned we would take away from Banks the privilege of issuing asset currency

of any kind, would have all money issued by the general government direct. For instance, instead of issuing interest-bearing bonds to build the Panama canal, we would issue Legal Tender Currency non-interest bearing notes, receivable for all dues, public and private, pay for the work with them, and when they have been covered into the Treasury retire them or reissue them as the occasion demanded. As it is, the \$50,000,000 bonds will collect from the people in interest charges during their life \$75,000,-

000, making a grand total charge of \$125,000,000 for \$50,000,000 of money that can be no better than the Government which is its security.

The question of who shall issue the money of the country and how, is one of the questions which the American people will be called upon to solve. Meanwhile, since we are bound hand and foot in the National Bank net, let us make that net safe enough and strong enough to protect every person who, through privation and toil, has laid by a few dollars for a rainy day.



SOUL GROWTH

By Jennie Brancha Mott.

Not sad but sacred, is the passing of
our lives.

There is no place for grief, nor yet
for over-mirth

Nor flippancy, which most the shal-
low heart delights;

For one by one the things we love
are passing by

Almost before we know it, they are
forever gone—

And the saddened heart that bears
the deepest scars

Shows but the gentle touch of GOD,
upon HIS outer form

For through a law that underlies
our life, leading on—

The soul must pass life's darkened
way, all light gone—

Must bear its cross up many Cal-
varys crowned with thorns;

Must know earth's lesser loves, and
feel their parting pains,

Before the bruised heart is healed,
and heaven gained.

For the purest, truest souls that
earth has known

“Have blossomed into beauty in the
dark;”

And the sweetest fruit that earth
has ever borne,

Was bitter, while it lay within the
Mother-heart.

YOUTHFUL CRIMINALS.

By M. V. Rork.

Whatever may be the crime of any youth against the State, it can not be a thousandth part as great as the crime of a State that turns millions of boys and girls off the land and leaves them to starve, or save their lives by begging or by stealing, or by working and surrendering eighty-three one hundredths of their product to enrich other people.

The Salvation Army has taken 850 men out of Canadian prisons and made good citizens of them by giving them steady work. To call such men bad, or to say they need reforming is to utter a falsehood.

The California prison association "saves" 96 per cent. of her ex-criminals by meeting them at the prison door and giving them work.

England sent her "low down, vicious and criminal population" out of her slums and jails and banished them to Botany Bay, where they have built up one of the best colonies England has today. As soon as they got away from the tyranny and injustice of their mother country, they were all right. France sent her low down jailbirds to work in chain gangs on the big

canal, hoping the ditch would be dug and the devils would be dead. De Lesseps said "I will not work men in chain gangs, trust them to me. I will be responsible for them." He took them out of their chains, paid them Four Dollars a day and said, 'Gentlemen, you have come to a new world where there is a new hope. With the new hope be new men,' and he adds, "In three weeks the mails were busy carrying their earnings to their starving families and I never lost so much as a pocket handkerchief at the hands of the whole crowd.

This idea of trampling down a child's right to be born free to work the land God gave to all his children, and then putting him in prison or a reform school to reform him, is like the Devil's reforming infants in hell.

When Society will give up its bad practice and respect the right of the children to be born free to work and own their product and the church gives up its bad doctrine and stops telling them that life-long devils can repent on the scaffold and go to heaven, without reaping what they have sowed, "juvenile

offenders" will pass.

Judge Lindsey of the Denver Juvenile Court says there are no bad boys, and the keeper of the Chicago jail for 10 years says there are no bad men, and I believe them. If society will reform itself, it will have no trouble with juveniles.

* * *

Forty-five thousand persons have come into the state of Colorado to make their home since January 1, 1907.

This statement is no idle guess, but is made upon figures furnished by the railroads running into Colorado as a basis for the calculation. If anything, this statement of the number of people who have made new homes in Colorado this year is underestimated rather than over-estimated.

Figures compiled by the passenger department of the Denver & Rio Grande system show that every day this year from January 1 to November 16, there have been unloaded at stations along their line in Colorado alone an average of one car of immigrant goods. Three hundred and sixteen days of the current year have passed; 316 carloads and over of household goods have been unloaded along the line of the Rio Grande system alone. But carefully compiled figures of the railroads entering the state show that only about one family in

three brings its household goods along when they move into a new location. The balance, before setting out for a new home, have a vendue or an auction sale and get rid of all of their old household and farm goods. This auction sale is especially popular in the Eastern state. About one out of three of these sturdy Eastern men prefers to enter his new state unincumbered; he prefers to buy new goods and to get the kind of agricultural implements best suited to new locations.

Using the figure three then as a safe basis for calculation, there have been approximately about 1,000 families settled in the state by this one railway alone, during the present year. Again using 4 1-2 as a basis for the average number of persons in a family (and this again is a safe basis), there are about 4,500 persons who have settled along the line of the Rio Grande this year. There are eight big railway systems, notably the Rock Island and the Union Pacific in the eastern part of the state, the immigration business has been especially heavy. All of the railroads have carried more persons this year than ever before in their history, and a goodly percentage of it has been homeseekers' business. Therefore, taking the Rio Grande figures as a basis for another calculation

the number of railway systems in the state, exclusive of the Rio Grande, we have 31,500. Adding to this the 4,500 of the Rio Grande gives a total of 36,000 people for the state since the first day of January.

But there is another factor to take into consideration in making a calculation on the growth of Colorado's population for the year. There are a large number of tourists who come into Colorado every summer with no thought of remaining here. They get a glimpse of the scenic beauties of the state, take a whiff or two of the pure mountain air that continually sweeps down from the Rockies, see the great opportunities offered for investment, and then, very naturally, they conclude to remain in Colorado become citizens of the Centennial state. The railroads have no records of the number of these persons. The one thing on which they can figure is the number of tourist tickets deposited with the ticket associations in the larger cities and left uncalled for at the expiration of the time limit on these tickets.

The record for Denver alone this summer is put at something like 4,000, in Colorado Springs the number is 1,200, while there is no report from Pueblo, but it is safe to say that it is larger than Colorado

Spring, and not so large as Denver. Put it at 2,000 to be on the safe side and there is a total of 7,200 to add to the total of 36,000 given above. Now, Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs are not the only cities in the state by any means. Figure again a other 2,000 scattered throughout the length and breadth of this great state (and again these figures are conservative), there is an approximate total of 45,000 persons who have found new homes in Colorado since January 1, 1907.

Probably before the end of the year these figures will be considerably augmented.

These figures only go to show the wonderful growth that Colorado is making. These new settlers come from all parts of the country, the Middle West probably furnishing the greater number. These figures show, too, most conclusively, that the tide of immigration has turned Coloradoward. — Denver Republican, Nov. 17, 1907.

* * *

THE CAUSE AND THE REMEDY

To some people the 1907 panic is a great mystery. They are unable to understand how there can be a panic when everybody is boasting of prosperity. Everybody wants to know who is to blame. The whole thing seems so unnatural and so

unrecalled-for, and was so unexpected by people generally that they are absolutely dazed. As a rule men are discussing the matter with a purpose of getting at the truth. Only occasionally is a man found whose party prejudice eclipses his honesty, perverts his judgment and stupifies his reasoning powers.

This panic, or financial stringency as some prefer to call it, is too serious a matter to be ignored or joked about. No man can truthfully say it has not affected him. The general prosperity of the country has been dealt a paralyzing blow from the effects of which it will not soon recover. Every man feels it in his business and in spite of the splendid optimism that prevails, everybody is possessed of a secret fear that there may be worse to come. The people know that the panic is not in any way their fault. They have not been repudiating their debts or even defaulting in their interest payments. Neither have they been wanting in confidence. They have gracefully submitted to extortions by trusts on every hand. There has been no disposition to hoard money, even had the trusts permitted it. And in view of the fact that railroads and manufacturers have been doing the most profitable business ever

known, the people know as a matter of course that the blame must be laid onto somebody other than the people and legitimate business men.

Some Republicans are heard to say that Roosevelt caused the panic. Without presuming to take any hand in their family row, we would suggest that if any one man, even though he be the president, can cause a strong nation like ours to suffer such a stringency in money matters there must be something wrong with the financial system.

Eleven years ago, or longer, when the people of the West felt the need of a greater volume of money with which to carry on business they were solemnly told that such a proposition was all tommyrot—that there was plenty of money—that to increase the amount would increase prices—would make cheap money—would be repudiation of existing obligations—would be dishonest. The bankers of the country almost to a man made that very declaration. Now these very same men, notwithstanding there is about twice as much money per capita in existence as there was then, are clamoring for a greater volume of—not money but credit currency, claiming that there is a great scarcity of money. The merchants,

the mechanics and the farmers who believed the professed money experts were telling the truth eleven years ago. are at a loss to understand how what they were told by these men would be wrong, then, can be right, now; or how there can possibly be any scarcity of money now if there was plenty eleven years ago.

If men would keep in mind the fact that there is a great money trust in this country—the greatest of all trusts—what seems to be such a mystery would not be so hard to understand. The constitution of the United States says the power to coin money and regulate its value shall be vested in congress. It will be noted that the money trust has never objected to an increase in the volume of substitute money the issue and control of which should be left to the banks.

Money, to the banker, is a commodity, to be dealt in and speculated on just as a merchant deals in goods, except that where the merchant must have a dollar's worth of goods to do 100 cents business the banker may do \$100 business with every dollar he has in his till. Money is made the most important of all commodities by its use as the basis of all business transactions. If the dealers in money can get the financial system so arranged that

every dollar of exchange medium with which the people do business is a source of income to them they will have an enormous perpetual income. For example, suppose the two banks of a county had it in their power to compel every man, woman and child in that county to come to them and borrow the money with which to carry on their business, that not a single dollar could be in circulation in that county except that it be first borrowed from the two banks and draw interest to these banks every day of the time it remained in circulation—wouldn't the two banks have a bonanza?

Well, that bonanza is precisely what the money trust of the United States is after. And the truth is, that is now pretty nearly the situation take the country as a whole. The reserves required by law to be kept in the banks equal, if they do not exceed, the amount of actual money in existence. The so-called money that the people use to carry on business is borrowed credit—borrowed from the money trust through the banks of the country, bringing to the trust a perpetual inflow of interest. Do you catch the idea?

The United States congress has abrogated the constitution and turned over to the money trust the issue and control of money. No

and somebody paying interest on that amount as long as that bank note remains in circulation. And now the money trust wants authority from congress to issue more credit currency to loan out to the people. Charles Fowler, chairman of the house committee on banking and currency, brazenly proposes that congress should give banks authority to issue credit currency based on their reserve funds! And Leslie M. Shaw, ex-secretary of the treasury and now a full-fledged member of the money trust, as brazenly proposes that national banks should be empowered to issue man who is at all informed on the subject can or will deny this proposition. There is no exception outside of the gold and silver coinage, which in reality constitutes but a very small part of the medium of exchange in use. In fact if the substitutes for money now being held as reserve funds were put out and the gold and silver put in their place there would not at this time be a single dollar of real money in circulation. It must be remembered that national bank notes, often erroneously called greenbacks, are not real money—they are nothing but credit currency, not a dollar of which can or ever does get into circulation except by somebody borrowing it from the money trust

additional circulation equal to 50 per cent. of their capital, notwithstanding the fact that their capital is already invested in government bonds which are used as a basis for circulation of almost equal amount!

Our local banks and the thousands of other worthy institutions throughout the country organized for exchange business should not get puffed up with the idea that they are the money trust. They are a part of the money trust in just about the same way that the boys who carry water for the elephant are a part of the circus. These country banks are not only without voice in the councils of the money trust but they are a buffer between the money trust and the people. They do the catspaw act for the money trust and brings on a stringency. Thoroughly sound and solvent themselves the burden of maintaining confidence is on their shoulders. With ample funds entrusted to the vaults of the trust banks in the commercial centers the country banks are forced to withhold their depositors' money because the trust banks want their funds to loan out to Wall Street gamblers.

The money trust is made up of banks of issue and free government depositories. The ordinary exchange banks are mere apprentices

at the trade of shylockism. They stand in fear and trembling before the money trust which holds in its grasp their success or failure, their prosperity or ruin just as it does that of every other honest business in the country. The present money trust panic has shown some western bankers a few things that they will do well not to forget when the trust sends the order down the line to whoop it up for the "best banking system the world ever saw!"

Only through the forbearance of the great plain people of this country has a widespread and disastrous panic been averted. Every banker, big and little, in the United States, has been shivering in his boots in fear of a general demand by their depositors for the funds entrusted to them for safekeeping, and the excuses for the panic and the arguments for confidence advanced by some of them would turn a gold brick faker green with envy. Everybody knows that there is not a bank in existence, whether its capital be ten thousand or ten millions, that could keep its doors open one whole day if its depositors should all at once demand their money. Banks could not pay interest on deposits, could not even afford to receive and care for deposits, except they loan their depositors' money out for an interest in-

come. Confidence, and confidence alone, has kept the banks of the country from being forced to close their doors. It is no fault of the money trust that a disastrous panic is not now crushing the life and hope out of the country.

The conscienceless pirates who control the money trust cornered money in order to further their stock gambling operations, just exactly as Phil Armour bulled the wheat market years ago by temporarily borrowing and tying up all the money in the country that was available for call loans. These gamblers borrowed all the funds of their own banks, then got the secretary of the treasury to dump nearly all of the government's cash into their banks. It was a panic made to order and for a purpose. The struggle among the stock gamblers for funds forced interest rates up to 30, 40, 60 and 90 per cent. and then Morgan and Rogers, Harriman and Ryan, Belmont and Silliman, Heinze and Rockefeller and others of that piratical gang got very "patriotic" and began loaning the money they had cornered and sent out word that the panic was over! Honest banks of exchange had no hand in the making of the panic — it was the work of the money trust—that gang of brigands to whose wolfish care the Republi-

can party has entrusted the financial system of this country.

The interests of the country bankers are identical with the interests of their depositors, the people. They have no interests in common with the money trust, though many of them like to fell their vanity tickle with the idea that they are "spellin' in the same class." In 1896 and 1900, at the behest of the money trust, the country bankers everywhere buttonholed every customer and scoured the highways and the byways shouting for a "sound money." Will they do it again?

Sound money, indeed! The 50-cent dollars, the greenbacks, the standard gold—all the real money and lots of the national bank currency, being cornered and hoarded by order of the money trust, and the job printing shops of the cities called upon to print bushels and bales of cashier's checks and clearing house certificates! Talk about your wild-cat bank money—the country is certainly getting it now. A necessity? Only necessary because the money trust has cornered the money and refuses to let the exchange banks have the funds they are entitled to.

Suppose the exchange banks of the country had had their funds on

deposit in real government sub-treasuries—not stock gamblers' pawn shops—in the money centers, do you think Wall Street's case of jimjams would have caused the country banks to suspend payment of their depositors' checks? Not for a minute. And then when the Wall Street gang undertook to corner all the money suppose the government would take a hand and instead of bank shinplasters had begun furnishing through its sub-treasuries, on sound securities, at low interest, full legal tender currency—do you think the corner would have stood long, or that there would have been any panic?

Give a man without a conscience the power to rob you without fear of punishment and he will surely take advantage of the opportunity. The money trust has no conscience and it has been given full power to not only perpetually rob the people but to bring on a panic with its accompanying ruin of honest enterprise and innocent people at its own pleasure. And when the panic comes instead of coming to the rescue of the people the administration turns the U. S. treasury over to the pirate gang.

The cause of the panic is no mystery, and no true American citizen should hesitate to apply the proper remedy.

Is Mars Signalling the Earth?

Professor Percival, of Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona, photographer, geographer and topographer of Mars, has just returned from South America, where, in the Andes mountains, he has been making observations and taking photographs of the planet during its opposition. We were comparatively "near" the planet then—some forty millions of miles away, but quite close astronomically speaking. Professor Lowell, who has always held the belief that Mars was inhabited, comes back brimful of enthusiasm for having obtained what he regards as absolute proof that his theory is correct.

Summing up the result of his work, this is what the professor says:

"It is a direct sequitar from this that the planet is at present the abode of intelligent, constructive life. I may say in this connection that the theory of such life upon Mars was in no way a prior hypothesis on my part, but deduced as an outcome of observation, and it has been since fully confirmed by my observations.

"No other supposition is consonant with all the facts observed here."

But that is not all. There is a more startling, though perhaps not so scientifically reliable suggestion that we are being "called up" by wireless telegraph across the awful distance which stretches between our planet and our fiery looking heavenly neighbor named for the god of war.

One night a few weeks since an operator in charge of a lonely wireless station on the North Atlantic coast caught three distinct "taps" or flashes on his instrument. He could not recognize the call as any he knew, nor did he appear to have intercepted a message, for the flashes were not repeated. The next night the "taps" came again almost at the same hour, and when the thing happened again the third night, the operator did some energetic thinking.

There was something about those mysterious signals which seemed uncanny. They did not sound to him like any other he had heard before.

suppose that they have developed certain things to a far greater degree than we. So why might this not be true of the wireless telegraph?—Reason, for November suggested, and science did not frown upon the explanation. There were those who fell in line with the suggestion, and still others who feared to combat it, remembering the wonders which astronomy had proved by line and arc and angle.

Is Mars calling us? Has she found some method of driving the electric waves across the gulf between us and telling earth that she, too, is peopled with the "intelligent, constructive life" Professor

So he told another man at a station farther down the coast, and to his surprise this operator, too, had received the same signals at the same hour.

And up and down the coast the news ran, only to be confirmed by every man who worked a wireless "key."

"It's Mars calling," someone Lowell speaks of? Surely Professor Lowell argues logically enough in supporting his assertion that there are people on the planet to send such a message. And if we are to judge them by their apparent handiwork, it may be reasonable to

All the wealth of the world, aside from natural production, is the emanation of industry; and it is only through industry that natural resources become wealth. The conflict of so-called "capital and labor" is the consequence of the perversion of the principle of the relation of art to nature,—the distortion arising from wrong principles and wrong conditions of the human soul. The present system of economics is founded exclusively

upon a false impulse, originating in self-love. It does not confine itself merely to the wealthy robbers of the world; it infiltrates and permeates the mass, and the poor wage-slave is as absolutely and voluntarily wedded to the competitive industrial system as the millionaire, and is as much responsible for his degradation as his oppressor.

The Mountain Pine for 1908, =-\$1.00.

Gathered From Everywhere...

{This department invites contributions of anecdotes, strange happenings, etc. For every one printed, we will give six months subscription to this magazine. Original articles preferred, but send in what you think worth reproducing, giving credit when possible.}

MEAT SUBSTITUTES.

Some books are more necessary than others. One of the necessary books is **Meat Substitutes**, by Isabel Goodhue, published by The New York Magazine of Mysteries. This book grew out of the necessity of the day for something which would tell how to prepare attractive and appetizing dishes from fruits, grains, nuts, etc., which would satisfy the vegetarian as well as the meat eater who wishes to vary his diet by substantial dishes prepared without the use of meat.

The book is handsomely bound in art vellum cloth, and printed on tinted paper in a new and beautiful type specially made for books of the finest class. Each page is bordered with a handsome and appropriate design and blank pages are inset for memoranda. A fine flavor of higher thought in the preparation of food is given by the quotations interspersed throughout the book. Taken as a whole, **Meat Substitutes** is unlike anything in the way of books ever brought out before, and it will attract attention both for its appearance and the especially timely value of its contents.

The work of double-tracking the Eagle River Canon in the main transcontinental line of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad just west of Leadville, is now completed. The contractors, the Phillips Construction Company & O'Gara, who commenced work a little over a year ago, have finished their contract, and one of the greatest engineering feats of the year has been successfully accomplished.

The new second track built through the narrow Eagle River Canon has cost more than \$100,000 per mile to construct, but the relief afforded by this great improvement, by which trains can be more easily operated over the steep grade on the west side of Tennessee Pass, will be worth many times the cost of construction.

In the five miles of canon work there are three tunnels with a total length of 800 feet, being 100, 300 and 400 feet respectively. There are five steel bridges, with reinforced concrete floor slab, with ballast under the track of a fine quality of crushed rock. The steel girders are probably the heaviest

ever used in bridge construction. The track is laid with new 85-lbs.-to-the-yard steel, rolled by the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company at their Pueblo plant, with tie plates and entirely new track material throughout. The new line, which is used for the eastbound, or up-hill haul, reduces the grade from 3.3 per cent. to 2.3 per cent., and the curvature is also greatly lessened.

The enormous outlay (considering the length of new track) was necessitated by the constantly increasing business, both freight and passenger, of the Rio Grande road, and the tremendous increase in volume anticipated with the comple-

A FUNGUS HAND.

The last of May, 1882, Simon Snyder, who was working in a planing mill at Portsmouth, Ohio, had his hand so badly lacerated in the machinery that amputation was necessary. There is nothing uncommon about that, but hold your breath a minute. The hand was buried in Mr. Snyder's garden. Two weeks after, upon the mound which the two-year-old daughter of the injured man had made over the severed hand, grew a small fungus-like plant in the exact shape of the human hand. The Portsmouth (O.) Blade of June 10, called attention

to the wonder, and gave a full description of it. Hundreds of citizens visited Mr. Snyder to see this freak of nature. All are interested. Those who tried to understand it were mystified, and the superstitious were sure it was some portent of evil. Mr. and Mrs. Snyder removed to Conesville, Louisa county, Iowa, two months ago, and brought the fingers with them, preserved in alcohol. C. E. Harrison, of the Brady street pharmacy, was at Conesville last week and brought the curiosity to Davenport. Mr. Harrison tried to prevail on Mrs. Snyder to give it to the Academy of Sciences, but she has not yet consented. The fingers are of a dark brown color; the thumb and fingers approach nearly two exact forms, and perhaps the queerest part of it is that the fore finger is shorter than it should be. Mr. Snyder lost the forefinger of that hand two years before the amputation. The little finger was broken off by accident, and shows that the inside of the finger is white. Cases are on record where roots and vegetable growth have taken the place and shape of buried objects of a perishable nature by absorption and growth contemporaneous with decay, but this was an exterior development.—Davenport (Iowa) Gazette.

Poverty and its Relation to Child Labor.

JENNIE BRANCHIA MOTT.

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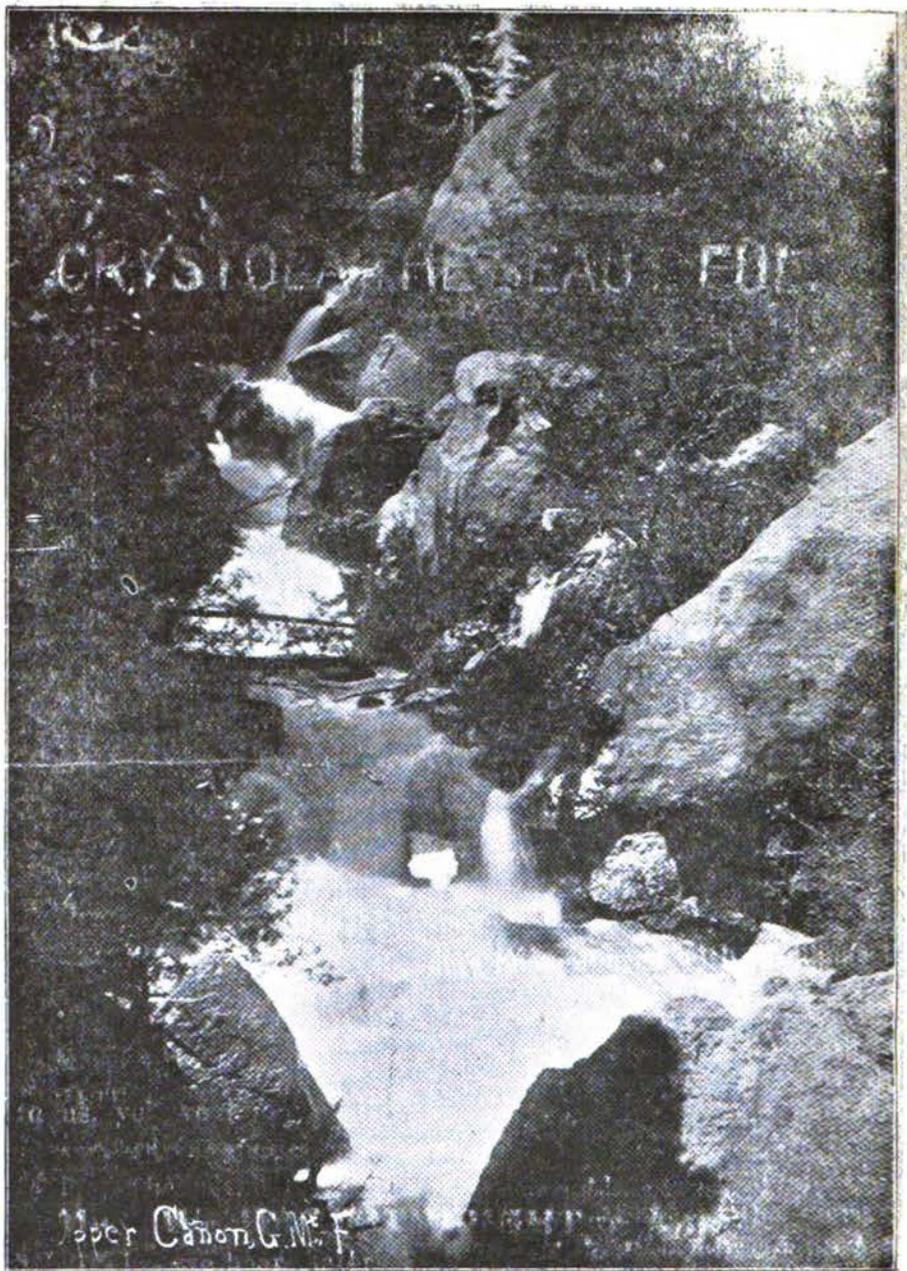


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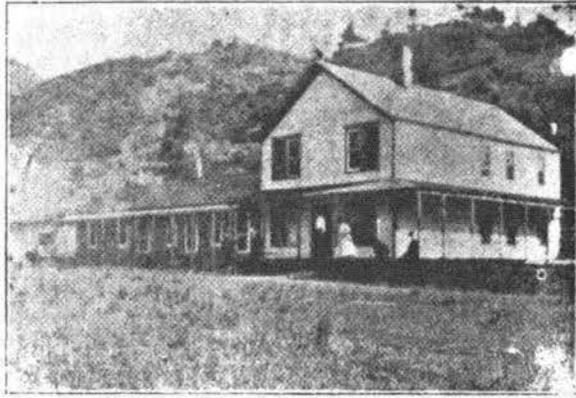
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CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

OF THE

National Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of Colorado .



PREAMBLE.

Speculators and those engaged in the distribution of farm products have organized and operate to the great detriment of the farming class.

To enable farmers to meet these conditions and protect their interest, we have organized the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America, and declare the following purposes

To establish justice.

To secure equity.

To apply the Golden Rule.

To discourage the credit and mortgage system.

To assist our members in buying and selling.

To educate the agricultural class in scientific farming.

To teach farmers the classification of crops, domestic economy and the process of marketing.

To systematize methods of production and distribution.

To eliminate gambling in farm products by Boards of Trade, Grain Exchanges and other speculators.

To bring farmers up to the standard of other industries and business enterprises.

To secure and maintain profitable and uniform prices for grain, live stock and other products of the farm.

To strive for harmony and good will among all mankind and brotherly love among ourselves.

To garner the tears of the distressed, the blood of martyrs, the laugh of innocent childhood, the sweat of honest labor and the virtue of a happy home as the brightest jewels known.

The Constitution of the National Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America is hereby ratified and adopted as the national law of the Order in the State of Colorado.

STATE UNION.

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1. The Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of Colorado, hereafter designated as State Union, shall be composed of its officers and one delegate for each one hundred members or majority fraction thereof, who have paid dues for the current quarter provided, that any County having a chartered Union shall be entitled to at least one representative.

Sec. 2. The annual meeting shall be held on the third Tuesday of March in each year, at such place as may be designated by the Board of Directors.

Sec. 3. All delegates to the State Union shall file their credentials with the State Secretary at least five days prior to the annual meeting, and said credentials shall be signed by the President and Secretary of the County Union.

Sec. 4. The State Union, when assembled, shall adopt and declare minimum prices on all farm products, which may be considered sufficiently in control of the membership to give reasonable grounds for hoping to maintain said prices; may make its own rules and regulations governing the actions of the body; and make such amendments to By-Laws as deemed advisable; provided, that all amendments shall be submitted in writing and passed by two-thirds vote of the delegates present, and thereafter must be submitted to a referendum vote of the entire membership

to be voted on within not less than ten nor more than thirty days after adjournment of the State Union, and must be ratified by majority of all votes cast before becoming effective. A uniform date shall be provided by the Board of Directors for holding such elections.

Sec. 5. A quorum for the transaction of business shall consist of one or more delegates from a majority of the Counties entitled to representation.

ARTICLE 1. The right of the initiative and referendum and imperative mandate shall not be denied the members of the Union.

Sec. 2. Fifteen per cent. of the membership may petition the President to submit to a referendum vote any measure or ask the recall of any officer, and upon receipt of such petition he shall submit the same to referendum vote of the entire membership, naming a date for said election not less than thirty days and no more than sixty days from the time of the receiving said petition; and if a majority of the members voting for such measure or recall shall have cast their vote for said measure or recall, the President shall immediately declare the same to be enforced.

Sec. 3. The Board of Directors shall establish uniform rules for holding all referendum elections and provide necessary blanks and return envelopes. The report of said vote shall be signed by the President and Secretary of the local Union and the seal of the Union placed upon the same and sealed up in the presence of the Union and at once placed in the mails. Ten days after such election the Board of Directors, assisted by the President and Secretary, shall count and declare the result of such election.

SECTION 1. The officers of the State Union shall consist of President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Chaplain, Statistician, Conductor, Doorkeeper, General Organizer and a board of five Directors, who shall be elected annually and shall hold office until their successors are elected and installed.

Sec. 2. The President shall be the executive officer of the Union. He shall preside at the annual meeting and appoint such officers as are necessary from the delegates present to aid him in opening and closing the an-

nuual meeting in ritualistic form and preserving order and secrecy of the session. He shall decide all questions of constitutional law. He shall preside at all meetings of the Board of Directors, but shall have no vote except in case of a tie, and shall perform such other duties as may be required of him by the Board of Directors. He shall have sole power to appoint Organizers, except County Organizers, who shall be elected by the County Unions, shall prescribe the duties of all Organizers and shall have power to cancel Organizers' commissions for cause, provided any Organizer whose commission has been cancelled shall have the right to appeal his case to the Board of Directors, who shall decide the cause and whose decision shall be final.

Sec. 3. The Vice President shall perform the duties of the President in his absence or in case of his inability or refusal to act.

Sec. 4. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of each annual meeting, and also of each meeting of the Board of Directors. He shall receive and receipt for all money due the Union and pay the same to the Treasurer, taking his receipt therefor. He shall keep the books of his office in accordance with the instructions of the Board of Directors, issue all charters, and perform such other duties as may be required of him.

Sec. 5. No State officer shall hold any office in either a County or local Union while serving as such State officer.

Sec. 6. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive and care for all monies paid him by the Secretary and to pay out same upon proper voucher signed by the Secretary and attested by the President. He shall present a statement to the Annual Meeting showing the true condition of the affairs of his office, and shall make such reports from time to time as the Board of Directors may require.

Sec. 7. The Statistician shall gather such statistics required by the Board of Directors affecting the agricultural interests of the State, shall prepare the same in convenient form, and shall perform such other services in keeping with his office as the Board of Directors may from time to time require.

Sec. 8. The Chaplain, Conductor and

Doorkeeper shall perform the duties of their several stations as same are prescribed by the ritual of the Order.

Sec. 9. The Board of Directors shall have power to designate the manner of keeping the books and records and accounts of the Union, and it shall be their duty to see that all accounts are kept in a neat, accurate and proper manner, and that the books are written up and posted at all times, to the end that an inspection of the same at any time will disclose the true condition of the Union. They shall require a monthly trial balance to be taken at the close of each month. At the end of each fiscal year they shall cause to be prepared a full and complete statement, showing the condition of the Union, a statement of the receipts and disbursements, a copy of which statement shall be sent to each local Union.

Sec. 10. The Board of Directors may appoint an attorney and such agents or other representatives, and employ such persons as may be necessary to properly conduct the business of the Union, but all such appointments shall be subject to the pleasure of the Board as to the time of employment, and the Board shall fix the compensation for officers not otherwise provided for.

Sec. 11. The Board of Directors shall have power to remove any agent or employee at any time for misconduct in office, incompetency or dishonesty.

Sec. 12. The Board of Directors shall have power to fill any vacancy in the Board or in any office by an appointment. Such appointee shall hold office for the unexpired term, or until the next annual meeting, unless removed for cause.

Sec. 13. All officers and employees in State, County and Local Unions handling the funds of the Union shall give good and sufficient bonds as the Board of Directors may require.

Sec. 14. Three members of the Board of Directors shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Sec. 15. No officer of any Union shall receive any salary, but the Board of Directors of any Union may allow reasonable compensation to any officer or agent as payment for services actually performed for the Union.

COUNTY UNIONS.

SECTION 1. County Unions may be organized when five Local Unions have been chartered in said County. The County Union shall elect the same officers provided for the State Union except Statistician, and said officers shall perform the same duties within their respective jurisdictions performed by the State officers, and shall hold office for a period of six months.

Sec 2. The County Union shall be composed of one delegate at large from each local and one additional delegate for every ten members or major fraction thereof.

Sec. 3. County Union shall meet at such times and places as the membership may elect, and may provide such special rules not inconsistent with the State Constitution as may serve to promote and protect their special interests, provided any by-laws proposed by County Union shall be referred to vote of membership in such County.

LOCAL UNIONS.

SECTION 1. No Local Union shall be organized with less than five male members.

Sec. 2. The charter fees for each Local Union shall be \$30.00, \$10.00 of which shall be remitted to the State Secretary and \$20.00 shall be the Organizer's fee for instituting such Local Union, provided, that where the male charter members are of insufficient number to collect the entire fee, the Organizer shall so report and any balance due said Organizer shall be remitted, when received, by the Local Secretary, to the State Secretary, who shall pay same direct to such Organizer.

Sec. 2. There shall be collected from each made applicant for membership the sum of \$2.00 as an initiation fee, to be returned in case the applicant is rejected. After charter fee has been paid one-half of all initiation fees shall be remitted State Secretary, and one-half retained by Local Union.

Sec. 3. There shall be collected from each male member at the beginning of each current quarter, January, April, July and October of each year, the sum of 25 cents, which amount shall be forwarded by the Local Secretary to the State Secretary, and no member shall be entitled to the quarterly password

until said dues are paid. **Provided**, that after a County Union has been perfected the Local Secretary shall remit 10 cents of each 25 cents to the County Secretary and the remaining 15 cents to the State Secretary. All Local Unions shall fix the amount of their local dues. Wives and daughters of eligible male members are eligible to membership without payment of either fees or dues, as also are all unmarried females not engaged in any of the prohibited occupations. No dues shall be required from a member for the quarter in which he is initiated.

Sec. 4. A charter is the authority under which a Union works, and it is the duty of the President to see that the charter is present when the Union is open for business.

Sec. 5. Duplicates for all charters lost or destroyed will be issued without cost to any such Union; provided, satisfactory evidence is furnished the Secretary of the State or National Secretary under whose jurisdiction the same was issued; and provided further, that the names of the officers are supplied.

Sec. 6. It shall be the duty of each Local Secretary to at once furnish the State Secretary with the names of all members in good standing, together with the postoffice address of each.

Sec. 7. All additions to the membership and changes in the office of Local Secretary shall be reported quarterly at the time of remitting dues to the State Secretary.

Sec. 8. The President of the State Union only shall have the right to revoke the charter of a Local or County Union under his jurisdiction, for the following causes and no other:

First. For failure to pay dues on or before the last day of each quarter for which such shall be levied.

Second. For open violation of the Constitution and By-Laws under which such Union may be chartered.

Third. Where such charter was obtained through fraud or misrepresentation and where the true conditions existing at the time the charter was issued, did not justify the issuing of said charter.

MEMBERSHIP.

SECTION 1. All persons residents of the State of Colorado, who are of sound mind, over the age of 16 years, of good moral character and of industrious habits, who believe in a Supreme Being are eligible to membership unless such persons are engaged in Merchandising, Practicing Law, Selling Intoxicating Liquors, Speculating in farm products, Banking, or directly engaged in any business injuriously affecting the agricultural interests of the community. **Provided**, that all employees of the above prohibited occupations shall not be eligible to membership while so employed. And provided further, that when any member enters upon any business either as principal or employee which is in the class above designated as prohibited, they shall be furnished with a withdrawal card by the President and Secretary of the Local Union to which they belong, without cost to them, and when again eligible they may deposit the withdrawal card, together with one quarter's dues with any Local and shall be admitted to membership in said Local Union upon a two-thirds vote of said Local Union at any regular meeting; provided, the owning of bank stock by an actual farmer shall not be construed as making him a banker as long as his principal support comes from the farm.

Provided, that all editors of newspapers are eligible to membership, who will take the following obligation:

I, _____, do solemnly promise upon my honor that I will openly support the principles of this Union through the columns of my paper, the _____, and will do all in my power to promote the upbuilding of the cause of agriculture and the interests of this Co-operative Union, and should the time ever come when I cannot consistently do so, I will quietly withdraw from the Union and will remain silent concerning the workings of the same.

Provided further, that said editor be not engaged in any of the occupations prohibiting membership as previously provided.

Sec. 2. No person shall be disqualified from membership on account of his religious or political views.

Sec. 3. Any person qualified for membership under these By-Laws wishing to become a member of the Union after the Union has been organized and chartered, shall be required to offer his or her application in writing at a stated meeting, giving age, occupation and why he wants to become a member, application to be accompanied by the initiation fee. Upon receipt of same the President shall appoint a committee of three to investigate the character of the applicant, who shall report as soon thereafter as convenient. The candidate may be initiated at said meeting, if he so desires, and it suits the convenience of the Union.

Sec. 4. All elections for membership in the Union shall be by ballot, and a two-thirds vote of members present shall elect.

Sec. 5. When an applicant has been rejected or a member expelled from the Union, he shall not be permitted to renew his application for the space of three months.

Sec. 6. Any member clear on the books and otherwise in good standing wishing to transfer his membership to another Union shall be furnished a dimit signed by the President and Secretary under seal.

Sec. 7. Any person holding a dimit and wishing to become a member of another Union, shall file his dimit with the Secretary of the Union to which he makes application for membership and shall be declared elected only upon a two-thirds ballot; provided, that the Secretary shall collect from the applicant current dues. Provided further, said dimit shall be void unless application is made within six months after issuance.

Sec. 8. When personal or pecuniary differences arise between members of the Union, it is hereby recommended that as a last resort the Union shall take it up and arbitrate the matter, in which case the Union shall take such steps as it sees proper and from which decision there shall be no appeal.

Sec. 9. Provision is hereby made by which any Local Union may separate and form two Unions by a two-thirds majority vote, in case its membership becomes too large or unwieldy.

An extra charter will be furnished them without cost by the State Secretary, when application has been made, by giving names

of charter members; provided, the new Union shall not be located nearer than one mile from the parent Union.

Sec. 10. Where it is deemed best for the good of the Union two Local Unions may unite their membership by a two-thirds vote of each Union and by surrendering the charter to the State Secretary.

Sec. 11. If any member shall disclose or divulge the secrets of the Union to any one not entitled to receive the same, or shall wantonly break his obligation, he shall, upon conviction, be expelled from the Union and his name published throughout the jurisdiction of the Union.

Sec. 12. The Local Union shall be required to meet as often as twice a month and shall have as many call meetings as the business of the Union may demand.

Sec. 13. All committees shall be appointed in the manner directed by the Union.

Sec. 14. All members present at any meeting shall be required to vote on all questions proposed; provided, visiting members may be considered in an advisory sense, but are not allowed to vote.

Sec. 15. It shall be the duty of each Local Union to see after and render assistance to all sick and distressed members; and the President, Chaplain and Vice President shall constitute a relief committee, and upon evidence of the sickness of any member the President shall appoint a committee to render all necessary assistance, who shall have authority to use any funds belonging to the Union not otherwise appropriated.

Sec. 16. All elections of officers shall be by secret ballot unless by unanimous consent.

Sec. 17. A quorum for the transaction of business shall consist of five male members.

Sec. 18. Nothing of a religious or partisan nature shall be discussed in the Union, and any member guilty of violating this section shall be expelled from the Union after the second offense.

Sec. 19. When it is brought to the attention of the Board of Directors that any member has been guilty of violation of his obligations as cited in Section 11 of this Article they shall require information in writing attested under oath and copy of such informa-

tion shall be laid before the Local Union and the offending member be cited to appear before the Union at the next regular meeting. All members of the Union shall sit in judgment, shall hear all evidence in the case and shall vote by secret ballot upon—First, the question of guilt, and Second, punishment, by Suspension or Expulsion. A majority vote shall decide and the decision shall be final. No speeches or summing up of evidence shall be allowed. The Chaplain of the Union shall question witnesses and the accused may designate any member of the Local Union to ques-

tion witnesses in his behalf.

Sec. 20. Any Secretary of any Union who shall furnish a list of the membership of such Union to any person, firm or corporation for advertising purposes or uses shall, upon proof of guilt, be removed from office by the Board of Directors and shall be expelled from the Union.

Sec. 21. Any officer of any Union who shall accept the nomination for any public office at the hands of any political party shall, upon acceptance of such nomination, resign his office in the Union.

BOARD CLOTHES

Elenita T. Kirkpatrick.

What is the cause of this wave of unrest among the feminine part of mankind? There has been much space given of late, in periodical literature, to the old question of the true valuation of woman's work. A great cry has been raised by some spinster (presumably) by her assertion that a married woman only gets her board and clothes.

Ask the average unmarried woman what she gets. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, she will tell you that after all expenses are paid, she has only her board and clothes left.

What else should the happy wife want more than her board and clothes? With board and clothes she receives love, which after all, is the only thing worth having in the world; she also is provided with a home, and a home is to the material part of us what heaven is to the spiritual.

with the board and clothes. The wife is not only the partner of her husband's joys and sorrows, but she is, in a measure, his business partner. He cannot dispose of property without her consent, and without her signature. The home (here in Texas) is hers and it cannot be touched for debt. At the death of her husband the widow comes in for her share of community property.

God never meant woman to go out and battle with the world, the flesh and the devil. That is what He made men for. Women are the natural home-makers and house-keepers, and that is what they were made for.

Board and clothes are compensation enough for the wise woman who is happy in her husband's love; happy in her bairns; happy in her home; happy in her board and clothes.

tion of the Western Pacific a year

A Buffalo, N. Y. paper made the following statement: When the books of the Old and New Testament first came into existence no one claimed that they were inspired. That was an afterthought concocted by the Catholic clergy. Bishop Colenso, McClintock & Strong's *Cyclopedia of Biblical Theology and Ecclesiastical Literature*, Smith's Dic-

tionary of the Bible. Twenty-six from 39 books of the Old Testament whose authors are unknown or disputed, 18 of the New Testament the same.

God is least understood by those who worship most, and study the Bible without exercising their God-given reasoning powers.

Mrs. C. K. Smith.

FRANCES E. WILLARD ON SOCIALISM.

Look about you—the products of labor are on every hand; you could not maintain for a moment a well-ordered life without them; every object in your room has in it for discerning eyes, the mark of ingenious tools and the pressure of labor's hands.

But is it not the cruelest injustice for the wealthy, whose lives are surrounded and embellished by labor's work, to have a superabundance of the money which represents the aggregate of labor in any country, while the laborer himself is kept so steady at work that he has no time to acquire the education and refinements of life that would make him and his family agreeable companions to the rich and cultured? The reason why I am a Socialist is just here.

I would take, not by force, but by the slow process of lawful acquisition, through better legislation as the outcome of a wiser ballot in

the hands of men and women, the entire plant that we call civilization, all that has been achieved on this continent in the four hundred years since Columbus wended his way hither, and make it the common property of all the people, requiring all to work enough with their hands to give them the finest physical development, but not to become burdensome in any case, and permitting all to share alike the advantages of education and refinement. I believe this to be perfectly practicable, indeed that other method is simply a relic of barbarism.

I believe that competition is doomed. The trusts, whose single object is to abolish competition, have proved that we are better without than with it, and the moment corporations control the supply of any product they combine. What the Socialists desire is that the corporation of humanity should control all production. Beloved

comrades, this is the frictionless way; it is the higher way; it eliminates the motives for a selfish life; it enacts into our everyday living the ethics of Christ's gospel. Nothing else will do it; nothing else can bring the glad day of universal brotherhood.

Oh, that I were young again, and it would have my life! It is God's way out of the wilderness and into the promised land. It is the very marrow and fatness of Christ's gospel. It is Christianity applied.

Why Does Man Doubt?

By Edwin S. Brower.

The question, why does man doubt that he continues to live after the disintegration of the material body (?)

In all ages, this has been a question paramount in the minds of the majority of people.

Therefore, if you hear the voice of your loved ones calling (be it through any of the phases that spiritual beings manifest), do not cast the gloom of doubt and say fraud, imagination, dreaming, etc., just because they are invisible to your mortal sight, intangible to your feelings, materially. Invisibility does not always signify non-existence, any more so than the diminitiveness of beings.

The air of which we breathe is invisible to us, yet we know of its presence, can feel it when in motion. We do not hear it, but the effects of it, and, dear reader, you will find that what we hear materially is the effect and not the cause. Gases are quite invisible to the naked eye, yet chemically, we become quite aware of their presence by

their effects. Minerals exist in most rocks, are at many times not perceptible to our observation, and it is only through a knowledge of chemistry that we become aware of their presence. So it is with spirit. If we do not present the proper chemical conditions, spirit is not revealed to us. If the proper chemical solution is not applied to the rock in question the mineral still remains.

The reason for our not feeling the presence of spirit is because we have not presented the proper chemical conditions for its revelation.

As a rule, unless a person be grounded in the greatest depths of materialism, the minds of humanity may be compared with problems in mathematics. Various rules are required for their solution. A rule that will solve one example will not always solve another. So with the minds of humanity, what evidence would prove to be convincing to one person would not affect another. Therefore we have the various phases of mediumship adapted to the needs of different temperaments. As the alleged minerals spoken of, a solution that would easily separate one specie would not phase another.

Poverty and its Relation to Child Labor.

JENNIE BRANCHA MOTT.

The greatest, and by far the most perplexing of all economic problems that today confront the American people, is how to abolish child-labor—how to restore the lost childhood of a nation that boasts of its freedom, its prosperity, and its wealth. The wealth of which we boast, is made for the few to enjoy and squander, while starving hordes of the nation's unfed children are dying by the wayside. These little waifs of a misguided civilization are filling the coffers of the multi-millionaire, and buying titles from the degenerate, profligate aristocracy of the old world, for American women who care more for a pedigreed dog than for a human being.

Philanthropists all over America are working faithfully to relieve the awful conditions existing in the large manufacturing centers of the North and East where the crime is so boldly perpetrated, but the effects from this reform movement seem most painfully slow, when we consider the mortality and suffering among these little hungry, naked children of our great overcrowded cities; and when we know that the wail from the heart of the starving masses is a death knell to this nation, and that poverty, grim, and gaunt, and terrible, is the curse that holds in bondage the little white slaves of this fair land,—a right-

eous indignation swells up from the heart of humanity and demands that justice be done.

The better class of society realize the enormity of this blot on American manhood, and are taking desperate measures to overthrow the system that has produced such alarming conditions, but no permanent good can be established until the evil that lies at the base of this structure of greed and avarice is torn out and a new system supplanted that can control the Shylocks of commerce.

Statistics show an enormous decrease in the birth rate among the rich and well-to-do classes of society, while the death rate is far in excess of the birth rate among the poor; this is nothing short of race murder—not "race suicide,"—for death is forced upon them, they are literally ground to death beneath the monster machines which they tend.

Otherwise well-meaning persons are shortsighted when trying to force an education upon a starving child and expect it to learn. Such persons declare that education is the first essential towards the redemption of the degenerate poor; and the money kings come forward in magnificent liberality (thinking to ease a bad conscience) and endow churches and schools and pub-

fact that the earnings of the children are necessary to the support of the family. Widowed mothers, it is said, would suffer serious injury from poverty if their children under the age of fourteen were not allowed to work."

"Actual inquiry, however, has proven that these statements are rarely, if ever, justified; to begin with, there are very few widowed mothers who need to depend solely upon the earnings of children under the age of fourteen. Furthermore, the earnings of such children at best help but little, and in many instances their earnings are not sufficient to provide even themselves with a subsistence. But even if the children could support themselves, or even partially support their widowed mothers, it would be unwise to allow them to handicap their productive powers by labors begun too early in life, especially as these children will be likely to be the sole support of their mothers at a later age."

"Surely no one, except those selfishly interested, will maintain that the nation should any longer permit certain self-interested employers to benefit by the ruin of the children."

"The industry which absorbs and burns up the energies of the little ones before their strength has had time to mature, and afterwards casts the wreck of childhood back upon public charity to support, much the same as it would cast scrap iron upon a rubbish heap, is a curse to any country."

"Those industries which coin

with profit the vitality of the children—and leave to the world, for its mercy to support, wrecks of manhood—rob the country of something which they can never return. They have contracted a debt to the child and society which they can never repay."

"Statistics of New York State alone, taken in 1900, show that ninety thousand children ranging in age from eight to fourteen years, were doing hard manual labor that would be sufficient to exhaust an adult. More recent investigation, however, shows that these figures are in error, and that they did not include all the working children."

"The new laws passed last year in that State will protect at least ninety-three thousand children, and two hundred and thirty-one thousand now will be compelled to attend school. But there are many thousands of children who work at home and cannot be protected until the whole sweatshop system has been abolished."

"Besides these children, upwards of seven thousand boys and girls employed in street trading, boot blacking, peddling newspapers, etc., were working under conditions which made it often impossible for them to resist temptations of vice and crime, and were descending as fast as possible into the most dangerous class in the community."

Leaving New York City and going to Chicago, what do we see? We need not go to the numerous joints where lives are bartered for gold, for one is more or less an in-

lic libraries for the poor;—not forgetting, however, to get back every cent, without compound interest added, from the already starving wage-earners of the land who have no time to read, and who will never see inside of a public library.

It is true that education is a powerful weapon of defense, but can a starving child receive an education? Can a hungry, enervated child, languid and dull because the blood is too impoverished to feed the brain,—can such a child be educated? No, nature, science and common sense all say NO! If such is the case, then they are cut off from this great weapon of defense—namely EDUCATION; hence, before we can rear a nation of intelligent, healthy children from the masses of our great “Democratic America”—where it is considered a national pride and principle to be well born, well educated and well fed, we must take away the sting and curse of poverty before we can hope for any kind of reform. We must first provide for their physical comfort, nourishment and health before we try to educate them. It is not my intention to undertake to define the numerous causes that lie behind poverty, for that would be an entire subject in itself, and would lead into most unsightly places, but I will outline a few of the existing effects of poverty, as gleaned through personal investigations, and through the valuable experience of others.

Granted that poverty is the undermining cause of the mental, moral and spiritual degeneration and depravity of the lower class of

society, and that wrong legislation makes it possible for the rich to grow richer, while the poor continue to sink lower, we will look at a few of the startling but statistical figures of child laborers in that great center of commerce, New York.

There are 7,000 children working in badly ventilated laundries, most of them in basements; 2,000 work in bake shops; 367 in saloons as bar attendants. Over 138,000 work as waiters and servants in hotels and restaurants; 42,000 are employed as messengers; 20,000 are employed in dangerous positions on the railroads. Over 29,000 work in mines and quarries, as coal and stone breakers. Over 5,000 in glass factories; 80,000 work in textile industries; 10,000 are employed in sawmills where accidents and deaths are unnecessarily frequent. Over 75,000 are employed in iron and steel mills; 120,000 are working in deadly cigar and tobacco factories, where death from nicotine poisoning is sure, if the child remains long. Children have been seen reeling from this place as if drunk from alcoholic stimulants, and in many instances were taken up by officers of the law for being drunk on the streets, until it was discovered that they were poisoned by the deadly nicotine from the tobaccos that they handled. Robert Hunter in his book entitled “POVERTY,” says:

“Opponents of child labor legislation, seeking any excuse possible for their opposition, and wishing to appear humane rather than self-seeking, make much of the alleged

dex to the whole. Can you imagine anything more revolting than the presence of over 300 little children in the Chicago stockyards, standing ankle-deep in blood and refuse, doing the work of butchers?

Again, just picture babies of six years carrying new blown glass bottles from hot ovens to a place for cooling; many of them so weak from hunger that they totter with their burdens—and then picture if you can, a great burly brute ready to lash their tender little bodies if they fall or break one of the bottles! Horrible it is indeed to contemplate, what would it be to witness it! It is a criminal stain that will cling to you and me if we do not add our mite of endeavor to help abolish the laws that make it possible for such conditions to exist.

“ ’Tis civilization so they say,

And it can't be changed for the weakness of men.

Take care! take care! 'tis a desperate way

To goad the wolf to the end of his den—

Take heed of your civilization, ye,

On your pyramids built of quivering hearts.

There are stages like Paris in '93

When the commonest men play most desperate parts!

Your statutes may crush, but they cannot kill

The patient sense of a national right,

It may slowly move, but the people's will

Like the ocean o'er Holland, is always in sight—

We have churches enough, and they do their best,

But there's little of Christ in our week day laws.

The Gospel is taught, but the gain is the test—

We punish the sin, while we nourish the cause.

Not gold, but souls, should be first in an age

That bows its head at the Sacred Word—

Yet our laws are blind to a starving wage

While guarding the owner's sweat-wrung hoard.

'It's not our fault,' say the rich ones—No,

'Tis the fault of a system old and strong—

But **men** are the judges of systems, so

The cure must come if we own the wrong.”



What is Commercial Mediumship?

J. S. LOVELAND.

The annual report of the President of the National Spiritualist Association, in referring to the action of the Los Angeles city government in demanding a license of Spiritualist Mediums and arresting and fining those who refuse to pay the license fee required, attempts to set the matter right by giving a definition of Mediumship. His intention was to present such a definition as would exempt Spiritualist teachers from paying for the privilege of performing their duty. His definition in full is as follows: Any person who sets forth the principles of Spiritualism from the platform or pulpit as a speaker, should be an active member of the organization and fully accredited as such.

Anyone can claim to be a Spiritualist, but if he does not belong to the organization, he has no right to assume our methods are not religious—that would simply be one man's opinion. A person may claim to be a Methodist and yet not belong to the organization. Since he does not conform to the ways of the organization by uniting he has no right to assert that certain methods are not religious. Each church has its own belief and method of compensation.

The methods of the Catholics for

compensating their priests (ministers) is \$1.00 for silent mass; while the Spiritualists compensate their mediums (ministers) with one dollar for readings; the Methodists compensate largely by contributions.

The ceremonies and methods of one denomination may seem ridiculous to another, yet one has no right to dictate to or restrict the other, for the Constitution provides that: "The free exercise and enjoyment of religious professions and worship without discrimination or preference shall forever be guaranteed in this state." Hence, the Methodists cannot be taxed when other denominations are not, neither can the Catholics or Spiritualists be taxed when others are exempt.

Business readings are given in order to interest the person in our faith, when the predictions come to pass, the sitter seeks to know more; hence, this giving of readings on the material plane is our method of propagating our religion.

A mother, whether in the physical form or not ever seeks to benefit her child financially that he may find it easier, being freer from anxiety to lead a more moral and spiritual life.

In this exchange, each party is supposed to obtain what it considers value equal to that which it gives to the other; but judged from some standards it would be deemed very unequal. The savage might esteem a tin whistle of equal value to an ounce of gold which he had washed from the sand. And a fashionable lady would hold an ostrich feather of greater value than the five-dollar gold coin paid therefor. But all exchanges are not of material objects. The philosopher, the teacher, the priest and preacher receive from the physical realm, while they recompense the giver with a very different commodity. They term it knowledge. It may be knowledge of things temporal—of the properties of so-called matter, or the attributes of mind; or it may be what they term ethical or spiritual. And it is assumed that these forms of knowledge are equal, if not superior in value to the materialities given in exchange. There can be no question as to the correctness of these positions. And being correct, then all forms of action is commercialism where there is an exchange of one thing for another. Therefore, the college, the ministry and church, are engaged in commercialism as well as the merchant. So many months' schooling, so many months of preaching, for so many dollars in coin.

The declaration of principles set forth as the Confession of Faith of the Spiritualist Association expressly declares: "The phenomena of nature, physical and spiritual, are the expression of Infinite Intelligence;" and that "A correct un-

derstanding of such expression, and living in accordance therewith, constitutes the true religion." This statement makes no distinction between the physical and spiritual; recognizing, according to divine appointment that the physical is absolutely necessary for the unfolding of the spiritual—"a correct understanding" of which and "living in accordance therewith, constitutes the true religion." Hence, any advice, counsel, or instruction imparted concerning the "expression of Infinite Intelligence, physical or spiritual," would not be the highest wisdom—God wisdom—except it teaches in relation to both in a practical way. And any teacher or medium who fails to do this, would fail in doing his duty in teaching the religion of Spiritualism as defined in its declaration of principles.

All the persons described in the first part of this definition as "exemplifiers of Spiritualism as religion," take pay for their work. The President of the N. S. A. goes on the platform and introduces them to the audience. More than this, as a member of the Board of Trustees, he contracts with them for this work, and pays out the money of the Association therefor. This is commercialism just as decidedly as the work done by those of the "other phases of mediumship" alone, on the assumption that a large per cent. of their work is giving messages and advice as to business of a material character.

Now if those whom the President would exempt from license did not give any messages, and all spiritual

teachers did not give any instruction, respecting business matters, then, his definition might have some force. But this is not the fact. All classes of Mediums who give messages in any form, give more or less advice and direction as to temporal affairs. The most famous platform Mediums, and the most celebrated test ones, from the earliest days of Spiritualism down to the present, and the most renowned Spiritual Teachers of every age have given counsel and advice in temporal affairs, which forms a part of their work; for it is what they receive from the angel world, and it is their duty to give it out, which is in perfect accord with the confession of faith set forth in the declaration of principles of the Spiritualist Association.

An attempt is made to show that those of the "other phase of Mediumship" devote more attention to "physical" matters than to the "spiritual." Very well, if this were true, it would be a question of quality rather than quantity. Whether it be "physical" or spiritual, commerce is commerce though the exchange be a unit, hundreds, or thousands. There is, therefore, no difference in principle between the various phases of mediumship.

From the earliest period of history the revelations of things spiritual have always mingled the temporal with the spiritual. Their messages have embraced both. The reported sayings and acts of Jesus verify this statement. He preached in the Synagogues, turned water into wine, healed the sick, feasted

with the rich, wore fine clothes, received pay to the extent that his disciples carried the money in a bag, and could ~~make~~ contribute to the poor. He sent his disciples out to work, preaching and healing, with neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes, for he said: "**THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE.**" If living on the earth today he would certainly be classed with those of the "other phases of Mediumship;" for again he said unto them: "When I sent you without purse and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said Nothing." (Luke 22:35.) It appears that Jesus was doing a regular commercial business. The Jews branded him as "a man gluttonous, and a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." His only reply to these invectives was the terrible reproof in the kind and gentle words: "Wisdom is justified of her children." We could very appropriately say the same thing now.

If we take the Old Testament of the Bible, given, as claimed, by the inspiration of God, we will find that it is almost entirely devoted to the discussion of temporal or material affairs. Under the law of Moses, which the Apostle says "Was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ," the only blessings promised for a moral life in obeying that law were wholly of a temporal character, consisting entirely of material prosperity.

The great mass of humanity, even now, must be reached on their own plane of materiality to bring

them into a knowledge of the spiritual. While the law has its place in this work, yet the greatest and most effectual schoolmasters for accomplishing this, has ever been the seers or prophets of the past, and our own Spiritualist Mediums of the present, though there have been many false prophets, and are now many fraud mediums. This work of spiritualizing the race is best accomplished by the true seer or medium, because he forms the link that connects at once the physical with the spiritual side of life, giving satisfactory proof that our spirit friends do live, and are always near and cognizant of all our material and spiritual needs; ever lending a helping hand in relation to all our interests in the great school of life upon the earth. Take this away from mediumship and you destroy every vestige of the principle inaugurated by the angel world for spiritualizing mankind upon the earth. You have denied the force of the law and the prophets; you have criticized the words and work of Jesus and the Apostles of the New Testament of the Bible; and you have robbed the Christian of his God given right to pray to the unseen Father to send his angels to help in the affairs that belong to the life given him on the earth. It is insisted by every form of religious teaching to be "not" slothful in business, serving the Lord, and this applies to the spiritual worker as well as to others.

It is somewhat singular that the same course followed by a Spiritualist medium or minister should be

denounced as "commercialism" and declared justly liable to taxation by the civil authorities, thus placing mediums on the same plane as fortune tellers and all classes of jugglers.

As already stated, all forms of religious teaching in all their utterances have disclosed the matters of every-day business life, and in so doing they have been right, for they all teach that the future of man is determined by the present. Spiritualism is no exception to this, for it declares as we leave the present we enter the future. Consequently the great aim of earthly existence should be the development of the most perfect intellectual and ethical character.

This means the integral education of all the people. It means the destruction of poverty—the enriching the masses; the banishment of superstition and the triumph of science. Hence the medium whose teaching aids in securing these results, whether it is discovering mines, inventing machines for mechanical purposes, or for perfecting fruits, or for anything that promotes earthly welfare in ameliorating the conditions of human life, is working along the lines indicated as the purpose of Spiritualism at the commencement of the movement, and all classes of spirit mediums stand on the same platform as all other religions, and should be as exempt from taxation as any bishop, priest or preacher of any Christian sect; or of any professor or teacher of any university, college or school.

Is Woman a Reliable Companion for Man?

(By Mrs. Jennie B. Mott.)

A telephone message called me down town very early in the morning a few days ago, and on my way down I overheard a conversation carried on by two men who were in the car when I entered and who were seated directly in front of me. I have never had such an almost uncontrollable desire to join in a conversation as I had in this one. It seemed to me that I would have to throw aside all ideas of propriety and express myself. For once in my life I longed to be old; with beautiful grey hair, a gown of subdued color and a bonnet that would give me a certain dignity and bestow certain recognized privileges, I would be pardoned for such an intrusion; but to my regret I did not possess any of those useful qualifications, and I just **had** to sit and listen without saying a word; I am inclined to believe that one of the men suspected that I was more than ordinarily interested in the conversation, for, strive as I would, I could not quite hide the fact that I **was** interested.

However wrong it may seem to premeditate such an act, I right then and there made up my mind to get even with a fate that made me hold my tongue, but which, thanks to my lucky stars, could **not** keep me from wielding my **pen** in behalf of my sister woman.

Who these men were discussing I do not know, as they evidently referred to some incident that had occurred out of this city. One of the speakers was a cynic; the other more inclined to listen, and belonged to a class of men who really **want** to believe the very best about women—men who remember that their mothers were women.

No one is ever wholly right or wholly wrong, and I do not deny the lamentable fact that there are many women who are as yet so wrapped up in self that they cannot appreciate a companionable husband. I am not trying here to defend that class of women, but rather to speak a few good words for those women who have made mistakes, but who have been "more sinned against than sinning;" for those women who have never had the **confidence** of their husbands.

Judging from what was being said the two men had about finished their conversation, and all I heard was the following:

"So it is actually true that he has failed! Well, well; I'm sorry to hear that, for he was a fine fellow. I have been hearing rumors of his shaky financial condition for some time, but I really thought he would get through some way. Have you heard what caused him to go under?"

“What caused him to go under? His wife of course; I thought everybody knew that. Her reckless extravagance shining as a leader in society; Parisian gowns; diamonds; high stepping horses; coachman in livery, etc. I guess he thought to curtail her allowance, causing her to retire from the social world would be too suggestive of the failure which ultimately he hoped to overcome. He has the reputation of being a model husband, but I say he is a **chump**. I would like to see the woman who could make a beggar of me. They are all alike—nothing but whimsical, capricious dolls; envious, jealous-hearted and totally devoid of stability of character. When a fellow is “all in” you can bet that my lady doll will pose as the martyr and if she can **manage** it, the divorce court will give her a chance to rope in some other chump with money. I have seen poor Sam suffer torture. Alone with him in his office I have tried to reason with him, have begged of him to call a halt before it was too late; but he would answer by saying ‘it would be impossible to make her understand the situation.’ He, like myself, has no faith in a woman’s ability to keep a secret, or comprehend the simplest business proposition. So you see, it was a failure for Sam either way. If he made a confidant of his wife and told her that ruin stared them in the face, she would go into hysterics and then gad off to the neighbors and tell it all for sympathy, and in twenty-four hours his creditors would land on him. If he did

not tell her the jig was up just the same.”

The cynic having reached his destination, hastily touched the button and got off.

Now, which of the two persons alluded to by the cynic was most to blame? It is my opinion that both had sadly erred. Ignorance and pre-suggested ideas transmitted from generation to generation to women regarding their so-called proper sphere of activity had encouraged and developed in this woman the false notion of frivolous ambition. Was she then to blame if her husband, who should have sought the higher, purer part of her nature, failed to give her his confidence, failed utterly to trust her, giving her no hint whatever of the real state of affairs; was she to blame if she accepted the luxuries he gave?

I believe so thoroughly in the inherent goodness of the human race, and especially in woman, that I say openly, fearlessly, that no such deplorable conditions need exist between husband and wife, no matter whether they be rich or poor. No woman was ever so entirely warped with selfishness that she would rush her husband headlong into bankruptcy and poverty, had she been properly informed concerning his financial condition, and the better part of her nature appealed to.

If the business man carries burdens that his wife knows nothing of and does not share, he is in danger,

for a woman's intuitions and counsel are far more trustworthy than man's mechanical reasoning.

Many business failures, many unhappy homes and darkened lives have originated from one thing—namely, a lack of confidence and companionship between husband and wife; both go through life suffering in silence, making mistakes and bearing burdens, slowly but surely drifting apart. Such burdens will carry the man either behind prison bars, or be buried with him in either a drunkard's or a suicide's grave; the woman left helpless and defenseless in her hour of remorse and grief is cast upon an unfeeling world; a prey for every charlatan—a victim of a wrong system of education and racial error.

There is an element of love in woman's nature that can be best understood when we see her gladly,

cheerfully, leave luxuries and comforts and home and social recognition to enter a life of poverty and privation **for the man she loves**; her whole nature strong and faithful at a time when her companion was weak.

There never lived a man who was so strong that he did not **need** the love of a woman to lean upon. From the cradle to the grave, through all the ages of the world, the bravest and strongest men have been those who loved and worshiped woman; and it will be ever thus as long as man is born of woman.

How great, how wonderfully great then, is woman's responsibility to the race of which she is mother. Can she afford frivolous and unwomanly vanities at the expense of those attributes which serve to enthrone her in the heart and life of man as his companion, helpmate and sweetheart?



THE LOVE OF MONEY.

Mrs. C. K. Smith.

The devil reigns, and hell is here
As it doth visibly appear,
Nor does he try to hide a hoof,
His horns are daringly aloof!
He has a multitude of friends
Who expedite the task he sends,
And with alacrity obey
His strange behests from day to
day.
But for his friends he'd have no
power,
And they support him every hour;
They give him courage, strength

and hope:
This is what gives him fullest
scope!

Do any say, "Get thee behind"
Or if they did, would Satan mind,
While he can such a force command
With Trusts complacently can
stand?

To say naught of the millionaires
Whose money his smooth way
prepares,
Smooth as an automobile road,
Leading, maybe, to his abode!

Because our Fathers, in their day,
 The true and righteous way mis-
 took,
 By reading in an olden book,
 That God, a tyrant in the sky
 Was always present, always nigh,
 And it increased His blessedness,
 For us to dwell in wretchedness!
 'Twas written in the ancient time
 When people were not in their
 prime,
 When things were said and done
 that now
 Our humane laws would not allow.
 The contents no one understood;

Some thot them bad, some thot
 them good,
 Each one had thots he did not
 indulge
 Which speedily he would divulge;
 Thus a fierce wrangling was begun.
 Much arguing for spite or fun,
 Until the wrath of man was roused;
 Two factions for one cause espoused.
 And what were these disputes
 about?
 No one could tell, but each would
 shout:
 Go with us and walk with caution—
 Go elsewhere and hell's your por-
 tion!

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GEO. B. LANG, Editor and Manager

WE ARE in the first stages of a panic called a crisis, because of having reached the point where something had to give way, to "BUST"

This being the effect should we look back, find the cause and remove it, we would no longer periodically be subjected to such evil effects. To do this is the first duty of every member of society.

So lets not howl at this or that man for having more of the products of labor than he can use himself or dispose of, but lets see how it became possible for him to get possession of them. We have been passing through one of the most prosperous times [for him] that our country has ever seen and yet just at this time a collapse takes place.

Is it because you have produced too much? NO. Is it because you are prevented from having a fair exchange, why? Because the wage system will allow the workers to buy only a part of what they produce, and certainly you cannot have an exchange with them [sell them your products] to a greater amount than they get in wages.

The direct owners of machinery that manufacture your raw material in finished necessities before you yourself can get them to use, used to keep right on using up their surplus earnings under the Sheriffs hammer, and the same old speculator made a fortune but now, having illumination, they only make goods to order, and when there is no demand they close down their machines and keep the profits that they have made and therefore preserve their credit, while the wage worker has no work and he being the man you want to exchange with,

you both suffer. Now just suppose that instead of paying the direct and indirect owner of these machines a toll, that you and the wage worker, co-operatively owned them, don't you suppose that before you closed the factory down that you both would put away enough to well supply you with your necessities? "you bet" you would and while you were gone a fishing [recreating] enjoying the fruits of your labor because you had made all the stuff you all could use] there would be no PANIC for you. now, this is just all that the RIO GRANDE WOOLEN MILLS CO. Co-operative is proposing, its their plan for the removal of the cause, and that cause is the private corporate ownership of the factories, machines, upon which we are dependent and operated for profit only, instead of for use Co-operative ownership and operation for use is the remedy.

If you have a better plan, come, out with it and we will join you, if you haven't as good a one, come, join us, we are tired to death of this Panic business" and propose to stop right here instead of wading right through what is ahead of us for the next five years, and suffering all the time for the things we ourselves produce in the raw state. when all we have to do is to co-operatively get, own, and operate, the machines, and make all we want for our selves and to spare.

Our company is going to have a million members to do this in 1908, will you be one and get ten other members in your locality?

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

COMILBDP FROM OCCULT WRITINGS BY P. O. CHILSTROM.

A survey of Cosmogony, as comprehended by occult science, must precede any attempt to explain the means by which a knowledge of that cosmogony itself has been acquired.

The methods of esoteric research have grown out of natural facts, with which exoteric science is wholly unacquainted. These natural facts are concerned with the premature development in occult adepts of faculties which mankind at large has not yet evolved; and these faculties, in turn, enable their possessors to explore the mysteries of Nature, and verify the esoteric doctrines, setting forth its grand design.

The practical student of occultism may develop the faculties first, and apply them to the observation of Nature afterwards; but the exhibition of the theory of Nature for the Western readers merely seeking its intellectual comprehension, must precede consideration of the inner senses, which occult research employs.

On the other hand, a survey of cosmogony, as comprehended by occult science, could only be scientifically arranged at the expense of intelligibility for European (or American) readers.

To begin at the beginning, we should endeavor to realize the state of the universe before evolution sets in.

This subject is by no means shirked by esoteric students; and later on in the course of this sketch, some hints will be given concerning the views occultism entertains of the earlier processes through which cosmic matter passes on its way to evolution.

But an orderly statement of the earliest processes of Nature would embody references to man's spiritual constitution, which would not be understood without some preliminary explanation.

Seven distinct principles are recognized by esoteric science as entering into the constitution of man. The classification differs so widely from any with which European (or American) readers will be familiar, that one shall naturally be asked for the grounds on which occultism reaches so far-fetched a conclusion.

But we must, on account of inherent peculiarities in the subject, which will be comprehended later on, beg for this Oriental knowledge we are bringing home a hearing (in the first instance at all events) of the Oriental kind. The Oriental and the European-American systems of conveying knowledge are as unlike as any two methods can be.

The West pricks and piques the learner's controversial instinct at every step. He is encouraged to resist and dispute conviction. He is

forbidden to take any scientific statement on authority.

Pari passu, as he acquires knowledge, he must learn how that knowledge has been acquired, and he is made to feel that no fact is worth knowing, unless he knows, with it, the way to prove it a fact.

The East manages its pupils on a wholly different plan. It no more disregards the necessity of proving its teachings than the West, but it provides proof of a wholly different sort.

It enables the student to search Nature for himself, and verify its teachings, in those regions which Western philosophy can only invade by speculation and argument. It never takes the trouble to argue about anything. It says: "So and so is the fact; here is the Key of Knowledge; now go and see for yourself." In this way it comes to pass that teaching per se is never anything else but teaching on authority. Teaching and proof do not go hand in hand; they follow one another in due order. Further consequence of this method is that Eastern philosophy employs the method which we in the West have discarded for good reasons as incompatible with our own line of intellectual development,—the system of reasoning from generals to particulars.

The purpose which Western science usually has in view would certainly not be answered by that plan, but we think that any one who goes far in the present inquiry will feel that the system of reasoning up

from the details of knowledge to general inferences is inapplicable to the work in hand. One cannot understand details in this department of knowledge till we get a general understanding of the whole scheme of things.

Even to convey this general comprehension by mere language is a large and by no means an easy task.

To pause at every moment of the exposition in order to collect what separate evidence may be available for the proof of each separate statement, would be practically impossible.

Such a method would break down the patience of the reader, and prevent him from deriving, as he may from a more condensed treatise, that definite conception as to what the esoteric doctrine means to teach, which it is our business to evoke.

The reflection may suggest, in passing, a new view, having an intimate connection with our present subject, of the Platonic and Aristotelian systems of reasoning. Plato's system, roughly described as reasoning from universals to particulars, is condemned by modern habits in favor of the later and exactly inverse system.

But Plato was in fetters in attempting to defend his system. There is every reason to believe that his familiarity with esoteric science prompted his method, and that the usual restrictions under which he labored, as an initiated occultist, forbade him from saying as much as would really justify it.

No one can study even as much occult science as this volume contains, and then turn to Plato, or even to any intelligent epitome of Plato's system of thought, without finding correspondence cropping out at every turn.

The higher principles of the series which go to constitute man are not fully developed in the mankind with which we are as yet familiar, but a complete or perfect man would be resolvable into the following elements. To facilitate the application of these explanations to ordinary exoteric Buddhist writings, the Sanskrit names of these principles are given, as well as suitable terms in English.

1. The Body.....Rupa
2. VitalityJrana, or Jiva
3. Astral Body..Linga Sharira
4. Animal Soul...Kama Rupa
5. Human Soul.....Manas
6. Spiritual SoulBuddhi
7. SpiritAlma

Directly conceptions so transcendental as some of those included in this analysis are set forth in a tabular statement, they seem to incur certain degradation, against which, in endeavoring to realize clearly what is meant, we must be ever on our guard.

Certainly it would be impossible for even the most skillful professor of occult science to exhibit each of these principles separate and distinct from the others as the physical elements of a compound body can be separated by analysis and

preserved independently of each other.

The elements of a physical body are all on the same plane of materiality, but the elements of man are on very different planes.

The finest gases of which the body may to some extent be chemically composed are still, on one scale at all events, on nearly the lowest level of materiality.

The second principle which, by its union with gross matter, changes it from what we generally call inorganic, or what might more properly be called inert, into living matter, is at once a something different from the finest example of matter in its lowest state. Is the second principle, then, anything that we can truly call matter at all? The question lands us, thus, at the very outset of this inquiry, in the middle of the subtle metaphysical discussion as to whether force and matter are different or identical.

Enough for the moment to state that occult science regards them as identical, and that it contemplates no principle in Nature as wholly immaterial. In this way, though no conceptions of the universe, of man's destiny, or of Nature generally, are more spiritual than those of occult science, that science is wholly free from the logical error of attributing material results to immaterial causes. The esoteric doctrine is thus really the missing link between materialism and spirituality. The clue to the mystery involved lies of course in the fact, directly cognizable by occult experts, that matter exists in other states

besides those which are cognizable by the five senses.

The second principle of man, Vitality, thus consists of matter in its aspect, as force; and its affinity for the grosser state of matter is so great that it cannot be separated from any given particle or mass of this, except by instantaneous translation to some other particle or mass. When a man's body dies, by desertion of the higher principles which have rendered it a living reality, the second, or life principle, no longer a unity itself, is nevertheless inherent still in the particles of the body as this decomposes, attaching itself to other organisms to which that very process of decomposition gives rise. Bury the body in the earth, and its Vitality or Jiva will attach itself to the vegetation which springs above, or the lower animal forms which evolve from its substance. Burn the body, and indestructible Jiva flies back none the less instantaneously to the body of the planet itself from which it was originally borrowed, entering into some new combination as its affinities may determine.

The third principle, the Astral Body, or Linga Sharira, is an ethereal duplicate of the physical body, its original design. It guides Vitality or Jiva in its work on the physical particles, and causes it to build up the shape which these assume. Vitalized itself by the higher principles, its unity is only preserved by the union of the whole group. At death it is disembodied for a brief period, and, under some abnormal conditions, may even be

temporarily visible to the external sight of still living persons. Under such conditions it is taken of course for the ghost of the departed person. Spectral apparitions may sometimes be occasioned in other ways, but the third principle, when that results in a visible phenomenon, is a mere aggregation of the molecules in a peculiar state, having no life or consciousness of any kind whatever. It is no more a being than any cloud wreath in the sky which happens to settle into the semblance of some animal form. Broadly speaking, the Astral Body, or Linga Sharira, never leaves the body except at death, nor migrates far from the body even in that case. When seen at all, and this can but rarely occur, it can only be seen near where the physical body still lies.

In some very peculiar cases of spiritualistic mediumship, it may for a short time exude from the physical body and be visible near it, but the medium in such cases stands the while in considerable danger of his life. Disturb unwillingly the conditions under which the Linga Sharira was set free, and its return might be impeded. The second principle would then soon cease to animate the physical body as a unity, and death would ensue.

Since hints and scraps of occult science have been finding their way out into the world, the expression "Astral Body" has been applied to a certain semblance of the human form, fully inhabited by its higher principles, which can migrate to

any distance from the physical body, projected consciously and with exact intention by a living adept, or unintentionally, by the accidental application of certain mental forces to his loosened principles, by any person at the moment of death.

For ordinary purposes there is no practical inconvenience in using the expression "Astral Body" for the appearance so projected; indeed, any more strictly accurate expression, as will be seen directly, would be cumbersome, and we must go on using the phrase in both meanings.

No confusion need arise; but, strictly speaking the Linga Sharira, or third principle, is the Astral Body, and that cannot be sent about as the vehicle of the higher principles. The three lower principles, it will be seen, are altogether of the earth, perishable in their nature as a single entity, though indestructible as regards their molecules, and absolutely done with by man at his death.

The fourth principle is the first of those which belong to man's higher nature.

The Sanskrit designation, Kama Rupa, is often translated "Body of Desire," which seems rather a clumsy and inaccurate form of words.

A closer translation, having regard to meanings rather than words, would perhaps be, "Vehicle of Will," but the name already adopted above, Animal Soul, may be more accurately suggestive still.

Though humanity is animal in its nature as compared with spirit, it is elevated above the correctly defined animal creation in every other respect. By introducing a new name for the fifth principle, we are enabled to throw back the designation "Animal Soul" to its proper place.

This arrangement need not interfere, meanwhile, with an appreciation of the way in which the fourth principle is the seat of that will or desire to which the Sanskrit name refers.

And, withal, the Karma Rupa is the Animal Soul, the highest **developed** principle of the brute creation, susceptible of evolution into something far higher by its union with the growing fifth principle in man, but still the Animal Soul which man is by no means without, the seat of all animal desires, and a potent force in the human body as well, pressing upward, so to speak, as well as downward, and capable of influencing the fifth, for practical purposes, as well as of being influenced by the fifth for its own control and improvement.

The fifth principle, Human Soul or Manas (as described in Sanskrit in one of its aspects), is the seat of reason, of reason and memory. It is a portion of this principle, animated by the fourth, which is really projected to distant places by an adept, when he makes an appearance in what is commonly called his astral body. **Now the fifth principle, or human soul, in the majority of mankind is not even yet fully de-**

veloped. **This fact about the imperfect development as yet of the higher principles is very important.** We cannot get a correct conception of the present place of man in Nature if we make the mistake of regarding him as a fully perfected being already.

And that mistake would be fatal to any reasonable anticipation concerning the future that awaits him, fatal, also to any to any appreciation of the appropriateness of the future which the esoteric doctrine explains to us as actually awaiting him.

Since the fifth principle is not yet fully developed, it goes without saying that the sixth principle is still in embryo. This idea has been anxiously indicated in former forecasts of the great doctrine. Sometimes, it has been said, we do not truly possess any sixth principle.

It has also been said, the sixth principle is not in us; it hovers over us; it is a something that the highest aspirations of our nature must work up toward. But it is also said: **All things, not man alone, but every animal, plant, and mineral, have their seven principles, and the highest principle of all,—the seventh itself — vitalizes that continuous thread of life which runs through all evolution, uniting into a definite succession the almost innumerable incarnations of that one life which constitutes a complete series.**

We must imbibe all these various conceptions, and weld them together, or extract their essence, to learn the doctrine of the sixth principle.

Following the order of ideas

of the term animal soul to the fourth principle and human soul to the fifth, the sixth may be called the Spiritual Soul of man, and the seventh, therefore, Spirit itself.

In another aspect of the idea, the sixth principle may be called the vehicle of the seventh, and the fourth the vehicle of the fifth; but yet another mode of dealing with the problem teaches us to regard each of the higher principles, from the fourth upwards, as a vehicle of what, in Buddhist philosophy, is the One Life or Spirit. According to this view of the matter the one life is that which perfects by inhabiting the various vehicles.

In the animal the one life is concentrated in the Kama rupa (Animal Life).

In man it begins to penetrate the fifth principle as well. In perfected man it penetrates the sixth, and when it penetrates the seventh, man ceases to be man, and attains a wholly superior condition of existence.

The latter view of the position is especially valuable as guarding against the notion that four higher principles are like a bundle of sticks tied together, but each having individualities of its own if united. Neither the animal soul alone, nor the spiritual soul alone, has any individuality at all; but, on the other hand, the fifth principle would be incapable of separation from the others in such a way, that its individuality would be preserved while both the deserted principles would be left unconscious. It has been said that the finer principles themselves even are material and mole-

cular in their constitution, though composed of a higher order of matter than the physical senses can take note of. So they are separable, and the sixth principle itself can be imagined as divorcing itself from its lower neighbor. But in that state of separation, and at this stage of mankind's development, it could simply re-incarnate itself in such an emergency, and grow a new fifth principle by contact with a human organism; in such a case, the fifth principle would lean upon and become one with the fourth, and be proportionately degraded. And yet this fifth principle, which cannot stand alone, is the personality of the man; and its cream, in unison

with the sixth, his continuous individuality through successive lives.

The circumstances and attractions under the influence of which the principles do divide up, and the manner in which the consciousness of man is death with then, will be discussed later on. Meanwhile, a better understanding of the whole position than could ensue from a continued prosecution of the inquiry on these lines now will be obtained by turning first to the processes of evolution by means of which the principles of man have been developed.

(Copied from Occult Writings by P. O. Chilstrom, Crescent, Lincoln County, Nevada, Nov. 15th, 1907.)

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W. F. HUBBELL,
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KINGSTON, NEW YORK.

PREFACE
TO

The Religion of Nature.

HENRY WAGNER, M. D.

Science, today, in her latest statements in physiology, answers this old riddle by saying, Life is a series of fermentation. Pasteur and Buchner, with their experiments and discoveries as they think, have proven that all life is a process of fermentation. The ferment of malt splits up sugar into alcohol and carbonic acids. The pepsin of the stomach breaks down the albuminous foods into simpler molecules. When starch or dextrine is submitted to fermentation it is hydrolyzed, that is to say, split, by taking up water into one of the simpler sugars, glycose; add more starch it will begin again, but add to the quantity of sugar and the glycose is converted into starch. The enzyme is able to rebuild the molecule it has pulled apart. Under the influence of one ferment the extracts of almonds may be broken up into sugar, hydrocyanic acid and the essence of bitter almonds add another ferment. That of malt will put these products together to form the original compound, that highly complex protoplasm which Huxley named "The Physical Basis of Life." Even the brain and nervous system have their specific ferment.

It is stated that a needle point contains millions and millions of these microscopic ferments manufacturing sugar, acids, bile, urea and color stuff. They take up var-

ious poisons and render them harmless, and that all these are churned up properly for assimilation. This is true of the liver, kidneys, spleen, pancreas, and fore each of these there are innumerable distinct ferments, each having an appointed work to do. In brief, for every vital function a ferment. This is the latest work of "Biological Chemistry" and what we call growth is but cell division. The mechanical splitting up of one cell into many. The size of these cells is so minute that we have no modern instrument with which to describe them, hence we are forced to call into play our imagination. It is said that in a single microscopic liver cell sixty-four million living units exist and each of these in turn is made up of 5,000 atoms of various sorts. Does it not seem that this statement is highly imaginative and would it not be more philosophic as well as scientific to speak of these units in terms of mind as our metaphysicians do? Our modern scientists are now trying to explain to us how the brain thinks, but they admit that all they know about it is purely hypothetical. They attribute everything, in the way of thought, to nerve waves. Prof. Riche, of Paris, believes that he can measure thought waves the same as we can those of sound and light; the nerve waves, he says, travel 100 ft. per second. A light

wave is said to travel 184,000 miles per second and the speed of electricity is said to be the same, while sound is said to be 1,000 feet per second. I only cite these facts to prove that our modern savants are only rehearsing what our ancient philosophers taught in another phraseology.

Faraday named our electrical charges Ions, all life growth is due to the action of Ions, they keep the heart in motion and cause the muscles to contract. Negative charges set them going, positive charges stop them. This is claimed by chemists to be the beginning of life or fermentation, which is a process of fertilization of the countless myriads of eggs or sperm cells that compose everything in life. This is the latest theory of Biology or the Science of Life. Chemists, with the old Alchemists, have arrived at the same conclusion and express themselves in different phraseology. Verily, there is nothing new under the Sun. The ferment of malt splits up sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid.

A ray of light is merely a pulsation or vibration of an intangible substance which acts like a solid, but which lets ordinary matter go through it just as if it were a sieve for bricks, stones, animals and men, so that space is not now the empty thing that it formerly was, for science has proven what the Alchemist taught, that **spirit, ether and**

thought were substances of various grades of attenuation. Sir William Crookes, Dr. Thomas Younge, Sir Isaac Newton and Prof. Roentgen, the discoverer of the X-Ray, have all contributed much to this field of thought, which is all very interesting and very fascinating as a study. M. Berthelot, the French savant, and M. Reman, as well as Kepler, the great astronomer, have also contributed largely to our knowledge of space as a substance. All these great men were each specialists in their own field of thought. As experimental scientists we owe them much for their discoveries, scientific inventions, and tireless activity in their attempt to solve the riddle of life. No one has delved deeper into the lore of the old Alchemists than M. Berthelot. He has translated from the Greek, Arabic and Latin several volumes of the old Alchemists which makes solid history for modern savants on these riddles of life. He occupies a chair in the French Academy in Paris, and is noted for his researches in chemistry and the natural sciences. I must not forget to mention Claud Bernard and Pasteur as two of the great physiologists of the Royal Institute of London, as well as at the College of France, where much scientific work has been done that is of great value to this age of the world. Marconi, the discoverer of Wireless Telegraphy, and Hertz of the Wave Sounds or Electrical Os-

illations, or Hertz Waves. These discoveries have a peculiar effect upon the brain cells, as they seem to set up waves in every direction, they send out ripples that go radiating across sea and land, ocean and continent until now nothing is thought strange about Wireless Telegraphy or Telepathy.

The interior cause of all of these scientific discoveries is due to the Sun's vibrations through the scientific sign aquarius.

Today we make a gold that will melt in a candle flame, another that will cut glass. A mixture of metals like lead, tin and bismuth which melt separately at 300 to 500 degrees dissolved in boiling water, a scant trace of one substance introduced in another, gives the latter unheard-of qualities. Two metals like gold and iron simply placed in contact slowly interpenetrate and mix with each other as if they were so much water and wine. An up-to-date text book on chemistry reads like the prescriptions of the old Alchemists, in fact our modern scientists have become alchemists; our ideas of the solid world about us have changed to spiritual and invisible ethers, not known to the chemists of previous centuries.

France and Germany have taken the lead and have produced the greatest number of students on these subjects; they have free institutions of learning with properly equipped laboratories with modern

technical and scientific instruments with which science can demonstrate the problems and analyze the substances of the material universe reducing the atoms to their invisible gases, or spirit essences, from which all forms had their birth. The Royal Institution in London was founded by an American, Benjamin Thompson, later Count Rumford. He was born in Boston, but during the late war he was driven over to the British side. He fled to England to become at twenty-four a Secretary of State. He was made a member of the Royal Society, and the king of Bavaria made him Count Rumford, because of his genius. I predict for the future of the United States many geniuses that will revolutionize our present mode of living. Before long we will heat our temples and palaces by extracting the heat from the atmosphere, and coal will become of no use except for the manufacture of iron, steel, etc., etc.

The population of the world according to Religions:

Protestants	137,000,000
Roman Catholics	216,000,000
Greek	}
Armenian	} 95,000,000
Abyssinian	
Total Christians	448,000,000
Buddhists	}
Hindus	} 672,000,000
Brahmins	
Mohammedans	200,00,000
Jews	7,000,000
Other Creeds	125,000,000

Total Non-Christians .1,400,000,000

The vast majority of this great number are Spiritualists, Free Thinkers, unclassifiable with any religion.

According to the latest census of the world, these figures show us that Christianity is but a small part of the people who inhabit the earth and the movement today by the orthodox faith shows how ignorant they are of the true Deity, the Maker and Creator of the Macrocosm as well as the Microcosm. I cite these facts as evidence to prove the statements of Hermetic Science and Philosophy as to God being the "All and In All." This being so, how foolish it is for these warring sects to attempt to control and dominate the Infinite Mind that has created them. They will realize before very long the truths that I am here stating and the religious war which we are threatened with, which will be the result of craft and ignorance of the warring sects, creeds and isms, and superstitious beliefs of this element of humanity. They are largely responsible for bringing about this disaster to the races of the world. This is the age of the Apocalyptic struggle between the man and the beast. The beast refers to the animal man, and the woman to the intuitions and spiritual side of the race. If we do not spiritualize ourselves and interpret Deity's laws spiritually as manifested in nature we are out of har-

mony and not in tune with the Infinite. These lessons are intended to help each one to find thier proper relation to Deity.

Man is a religious animal. He, alone, of all creation, formulates a religion for himself and worships his Creator, the Spiritual Sun, "the All in All, or Om."

Buddhism, the original teachings of Buddha himself, ever tend to scientific, free-thought and self spiritual culture, but orthodox Christianity just the reverse in every particular. Buddha taught his disciples not to kill; that all life was sacred and to destroy it in any of its stages of growth was abortive and hindered its progress in its evolution, hence Buddhism is not stained with human blood.

Hermetic Science teaches these same laws, therefore Science and Religion, when properly and truthfully taught, are One Law of One Life and One Deity, the Spiritual Sun of All Life as recognized and taught by scientific spiritualists under a multitude of heads called Philosophies, Sciences and Religions, no matter by what name they are known they all teach the same truths in their own peculiar way and phraseology.

Man and Woman are the Tree of Life cut loose at the roots; every kind after its own kind is the law of Nature. Then why do we try to violate this decree of Deity in trying to become alike? It would strike us as

the height of ignorance for the apple tree to assume the nature of the buckeye, or the cherry to pretend that it was an orange, the plum the walnut. Now this is that which most of us do, unconsciously perhaps, because society's conventionalities have taught us that we must conform to and obey its dictates or be ostracised and looked upon as heathen.

We should reflect a little and ascertain why we are different from our brothers and sisters, then obey that inner voice that guides us if we heed it and be ourselves; if we are true to self we cannot be false to any man, but by apeing others we appear foolish and fanatical. Besides, we dwarf and distort every natural instinct of our being into an unnatural growth which, in time, will become a monstrosity. This violation of natural law is the true reason for much of our political, social and religious misery. It produces hypocrites, liars and base deceivers, who pretend to be that which they are not. Saints, whereas they are the vilest of sinners, wolves in sheep's clothing.

Astrology teaches us why this is so, also why it is impossible for grapes to grow on fig trees or prunes on apple trees. We may graft one species into another, but only as we obey the Law of every kind after its own kind.

Luther Burbank has demonstrated this law in his experiments

with many species of fruits, flowers, nuts and cereals. The failure to obey this law results in hybrids. The mule and muscovy duck are examples in the animal kingdom; they become fruitless.

Thus far and no farther, says the law of God or Nature.

The highest science of today recognizes the law of vibration as the cause of every phenomenon and Polar Motion as the law of Nature's divine expression of the mental and spiritual expressions of life. Let us learn this law and obey it, while refusing to ape each other in any way—if we do so, it is always false pretense, and a just judgment is exacted sooner or later by Nature for this violation of law. Let us become ourselves by recognizing the truth of our divine relation to Nature; this only is wisdom and will make us free to worship God in spirit and in truth. It will make us healthy, wealthy and wise. Remember the golden rule of Hermetic Law, "It is above as it is below, as on earth so in the sky." There are orders of beings, brotherhoods, hierarchies, in fact, societies of every kind found upon earth that correspond to the interior planes of life, while we find these same organisms obeying the laws of Polar Motion, as we of earth do of those of Solar and Diurnal Motion. In fact the Astral and Spiritual worlds are peopled by those who were of earth once but who are now residents of these higher

worlds, who possess every kind of knowledge and wisdom, who respond to the invocations of those upon earth, who follow the same vocations. They have only been removed from the physical to the spiritual planes of action. In fact, these worlds are but one world, governed by One Law, One Life and One Deity, which "The Religion of Nature" is designed to teach with the hopes and wishes that mankind generally, may be made to realize that they are all but parts of the Divine

Whole, that life is Immortality, that we are destined to live forever, evolving our latent potentialities until we are perfectly rounded out in soul consciousness with the Universal Soul of All Life. This is the At-one-ment, the highest attainment possible to the human Soul Divine.

The Author.



(The Story "The Religion of Nature" will be printed in this magazine beginning with the March number.)



WORTH WHILE.



It is easy enough to be pleasant
 When life goes by like a song,
 But the man worth while is the one
 who will smile
 When everything goes dead
 wrong.
 For the test of the heart is trouble.
 And it always comes with the
 years,
 And the smile that is worth the
 praises of earth
 Is the smile that shines through
 tears.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

JESUS. His Character, Life and Object.

SAM BLODGETT.

We have been taught that Jesus came as the promised Messiah, but that the Jews did not know what they were promised, and rejected him. That the promise was not for an earthly king, but for a spiritual savior, and a savior, not for them only, but for the people of the whole world; for all who would accept the salvation offered. We have accepted this view, not because it is the Bible teaching, but because it has been our teaching. The idea now presented was an after thought. When the temporal salvation did not come, and the Christians finally concluded it was not coming, the idea of a spiritual, instead of a temporal savior was gradually imbibed. This gradual change of base may be clearly traced in the New Testament writings; but if we look at the matter with a critical eye we shall see that the friends of Jesus in his youth had the temporal work in view for him, and that he aimed for the earthly throne himself. The only wonder is that, after the Christian world had settled on the spiritual supposition, that the writers did not destroy all the evidence of the earthly ambition of their leader. Probably, for many years after his crucifixion, a large portion of his followers clung to the idea that he would come from the clouds of heaven and take the crown that his bodily death had only delayed. This is

the source of the second coming of Christ idea that is generally believed in among Christians to this day, but they now generally give it a spiritual interpretation, frequently carrying the idea that the spiritual will be so completely in the ascendancy as to supercede the necessity of any kind of human government.

After the wise men had learned at Jerusalem that the coming king was to be born at Bethlehem, and they had started for that place, we read that the star passed before them, and led them directly to the house where the infant lay, and showed them it was the house by standing directly over it. The absurdity of this statement is shown by the fact that a star that appeared to be over Jerusalem would also appear to be over Bethlehem, and if it appeared to be over Bethlehem it would appear to be as much over one as over another. The idea of Matthew must have been to make the narrative as wonderful as possible, regardless of facts and common sense.

He tells us these wise men went in and made the child such presents as would have been in order for an earthly prince, but were entirely out of place to give to a God. If the story had been true in part it would surely have been recorded in other contemporary history. Neither of the other evangelists hint of it.

Matthew leaves it as if the wise

men were not posted as to whether the king they were in search of was of recent birth, or whether he was nearly two years old; so, in trying to destroy the right one, the lives of all up to two years old were taken.

Luke makes out that Jesus had a wonderful beginning, and that great things were expected of him by his parents and friends; but he does not state that he was God-begotten, does not mention the wise men, the star episode, the flight into Egypt, or the wholesale murder of innocent children. He knew nothing about the troubles that Herod endured for fear a child was being born that was booked to dethrone him. According to Luke, Joseph did not question that he was the father of Jesus, and did not have to be pacified with a dream, and was not troubled with annoying dreams after the child was born.

Matthew and Luke both agree that Jesus was supposed to be the coming temporal king to reign over Israel. Matthew says the wise men were hunting for "he that was born *King of the Jews.*" The Herod business, and the whole circumstances as he relates them, point unmistakably to this idea. The reading in Luke causes one to think that when John was born there was a strong feeling among his friends that he was the savior they were looking for. It looks as if his father when he recovered his speech, took this view. The prophecy he is reported

to have uttered on that occasion points strongly that way.

The prophesy reads, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people, and hath raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David. As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began. That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us; to perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant; the oath which he sware to our father Abraham, that he would grant unto us that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life. And thou, child, shall be called the prophet of the Highest; for thou shalt go before the Lord to prepare his ways; to give knowledge of salvation unto his people by the remission of their sins, through the tender mercy of God; whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet in the way of peace."

We know this prophecy was in no way connected with Jesus, because Jesus was not yet born, and he speaks in the present tense, "thou child." In this prophecy John was clearly the "horn of salvation," the "dayspring from on high," "the

mercy promised to our fathers," the one that should save "from our enemies," "the fulfilling of the oath which he swore to our father Abraham, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies might serve him without fear."

Matthew says nothing about the remarkable birth of John, and the expectations of parents and friends concerning him. It would seem that in his estimation the early life of this character was not worth mentioning; but when Jesus was pretty near old enough to commence his ministry John is suddenly launched upon the scene as a preceding figure. Neither of the evangelists speak of the birth and childhood of either Jesus or John. It would appear from the reading that the preaching of John was far more effective than that of Jesus; and it would also appear that Jesus intended to be the disciple of John, as John baptised Jesus, and Jesus came to him to have the ceremony performed; but Jesus did not baptise John. The statements in the case indicate that Jesus recognized John as the head in what they mutually had in view; and that if he had lived they would have worked together, with John as the leader, the same as Brigham Young would have worked under Joseph Smith had Smith lived. The murder of John threw the leadership into the hands of Jesus, and the murder of Joseph Smith gave Brigham Young

the leadership. There is nothing incongruous in the fact that John and Jesus begun their mission by preaching, though the end aimed at was to be a temporal king, when we remember that the idea was that they had lost their national liberty by their wickedness, and that to have it restored there must be a reform. Matthew says that when Jesus started out he "went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom," and it is not unreasonable to presume that the "kingdom" referred to had a temporal, as well as a spiritual meaning. Again, at the time he was welcomed into their synagogues; and those old Jews must have been a good deal more liberal than the Christians now are to have furnished a religious heretic with such means to break down and destroy their religion. And in his sermon on the mount he declared explicitly that he had "not come to destroy the law or the prophets," and that "not one jot or tittle should pass from the law."

The evidence is that he had no idea of establishing a new religion. The Christian divergence from the Jewish religion came after he had gone. Jesus kept the Passover, and was keeping it at the time of his betrayal, and left it for his disciples to keep. He had nothing to do with the sacramental commemoration that was set up a long time after.

He was a remarkable spirit medium, and possessed a high degree of healing power, which he used to demonstrate that he was the looked-for deliverer. And on this point the prudent person would expect, which is no doubt the case, that his success was greatly exaggerated. For a time his popularity was very great; but he made a bad mistake and lost all his prestige suddenly. — *Sam Blodgett.*



THE MOUNTAIN PINE

SUCCESSOR TO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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GEO. B. LANG, Editor and Manager

Next month the Mountain Pine will be enlarged to 80 pages and will remain there permanently. We shall give to it the necessary attention to make it a strictly first class magazine and believe it will receive the support it deserves.

Crystola has a postoffice all her very own. The postoffice is named Langdon and is a money order office. The station still remains Crystola. Address us, hereafter to Langdon, Colorado.

Democrats are hurrahing for "Bill" Bryan and Republicans are yelling for "Bill" Taft. The American voter will have a bill presented whether he O. K.'s it or not.

The effects of the Farmers' Union in the Arkansas Valley are already being made manifest. The recent cut of 50 cents per ton for sugar beets made by the Sugar Trust was met by the unanimous refusal of the farmers to grow beets the coming season at that price.

The Editorial Associations of the several states are protesting against the recent efforts of the Postoffice Department to gratuitously assist in collecting delinquent subscriptions. Ungrateful creatures these editors be.

The powers now threaten to "fine" the Standard Oil Co. \$364,832,917.35, so a recent dispatch informs the public. Date of collection

will probably be extended until the \$29,000,000 fine already assessed is paid. This Trust-Busting Administration is something fierce.

The Farmers' Co-operative Coal Company is giving the Colorado farmers a demonstration of "Co-operation that Co-operates."

The panic is still "over" and conditions are growing better, there being only an occasional bank failure. The panic will not be really over until the right to issue money is placed solely with the government, where it legally and morally belongs.

MY PRAYER.

JENNIE B. MOTT,
San Antonio Texas.

Teach me, O my sinless Master,
How to be ever brave and true.
Let my heart both know and love
Thee,
Let my life be lived for You.

Teach me how to harmonize
Life's bitter with its sweet.
Teach me how thy truths to prize
And give me understanding deep.

When my soul grows sad and weary
With earth's seeming wrongs,
When hot tears of sorrow floweth—
Drowning out my sweetest
songs—
Wilt Thou draw me close up to Thee

And there let me rest a while?
In that silent, sweet, communion—
I will feel I am Thy child.

In the fullness of Thy love,
My life will be one glad song,
My feet will never stumble then,
Against a cruel thorne.

So lead me loving Master—
That at the close of life
I'll feel that I am purer
Because of all this strife.

✠

The "Master" meant here is the
"Master" or "Gura" of every
earthly soul.

So-Called Occult Incidents.

Contributed by a Subscriber.

All experiences associated with so-called "spirits," who are simply human creatures divested of the flesh, are considered occult.

But it is we who are occult in our inability to associate ourselves with them as if they were still in the body. To one who has thus associated with the disembodied, it is a matter of astonishment that those now invisible to the vast majority who are yet bound to the flesh do not wake and talk with those who are born into the second phase of being, the same as they did before the slight change which, in its ignorance, the world calls death.

For the writer, had, from childhood, so mingled with them, not by virtue of clairvoyance, or any mediumistic quality, nor in any abnormal condition, but only in the ordinary use of the senses which enable us to associate with those in the flesh. And, to put it stronger still, without the slightest conception of what "spirit" or "spirits" may be, — knowing nothing but matter, finer and coarser forms, many of them just as wonderful, just as ethereal as so-called spirit.

Incidents.

A lady with whom I had been acquainted for some years, removed to another state. After about a year of correspondence, there was a

break of nearly a month, when I saw my correspondent on the opposite side of a crowded street in a crowded city, at high noon. She bowed and smiled (somewhat rogueishly, I thought) and passed into a hotel. I went home and when I said to my hostess, "I saw Mrs. S. on the street a few minutes ago," she replied: "A letter came after you went away this morning, telling of Mrs. S.'s death."

My home was broken up one fall, by so-called death, and just before the holidays a squaw who had lived in the neighborhood of a lumbering camp up on the Mississippi, of which my husband's nephew was superintendent, and where there was a trading post, the trader being one of my husband's most intimate friends, came to me one day, saying that she wanted to tell me something about my friends up at the Indian Agency. "Well," I said, "what have you to tell me?" She began by telling me she was "L.'s squaw." Now, I had heard very enthusiastic stories of L.'s squaw, her beauty, her intelligence, etc., from friends of L. who wished to justify the alliance. But this squaw was absolutely hideous. And the discrepancy between the facts as far as I knew them, and the appearance of this repulsive creature, together

with my inborn inability to believe unreasonable things, led to this dialogue:

"Me L.'s squaw."

"Oh, no, you're not, and you'd better go home and not try such foolery."

"Me L.'s squaw (very crossly) and you'll believe it some time."

"Well, then, tell your news, what is it?"

"Well, big chief (Indian Agent), he say to young chief (the nephew), 'We been many days in squaw's (my) wigwam, and we ought to make squaw (me) Christmas present.' Then young chief say, 'Of course, me going to any way.' So big chief he say, 'I send big dollar—you send half big dollar.'"

All this time she had been executing the most grotesque "monkey shines," which, together with a gaunt, emaciated shape, further disfigured by the loss of one eye, and a channel down from eye to chin cut by the matter as it ran from the eye, made it a scene unusual enough to remember.

The squaw, however, evidently did not realize how her appearance differed from her time when she was the belle of the tribe, for she was very much vexed that I would not recognize her, even after the story she told, as "L's squaw." She went away offended, and never

thereafter would she come and let me explain my mistake.

Well, with the holidays came the "big dollar" (\$50.00) and the "half big dollar" (\$25.00) from the "big chief" and the "young chief" respectively.

A year afterward, in the western city where my home had been, I had the following conversation with my nephew as to the squaw, whom, as I supposed, was still in the flesh:

"How does L. and his dark colored family get on?"

"Why, the squaw died a year ago, just after you went away."

"She was handsome, was she not?"

"She was when L. took her, but something stung her in the eye. It mattered and ran out, and she suffered so much with it that she was reduced to skin and bone."

"I suppose she was dignified and stolid as Indians always are."

"Ha! ha! Nothing of the kind,—she used to act so like a fool that L. had to lock her in her room until she got over her funny spell!"

And the poor squaw was justified in her indignation. But then so was I in my incredulity.

• • •

One summer day I, together with three others, sat on the veranda, when a young woman whose face was badly discolored by an over-

dose of a drug (I can not recall the name) and when she was out of hearing I said: "Isn't it dreadful to be disfigured for life by a nasty drug?"

"Why, yes; it certainly is, but what made you think of it now?"

"That young woman that just passed, didn't you notice her face?"

"No one has passed since we came out."

I looked in the direction she had gone, and she stood with a mocking smile on her face, a moment, then faded "into thin air."

* * *

With two others one day I was crossing a street in the very noisiest part of the same boisterous new city of the Northwest, when I saw a man who had for years, papered and calsomined our houses. He raised his hat and bowed in such a courtly fashion that I said:

"Mr. H. does not appear like one who has always been at hard labor; he appears more like a professional man."

"What Mr. H.?"

"The calsominer, didn't you see him just now?"

"Mr. H. has been dead several weeks."

* * *

Such incidents as these, so often occurring, made me determine to dull my senses, if possible, to a degree which would prevent my seeing things invisible to my neighbors.

For the last dozen years I have used coffee and meat daily, and am comparatively free.

But during the many years of my constant intercourse with those whom Florence Huntley classifies as "ex-human," I certainly learned more of the disembodied part of humanity than those who have to depend on "mediums" for their intelligence, and vastly more than do the mediums themselves.

Sad lessons, too, many of them, and such as would justify Miss Huntley in designating them inhuman, instead of ex-human.

A FEW FACTS.

C. ELLS.

Many Lessons to Learn from Life. Good We May Do.

God is spirit, but what is spirit? When we really desire to understand, then all is made plain to us, but, starting wrong, we doubt the truth, if it is opposite to what we thought true. That is one reason why we keep on thinking and acting wrong. When we know that thoughts are spirits, and that whatever we think God to be we make our master. If spirit, we are apt to think it's this or that, and create spooks all around us in the likeness and image of what we think and then you have a personal God that is supposed to do all we ask of it, when, in fact, we are the power behind the throne here on earth, and that is all there is to the whole idea, anyway. As the Intelligence which made the universe, of which we are but a small manifestation, does not bother with the cares and troubles of the minor parts of life, but expects us to do the best we can, growing, progressing into a more God-like being, knowing we are the creators on earth, which is our world, we are more apt to create what we want, instead of think all sorts of wrong into existence, which we are now doing in our own ignorance of a simple truth.

The first men that discovered that truth and thinking they alone could do all the thinking and thus make life what they thought it should be, started a line of thought and posed

as gods, they started the wonderful things and kept them up keeping others in ignorance — knowledge was the power that worked out in mysterious ways. Man has a wonderful power when knowing how to use it. Many discoveries have been made in late years proving that to be true: then came the cry of witchcraft, when the women got wise enough to do as some men were doing, but little by little the simple fact of the power of mind became known, until now man not only knows his power, but is developing it in a useful way. The few would-be gods and leaders won't stand a ghost of a chance to keep up the old humbug called religion when we know it was started by men. When we are allowed to stand alone and do our own thinking, then, when everything goes wrong, we will soon learn to think and create what we want, which surely is not disease, hardships, troubles and the mess called life, which is more wrong than right.

Spiritualism proves all things as they are, but foolish man sees not what it teaches, but goes on wondering at the new way of manifesting simple facts. When we accept it as we accepted religion in the past, then the change does us very little good, as we do not understand it and only think up some more wrong, to get things more wrong.

Spirit control proves how spirit or thought of others not only impress each other, but often get complete control of other bodies. One very plain lesson, still very few seem to learn anything from it, but keep on allowing control, which often only proves that one fact, knowing nothing or little of so-called spirit life or life after death. Thus everything speaks for itself and we know it not.

A freethinker is one who does his own thinking, reasoning and knowing. Such do not allow control, neither do they control others, but teach all that desire to learn that others may become free to think for themselves.

Spiritualism soon proved to me that it was another case of think so and guess so, but very little of what it was thought to be, that is, the doings of the liberated souls, it was and still is a proof what thought can do and is doing, also that spirit is a thought, which can be seen, heard and felt, which is a certain amount of intelligence and only can express self, if the thought is simply to prove it lives independent of the body which first in that line knowing nothing of other things, but when plain facts manifest then it tells of things not generally known, its knowledge speaking for itself, also able to prove it thus and so. Then is it not best to prove all things instead of wasting breath and time talking of things never

proven? When spirits can not tell us more than we already know, what is the use of stopping there? Reach higher and get it sent forth. It will manifest only what you want. That is how we attract a higher knowledge to help and teach us, but not control us.

Life is a school and endless are the lessons for us to learn. When we are too lazy or indifferent to learn, many are the hard knocks we get to urge us on, as all have a part to play on life's stage. We are what we make ourselves or allow others to make of us. We are never as apt to take as good care of rented houses as we are of our own, which proves why controlled bodies are too often used and abused, why some people end in second childhood, as they never had a developed mind of their own and the one using the body forsakes it when of no more good use to it. It is the one that has experiences, the push to go on, know and be able to prove it to others, that is a living soul. Too many are only puppets made to dance by another, simply dead from start to finish.

When we say the conscious and subconscious mind, it means what we are conscious or not conscious of doing, as all do some things they are quite conscious of doing and much they are not conscious of doing—for instance, help along something thought right but never proven.

We often do more harm uncon-

scious of the fact than knowingly. One man may start a line of thought, proving nothing right or wrong, thousands hold to it and help it along, thus a thought becomes a great thing. Religion was started that way and kept alive by man. Much talk and think-so, but the proof that it is what it claims to be is surely lacking. It was intended for good, but when the spirit of control got started it began to do more harm than good and is proving that man can be made to appear good but not made good that way. Jesus forced or controlled no one. He taught, proving that man has a wonderful power for good or evil when he has knowledge and uses it. The high priests and monks have not only understood but used this power for ages—it was taught to only a few. Jesus was taken to Jerusalem and there taught by high priests to do the work he did. Jesus never claimed to be God, but said the father and I are one. The thought is the father and the flesh is mother-earth wherein it grows and brings forth its fruit. The thought was good, for the good of man, but foolish men changed it into much foolish talk, then as a money-making scheme and now the humbug called God's religion is everything but what it claims to be. It has become a fad and it doesn't matter what it is—so it gives a few men a chance to make a large salary, for no sensible man can believe one-half and when not

proven right or wrong it may be doing more harm than good. The leaders in the past have created all the devils in existence with their thoughts and talk. The change in that line is surely an improvement.

People who are quite indifferent are doing far less harm than the enthusiastic know-nothing who rants and storms like a madman expressing only his own nature, blowing his own horn. Such ought to be suppressed as they create more lunacy—make others crazy. Man is not sane until he becomes a reasonable being. All the wrong and evil made manifest in Spiritualism only proves it still exists.

Spiritualism proves all things, then why not learn and accept only the good therein instead of foolishly helping the wrong along. It is not a religion or belief, but facts take hold of it as a study, not as a hobby or religion that must be swallowed whole. When rightly understood and used, then it will do a world of good. "Prove all things and hold fast to the good." The atmosphere is filled with thoughts taking form and shape, acting out what they are, some as pure, gentle, helpful spirits, others as demons in their anger and rage, some only floating about indifferent. All are very much alive germs of life, for good or evil, which we draw in at every breath, simply terrible when we can see all. Storms are demons in strife created by man in his ig-

norance. Then why not create all good when we know that man—male and female—are the creators on earth? When we pray to God we only pray to each other for help. As we do not understand our world and life we could not comprehend what a higher world elsewhere is, therefore do not know or learn of it. The change called death does not alter the case, for we just keep on learning to understand this life's lesson first, then only are we fit to go elsewhere. The living spirits are the thoughts that deceive us, such as being good and foolish and thinking we are fit to go to God Almighty and there have a good easy time of it, while God does all the work to keep things going. Where does his rest come in? Then again, if it is an intelligent power that works through all, does it not prove how much of the true God we represent? By our works are we known. The speaker that only uses lots of words expressing little, not even proving one thing, is only creating senseless things, which in the course of time becomes a materialized body — a foolish being. Thus we furnish the material—good, bad and indifferent—out of which bodies are made. Then after we pass out, some of our creations become the living monuments of our past life. Then when we learn more we strive to overcome all the wrong we have created and then that thought flows through it all and tries to do its work or

undo the wrong.

Let us teach and help each other to get into the right understanding, then we will do much good. God made man in its own image, whatever the first cause may be it creates more like it, and keeps on growing. That is how wrong ideas grew and gained power, which can not be lasting, as the bad effects will in time prove the first cause not good, as good does not create evil. Deliberate wrong-doing is evil.

There is in much to learn, and still people trifle away their time foolishly, killing time, learning nothing, helpless chips on the ocean of time, drifting, not knowing or caring where, until a storm comes, then they are expecting help from others, then, if their senseless prayers are not answered, they say there is no God, never dreaming the fault is all their own. For it is not good to help the sinner, as thus we encourage sin. Mistaken ideas of right or wrong will soon prove by its works what it is, then when proven wrong why still cling to it? People are apt to get into a rut and do not care to change. Then, let such learn from hard knocks if they need them to drive them into a better way. The more you help a shiftless person the more shiftless they become. Proven—the fuss made over the so-called redeemed sinner only encourages others to sin. That is what Churchism is doing—keeping people in ignorance, that they may not know

when they are right or wrong.

As good sense is very uncommon, we cannot depend on what is called good common sense to guide us. To say you accept Jesus as your God, and then not live what he taught as right, you are a living lie. What we love we copy, not lust after, to use and abuse. Love is blind when we know not what we love. Actions speak plainer than words, then why claim what you are not or care to be? It is always best to be sure you are right, then attend strictly to your own affairs. We are not our brother's keeper or master. Set a good example by living as nearly right as you can. That is all that is required of us.

Surely the lies offered from the pulpit do more harm than good moral shows ever could do and still they cry wolf when it is in their own fold. First man learned from na-

ture, which is an open book of life. Then he brewed a drink, making a drunk on the wine called preaching; then came a change saying: Marry, and become the mother of God. Then the two worked together to bring forth a higher type of man. The child was called Jesus—Gee us—to lead us or drive us into the right way. A child is only born of God when born of good. Others are creations of evil. That is why we are not alike and why we are natural all good or evil—they are that soul and body to prove it.

All is proven which we can see when we want the proof. Every thought and act of our life is a living thing. We will reap what we have sown, as that is the I am. The one that is free from sin, let him cast the first stone, or let the affairs of others severely alone.—C. Ells, Kansas City, Mo.



THE MOUNTAIN PINE

Colorado's Magazine

MARCH 1908

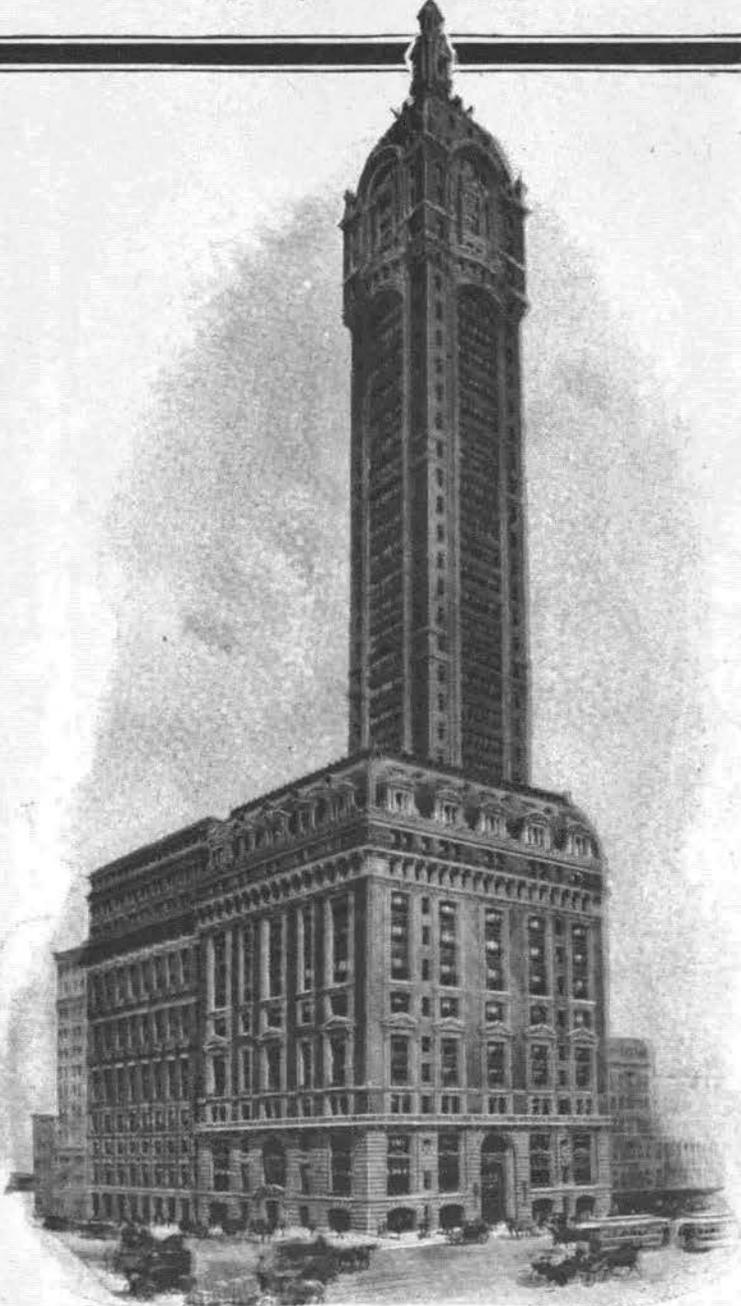
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DR. HENRY WAGNER.
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When we look backward and contemplate all that our country has achieved in material greatness in the past forty-three years, we stand amazed and our hearts and souls swell within us with pride and with gladness.

We say within the past forty-three years, because with the closing of the Civil war, that so nearly rent the nation asunder, began the new era, an era of ever onward and upward progress in the development of new channels and mediums of commercial and industrial enterprises, the era of the furtherance and widespread application of new inventions, of new and immense transportation systems by land and by water; of the establishment and continuous growth of modern utilities in the aid of the expansion and upbuilding of trade and commerce, as well as for the improved conveniences for all walks of life—in short, the era of improved and perfected farm implements and machinery of every character. Of steam railways. Of electric rail lines, urban and interurban. Of improved vessels for river-ways and ocean transportation. Of electric lights. Of telegraph and telephone systems. Of printing machinery. Of the marvels of engineering success. Indeed, of all that we have and are today, our nation in all these new things and the perfection

of the old ways, leading the very van of nations.

Looking still closer at what the past has wrought and laid at the feet of the present, we naturally and involuntarily think of the future and try to cast a horoscope of the years to come. When we do this, just as the needle points unerringly to the pole, a vision of the South and the West meets the gaze of our mind's eye. The wrinkled visage of the East peers and leers at us through shaggy locks whitened with the winters of more than a century, and the decrepitude of age manacles her limbs. It is a repulsive face that glowers at us. The lines of greed and craftiness mar its every lineament, and the snaky eyes gleam with the baleful light of malice and envy and longing, too, upon the lusty limbs, the robust form, gigantesque in its strength and power of the young South and West.

The East has seen its day of power and mighty vigor, but its waning has come. It had its chance, but avarice and lust of gold—Mammon worship—has dwarfed her heart and soul and stricken her limbs with the palsy of crimé, and today the South and West have come to the parting of the ways, each one, with the effete East, and leave her in her selfishness to pursue her own destiny while they pur-

sue theirs, in all things that make for material greatness.

We read in the ancient classics of Jason and his Argonauts sailing in search of the fabled golden fleece of Colchis. It is but an allegory portraying the ever restless, venturesome soul of man seeking for something better, something richer, the mirage that leads it on bewilderingly in pursuit of the inviting possibilities, somewhere else, just a little further on.

We need not seek further for anything that this life, this earth can give for material prosperity and upbuilding than the South and West offer to us. We have it within our grasp. You remember a few years ago a few Argonauts ventured out on a voyage for a new fleece of Colchis, to unite the South and West, wedded as one in a mighty masterful political conquest of this Nation. The Populist party made a glorious—a magnificent effort, but this modern Jason failed also, and the golden fleece is yet just ahead. A political coalition was not the road to follow, the course to adopt, to unite the interests of the South and the West.

But the way has been opened. The force, the mighty means to secure the end so desirable, has presented itself in The Farmers' Union. The South and the West are the magnificent agricultural regions of our wondrous Nation and the fertile plains that unite the

Great Lakes of the Northwest with the Mexican Gulf on the South, permeated by the two splendid rivers, the Mississippi and the Missouri, supply the golden fleece in the cotton, that clothes the world, and the grain that feeds the peoples of the Earth. The South and the West are one, industrially. They give to this Nation its prosperity. The exports from these two sections, that nestle side by side in loving unity of interests that need but concert of action to make them irresistible, swell the volume of business and commerce into fabulous sums on the credit side of our Nation's ledger. Read the figures in the following wonderful story, for official figures they are:

The total value of farm products for the year, according to the report of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, has been \$7,400,000,000, a gain of about \$500,000,000 over the preceding year, and a gain of almost exactly \$1,000,000,000 over 1905. In 1900 the value of farm products was only \$4,717,000,000 as compared with \$7,400,000,000 for 1907. For the last few years, beginning about 1900, there was a marvelous increase in the prosperity of American farmers. The value of farm property in that time has gained over \$8,000,000,000, or about ten times the combined capital of all the National banks in the United States. In 1900 the total value of all farm property in the United States was

\$20,439,000,000; in 1906 (the figures for 1907 not yet being available) the total was \$28,000,000,000. Nothing else in all the rest of America's remarkable development is more remarkable than this gain in the value of farm property. Going back to 1890, the average value per capita of all engaged in agriculture was \$287, rising in 1900 to \$451; in 1905 to \$558, and for 1907 to considerably over \$600. Now, why should this Nation feel panicky in the face of this marvelous exhibit of wealth?

It is in the South and the West where you find all the agricultural wealth, in the broad acres of the cotton, sugar and rice plantations of the South, in the wide-expanding corn and grain fields of the West.

The Farmers' Union is going steadily ahead, bringing the farmers of these two splendid regions together under its banner, that already waves not alone in every Southern State proper, but in Missouri, in Kentucky, in Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, California and Washington. Its recruiting officers are at work everywhere and its mission is to bring together in The Farmers' Union all the farmers of these two regions contiguous as they are to each other. It must be the destiny, the proud privilege of the South and the West to give to our Nation industrial and financial freedom for the Republic of the Fathers must

not perish from the face of the earth, but only the farming classes of the South and the West through The Farmers' Union can save it.

The Farmers' Union, if it does not already do so, must come to understand itself as a stupendous, ever-growing, ever-expanding force and power, a business organization that must do business on purely and strictly business principles and along business lines. It is a cold, naked, matter-of-fact business proposition, absolutely a matter of dollars and cents. Sentiment is an unknown quantity. Matters personal have no place in matters of business—in business institutions.

Listen to a little story, every word true: The United States Steel Association, one of the biggest business institutions in the world, an absolute trust, rules irresistibly and controls the commercial prosperity of this country. It is at once the barometer and the thermometer of this country's trade, and it wields no little influence abroad. This Association is chartered by the State of New Jersey, and is empowered to do any and every line and character of business under the sun. It can engage in any kind of business it desires. It has a Board of Directors elected nominally annually by the stockholders—really by a few men who hold the proxies of the stockholders. The Board of Directors elects from its number a small number of gentlemen known as the Exe-

utive Committee. This Executive Committee is clothed by the charter with exclusive and autocratic power in the management of the affairs of the Association. It is supreme. Its actions cannot be questioned. Its will is the law.

Now, is there any reason under the sun why The Farmers' Union should not be as absolutely a business enterprise and organization as the Steel Trust? We have got started that way, and we must continue right along the straight path until the goal is won. We must **AND WE WILL** get the South and the West into one solid irresistible compact that sways this Nation, and lift it up to higher, grander, better planes of prosperity, of power and prestige, than it has ever known or dreamed of. We can do it, and we will do it.

We want the elevators and the flouring mills and the grain product manufactories right in the midst of the corn and grain lands, under the sway of the grain fields, and not in distant cities where grain dealers' associations and other pirates dominate the grain fields. We want the cotton mills, the rice mills, the sugar refineries right at the cotton, sugar and rice plantations, where the cotton and sugar and rice will dominate them, and not in far-away cities and even foreign countries, where tricksters and gamblers dominate the cotton, sugar and rice fields. This is what we want, and

this is what we will do. We will do it as an all-powerful business organization working together surely, harmoniously, just like clock-work, just as business ought to be done.

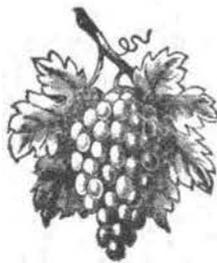
The Farmers' Union is going to reverse things. For long and ghastly years the South and the West have been paying tribute to the East. We have had to go to the "Captains of Finance" in New York, and many, very many times virtually on bended knees, to get a little needed money. We had to look to Eastern sources to finance any enterprise or venture we might tremblingly dare to undertake. We have had to take the doles we could get at the Devil's own prices and terms. In the last few years times have changed somewhat. New York has been borrowing from the South and West. We very nearly had the East on knees at our feet before this financial flurry came on in October, and would have had, if we had kept our money at home for home uses in crop-movings; but New York had offered enticing figures and got our money, and then brought on the panic. The Wall Street gentry did not destroy us, as they hoped to do, but they did embarrass us. Do you know why the South and West—especially the South—have been less and less dependent upon the East these past few years? The Farmers' Union came into existence five years ago last August, and having fixed the price of farm products

four years in succession, has got its price three times, and will surely succeed in getting its cotton price, 15 cents, for the 1907 crop—being the fourth time of success. These successes have made us all more prosperous, have run the average per capita of farmers up to over \$600 from about one-third that amount a few years ago.

The East must come to us hereafter. The spinner must come into our very cotton fields, the refiner to our sugar mills, the flouring mill men into the wheat fields—not figuratively, but actually. Eastern banks must come to the South and West for their money, or do without. The mountain has been going to Mahomet a long time, but Ma-

homet must get ready to come to the Mountain in the future.

Now, brothers, The Farmers' Union, a business organization, intends to do business its way—a strictly business way, and no other. It means to control the grain lands of the West, the cotton, sugar and rice lands of the South, and the products of these lands, obtaining a fair, just and honest price for them, and by reason of its strength, prestige and influence as a great business organization and business factor, it intends to influence every material interest in this land AND SHAPE THE NATION'S POLICIES, to its increased glory and power at home and abroad.



THE MOUNTAIN PINE

SUCCESSOR TO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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GEO. B. LANG, Editor and Manager

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For several months past the Mountain Pine has not been up to the standard which its readers had a right to expect. A lack of patronage and some other minor items were on the whole responsible for its decreased size. We wish to thank the many friends who have without solicitation sent in their renewals for another year and we expect to keep the Mountain Pine up to the present size and to increase its pages and general interest from time to time as the patronage warrants.

A new industrial order called the Knights of Industry has been launched and bids fair to grow to immense proportions during the next year or two. It is purely a business organization organized to assist its members along the lines laid down by the Farmer's Union now over a million strong and will do for the city laborer what the Union has done and is doing for the farmers of the country. It will teach and put into practice co-operation that co-operates, and that it will meet with an enthusiastic reception from the laborers of the country goes without saying. T. W. Hickey of Pueblo, Colorado, is the national secretary and a

local camp should be formed at once in every town in the country.

Crystola is beginning to put on city airs. Beginning with an organized school district last autumn, next we secured a postoffice which because of similarity of name with Crystal in Gunnison County, Colorado, the authorities refused to christen Crystola, under the name of Langdon. All mail intended for Crystola should be addressed to Langdon and all money orders should be drawn likewise. The laying of the pipe for the waterworks will begin as soon as the pipe arrives it already having been ordered. Every lot holder will have the purest mountain water at his door and forever free. No other town in the West, so far as we know, furnishes its citizens with free water. This through the liberality of Henry Clay Childs the founder of Crystola. Other important things are in the near future for the citizens of this beautiful spot in the Rockies. Suffice it to say the morning has come and the sun of progress will shine upon a successful co-operative commonwealth on a small scale, to be sure, but no less an object lesson to others

of the possibilities of concerted effort along well recognized business lines.

Since our last issue the political pot has begun to simmer in earnest and all over the country the various possible candidates for president have been pushed forward by their friends for the highest office in the nation. At this time it seems a walkaway for Bryan as the Democratic nominee, although Johnson of Minnesota is gaining strength in many quarters and may be the choice of the Denver convention. Among the Republicans, Taft is the leader by many lengths and when the favorite sons, whose names have been placed before the people, each receive the complimentary vote of their respective states Taft will be nominated by a big majority and the race will be on. Hearst threatens to enter the lists with a brand new party for presidential honors but so far this phase of political activity is confined to the cities of the East where the Independence League is better known. As to policies the tariff is forging to the front, the Democrats claiming that it is the mother of the trusts and many Republicans asserting that it needs revision. The common people in both parties are declaring for a revision of our currency system that will make banker's panics impossible in the future and with the effects of the present one fresh in their minds the money question will take a prominent place in the campaign whether the leaders wish it so or not.

The Farmer's Union of Colorado is now in the middle of its first battle with the organized forces of monopolistic

industry. The American Beet Sugar Company owns and operates 5 factories in the Arkansas valley in Colorado. It has been paying \$5 per ton for beets running as high as 15% in sugar contents, and at the close of this season announced a reduction of 50 cts per ton for next seasons planting. Practically this means a transfer of \$200,000 from the pockets of the farmer's to the strong box of the Sugar Trust. Immense meetings have been held and to a man the farmer's decline to raise beets at this reduced price. The Trust of course figures that since the farmer is now in the beet business he will accept the reduced rate rather than rearrange his business condition by putting his land into other crops. To offset this and provide a market for his beets the beet growers in and out of the Union will unite in building an independent factory and the Union brethren of Kansas and Colorado will give their product the preference thus making a market for the product of the factory. Every factory like every factory has been built upon the public credit and has been paid for by the profits of public patronage and when thus built and paid for have been found to be in the possession of the promoter. When the independent factory will have been built by the farmer's and their friends, and paid for by the profits of public patronage the people who have thus built it and paid for it will possess it. 1,000 farmers can pay 20 tons of beets each per year for 5 years and never know the difference. This will build a factory that will manufacture 300,000 tons of beets which will produce approximately 900,000 sacks of sugar of 100 lb each. A net profit

of \$1 per sack will produce in 5 years \$4,500,000 which will finish paying for the 3 factories costing in the aggregate not more than \$2,000,000 and leave a net profit to be returned to the people raising the beets and those who use the product of \$3,000,000. This will be distributed broadcast over the country instead of being piled up in New York or some other foreign country. 6% can be paid annually upon the capital invested, give a rebate of \$1 on every sack of sugar and a bonus of \$2 for every ton of beets at present prices of sugar, and then the factories will still belong to the people for all time to come. Kansas and Colorado uses more than that much sugar each year among the laboring classes alone. Then let the Farmer's Union and the Knights of Industry own and control this great machine of production and leave the profits of manufacture among

those who produce and consume this great product of the earth's sugar. Kansas alone will have 100,000 members of the Union by next fall. Colorado will have at least 30,000. The Knights of Industry will have as many more. 250,000 members means 125,000 families which will be ample market for the product of three factories slicing 100,000 tons each. It is practicable and we have no doubt but that it will be done. Concerted effort will do it. This immense profit these people are already paying each year. It means no new burdens. It simply means that the money now piled into the coffers of the trust will be diverted to the pockets of the common people. If any laboring man has any objections to thus diverting a portion of this into his own pocket let him arise and speak. If he has not let him proceed to get busy and do his share.



Co-Operatively Own The Factories.

JOINEY H. BEARRUP.

There is, from latest reports, about Five Hundred Million Dollars invested in cotton manufacturing in the United States. The amount of cotton consumed by this machinery was about One Billion Six Hundred Million pounds, an amount equal to twenty pounds for each man, woman and child in the United States. Per capita investment for each would be about six dollars, but as there is not over half that number of pounds used per capita, and as all the machinery is not in operation at one time and not all of it continuously running, so that figuring to have machinery continuously operated and at present cost the per capita investment would not be over 40% of this six dollars, or \$2.40, if co-operatively owned. These same statistics say that about 5c per pound was paid out to labor in manufacturing, now take a basis of 10 pounds per annum by each man, woman and child used, and figure 15c for the raw cotton, 6c per pound to labor, 1c for other expenses, and you have the sum of \$2.20 (saying nothing about expense of making this cloth into garments and transportation from mills to yourself). The difference between this amount and what you are now paying for that amount of goods represents the

amount of toll you are paying, and I assure you that it is more (every year) than the average amount you would be required to invest were you to co-operatively own the machinery. Then if you consume more it will increase your earnings, and these earnings re-invested each year if made by 2,000,000 farmers, Union people would in ten years own and operate enough machinery to manufacture the entire cotton crop of the United States and in twenty years would take a crop of the 50,000,000 bales that we are now capable of producing (according to reports of eminent statisticians) should the world's market require it), but we are simply giving these figures to show that our estimate of \$10.00 per capita by 100,000 or more persons will supply the wool, cotton and leather machinery and cost of organization, to manufacture the individual's necessities in these three things that can be made to clothe the man. Then you raise the things you eat (hog and hominy) and what care you for the trusts. Then, as your patronage has made the credit upon which the other fellow has secured his working capital, your patronage will make your credit good that we ask you to loan your own Company in the form of your

note that will be used in addition to warehouse receipts upon raw materials with which to raise the working capital (if you do not have it in hand). The earning shown above is equally true in wool and in boots and shoes, proving our statement that these profits besides giving you good, pure things at a less cost, will pay off your notes and make you all equal owners. This is what we pray that you will instruct your delegates to your National Convention to consider. Our Company is the only one that has come out flat-footed for co-operation and that proposes that to the consumer, the wage worker and producer shall go the ownership of these toll collecting machines.

We want you to not only talk it, but we want you to be an active agent in bringing it about. You will

be well paid for soliciting, as it is one of the inevitable expenses of getting started, the same as buying the machines and buildings is part of the fixed capital. This business is your business and people working here in any capacity whatever, are your servants only. Every dollar that you invest in Rio Grande Co-Operative Manufacturing stock is that much toward co-operative cotton manufacturing. Lets have just one National company and not build a lot of little ones to compete against each other and make extra operating expenses, besides being subject to attack singly by opposing forces and be whipped out, one at a time.

Fraternally yours,
 RIO GRANDE WOOLEN MILLS
 CO., CO-OPERATIVE,



THE GOLD COAST.

A Series of Articles, Descriptive and Otherwise, on West Africa.

By CAPT. A. HERBERT-BOWERS.

ARRIVAL AT CAPE COAST CASTLE.

I AWOKE with a start and sat up in my bunk. The propeller had ceased to revolve, and the sudden stoppage of its chug, chug, chug, which for weeks had accompanied my sleeping hours, served to awake me just as effectually as had done some unaccustomed sound. A moment later, the roar of the cable as it rushed through the hawser-hole advised me that we had come to an anchor and that the voyage had ended.

Aquiver with excitement, I sprang out of bed and made for the deck; becoming aware as I went of a dull, booming roar, that made itself heard at intervals of a few moments. Arrived there, it grew distinct and insistent; but, as it was still dark, I had no means of ascertaining its cause. The town, as revealed by a few scattered lights, must have been distant fully two miles; the ocean was like a mill-pond; and I had never before seen the shore-flung mountainous surf of the mighty Atlantic.

Shoreward I peered with straining eyes, until the splendor of the stars began to pale. A moment later the blackness of advanced night became less opaque; a nebulous grayness began to show; then leapt blazing into the heavens the tropic Sun, revealing in all its red-brown hideousness the spot in which we were destined to remain for many months—Cape Coast Castle.

This old Dutch stronghold and a little round signal tower were all that relieved the ghastly monotony presented to

view by the sun-baked clay dwellings which comprised the native quarters; but, though the Castle later claimed my attention, my gaze was for the time riveted on four lines of up-tossed foaming surf, which, forming and ever reforming, rushed shorewards with an incredible rapidity. I could see tons of water flung high onto the air as the onrushing surge struck the rock upon which the Castle was built, and for miles along the strand a broad fringe of spume, dazzling white in the morning sun, bore witness to the fierce onset of the incoming billows. The booming that had so puzzled me was fully explained. "How, in thunder, are we to get ashore?" I wondered.

A moment later, this problem gained an added interest; for, on withdrawing my gaze from the wonderful spectacle presented by the surf, I espied a couple of huge sharks swimming near the vessel's side and, apparently, eyeing myself with green-eyed expectancy. Back and forth, back and forth, they swam, lazily, contentedly, as if in sure anticipation of a coming meal; and, as I watched them, my enthusiasm for "Foreign Service," like Bob Acre's courage, began to ooze rapidly away. I had been prepared to take the chances of battle and to brave the West African climate, but had no fancy to furnish in my proper person the *bonne bouche* of a shark's matutinal repast.

"What do you think of the Gold Coast?"

I started and looked up. It was the

navigating lieutenant who had put the question.

"Not much!" I snorted. "But ——

"But what?" he asked.

"How the deuce are we going to get ashore?"

Biddulph — that was his name — laughed. "You'll get ashore, alright," he assured me. "Get upset, most likely; but the surf will carry you in if a shark don't carry you out."

With this comforting assurance, he turned away, whilst I continued to gaze shoreward.

"The Castle, at all events," I reflected, looked habitable, and its bastions fairly bristled with guns. These last, I later learned, were coeval with the deluge, honeycombed with rust, and dangerous only to him who had been sufficiently unwise to attempt their discharge.

To me fell this duty some three months later. Two German war vessels put into harbor, and, of course, had to be saluted. I was detailed to do the saluting, and undertook the duty in a sort of do-or-die spirit worthy of a better cause. By dint of choosing the best guns and using as small a charge of powder as possible, I came through the ordeal without any casualties; but I'm bound to say that I consider that one situation was the most dangerous of any in which I was ever placed. To be sure, I merely superintended the firing at as great distance as was compatible with appearances.

But—still aboard H. M. S. Tyne, I was gazing disconsolately at this ancient fortress, when from behind the rock against which thundered the surf, a black object appeared, and another and another. Boats were coming out to the ship. I had a vivid and personal interest in watching their progress through the surf. The distance, however, was too great for a good view; so I darted to my cabin for a pair of powerful field glasses, which I

soon had focused on the approaching craft.

They presented a singular and interesting sight. Without the semblance of a deck or water-tight compartment, the boats were some forty feet long and pointed at both ends; and the method of their propulsion was unique. Seated on the thwarts were some sixteen men—eight a side—who, wielding their paddles with a rhythmic swing, dug them into the sea with a backward jerk, that when so desired, sent the boat through the water at a tremendous pace. The steersman, standing, used an ordinary oar lashed to the stern, and by him was controlled the pace of the boat.

Therein, I quickly saw, lay the whole secret of surf surmounting. Pausing at a certain distance—that must be judged with accuracy—before the on-coming surge, with just enough way to allow of steering, the paddlers awaited the steersman's signal. This he gave, I noticed, as soon as the surf broke; and, paddling with a fierce energy, the crew drove the boat at a pace which quickly swept her over the danger zone, to pause again before the onward rush of a succeeding surge. This operation was repeated successfully by all the boats—some twenty in all—until the four lines of surf were passed, and I soon had the opportunity of inspecting them and their crews.

With regard to the former, a closer view disclosed nothing new, except, perhaps, that they were very strongly built. The men who manned them, however, though ugly facially, were splendid specimens of physical manhood. Later, I learned that they were natives of the Kroo coast, some hundred miles distant, who had been brought to Cape Coast Castle for the express purpose of manning the surf-boats; and, so skillful are they, an accident, even in the worst season, is of very rare occurrence.



Camping in Africa.

In short, we were landed without mishap; but the last breathless shoreward rush is an experience one is not likely to forget. So exhilarating was it. I subsequently, on many occasions, boarded the incoming mail-steamers, just to experience the thrill that accompanied each renewal of the struggle between the skill of the Kroomen and the resistless might of those turbulent waters.

As the expected expedition against the Ashantis failed to materialize, and as the regiment was fated to remain within the Castle in inglorious inactivity, a short description of this one time Dutch stronghold will not be out of place.

Built by the Portuguese, and used by the Dutch for purposes of the slave trade, its shoreward walls were of great height; those which looked seaward were from twenty to thirty feet thick. The former, of course, were designed to resist native attack; the latter, the bombardment of a hostile fleet. In shape, it roughly resembled the conventional diamond, along one of whose sides and

across whose shortest diagonal were built the living quarters. These last consisted of three stories; of which the top-most was occupied by the officers; that underneath by the men; and the lowermost held war stores and commissariat supplies. Underground were the dungeons which, in the days of that iniquitous traffic in human beings, held its pitiable victims. Of the misery of their condition, some idea may be gained even to this day; for, despite periodical cleanings, kalsominings, and constant airings, these damnable dens still reek with the nauseating odors that, of necessity, resulted from the condition of the many thousands of captives.

In this connection it may be said, that, at rare intervals, a certain compensation comes to the men on whom devolves the unpleasant duty of cleaning these malodorous dungeons. This compensation comes in the guise of the discovery of an Aggry—the writer does not vouch for the spelling of this word—bead. These beads, varying from one-half to three-

fourths of an inch long, shaped like a clay-pipe stem, though twice as thick, and of a bright yellow color, are not much to look at; but, whether they possess some value undiscoverable to the Caucasian, or whether they are held in superstitious reverence, the natives are always anxious to give, for a genuine specimen, as much as five times its weight in gold.

As there is no fresh water at Cape Coast Castle, huge cisterns, constantly replenished by the winter rains, were built beneath the surface of the stronghold. At the present time, a condenser supplies the Castle with water from a salt lake about a mile distant; but, unless it were for the making of coffee and tea, I do not remember that it was used for purposes other than ablutionary.

It was here, by the way, that we became acquainted with American beer. Best's White Label, I remember, was the brand. It cost us 60 cents the bottle.

We landed on a Sunday, and that

evening, while sitting at mess, and in view of the cool sea breeze which greatly compensated for the heat of the day, I remarked: "I don't see how this place can be so very unhealthy."

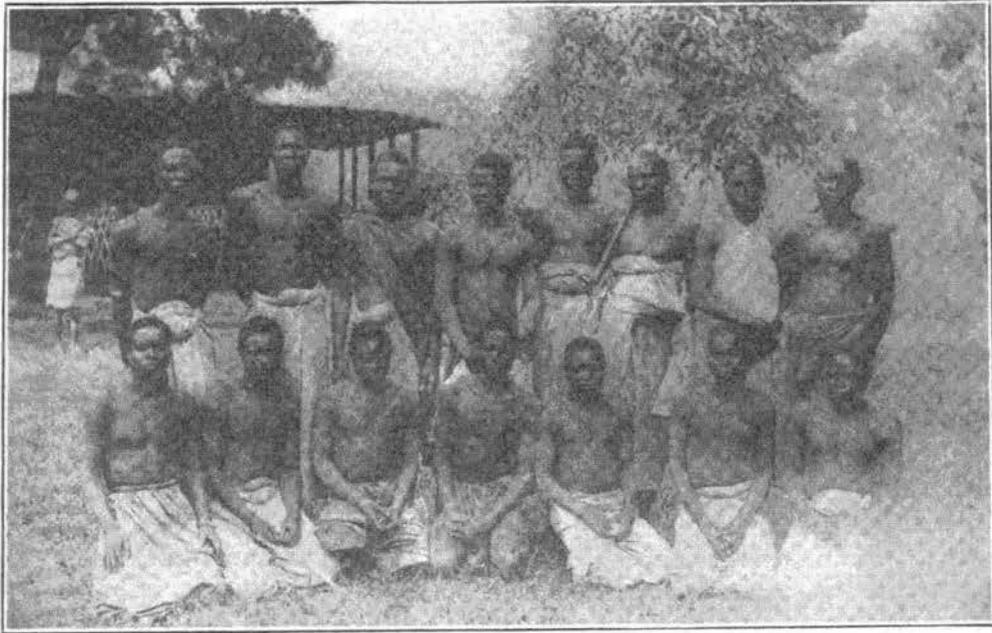
Had I delivered myself of the finest witticism, I could not have provoked more uproarious response. One and all, from the Colonel down, laughed and laughed until the tears came.

"What the deuce is the matter, Charlie?" I asked of my captain, who was sitting near me, and with whom I stood on terms of intimate friendship.

Pausing a moment in his merriment, he said: "My dear fellow, every one that comes here makes that remark. When you've been here a few days, you will understand how amusing it sounds to us old-timers. There's another peculiarity about this place! It invariably develops an instinct to lie. In the course of a week or two, you will be as gifted a prevaricator as—as—I am myself."



An African Village of Today.



A Group of Kroomen.

Upon the latter half of this prophecy, I am unable to pass judgment; but I can affirm that every subsequent arrival, considered from a point of mendacity, developed into a consummate artist. Moreover, I soon had occasion to change my opinion as to the station's salubrity.

As I have said, on a Sunday, the Chief Justice of the colony invited myself, in common with the other newly arrived officers, to dine with him on the Thursday following. That morning he called to remind us of our engagement; took the inevitable cocktail; and smilingly departed.

To put it mildly, we were not a little chagrined when, on repairing in a body to his house, we found none to receive us. The surgeon, however, appeared a moment or two afterwards, and on behalf of our host, offered apologies.

"The judge has the fever," he said, "and cannot come down. He wishes me to entertain you, and begs that you will all enjoy yourselves."

Enjoy ourselves we did. There was plenty of champagne, not to speak of other wines and liquors. The dinner, too, was all that could be expected of a West African cook. After it, we sat around the table, as was the custom, smoking, yarning, and sipping at our favorite tipples.

I was, I think, the only one that noticed the irruption of a scared native servant, who approached the doctor and whispered in his ear. The latter immediately rose from his seat, and slipped out of the room. Vaguely uneasy, I awaited his return. It was not long delayed. He was, I noticed, pale and agitated.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the Judge is dead."

Thus was I initiated into the horrors of the West African climate—a man, well in the morning, was dead at night. Two weeks later, I was personally on the border line between life and death. Sub-

sequently, I knew what it was to have some thirty per cent. of officers and men on the sick list, and to follow daily an honest "Tommy" or a dear friend to his last resting place in the dismal burying ground that fronted the evermoaning sea.

In the meantime, I had hired a "boy," and a "boy," be it understood, includes any native servant, be his age sixteen or sixty. My own, however, was truly a boy; and this was the manner of his hiring. Lying in my hammock one afternoon, more than half asleep, I heard a hesitant paddling of bare feet on the floor of my quarters; and, on opening my eyes, saw before me the quaintest specimen of humanity that it has ever been my fortune to behold. A native boy, naked as the day he was born, he was tall, thin and indescribably, but not repulsively, ugly.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"I want to be your boy," he said.

Amused at first, my feelings underwent a change as I looked into his eyes, which were beautiful and as wistful as a dog's. For the moment, I did not speak; and, taking advantage of my silence, he pleaded:

"Master, none of the officer gentlemen want me. I too ugly!"

The plea found within me a sympathetic chord.

"Mac! Mac!" I shouted.

"Yes, sir;" queried my soldier servant, prompt to the call.

"Take this boy down to Richard's, buy him some underwear, give him an old pair of my duck trousers, and have the regimental tailor make anything that he requires."

I do not suppose that the boy understood what I was saying; but he gathered that his application had not been unsuccessful. With an expression that I shall not readily forget, he sprang towards me, fell to his knees, seized the hand which chanced to be hanging over the side of the hammock, and placed it, first on his head, then on his heart.

The action was graceful; its meaning obvious. He thereby made a vow of service and of affection. Both of these vows he faithfully kept. It was only three or four days later that I was taken with the fever; and, during its critical period, he lay, day and night, outside the French windows with which my quarters were furnished, summoning the doctor whenever he considered the latter's services necessary.

And thus began a loving service, faithful unto death.

PORTS.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

The rolling years that shift and drift
Are like a lonely sea,
Upon whose breast floats in to rest
Driftwood of memory.

Oh, many a heart a haven is,
Where these lost hulks may find
Asylum, peace and sure release
From every storm and wind.

IN LILAC AND SILVER.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

NO ONE would have supposed for a moment that they were cousins. Miss Betty was a creature of milk and roses, enchanting in her powder and patches, barely twenty years old. Miss Susan was thirty, if she was a day, with a shrewd, not uncomely face, brown as a berry, with merry eyes. She had not a penny to bless herself with. Miss Betty, on the other hand, would inherit everything her father, Sir Jasper Oldbuck, possessed, and that was a pretty penny.

Naturally Miss Betty had all the lovers. Miss Susan's wit and capacity, and her cheek like a russet apple, counted for nothing against Miss Betty's young beauty and all the guineas.

Sir Jasper had forbidden Sir Harry Lovelace the house. That Sir Harry should have lifted his eyes to Miss Betty! A gambler, a rake, a spendthrift, an ungodly person, a Mohock. True, he was also as handsome a gentleman as the sun shone on. But then fathers do not take heed of such things.

And now a delightful thing had happened, delightful and terrifying as well from Miss Betty's point of view. Word had been conveyed to her secretly that Sir Harry had a plan to abduct her as she came from the ball at Leith Manor.

"I should die if I were in the wretch's power," she said, nevertheless dimpling all over. "If I tell my father he will have a fit. Besides, he will not let me go to the ball. The Duke is to be there. I am sure the Duke will fall in love with me. Therefore Sir Harry must not carry me off. What is best to be done, Sue?"

"We could stay the night at Leith Manor?"

"Where the ghost walks? Impossible!"

"We might have a guard of gentlemen to ride with us?"

Still the pretty heiress shook her head.

"I'll tell you what, Sue," she broke out at last, "I have a mind to punish him for his presumption. He shall elope with you."

Miss Susan winced. The bread she ate under her uncle's roof was sometimes bitter.

"And afterwards?" she asked. "What is to become of me afterwards?"

"Why, nothing. When he finds out his mistake he will return you. You will not suffer. Your discretion is too well known, Sue. And at thirty—"

"How do you think to do it?" Miss Susan asked abruptly.

"Why, the simplest thing in the world. The wretch will be at the ball. He will see us go, you in your black cloak and hood, I in my lilac and silver. We will change in the coach. He will carry off my finery with you in it. I would give a good deal to see his face!"

"I will do it," said Miss Susan, slowly. "After all, he can do no worse than return me. You shall see how I will squeal, so that he will be glad to huddle me up in my cloak, and ride off with me without asking questions."

In her own heart she said—

"He may not return me after all. If I had a chance, oh! if I had a chance, I would make him love me a thousand times better than he could ever love that chit."

The night of the ball came. The Duke was there and capitulated to Miss Betty the instant he laid eyes upon her. She was in a white satin sacque lined with silver, and her sacque was thickly powdered with seed-pearls.

Miss Sue was in scarlet, which made her look like a gypsy. She had a bright color in her cheeks, and her eyes were diamond-bright. Many gentlemen discovered for the first time that she was a fine woman, and even Sir Harry, leaning by a door-post with stormy anger in his eyes, watching Miss Betty dance time after time with the Duke, gave her a glance as she passed.

She noticed him in the hall as they went out, Miss Betty with her lilac satin hood falling away from her lovely head, as she answered the Duke's pretty speeches. There were many other gentlemen crowding about the beauty-heiress. Miss Susan walked almost alone. She flashed a curious glance at the haggard, handsome face of Sir Harry as she passed by.

The thing fell out as they expected. At a dark part of the road the coach was surrounded by a party of masked men. The footman fled, the coachman capitulated without a blow. The lady in the lilac and silver was drawn kicking and screaming and clinging to her companion from the carriage. The door was closed gently on the other lady, and the coachman bidden to drive on, which he did right gladly. Miss Betty was carried home in shrieks of laughter over the abduction and her cousin's apparent unwillingness. "Oh, indeed her gifts are wasted on quiet folk like us. Poor man! He might as well have had an armful of cats!"

Miss Susan did indeed kick and squeal till she was well out of hearing of the coach. Then the squeals died off into quiet sobs.

"Ah, that is better," said Sir Harry, who had had much trouble to hold her before him on the horse. "That is better. You need not be afraid of me, you pretty creature. Don't you know I'm distracted about you? It was but the pangs of jealousy forced me to so rough a wooing."

"Where are you taking me to, sir?" sobbed the fair one in a whisper at his ear.

"Why, no further than my own old house of Chepe. There is a priest there to marry us. Are you resigned to your lover, little one? Lord, if I had not been a man of spirit and muscle I should have dropped you, you struggled so. A weaker man could not have kept you on the horse."

Miss Susan had known as much, and that was why she had given up her play-acting, which she had entered into at the beginning with too hearty a good will. Is it not well known that the true actress forgets herself in her part? She was a well grown young woman, and she smiled to herself grimly now in the cover of her hood as she thought what a pretty ending it would have been to the adventure if Sir Harry had been obliged to leave her by the roadside.

"If I had struggled and cried?" she whispered.

"Why, sweetheart, I should have been loth to do it. But you might have obliged me. I should have had to gag you and tie you up with cords. Did you think I would have let you go?"

Miss Susan shivered, but she liked the speaker none the less.

She nestled a little closer in his arms. He was riding with a slack rein, but the black mare knew her way home and took it.

"Kiss me now," he said, "for I have put myself in danger for your sake. You know the sentences they are giving ab-

ductors? If your father overtook us before the knot was tied, or if he would not forgive me afterwards, the sentence might be banishment for life." She slipped an arm around his neck and kissed him with passion.

"Why, how warm you are!" he said. "Why were you so cold?"

"You are not taking me for the guineas?" she quavered.

"Let your father give them to the new Hospital," he answered. "I never want to touch a penny of them, so I have you."

They went on then, and her arm was still about his neck. At the great gates that led to Chepe he lit down to open them. The lodge was in ruins beyond.

Coming back to her he flung an arm about her, both arms.

"Why," he said, "say the word and I will take you back again, or you shall ride home on Nightfall. 'Twas taking an advantage of your woman's weakness, though, faith, 'twas not so weak. Will you go?"

"I stay," she answered. "Let us hurry. I see the tremble of dawn in the East."

Suddenly he threw back his head and listened a second. Then he sprang into the saddle.

"We are followed," he said.

"Hurry, hurry," she answered.

"The priest is ready," he said.

"None too soon for me," he said, with his lips against her ear. "I thought you were cold, and your coldness piqued me. To-night you are adorable. The Miss Betty of yesterday had not kept me perhaps, though I was sworn to overcome her coldness. But you . . . my divinity!"

They were at the hall door now, and he sprang from his horse, lifting her down, and carrying her to the steps as though the sweetness of the burden made

it a light one. The door stood open, and there were lights in the hall.

"Is Father Raymond come?" he asked of the man servant.

"He awaits your honor in the library."

Sir Harry gave the lady then a ceremonious finger-tip and led her within the great room. Candles were lit in silver candlesticks upon the table. They made a little blur of light in the great spaces of the room. Beyond the candles stood a priest in a surplice, an old, mild-looking man.

"I bring a willing bride, father," Sir Harry said.

The priest bowed his head. He had his fingers between the leaves of a book. A crowd of men and women servants were pushing and whispering in the doorway. A huge white dog came and stood by Sir Harry's side, pressing an affectionate muzzle against his master's hand.

"Will the lady not unmask?" asked the priest.

"As she will," answered the bridegroom, and looked at her. Then he threw up his head again and listened.

"Hasten, father," he said. "There is the roll of carriage wheels in the North Avenue."

"Never fear, your honor," said a fellow who stood in the doorway. "They will take time to get in. 'Twon't be 'Haste to the Wedding' with them. Every door and window is fast."

The priest had begun the service, reading the Latin from his book with an old, sighing voice. He was putting his life in jeopardy by performing the marriage; he gabbled it fast, so that the thing might be done beyond recall before they were interrupted.

But suddenly the bride cried out.

"Stop, reverend father," she said, wildly. "Let me unmask."

"Are you not willing, daughter?"

"The bridegroom may be unwilling," she said, tearing at the domino in hot haste. At last she was out of it, flushed, smiling, wincing before the oncoming of his anger yet happy because she had had his kisses.

"You!" he cried.

"I," she answered. "There is my uncle at the door. Let me go. I shall swear that I carried you off. Did I not ride in front of you?"

The hammering at the door filled the house with echoes and reverberations. One by one the servants had stolen out to the hall. There was only the old priest staring bewildered at them across the candles. Perhaps they were not conscious of his presence.

"What did you do it for?" Sir Harry asked, darkly flushed. "To mock me?"

"No—but—you ask me why! Did I not kiss you?"

"They were the kisses of love," he said. "You love me?"

"Too well to trick you further. Let me go to my uncle."

"No, faith, that you shall not."

He caught her hand and drew her close to him.

"Go on with the marriage," he said, in a low voice.

The marriage proceeded; the ring was on the bride's finger: the last words were said. By the time it was done Miss Susan looked more bewildered than the priest.

Then the bridegroom drew her hand through his arm. The lilac and silver domino still lay about her shoulders. He led her to the door. Outside they could hear the servants parleying with Sir Jasper and his men.

"Why did you do it?" she asked, detaining him a second in the shadow of the great screen of Spanish leather by the library door.

"Do what, sweetheart?"

"Why, go on with the marriage?"

"For this and this and this," he answered, lifting her face by the chin and kissing her mouth.

"And what of my cousin Betty?"

"The Duke may have her. I never loved till now."

Sir Harry's men were much disappointed when they were told that there was to be no fisticuffs with Sir Jasper's rabble. The butler flung back the door unwillingly, and Sir Jasper, emitting fire and fury, leaped over the threshold.

"Sir Harry Lovelace," he began, spluttering oaths.

"Lady Lovelace is present," said the bridegroom, with a wave of his hand.

"Ah, Susan, my girl, I am too late."

Sir Jasper's eyes sparkled. He was really quite satisfied with Sir Harry as a husband for his niece, though he looked higher for his daughter.

"I did not know—there was—an attachment," he went on.

Sir Harry kissed his wife's hand for reply.

"But why, why this carrying off? Could you not have walked up to my front door and asked for the girl?"

"The dear creature is romantic. She preferred it so."

"My daughter said she resisted."

"With her arms round my neck she carried me away as prettily as anyone would wish to see it done."

Sir Jasper looked beyond the newly married couple to where the old priest stood in the library doorway.

"So!" he said. "Well, then, I have to ask your pardon for disturbing you at such a moment. I leave you to your wedded joys. When you have time to think on business, my dear nephew, I wish to make over to you the ten thousand guineas which this girl's father left me in trust for her. I kept it a secret,

for I would not have her go without a dowry, or a provision for her spinsterhood if she remained unmarried. She has not learnt to be a spendthrift."

Miss Betty, who did not marry the Duke, nor in fact anyone till she was in her fiftieth year, when she married a young rake who spent her fortune for her at the gaming tables, could never

understand how it was that the Susan, carried off so unwillingly in mistake for herself, should show herself an hour or so later to her would-be rescuers an adored and adoring bride. And Lady Lovelace gives her no clue. Not even her Harry knows that the night of the abduction she made a daring stroke for a husband and won a lover as well.



HOMESICKNESS.

By EDITH C. BANFIELD.

Where shall I wander, where upon the plain,
 Who find not that for which my heart is fain,
 Nor one sweet meadow where the violets wake,
 Nor any woodland bordering the lake?
 Where shall I search upon the mountain-side,
 Who cannot find the darlings of my pride—
 The first arbutus hides beneath the snow,
 The star-sown and wind flowers that I used to know,
 The winter-green, the little partridge-vine
 Bright berried yearly underneath the pine?
 Where shall I turn, who can no longer see
 The far blue hills familiar to me—
 The hills of summer and the hills of snow,
 Where great winds rise and driven clouds sweep low.
 Too long my steps were taught New England ways,
 Too long my eyes looked out upon those days
 To find their comfort here. Here sorrow dwells,
 And the wide future opens, dim and vast;
 But there forever lie the olden spells,
 The balm of childhood and my treasured past.

Guardian Angels.

By *A. HERBERT-BOWERS.*



In golden days of babyhood a wondrous tale we heard.
Twas true; for were not Mother's lips the bearers of the word?
"All round about," said she, "are guardian angels hovering;
To keep God's children free from harm, their souls to keep from sin."



We longed to see these angels and to hear their golden wings;
We thought, perchance at sunset, to discern their flutterings.
We knew that, since throughout the night they hovered overhead,
We might secure lie down to rest, when ev'ning prayer was said.



We did not know—how should we—that all times in our sight
An angel true abided, and was with us day and night;
But, older grown, we've learnt that Mother, long since laid to rest,
Our guardian angel ever was; an angel manifest.



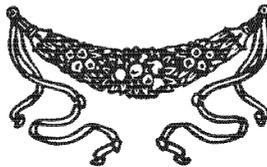
In adolescent manhood we upbear an Aegis bright
That fends us from temptation, that directs our steps aright.
A woman's love this Aegis is; the love of woman pure.
Who would not, for such privilege, impurity abjure?



Untainted, man must gaze into his love's unclouded eyes;
He may not lay polluted lips where spotless lip replies.
The best of men, the worst of men, for some dear woman's sake,
Is better than he had been were no woman's love at stake.



So, man has guardian angels—be they mother, sweetheart, wife—
Who gird him with the panoply that bears him safe through life.
And thus the golden legend is no legend after all;
For woman's love remains to man, whatever chance befall.



"DAT EVAHLASTIN' MULE."

By L. R. JENKINS.

WILSON was a Sherlock Holmes in the mule world. He had traveled the world over; knew a great many things in general, and mules in particular. He was always meeting up with some old acquaintance in the person of a mule. Florida was full of mules whom he had known in Missouri, Tennessee and Texas.

One fine day during the orange season I was standing with Wilson in a Florida mule-pen. Wilson had his arm around the neck of a young Missouri mule. Mules liked Wilson.

Speaking more to the mule than to me, he remarked:

"This little mule is a regular pet, only three years old, and never had a bridle on in her life."

Then he said to me, "Say, John, bring me a bridle; I'm going to ride this mule; she's a nice little animal."

I got the bridle and she took the bit into her mouth like a little boy takes a pill—holding it as if undecided whether it was to be swallowed or spit out. Yet she was not frightened.

Next we put a saddle on her. Evidently it was a new experience for her. She was much puzzled, but we had always been kind to her and she had confidence in us.

We led her out into the street—Wilson pulling, I pushing! Again Wilson put his arm around her neck and stood in this position for some time. The warm sun and kind embrace nursed the mule into a sound sleep.

A big, strong negro came walking down the street, lazily.

"Say, fellow," said Wilson, "do you know where the postoffice is?"

"Yes, sah; hits right down the street heer 'bout half 'er mile," said the man.

"We are strangers here," said Wilson. "Wish you would go down and ask for my mail."

"I doan min' goin' fer you, but what's yer name, boss, please, sah."

"Ask for Mr. W. H. Wilson's mail, and hurry back," said Wilson.

"Yes, sah"—and the negro started off at a lively pace.

But Wilson called him back and said to him in a careless tone:

"No use in your walking that half mile in this hot sun. This mule is not doing a thing; ride her down to the postoffice."

The negro came back, looked the mule over carefully and asked rather anxiously:

"Boss, dat ain't no ol' mule?"

"Phsaw! fellow; get on the mule and go ahead. You see how gentle she is"—Wilson spoke impatiently.

"Boss, is yer sho' da mule wont tho'?" The negro was in dead earnest.

Wilson answered in assuring tones:

"She has never thrown anybody in her life."

The negro put his hands on the saddle and asked pleadingly: "Boss, ef dis mule wuz ter tho' yer, would she fight yer aftah she'd done tho'd yer?"

"No!" cried Wilson; "you are the scariest nigger I ever saw. Go on and walk. You couldn't ride a wooden mule."

This last speech hit hard. For by this time a number of other negroes had gathered around to see what might happen. They began to say, "Yas, he's 'fraid."

The negro replied doggedly, "Ef dis mule has got to be rid I'm's what kin do



"Boss, ef dis mule wuz to tho' yer, would sh: fight yer aftah she'd tho'd yer?"

it." Accordingly, he tightened his grip on the saddle and put his foot into the stirrups. As he began to mount the mule opened her eyes and jumped sideways about six feet.

The negro shouted: "Boss, I don' tol' yer that aint no ol' mule! What mek 'er jump lak dat?"

"You bored her in the side with that awful big foot of yours," said Wilson. "No mule would stand while you break his ribs with that foot. You've got the biggest foot I ever saw, anyway. Go on off; you can't ride."

The by-standers put in: "Cose he can't."

The negro was trembling with fright, but his ability to ride must be vindicated. He gathered up the reins and saddle in his two great hands and made ready to mount. Wilson stood so that the mule could not see the rider. The rider fixed himself in the saddle and Wilson stepped aside.

But when the rider saw the little mule's eyes, he dropped the reins, let go the saddle, and the stirrups fell from his

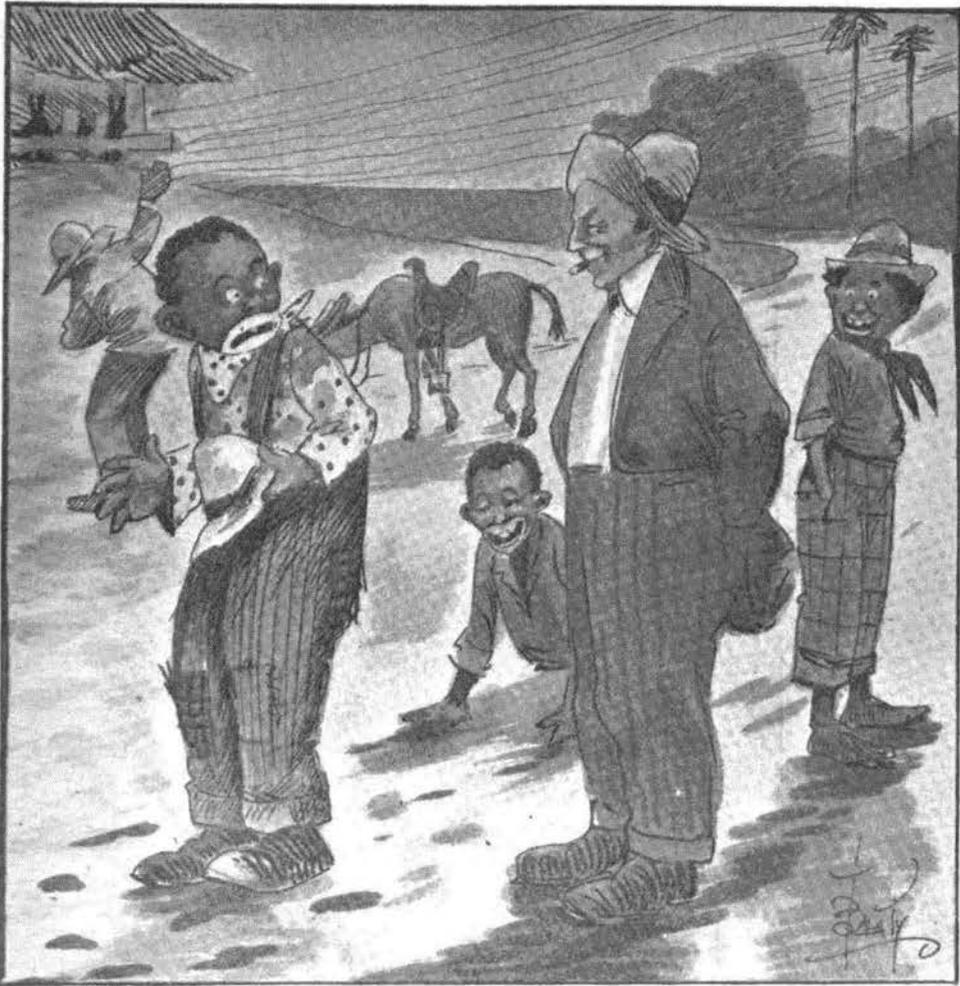
feet. He sat for a full second as limp as a sack of oats.

Then the mule played his part. With the movement of a wild rabbit, she went down and came up again. The negro went on up!—Changed ends and came down into the deep white sand. But his eyes were never off the mule—going up

and coming down, they were asking—
“Would she fight atter she’d tho’d?”

The by-standers rolled in the sand and screamed and moaned.

Knocking the sand from his hat, the rider gathered himself up and remarked lightly: “Boss, I don’ tol’ you dat mule wuz gwine ter do sump’n!”



“I don’ tol’ you dat mule wuz gwine ter do sump’n.”

A WOMAN'S STRUGGLE FOR A THRONE.

By R. VAN BERGEN, M. A.

Author of Story of Japan, Story of China, Story of Russia, etc.

Mr. Van Bergen, the author of this article, landed at Yokohama, Japan, on the 26th of August, 1869, and organized the Nobles' School for the Japanese Government. After holding the position of principal for five years, he was sent to Osaka as superintendent of schools. He resigned in 1875, and returned to this country, but the attraction of the Orient proved too strong. He married and returned to Japan, where he began to correspond for American papers. This required frequent visits to the United States, and he extended his sphere of activity to the entire east-Pacific coast, from Vladivostok in the north to the Island of Java in the south. He traveled extensively in Korea and China, and is one of the best authorities on the yellow race, which he has studied with deep interest for more than thirty years. His articles in the leading magazines have a decided influence.—Editor.

THE present dynasty of the Chinese Empire has occupied the Dragon Throne since the first half of the seventeenth century, when the Manchus captured Peking, and gradually subdued all of the Middle Kingdom. In return the Chinese, by their peculiar power of passive resistance, absorbed their rulers, so that the victorious race became the servants and followers of the Chinese sages.

The second Manchu Emperor, Kang-hi, was essentially a great man. During his reign of a Chinese cycle, 60 years, unexampled prosperity followed the strict observance of law and order. A contemporary of Peter the Great of Russia, he taught that aggressive monarch the necessity of executing treaties; he received learned Jesuit priests from Europe, and bestowed wealth and authority upon them. A good man, there is some ground for the belief that he was converted to Christianity.

Scarcely less great was Kang-hi's grandson, who abdicated when he, too, completed a sixty years' reign. After him the Manchu race degenerated. His

great grandson, Tao-Kwang, an austere man, tried honestly to eradicate the evils of corruption, but the task was too heavy. It was during his reign that China suffered the first war with an European power, the so-called Opium War.

Tao Kwang died in 1850, leaving seven sons, of whom he selected the fourth, and perhaps the most worthless, as his successor. It is with this emperor, who reigned under the title of Hsien-feng, that my story, which is true in every detail, deals. In 1859, a second war with England broke out, and France joined her neighbor. In the following year an allied British-French army made its way to Peking, and compelled that capital to open its gates. The emperor fled to Jehol—or Hot Springs—in Manchuria, accompanied by the cabal of corrupt officials who were responsible for the war, and leaving his younger brother, Prince Kung, to make the best possible terms with the invaders. As a result, Peking opened its gates to receive the ministers of the several treaty powers, Sir Frederick Bruce, representing Great Britain,

being the first to enter. Hsien-feng died the following year, 1861, at Jehol.

THE FIRST COUP D'ETAT.

When, in 1850, Tao Kwang "ascended the Dragon to mount on high," as the Court Journal expressed it, or joined the great majority, as we would say, it was known that his fourth son had been appointed to succeed him. The Purple Forbidden City, the immense enclosure occupied by the Tien tsz' or Son of Heaven, was prepared for its new tenant. The women's quarters, occupied by the numerous by-wives of the late emperor, were cleaned out that there might be room for those selected for his successor. What becomes of those poor women? Who knows? Do they return to their respective families or are they pensioned? That is one of the secrets of the Purple Forbidden City. Thousands of young girls have entered those women's apartments, and none of them has ever left a trace. That is to say, no one except the woman whose history is that of China during the past five and forty years.

I don't know her name; no one does. Her relatives have been promoted to high rank, which even she would not have dared unless they had been of high Manchur blood; hence we do know that she is of good family. We have more information concerning her age, because in 1893 she announced that in the following year she would celebrate her sixtieth birthday. Since, however, Chinese children are said to be one year old on the new year's day subsequent to their birth, even if they are born on the last day of the twelfth moon (month), we may assume safely that she was born in 1835; this would make her fifteen at the time of Tao Kwang's death, when she was selected as one of the chatels for the new emperor's amusement.

Although I have often heard women of the lower classes soundly berate their

husbands, law and tradition consign a Chinese wife to the rank of an upper servant. The husband, if he can afford it, is permitted to take as many secondary, or by-wives as he pleases, but if any of them bears him a son, and his own wife has not given him an heir, that son belongs to the first wife, regardless of the feelings of the mother. That is the law. After all, it is only a reproduction of the patriarchal period; for we read in the Bible that when Sarah was barren, Ishmael, the son of Hagar and Abraham, did belong to the patriarch's wife until she, herself, bore him Isaac. Its observance is so universal in China that opposition on the part of the mother would authorize the husband to deal summarily with her.

Hsien-feng's wife bore him a daughter, who did not count because only male heirs can succeed, and what is more, only sons can worship before the ancestral tablet and thereby secure repose for the soul of the departed. There was joy in the palace when, in 1858, an heir appeared. Preparations were made to take the child from the mother to give it to the Empress, when an unheard-of incident occurred. The mother absolutely and peremptorily refused to resign her son, and, to the perplexity and wonder of the whole court, she succeeded in having it her own way.

We know from her subsequent career that she had gained an ally in the empress, to whom she never failed in affectionate gratitude. We know also that she had an unusual influence over the emperor, whose dread of dying without an heir she had relieved. Hsien-feng possessed neither character nor firmness; this woman had enough of these two qualities to supply half-a-dozen ordinary men. Possessed, moreover, of extraordinary intelligence and perspicacity, Hsien-feng found in her an able and hon-

est adviser, while she gained from him a profound insight into the character of the emperor's ministers and attendants. Physically, as brave as the emperor was timid, she induced him to grant her permission to violate the precedents of the palace. Thus she became acquainted with the emperor's brothers, and formed abnormally correct estimates of their character and abilities.

When the war between China and the "Over-sea barbarians" proved disastrous; when the emperor and his ministers fled precipitately, this woman and her child remained quietly in the summer palace, nor did they leave it until the fire broke out, when she returned to the Purple Forbidden City. After the foreign soldiers had departed, and when it became evident that the emperor would never return to the capital polluted by the foreign intruders, she determined to join the court and watch over her own interests. Prior to her departure, she summoned Prince Kung, and came to a thorough understanding with him.

Be it remembered that all this time in the eyes of the law and its officers, she was less than a nobody, a mere chattel, suffered on account of the emperor's infatuation. With his death her own life hung at a very thin thread, because she had defied China's most sacred laws. Undaunted and perfectly self-possessed, she proceeded to Jehol, the scene of bitter intrigue.

Hsien-feng died. The Court Journal of that time contains interesting reading; it rained or hailed edicts, some of which are quaintly marked "posthumous" which, however, does not seem to detract from their legality. The emperor's only son was appointed successor; his mother, together with the empress, were promoted to empress-dowager; a board of regents, composed of the most dangerous reactionaries, was to rule over China

during the minority of the heir. These were some of the public acts. What passed in the secrecy of the palace remained concealed.

On November 15, 1861, the three foreign legations were requested by Prince Kung to avoid passing through certain mentioned thoroughfares leading to the palace, as the court would return there before noon of the following day. Early in the morning of the 16th, the Prince, accompanied by a strong escort, proceeded to meet the imperial procession, headed by two of the regents. The most unscrupulous, crafty and brave of them, appeared in the name of the infant emperor's cortege, and followed in the rear.

The imperial chairs passed through the palace gates about the noon hour. At one o'clock the regents had been placed under arrest, and a court was selected to try them on the charge of high treason. There were several editions of the Court Journal on that day. Edicts appeared in the name of the infant emperor appointing the two empresses-dowager as regents, and instructing some of the most learned Chinese to search for precedents. Addresses justifying the coup d'etat were dispatched in hot haste to the viceroys of the several provinces. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Szu-chuen, who felt so secure in his position that he shocked every Chinese by traveling with his harem, while in charge of the remains of the late emperor. Eight days later this ex-regent, the most detested man in Peking, was publicly beheaded. His last words expressed regret that he had not forestalled his enemies.

In less than twenty-four hours this woman, this nobody, had placed herself firmly on the throne of the oldest and most populous empire known in the world's annals. Events of the gravest importance had passed under the very noses of the foreign diplomats, who con-

sidered and reported them somewhat as a tempest in a teapot. The mistakes made at that time have borne bitter fruit, but the real harvest is still coming.

THE SECOND STRUGGLE WITH FATE.

The empress-dowager assumed the title of Tsze Hsi An, or mother of the Sovereign, by which name the surviving old lady is now generally known. The foreign diplomats at Peking were purblind. They thought that Prince Kung, whom they named Prince Regent, was China's real ruler. This may have induced Prince Kung to assert greater authority than Tsze Hsi An was willing to permit. But even when, in 1868, the Court Journal contained an edict summarily dismissing the Prince from all his offices, because "he had shown disrespectful conduct, whereas at first he had been an obedient and zealous servant," the diplomatic corps failed to see that there was somebody immeasurably superior in authority to the "Prince Regent."

Cast a look at China as Tsze Hsi An found it when she assumed charge in 1861. The Tai Ping rebellion had run eleven years, and had desolated China's heart, the great Yangtze Valley; the rebels had even approached Peking; at least, they had besieged Hientsin. There was another and equally grave rebellion in the west, where the Mahometans were striving to gain their independence; and Shantung, the birth place of Confucius in the east, paid neither tax nor tribute, because the Nien fei rebels defied the imperial government. Thus the government had no revenues, whereas expenses were increasing.

Within a year after Tsze Hsi An had assumed the reins of government, the Tai Ping rebellion was put down. British historians give all the credit to Christian Gordon, and I shall be the last to detract from that Christian hero's merits; but

who engaged Gordon, and furnished him with the means? Short work was made with the rebellion in Shantung. The Mohammedan uprising lasted longer, but it was doomed to fail before the determination of the self-constituted empress. In ten years the whole empire was pacified, and law and order ruled supreme.

If Tsze Hsi An was an indisputable success as a ruler, as a mother she was a decided failure. She ruled in the name of her son, known as Tung-chih, or Fortunate Union, in compliment to the alliance between the two empresses. She had little time to devote to her child, and showed little of the maternal feelings which we delight in honoring. Women of her stamp seldom make good wives or mothers. The boy was brought to her to Kotow, and to learn the laws of filial piety; there was no question of love between the two. He had tutors and teachers, but it seems that they fawned upon him, and probably he had inherited a share of his mother's imperious will. Tung-chih grew up a dissolute lad, with a decided taste for low and depraved associations. His mother made the discovery when it was too late. Thenceforth there was trouble in the palace, but between the strong and clear-minded woman and the undeveloped but self-willed lad, the latter's chances of prevailing were slight.

What to her was the Chinese law that the emperor attains his majority at the age of sixteen? She did, indeed, select a bride for him, but postponed his accession to the throne for a year. When she did allow him to appear as emperor, she did not evacuate the palace, but made him understand that all his acts would be subject to her approval. Once, it appears from the Court Journal, he tried to assert himself. An imperial edict appeared depriving Prince Kung from the offices which had been restored to him,

and also of his hereditary rank. The very next day the official announcement was made that this edict was annulled because "the Mother of the Sovereign expressed her disapproval." Who was the real ruler of China?

Tung-chih fell ill with small-pox. Again the Court Journal is a reliable witness that none of the quackery, the reliance of the Chinese in such cases, was omitted. Neither geomancer nor Teng-shui doctor could combat the disease; Tung-chih joined his predecessors without leaving an heir.

Here was a dilemma for the woman accustomed to rule after a successful career of fourteen years. Her only claim, and but a vague one, was as Mother of the Sovereign. She was so no longer. The Manchu law provided that the members of the imperial house should elect a successor, but what cared she for law or precedent. She wasted no time in shedding tears or in pretending to shed them. Scarcely had the breath gone from her son's body, when messengers were on the way to summon those members of the imperial house whom she could control. It was late in the night when they assembled in the palace. Tsze Hsi An informed them of the death of her son and asked their advice. None answered. They were all committed to the dowager's policy, and if a hostile member were elected they would be held responsible for the lawless, but justifiable acts committed by her. The outlook was dark. Calm, but impenetrable, the woman presided, now and then casting a scornful glance at her high-born minions. A few minutes before midnight she left the room, but returned after a brief absence. There was no eligible heir, except the son of Tsze Hsi An's greatest and most powerful enemy, because the heir must be of a younger generation than the deceased, in order to worship at the ances-

tral tablet. If any one not competent to perform this ceremony were elected, the Chinese belief that Tung Chih's shades must roam on the wrong side of the Chinese Styx, filled the souls of those present with superstitious dread.

Time passed quickly as they were sitting there looking into the dark future and seeking relief. Suddenly Tsze Hsi An rose and summoned the council to follow her to the throne room. Proceeding through the ghostly looking apartments, they came to the vast hall and saw the throne brilliantly lit. The dragon chair was occupied by an infant boy, rubbing his eyes, and "very cross at being awakened in the night." It was Tsaitien, the three-year-old son of Prince Chun, and therefore of the same generation as Tung-chih. Frightened as they were at the outlook, not one of those present but would have denounced this election if opportunity had been given. The dauntless and clear-headed woman had placed these Manchus before an accomplished fact, and rendered them her accomplices. All they could do was to kowtow, and inwardly tremble at the wrath to come.

The following morning the Court Journal announced the demise of Tung-Chih and the succession of Kuan Hsu (the present emperor), who, by a posthumous act of her late husband, the lamented Hsien-feng, had been adopted as his heir. The Chinese who might be disposed to marvel at Hsien-feng's remarkable foresight (he died eleven years before Kuang Hsu's birth), were at liberty to do so. As to Tsze Hsi An, she was Mother of the Sovereign once more.

TSZE HSI AN DEFIES THE WORLD.

How the British did and do hate the woman. It was she who stood between concessions that would have despoiled China, and who thwarted the covetous

designs of the merchants in the Open Ports. She defied France, in 1884, and made that republic beat a hasty retreat. Two years later, in 1886, she caused Russia to disgorge the greater part of Chinese Turkestan or Ili, seized during the Mahommetan rebellion. Great Britain began to court the "Sleeping Giant."

At peace at home and abroad, Tsze Hsi An turned her attention to the new heir. Again I am looking at the dusty pages of the Court Journal, and I see here that the child has received a new pony, which is "swift as the wind." Another glance tells me that the child's playmate, who is punished for and instead of the future emperor, has been caned for the latter's fault, at which Kuang Hsu cried piteously. He must have been a lovable boy, who endeared himself to the grim woman. She showed an interest in the child, gave him his own father as tutor, and at an early day introduced him into the secrets of statecraft.

Unfortunately, the child was physically weak and, perhaps, on account of this, of a pliant character. Because some forgotten emperor, suffering from insomnia, had called his council at the ghastly hour of 2 a. m., this precedent must be followed to-day. The growing lad was deprived of his night's rest to attend the council of state. He tried to manifest interest, and his adopted mother gave him credit for his good will and intelligence. He respected her, but she could not gain his love; and this may have soured her.

On account of his debility, she postponed his wedding and majority for one year. Upon its termination she showed her good will and confidence in Kuang Hsu by leaving the Purple Forbidden City, where she had ruled for more than a quarter of a century, and withdrawing to the palace constructed for her on the site of the old summer palace. At stat-

ed intervals Kuang Hsu was directed to visit her and, if necessary, to ask her advice; but on the whole, she did not interfere with his administration.

The unusual idleness made her a schemer. She was approaching the Chinese cycle, her sixtieth birthday, and desired to celebrate the event with unusual splendor. How on earth she conceived the plan to humiliate Japan, to bring its emperor to Peking, a captive before her triumphal chair, is not easy to determine. That she did so, and demanded of Li Hung Chang, her old servant and ally, that he accomplish her desire, are facts recorded in history.

Li Hung Chang dared not refuse his imperial and imperious mistress; he trusted in his own over-estimated diplomatic ability, and in the international jealousy when he began to step on Japan's toes. Neither Tsze Hsi An nor her foolish tool dreamed for a moment that they were preparing the birth of a new Asia. And when the one-sided war ended and Russia, smiling, grimly seized the reward which Japan had bought with blood and gold, neither Count Cassini nor Alexander Paoloff thought that their rare skill would, within one brief decade, rob Russia of her boasted prestige.

Tsze Hsi An was stricken with remorse at the calamity she had brought upon China; Kuang Hsu, who did not know the secret intrigues, could neither understand the war nor its conclusion. He held Li Hung Chang responsible, and Tsze Hsi An declined to interfere. Marveling at the growth of Japan's power, the emperor determined to imitate his insular neighbor, and proceeded to demolish China's perennial edifice, without a thought of how the ruins must serve to construct the modern building. If he had been permitted to go on with his iconoclasm, the disintegration of China could not have been prevented. In despair and

wrath China's real patriots called upon Tsze Hsi An to save the country. They showed her the yawning precipice—and she shivered and yielded.

Action, not dreaming, is the nature of this woman. When Kuang Hsu's advisers heard that she was aroused from her apathy, they sought their own safety. Kuang Hsu, panic stricken, tried to escape: As well try to flee from a lightning stroke. One night—and the world was told that China's Emperor had yielded the throne to its former occupant, the old Empress Dowager.

When Emperor William of Germany wantonly seized part of China's soil, brutally declaring that Germany's expansion demanded it, he emphasized Kuang Hsu's incapacity, and sowed the seed of

that bitter upheaval known as the Boxer Troubles. Tsze Hsi An was caught in the patriotic torrent; no one could have swam against such a current, but she tried to guide it, and her resourcefulness saved the lives of the occupants of the legations. What ruler could have survived such a catastrophe? She did. All China would have gone to her rescue if the powers had not guaranteed her immunity. She has scorned to produce a defence; but she has done more. In six years she has raised China to a power which even Japan dare not insult. A few years more, and China will invite Germany to relinquish its ill-begotten colony, and Germany will comply without so much as a protest.

That is the history up to date of Tsze Hsi An, the Empress Dowager of China.

FOR HONOR'S SAKE.

By C. W. DOYLE.

THE Khyberree of the following narrative had been caught and half tamed by one of the British regiments returning from Afghanistan, after the campaign of 1881.

In an attempt he made one night to stampede the baggage mules of that regiment, he received a kick from one of the brutes that rendered him unconscious; and next day, as he was but slightly hurt, he was impressed into a gang of prisoners who were carrying the belongings of their captors to Peshawur. Subsequently, he went to Simla with the regimental mess, which he had been promoted to serve as a massalchi (dish-washer); but after an absence of six months from his native hills the nostalgia that attacks all mountaineers came upon him, and he determined to rob a Faringi—which is al-

ways a laudable enterprise in the eyes of a Khyberree—and then return to his rugged wilds.

That very day a mem-sahib, reputed to be wealthy according to the gossip of the bazaar, had arrived, and occupied a house at the edge of the station; and her service being disorganized by her recent journey, she could more easily be robbed.

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After the baby had been put into his crib that evening, Mrs. Ferrers dismissed the ayah; then turning down the lamp and opening the window—for the night was sultry—she went to bed.

Some time after midnight she was awakened by the pressure of hands upon her mouth and throat; to add to the horror of the situation, the room was in pitch darkness!

Her courage and presence of mind came instantly to her aid—for she sprang from a race of warriors.

"Who is it?" she asked indignantly. Receiving no answer, she repeated the question, raising her voice at the same time.

"Choop, choop," came the reply, in an angry whisper spoken in Hindustani. "Be quiet! I am a Khyberree; I seek not thy life, mem sahib, but I am prepared to take it if thou wilt not give me thy money and jewelry."

Now the Khyberrees are the most turbulent and dangerous of all the dangerous and turbulent tribes of the Punjab frontier, and a Khyberree never hesitates to take life in the commission of a robbery.

She knew it was of no use to cry aloud for help, as the servants' quarters were too far away for the sound of her voice to awaken them; and, besides, she was afraid that an appeal for help might rouse the fury of her assailant and precipitate a catastrophe.

"Who are you? Who are you?" she enquired again and again in Hindustani, and with the utmost indignation; whereupon the pressure of the hand over her mouth became firmer, and at the same instant she felt the keen edge of a knife being drawn across her throat! She clutched the blade desperately, her fingers being severely cut thereby, and in the struggle that ensued it fell to the floor. As her assailant bent over the side of the bed groping for the knife in the dark, she had a sudden inspiration, and, stretching out her arm on the other side of the bed, she roused the baby.

The Khyberree had not noticed the crib, and the sudden and totally unexpected outcry of the child disconcerted him. Releasing her, he slid off the bed, and angrily bade her hush the baby's shrill cry, whilst she could hear him sweeping

his hand over the floor in search of the knife.

She rose quickly, and snatching up the baby, ran to the window; but the man was there before her, and catching her arm with the grip of a giant, he menacingly bade her still the child's cries. Whereupon she fell to crooning a soft song over the little one, as he put its face on her breast; and walking up and down the floor she soon hushed it into silence. The lullaby evidently touched her ruffianly assailant, for he presently spoke in quieter tones to her, saying: "Mem-sahib, but give me thy money and jewelry, and I will no longer molest thee."

"How can I find what you want in the dark?" she replied, without a tremor in her voice and in respectful tones; "light the lamp on the wall and I will give you money."

During this appalling scene neither of them lost the sense of the immense racial difference between them. To him she was an English mem-sahib, requiring the deferential "thou" when addressed; whilst she had no hesitation in applying the insolent "you" of a superior race to him.

"Wah! Mem-sahib, thou art cunning as thou are courageous. Wouldst thou look upon my face to know me hereafter and betray me?" he asked.

"It would avail me nothing to look at you; one Khyberree is as another to me—you are all sons of Satan, all equally repulsive and hideous," she replied.

"A woman's tongue is full of guile," he resorted, "be she English or Afghan; nevertheless," he went on, as the station clock struck the hour of three, "the darkness will soon begin to lift in the east, and I would fain be gone. I will light the lamp, and hold thine infant in my arms as a pledge that thou wilt not look on my face. The instant thou liftest thine eyes to mine I will dash out its brains—a

Khyberce was never known to turn aside from his purpose."

Whilst he lit the lamp and hung it on the wall she stood with her back to him, lest, in her fascination of fear, she should be forced to look at him—for the long-continued strain of her terrible situation began to tell on her nerves. Advancing to her he took the now sleeping infant from her arms, whilst she kept her eyes fixed on the floor. "Find the money and jewelry quick, mem-sahib," he said, "and put them on the window-sill."

Taking the bunch of keys from under her pillow, she proceeded to open her trunk; whilst looking for her purse she came across a tiny flask of brandy, which she had provided against emergencies. Hastily swallowing a mouthful to stimulate her fainting spirits, she replaced the flask in the trunk; then, putting her money and jewel-case on the window-sill, she advanced toward the Khyberce with downcast eyes and hands outstretched for her babe. He placed the child in her arms, and as he did so he caught the odor of brandy.

"Ha! Provider of the Poor! Give me brandy, too," he said eagerly.

"You will find some in the trunk," she replied. And now a real terror seized upon her, for she knew not what he might do when under the influence of ardent spirit to which he was not accustomed. He drained the flask at one draught; then going to the window he took the money, and opening the jewel-case emptied its contents on the bed. Carefully selecting the Indian jewelry, he tossed that of English manufacture contemptuously on one side. Tying the money and jewelry together, he then found and replaced his knife in the sheath that hung at his side. By this time the liquor had begun to affect him.

"Where is the ayah, mem-sahib?" he

asked. "I would fain talk with her. Call her, O Pearl of the World."

"Swine-born! Shall an English mem-sahib turn procuress to a Khyberce thief?" she flashed at him.

Nothing could exceed the magnificent contempt expressed in the tone of her voice; and as she swept up and down the room in her flowing night-robe, her nostrils dilating with scorn, the Khyberce thought he had never seen any creature so superlatively beautiful. Hastily snatching the lamp from the wall, he bade her stand, and holding it to her face, gloated over her beauty.

"By the beard of the Prophet!" he swore, "thou art wondrously lovely. Thine eyes are like twin stars. I would fain behold them, but to do so, verily, thou wouldst have to look upon me, and so far thou hast been wise not to make any such attempt."

Then, after a moment's pause, he went on: "But, Bismillah! ere the sun redden the sky I shall be far across the hills, never to return to this country, for I have taken many a year. Thou shalt see what manner of man I am. Lift up thine eyes and look upon me, so that I may see all thy beauty. Behold!"

He held the lamp over his head, whilst she slowly raised her eyes from the ground and gazed fearlessly at him, though her heart beat tumultuously. The sight she beheld was enough to unnerve a strong man. The Khyberce was a giant in stature; his wild hair streamed over his shoulders to his waist; and at his left side hung a long Afghan knife. He was naked, save for a little clout round his loins.

"Art thou not afraid, mem-sahib?" he asked, "and wilt thou know me when thou seest me again, and betray me?"

"The English know not fear of Khyberce dogs," she replied; "and are you

not aware that women are precluded amongst us, as amongst you, from the company of strange men? How then shall I proclaim my own shame by announcing that a man, other than my husband, has been in my chamber?"

She was talking to gain time, and knew that her argument would touch an Oriental, and by making him less apprehensive of detection through any future action on her part, she knew he would be easier in his mind, and therefore more placable and less inclined to injure her.

"Wullahy! But thou art courageous as thou art comely," he said. And then in a moment his passion blazed forth. Standing in front of her, the lamp in his

right hand, his whole mien and aspect showing him to be under the influence of uncontrollable feelings, he burst forth into rapid and vehement speech; and as he proceeded her bosom heaved, and her breath came in short, quick gasps, whilst she nerved herself to do a great and terrible deed.

"By the thunders of Allah, I swear thou art more beautiful than any houri in Paradise! Splendor of God! Thou shalt be mine!"

As he laid his desecrating hand on her shoulder, she suddenly snatched the knife from his side, and with a fierce thrust drove it through his heart.

A VENDOR OF MACAROONS.

By CORINNE D. GOODMAN.

GAY "Paree" and the *Quartier Latin*, with its unique surroundings, its devil-may-care existence, its students and its grisettes, were once as familiar to me as is prosaic Broadway to the average New Yorker.

I was an art student; young, ambitious—

But it is not my *metier*—bless me, how the very language returns with a recollection of the old life!—I mean, it is not my design to become reminiscent, except in so far as regards the events of a certain night, whose recollection, even now, provokes me to unlimited mirth, and which it is my purpose to relate as briefly as possible. Having, as usual, when the daylight failed, laid aside brushes, palette and mahl-stick, taken a last, lingering and admiring look at my picture, which was nearing completion, and which I fondly believed was to make

me famous, removed the stains of labor and, with no little deliberation, selected and put on what was not the worse of my two coats, I locked the door of the garret which served me as a studio, journeyed industriously earthwards and eventually reached the illy lighted street whose shabby tenements sheltered, let us hope, the germ of many a budding genius, myself included.

I had only advanced a step or two when the figure of a man, emerging suddenly from the gloom, lurched into me with such violence as to knock nearly all the breath out of my body.

"*Sacre animal!*" I exclaimed angrily, deeming the occurrence a premeditated act on the part of some tough, and feeling quite prepared to take more vigorous action if, as I thought not unlikely, he should, in addition, attempt to offer me insult. But, quite on the contrary, he

responded in tones wherein apology, expostulation and drunken gravity all strove for the mastery:

"No! No! I'm not a *sacre animal*. I'm a vendor of macaroons."

"Well! You should mind where you're going!" I said, somewhat mollified, and resumed my walk.

In due course, I reached a more frequented part of the gay metropolis, and passing down the Rue M—, chanced to see a friend seated at one of the tables outside a cafe.

"Hello! mon gar!" he called, espying me at the same moment. "*Asseyez vous!* How you Americans say 'Take a seat?'"

"What will you?" he asked, when we had shaken hands; for he knew English fairly well and lost no opportunity to air his accomplishment.

The order given and executed, we settled down to a friendly chat, discussing with the impartiality and freedom of youth Queens and ballet girls, the latest scientific discoveries, witticisms of the *Quartier Latin*, our own and our friend's chances at the approaching salon, and every other subject under the sun; but we especially shone in criticisms on the passers-by.

"Look at that old sinner!" I exclaimed, referring to an elderly man adorned with a patriarchal beard and locks to match, who, having halted on the far side of the pavement, was maintaining his perpendicular with the aid of a friendly lamp-post and who had unmistakably been devoting himself most assiduously to the worship of Bacchus.

The light from the lamp above fell full on his face, revealing the fact that he was regarding ourselves with an expression of wistful envy, as we raised our glasses to our lips.

"He's broke, I expect!" my friend Fleury, remarked.

"I don't wonder at it!" I replied, having reference to the proportions of his jag.

"Let us ask him to take a drink!" Fleury laughingly suggested; and, suiting the action to the word, beckoned the old man to come over and join us.

Nothing loth, the latter started carefully towards us; and, after several narrow escapes, managed to reach a chair without mishap.

"I'm not a *sacre animal*," he explained, looking first at one and then at the other; "I'm a vendor of macaroons."

Not another word could we extract from him during the course of an hour which we spent at the cafe; but, on the other hand, he invariably did his part when the glasses were refilled.

"Let us go to my studio"—and he really had one—said Fleury eventually. "I expect a few friends there to-night," and, with a nod to the old man, we rose from our seats and strolled slowly in the direction of his menage. On arriving there, we were surprised to find that the old fellow, despite his condition, had contrived to follow us, and Fleury, laughing good-naturedly, bade him enter.

The expected guests were already in the studio, and received the unexpected addition to their party with howls of derisive laughter, and a running fire of questions to their host. "Where did you get it?" "How much did it cost you?" "What is it?" etc., etc.; but the old man, in the seventh heaven and impervious to ridicule, answered for himself:—

"I'm not a *sacre animal*; I'm a vendor of macaroons!" and subsided speechless into a convenient chair.

The hours passed swiftly through the pleasant media of music, song, anecdote and wine; and, though silent, our highly respectable tradesman, with commendable attention to the business on

hand, continued to take an active share in the consumption of the last.

Presently, an idea occurred to Fleury.

"What a fine study for a monk!" he said, pointing to his bibulous guest, who, with a half-emptied glass in hand, was staring around him with lack-lustre eye.

"I'll paint him so!" he added with sudden determination; and, taking a canvas, began to sketch in the outlines with a rapid brush.

"But he needs a cassock!" suggested somebody.

"To be sure!" assuaged another.

"And here's the very thing!" chimed in a third, producing the article in question from amongst our host's properties.

"Put it on! Put it on!" was a request voiced in a general chorus; but, as it was manifestly a physical impossibility for the model, unaided, to comply, half a dozen willing hands tided him over the difficulty.

The patient submitted to their ministrations without demur; and, having once more subsided into his arm-chair, became the centre of a general attraction and remark.

"He's like the 'Ancient Mariner!'" one critic presently hazarded.

"Not at all!" objected another; "he's his very opposite! his antithesis! doesn't say a word!"

"But he's like him in one respect, at all events," persisted the first speaker. "Look at his hair and whiskers!"

"Very suitable for an 'Ancient Mariner!'" assented the other; "but highly improper for a holy friar."

"Very much so!" shouted all.

"Let use cut them off!" was the next suggestion.

"Certainly! Cut them off, by all means! How else can Fleury make a study true to life?"

"How, indeed? Where are the scissors?"

"Here! I'll be barber!"

Seeing that they really intended to carry out the joke, I would have protested; but, before I could speak, a great shock of his magnificent beard fell beneath a snip of the amateur barber's weapon, and I was too late.

None the less, I expected a vigorous protest from his subject; but it was not forthcoming. Once only, as the work neared completion, he remarked, protestingly: "No! No! I'm not a *sacre animal*. I'm a vendor of macaroons!"

At length his beard was clipped close to his face and the luxuriance of his locks reduced to the level of common-place respectability; but, even then, his tormentors were not satisfied.

"His crown ought to be shaved!"

"Surely! Get Fleury's razor and brush," commanded the operator.

Once again I would have interposed, impelled thereto by the reflection that a razor, at all times an instrument of torture in unskilled hands, would prove absolutely dangerous in those of an amateur whose vision and brains were, in addition, obfuscated by the fumes of wine; but my protests were unheeded.

Strange to say, no mishap occurred; and when the hilarious crowd finally desisted from its labors, their object really offered a very tolerable representation of the genuine article.

Meanwhile, Fleury sketched industriously on, enjoying the fun as could only an art student and a Frenchman combined; and his model protested once more:

"No! no! I'm not a *sacri animal*; I'm a vendor of macaroons!"

Still, all things must have an end, and Fleury's wine party was no exception to the general rule.

So, finally, we all rose to bid him good night, the macaroon vendor with us, and trooped noisily down stairs. But,

on reaching the street, we found that it was raining heavily, and, accordingly, hailed two cabs which happened to be passing.

What became of the occupants of the one, I am unable to state; but I found myself seated in the other, side by side with the "Antithesis"—as he had been unanimously dubbed—and vis a vis two other students, who, up to that time, had also been strangers to me.

"What shall we do with the old fellow?" I asked.

"*Parbleu!* take him home! What else?" But this proved quite impracticable; for, though we plied him with questions, we could gain no information further than that he was not a *sacre animal*, but a vendor of macaroons.

Eventually, we gave up the attempt in disgust and decided to take him to a certain cabaret, with whose proprietor I was acquainted, give him a parting drink, and ask the latter to take care of him until morning.

But, unfortunately, the place was closed for the night, and, as a last resort, we drove back to Fleury's

However, the porter, imagining, I suppose, that we had returned to annoy our friend and make night hideous, paid no attention to our summons, and we turned away, baffled again.

What were we to do? It was, in truth, becoming a serious question.

None of us relished the idea of putting the "Antithesis" up, inasmuch as there would certainly be a heavy reckoning to pay as soon as he discovered the loss of his beard and his shaven tonsure; we would not leave a dog on the streets on such a night; nor could we afford to keep the cab until such time as he might become sufficiently sober to tell us his address.

"Stop!" I cried suddenly, at the same time pulling the check string.

We were passing the gate of a monastery, and a brilliant idea had occurred to me.

The "Antithesis" had not removed his cassock on leaving Fleury's studio. Here was our chance! With a little finesse we might be rid of our incubus and get him a lodging for the night.

So, springing from the cab, which had stopped in obedience to my signal, I pulled long and hard at the monastery door bell.

The others, of course, divining my thought, had also alighted from the cab, bringing with them the object of our solicitous regard, and we all awaited with what patience we could muster, in the pouring rain, an answer to my furious peals.

Some time elapsed before it came; but, eventually, a little trap in the door was thrust aside and a thick, sleepy voice queried suspiciously:

"Who's that ringing at this time of night?"

"Father!" I replied, in tones as pious as circumstances would permit me to make them, "Father, we've found a monk in the streets who is so greatly under the influence of liquor that he cannot even tell us where he resides. We thought it, therefore, both right and expedient to bring him here; because, not only would it be inhuman to leave him in the streets on such a night, but, by so doing, we may also help to prevent a scandal."

I was very proud of this speech, but it did not immediately produce the desired effect; the holy man was evidently digesting my story and weighing its probability.

"We also think him insane," supplemented one of my companions, "for he insists that he is a vendor of macaroons."

"You'll surely admit him, Father!" I urged, as soon as I could control my voice.

"Surely, my son!" he answered at length; and, without further delay, commenced to remove the door's heavy bolts and bars.

As soon as it had opened sufficiently to admit of the passage of a man's body, we gave our friend a combined shove, which shot him safely within its sheltering portals; and, a moment later, it closed behind him.

But as the sound of receding footsteps,

plainly audible on the flagged pavement, told me that my ruse had succeeded, curiosity prompted me to apply my ear to the trap in order to learn what was transpiring inside.

And once more the oft-reiterated assertion reached me, this time in tones of insistence, as well as of protest: "No! no! I'm not a *sacre animal*; I'm not a monk; I'm a vendor of macaroons."

ONLY THOMAS.

By M. H. ROBERSTON.

MY Aunt Lesbia ever took the keenest interest in the affairs of other people, whereas my Aunt Susan was more deeply concerned in herself and her own little ailments; and thus it happened that when my elderly Uncle George got engaged it was Aunt Lesbia, to whom it made no difference, who was afflicted, and not Aunt Susan, whose home was not to be upset by this new arrangement.

Aunt Lesbia was really very trying when we went down to The Hall to be introduced to our new relative. She wept dismally upon Uncle George's unsympathetic shoulder, he rated Aunt Susan from morning to night, she was perfectly horrid to me, and she was as rude to little Miss Macdonald, my uncle's fiancee, as she dared to be.

Of course, it really was all Aunt Susan's fault. She it was who had met Christian Macdonald some place or other, and learning that she was an orphan, chose to take a morbid interest in the moral diseases of her late parents. And then Christian, being a lonely and kind-hearted girl, had in turn sympathized

with Aunt Susan's petty maladies. And then Aunt Susan invited her to The Hall, and then Uncle George, who had been invulnerable for forty-five years, fell in love with her, and then they got engaged, and then here we were—all upset and disarranged, and Aunt Lesbia raving.

"So that is your fine Miss Macdonald," she cried in bitter scorn the morning after our arrival; "and that little red-haired Scotch-cat is to rule over our George. Poor George!"

"He looks very happy," I ventured to remark.

"Happy! The happiness of a fool. His happiness will soon turn into sorrow when his house is filled with hordes of needy Scotch relatives and his conscience awakes and gnaws him with remorse about my poor Jack."

I avoided the dangerous topic of Jack and his possible disinheritance and only said:

"But Miss Macdonald has no relatives, Aunt Lesbia."

"Don't tell me that," cried my aunt. "There never was a Scotch person yet but had crowds of relatives, mean,

greedy, disreputable, low relatives; and they will all come swarming down here and live at The Hall, and there will be no room for us, and we shall never look again on the garden, or my m—m—other's china, or the o—o—ld plate."

"Bless me, Lesbia, what's the matter now?" cried Uncle George cheerily, as he entered the room buttoning his driving gloves; but Aunt Lesbia chose to sit in silence and weep like a very Niobe.

"What's the matter, Isabel?"

"She is worried about Miss Macdonald's relations all coming to live here," I said, tartly, for I was worn out with Aunt Lesbia, and being only twenty, thought Uncle George an antiquated goose. Besides, it was hard on Jack.

"Christian has no relations, my good Lesbia."

"I know better," murmured Aunt Lesbia, in dirge-like tones.

"Ask her yourself then," cried Uncle George, irritably. "Here she comes."

Christian came gently into the room in her shady black hat. She looked a tiny creature among all us Thornleighs, who are tall and stout (I mean when they are quite elderly like my aunts, and she had great grey eyes and masses of auburn hair.

"What is it, George?"

"Lesbia is asking about your relatives and I am telling her that you have none."

Christian looked very sad for a moment, and then as she gazed at Aunt Lesbia's tear-stained face and crooked headgear, I seemed to see a gleam of amusement flicker about her eyes and mouth.

"No, no relatives, save, of course, Thomas," she said.

"Ah, of course," said Uncle George. A fine fellow, Thomas. You will like him, Lesbia, for naturally he will live

with us. But there are the horses, Christy. Come along."

"Well, Susan, I hope you are satisfied now," exclaimed Aunt Lesbia. Live with them! A man called Thomas Macdonald! Did you know this?" she demanded fiercely.

"No, Lesbia," said poor Aunt Susan, helplessly.

"Exactly so, Susan, and I dare say you will learn a good deal more before you are much older," retorted Aunt Lesbia, grimly.

* * * * *

A few weeks later Aunt Lesbia and I were paying some visits in Scotland, when one morning a letter arrived from Aunt Susan, a long, rambling letter about the weather and her digestion. Aunt Lesbia, hastily glancing through it, flung it to me.

"Did you notice the postscript?" I asked.

"No, child."

"'P. S.—George talks of being married at once,'" I read, "'with no fuss of any kind. I consider this most sensible, for nothing is more unwholesome than a wedding breakfast, save the cake!'"

"Well, of all the idiots!" cried Aunt Lesbia. "Married at once, and not a word of remonstrance."

"Who can say anything?" I asked, wearily.

"I can, Isabel, and I will. Tomorrow, instead of going on to Edinburgh, we shall go to that place, Muirloch, where she lives and make some enquiries, and perhaps, even at this eleventh hour, poor George's eyes may be opened."

"Oh, Aunt Lesbia, don't;" but all remonstrance was in vain.

"I can at least find out about this cousin of hers, this Thomas Macdonald. Very likely there is some shameful love affair—"

"She didn't say he was her cousin."

"All the worse, then," cried my aunt, and next day saw us landed at Muirlochry Station and trudging down the long hill to the lochside in the hotel omnibus.

"That is The Nest, Miss Macdouald's house," said the driver, pointing with his whip to a pretty cottage that lay away beyond the tiny village, and I was glad that Aunt Lesbia was safely stowed away inside the rattling vehicle and could not hear him.

We engaged a private sitting room as our errand was of a mysterious nature, and with a carefully closed door and in solemn tones Aunt Lesbia enquired whether there were any people of the name of Macdonald in that neighborhood.

"Oh, yes, Madame—Miss Macdonald h't The Nest; John Macdonald, the smith; h'Annie Macdonald h'up the Glen; Thomas Macdonald—"

"Ah," exclaimed my aunt; "let us hear of him first."

A gleam of joy lit up her face. She seemed to feel herself a female Lecoq.

"E's the tiler, madam."

"A tailor!"

"Yes, madam. There 'e is just now passin' the 'otel."

Regardless of mystery, Aunt Lesbia flew to the window just in time to see a tall, gaunt man, with flaming hair and beard, lurch in at the door of "the shop."

"Good heavens!" cried my aunt. "He is drunk."

"Yes, madam, h'always is more or less. Topsy Tam 'e is commonly called in the place."

"And that is the only Thomas Macdonald?"

"I believe so, madam. There is Tam-mie Macdonnell, a tramp, who comes now and h'again; and perhaps—

But Aunt Lesbia waved the waiter

away in a dumb frenzy of despair. Poor lady, what a night she spent, and what a night she made me spend! Two haggard-looking women were we when we emerged into the sunshine of the next day on our way to have a look at The Nest, and after that deed of espionage to fly on the wings of the first express to Uncle George.

"Not that we will do one bit of good," moaned Aunt Lesbia, "that little harpy has got him completely into her clutches."

"She has got a very pretty cottage, at any rate," I ventured to remark as we reached the gate of The Nest and could see its smoothly shaven lawns, its fine pine trees, and its broad verandah all embowered in roses.

Aunt Lesbia sniffed.

"Not respectable to my mind," she said. "However, I shall go in and look at things more closely."

"Oh, Aunt Lesbia, don't. Just think if any one saw us peering about the place. It is so horrid."

But she was already sailing up the path, looking to left and right as if she expected a tipsy Macdonald to emerge from every bush.

The front windows proved to be shuttered, but smoke rising from a back chimney showed that the kitchen regions were inhabited.

"As we are here, had we not better leave a card for Miss Macdonald," I faltered.

"No, Isabel. No shallow subterfuges for me! I am on a sacred errand. These are only half shutters I see. Stand up on that garden seat and look inside."

Even a worm will turn.

"No, Aunt Lesbia, I really cannot do that."

"Then I shall," and she proceeded to hoist herself upon a rickety garden chair.

At that very moment I heard footsteps

bustling about inside the cottage and voices in the garden that seemed to lie away to one side within the ivied wall.

"Oh, Aunt Lesbia, do come down," I implored in an agony of apprehension. "There is some one opening the shutters in the very next room, and there are people in the garden, too."

"Don't be a fool, Isabel. I am seeing admirably. Chairs—hum—table—."

"Aunt Lesbia, for pity's sake, come down," I supplicated. People are coming. There is some one coming into that room."

"Dusty and dirty, I am sure, just as I expected. Dark, too. That will suit their drunken debauches."

The voices outside grew clearer, the footsteps inside drew nearer. I am a coward, and I turned to flee. It was too late. In another moment an elderly, respectable-looking servant crashed open the shutters and yelled as she encountered Aunt Lesbia's plumed bonnet nodding in upon her. My aunt, startled and insecure, lost her footing and toppled over, dragging the garden chair with her, and just as she bumped and rattled on the floor, round the corner, into the very midst of the scene, sauntered Uncle George, Christian MacDonal and a large grey cat. It was an awful moment. I can't tell what happened, for I don't know. It seemed an age afterwards when I came to myself and beheld Uncle George roaring with laughter, and Christian dusting, consoling and arranging poor shaken Aunt Lesbia; the elderly servant appearing with wine, and the grey cat sitting demurely in the sunshine surveying us all with an air of calm majesty.

I think I must have wept, for Uncle George was patting me on the back in the midst of his paroxysms of laughter, and exclaiming—

"It's not your fault, my dear girl. I

perfectly understand—don't you bother yourself,"—a roar of laughter. Well, well, Lesbia, and so you are our first visitor after all, in spite of Topsy Tam!" and off he went again.

"George," implored Christian, "do be quiet. Lesbia will really be shocked by you."

The wine had somewhat restored Aunt Lesbia. She arose. Her bonnet was awry, but her mien was awful.

"Shocked is no word for my feelings. Why are you here, George Thornleigh? I never thought highly of your proceedings, Miss Macdonald, but to be here, unchaperoned, with my brother, surpasses all that I ever dreamt of."

"There is no Miss Macdonald," interposed Uncle George airily; "and no chaperone is required. My wife, Lesbia," and he waived his hand with a fine flourish. He never could treat Aunt Lesbia seriously.

"Your wife, George!" The poor lady staggered in despair. "Your wife? Then I am too late!"

"Too late, Lesbia, too late. You must just accept Topsy Tammias and all the rest of them," and off he went again into a paroxysm of laughter.

Christian drew Aunt Lesbia gently down on her chair.

"Don't mind him," she said kindly. "He is only joking. Thomas, the tailor, is no relative of mine, not the least bit of one. I have no relations at all—not a single one."

"You mentioned a Thomas," faltered Aunt Lesbia. She was quite dazed, poor thing, with all that was happening.

Christian laughed the merriest little laugh as she lifted the big grey cat up in her arms. "This is Thomas," she explained. "My only Thomas."

And so we all sobered down and learned how Uncle George and Christian had been married a couple of days before

and had actually arrived at Muirlochey Hotel on the previous evening, when Uncle George discovered our presence and learned somehow or other of his sister's enquiries and subsequent horror over Thomas the tailor.

We drove away from Muirlochey that afternoon, leaving Mr. and Mrs. George

Thornleigh to spend their honeymoon at The Nest. When we next saw them it was at The Hall, where there still seemed to be ample room for us. Not a Mac was there, and if now and then a large yellow eye of silent contempt transfixed us in our sillier moments, we heeded it not, for it was "only Thomas."

THE INFATUATION OF PHYLLIS.

By the COUNTESS VERA SERKOFF

“**E**NGAGED to Walter Crosby? My dear, I always thought she detested him.”

“So did I. So did everybody,” said Mrs. Arlington, very dejectedly.

“And I thought—well, I thought—Leslie Scarborough, you know—”

“So did I. So did everybody,” repeated Mrs. Arlington, still more dejectedly.

“And I thought you perfectly hated him?”

“So I do, Lady Mary.”

“Then, my dear, good woman, why don't you put a stop to it?” I asked, “Why not exert a mother's authority?”

“There's no such thing now-a-days,” sighed Mrs. Arlington. “And Phyllis is twenty-three and has thirty thousand pounds of her own.”

“And Walter Crosby has not as many shillings,” I added. “What can Phyllis see in him? He is such an ugly little man, and quite twenty years her senior. She can't love him.”

“She is simply infatuated with him,” wailed the disconsolate mother. “Oh, do try what you can do with her. You have such a way with girls. She'll be in presently, and I'll leave you alone with her. You may convince her she's making a great mistake. She won't listen to me.”

I am very fond of girls in general,

but Phyllis Arlington was never a great favorite with me. She is a pretty girl, with dark, soulful eyes, a wistful mouth and sweet manners, but she somehow irritates me. She has not the faintest sense of humor, and is altogether too intense and highly-strung to be in touch with me. However, I promised her mother to do what I could, and I kept my promise loyally, though I cannot say I did much good. Phyllis seemed more dreamy than ever, and her large eyes had a strange, far-away look in them as she assured me her whole heart was in her engagement to Walter Crosby, and nothing would induce her to break it off. So I could only tell Mrs. Arlington that Phyllis was quite infatuated, and there seemed no way out of it.

Leslie Scarborough is one of my favorites, and when he called next day to claim my sympathy, I had an abundant stock ready.

“If she was only marrying a decent chap I could bear it better,” he mourned, “but Crosby is such a bounder, you know, Lady Mary, and—and altogether the last fellow on earth I could have imagined her choosing.”

“Yes, indeed. She admires tall men,” I said, glancing affectionately at the six feet two of young and comely manhood opposite me. “and dark men, and men

of muscle and of manly tastes, and this man is little, fair and effeminate. His one good point is his eyes. He has fine eyes."

Leslie muttered something regarding his rival's eyes, of which I only caught one word.

"Black? No, Leslie, they are grey; not very large, but well shaped, and very piercing. When did he and Phyllis get so friendly? I didn't think they ever saw much of each other."

"They were thrown very much together in those confounded private theatricals at Lady Thornicroft's, don't you know?" said Leslie gloomily. "Crosby stage-managed, and there were living pictures, and thought-reading, and—oh, all sorts of tommy-rot. Crosby is clever at that sort of thing, and gave a show of his own—hypnotizing people into making fools of themselves. Phyllis is peculiarly susceptible, it seems, and he made her do just as he liked."

"I wonder"—it was the idlest remark possible, for I was not thinking in the least of what I was saying—"I wonder if he hypnotized her into loving him?"

Leslie struck the table a violent blow with his fist. It was a small table with a cup of tea on it, and the blow upset the cup and spilt my tea, but Leslie did not apologize.

"Lady Mary, you've hit it," he exclaimed, oblivious of facts. "Crosby has hypnotized that poor darling into loving him, and he'll hypnotize her into marrying him."

"Nonsense! The thing isn't possible."

"But it is. I've seen him do queerer things than that. And look here, Lady Mary, I'll tell you something that wild horses wouldn't have got out of me but for what you said. Phyllis"—he paused, and colored hotly, then went on with a palpable effort. "I feel such a cad to tell it, but you'll understand. Phyllis had all

but accepted me before those theatricals took place. We had no quarrel, not the slightest shadow of one, and all at once she cut me dead, and I couldn't get any explanation. At first I thought some one had told lies about me, and when I heard of her engagement to Crosby I thought I knew who had done it. But now, I believe he has just hypnotized her into loving him and hating me."

"I don't know anything about hypnotism," I said, "but won't the effect wear off in time?"

"I think the fellow who hypnotizes you has to undo it somehow or other—makes passes the other way round," explained Leslie, not very lucidly. "No one else can do it."

"And, of course, he won't release Phyllis, and we can't make him."

Leslie proposed a simple and direct method of inducing Crosby to reverse the passes, but I did not think it practicable.

"Assault and battery would only complicate matters," I observed. "I dine with the Arlingtons to-night, and Mr. Crosby will be there. I will study the couple closely, and if you drop in to-morrow afternoon I will tell you if the hypnotism theory looks feasible."

There certainly was something odd about Phyllis that evening. She was more dreamy and abstracted than ever, and seemed very much in love with her little fiance. But her eyes followed him about in a curious way, and she echoed his opinions almost parrot-wise. I always thought Walter Crosby odious—and I have excellent reason to believe he held the same opinion of me—but as the betrothed of this lovely girl he seemed more odious than ever. He assumed the airs of a proprietor; ordered her to sing this, or not to play that, and she complied so slavishly as to make me think the hypnotism theory had some

show of reason in it. But even supposing it to be correct, I did not see what could be done, and so I told Leslie when he came the next day for my report.

Leslie is a dear boy, and everybody likes him, but his best friend could not call him brilliant; therefore, I must regard his next idea as a direct inspiration from the god of love.

"Lady Mary," he began abruptly, after a long and gloomy silence, "Crosby is chronically hard up. If we could get him to believe that Phyllis had lost her money, he might not want to marry her, and might—might unhypnotize her. What do you think?"

I was decidedly struck by the idea, and proposed taking Mrs. Arlington into our confidence. A short note brought her over to my house in breathless haste and a hansom, ready to clutch at any plan to save her from her impending son-in-law, and she caught at Leslie's idea as the proverbial drowning man at a straw. Our plot, rather a lame and not a very original one, was elaborated. A letter was to be written, purporting to come from the family lawyer—Leslie airily undertook the forgery—and the loss of her fortune was to be broken to Phyllis and afterwards imparted to her betrothed.

Mrs. Arlington was very hopeful of the result, but I was not. I pointed out that in the first place it was more than probable there was no hypnotism in the case, but genuine affection, in which case, as the deception regarding the money could not be carried on more than a few days, nothing but family "ructions" would result. In the second place, Crosby, who was a shrewd little man, might see through the plot, remain faithful, and thus merely increase Phyllis' infatuation. Leslie was also not very hopeful, but he based his doubts on different grounds from mine. His opinion was

that such a pearl among girls as Phyllis would not lightly be resigned even by Crosby, and that though the money might be regretted, still Crosby would hold on to the other and greater prize.

It was arranged that I should come and support Mrs. Arlington during the interview with her daughter's fiance on the following afternoon, and Leslie begged permission to call about an hour after the time Mr. Crosby had been requested to put in an appearance.

"It will be all over in about an hour I should say," he said, with a wistful look, "and I—well, I might be wanted, either by you—or, perhaps—by Phyllis."

Phyllis took the loss of her fortune very calmly, but agreed with her mother that Mr. Crosby should be told of the catastrophe without delay.

"But it will make no difference to him," she said, with a rapt look in her eyes. "He is so noble."

He did not look very noble as he bustled in, exact to his time, that afternoon. There was an anxious look on his mean little face as, the usual greetings over, he asked what Mrs. Arlington had to tell him.

"You said an important family matter," he added, looking full at me. I rose to leave the room, but Mrs. Arlington detained me.

"Lady Mary is our oldest family friend," she said, with dignity. "This letter will explain what has happened better than I can."

She handed him Leslie's work of genius, which he read with an impassive face.

"The loss of the money makes no difference in my feelings, dear Mrs. Arlington," he remarked, handing back the letter.

There was an awkward pause. Phyllis sat in her customary attitude of adoration, and the ugly little creature she

adored looked at us with such a diabolical grin that I was quite convinced he saw through our plot.

"I do not doubt that, Mr. Crosby," said Mrs. Arlington, recovering herself, "but under the circumstances it is my duty to ask what provision you can make for my daughter. I cannot allow her anything, and at my death the income I now enjoy passes to my late husband's family."

Walter Crosby smiled sweetly.

"I am afraid I can make no settlement whatever," he said blandly, "but Phyllis is content to brave poverty for my sake. Am I right, my treasure?"

"Yes, yes, you are right," replied Phyllis, nestling up to him.

"And yet, my sweetheart, it may be best to part," he went on, tenderly. "You must not suffer for my sake. Sweetest, I release you from your engagement."

"But I will not be released. Nothing on earth shall separate us, Walter. I will not be parted from you."

She clung to him with a passionate cry, while her mother and I looked on helplessly, and the little fiend grinned in triumph over the golden head resting on his shoulder.

"What can I do, Mrs. Arlington?" he asked presently. "I am willing to resign your daughter, but you see she is not willing to be released."

"I will never give you up," sobbed Phyllis wildly.

Mrs. Arlington looked appealingly at me, and indeed I felt that I was not distinguishing myself as friend and backer up, but I could think of nothing to say. Matters seemed to be at a deadlock. Phyllis sobbed on, clinging to her lover.

"Well, then, I suppose the engagement must go on," said Mrs. Arlington at last, "but the marriage must be indefinitely postponed."

"I am in your hands as to that," smiled the victorious lover, but Phyllis gave a little cry.

"No, no, I insist that the marriage shall take place in September, as arranged," she cried. "I can't live without Walter."

"My brave, true darling," said her lover, but still with a mocking eye on his mother-in-law in posse. He had not taken the smallest notice of me throughout the interview. "No one shall separate us. But we must talk matters over later. Good-bye for to-day." And with a kiss to the girl and a bow to us he was gone.

We had failed. Either he had seen through us—and Mrs. Arlington's manner had been singularly unconvincing—or the hypnotic theory was nonsense. Mrs. Arlington and I were still looking blankly at each other when the door opened wide and Walter Crosby reappeared. He walked straight up to Phyllis and drew her to the further window. Holding her hands, he looked deep into her eyes for some minutes, and then waved his hands slowly before her face. She sighed heavily, but did not speak. He bent forward and said something to her in a low voice, but very emphatically. Then, without a word, he was gone, and this time for good.

As the street door was heard to close behind him, Phyllis came slowly forward in a dazed manner, and stood looking around like one just awakened from sleep. We watched her breathlessly.

"Who went out just now?" she asked, in a brisk, ordinary tone, quite different from the languid voice of a few minutes ago. "Mr. Crosby? Oh, that horrid little man. What did he want? I thought—wasn't Leslie here just now? I want him."

The door opened, and Leslie stood there.

OKOMO.

In Which the Reader Can Decide for Himself Whether the Spirits or Circumstances "Controlled."

By HUGH HILL.

"THE Widow Murray," as everyone in Platte City called her, rang the bell and took down the receiver.

"One-seven-three!"

"Hello! Is that you, Miz Jerry?"

"Yes. I wish you would speak to Okomo for me. The Orrendorf temper had holt of me this morning every which way I turned, and I'm still all of a flutter and kind of petered out."

"Come to your house this evening? Yes, I reckon."

"Say, Miz Jerry! I reckon I'll bring Cousin Marthy Orrendorf along, too. No, she ain't opposed as I know of. Good-bye."

"No, I won't get mad no more. Good-bye."

"Yes, if he speaks, I'll answer. I ain't scairt no more. Good-bye."

"Yes, good-bye, Miz Jerry!"

"What's that?"

"Law, now, Miz Jerry, you don't say so?"

"Well, good-bye. Good-bye."

Up went the receiver and Lindy Murray turned to see her cousin, Marthy, staring at her in amazement.

"Well, wouldn't that beat you! To hear *you* a-caring whether you was in a temper or not! You as has allus braggged on that everlasting Orrendorf temper! I never had it, not being an Orrendorf except by marriage—thank the Lord!—and, not being so up on my folks as you are, I don't know if they had tempers or not; but I reckon they did. Most folks has. But do tell what's got aholt of you?" queried Martha, as she rocked to and fro.

Lindy sat down by the window, smoothed out her immaculate white apron, turned her head to glance at her sewing on the little table near, then looked at Martha somewhat dubiously. At last, after another turn of the head towards the window, she hitched her big willow rocking chair a bit so that she directly faced Martha and said:

"Well, Marthy, you ain't just like most of our folks; so I reckon I can tell *you* without you starting a-laughing. 'Tain't no laughing matter to me! It's sacred; that's what it is; and whatever a body tries to get good out of, so long's as it don't interfere with nobody, why, I don't see as it's other folks' business. Do you?"

To which somewhat unrevealing speech, Martha answered:

"No, Lindy; you're right; folks should tend to their own business *strictly*. But do tell? I ain't agoing to laugh, even if you tell me you're all took up with this *Spiritilism* nonsense everyone down our way is talking about."

"Marthy Orrendorf!" shrieked Mrs.

Murray, pausing on a forward rock and staring at her cousin. "Are you a mind reader? It do give me a turn the way you hit onto things. 'Taint wholesome! Yes, it's *Spiritilism*; but tain't no nonsense, Marthy."

"Well, if that don't beat ye!" said Martha, sotto voce, scarcely interrupting the flow of Lindy's talk, who went on with:

"You see, Miz Jerry, the one I was a-telephoning to, well, she's far up in *Spiritilism*, and there's an old Indian chief called Okomo speaks to her. Her 'control,' we call it. Miz Jerry, she says I'm such a sensitive subject that I'll be a-seeing Okomo soon myself; and she was a-saying just now for me to answer up next time he speaks to me."

"Do tell," whispers Marthy to herself.

"Onct, he called me, and I was that scairt I run out of the room," went on the widow, unheeding Marthy's comment; "but last time at Miz Jerry's seance I kind of seen a shadowy outline, and it was real encouraging. 'Twan't a seance where the spirit would materialize for everybody, but jest only for them as was progressing and believing enough to see it."

The widow paused a moment, then laughed as she continued:

"But, land sakes! how Okomo do give it to me about that Orrendorf temper! He says I can't have no happiness till I get control of it; and that if I'll allus do as he tells me I sure will be the most fortunate woman in all Platte City. I guess from what he says it's marriage with someone that'll make all the other women so jealous they can't see straight!"

"What do you want to get marriage again for, Lindy Murray? You didn't have no dove of peace a-settin' at the head of the table the first time!"

"No, and what's more, Marthy, I reckon I didn't deserve to, after marrying

poor Abe just for spite, and never trying to control that Orrendorf temper, no how. No, I wasn't no dove of peace myself! Next time, if there is a next time, it'll be to the right one, and things 'll be different, as sure as my name's Lindy!"

"He ain't give no names, I reckon?" queried Marthy.

"No—."

The widow looked conscious and rocked uneasily; perhaps afraid that the penetrating Marthy might read her thoughts!

Suddenly she started up as she caught sight of a buggy passing along—the quiet jog, jog, of the well-fed horse seeming to correspond to the kindly face of the man holding the reins.

"Land sakes! of all things! To be talking about him and then look up and see him!"

"See who?" said the now curious Martha. "Lindy Murray, are you *crazy*?" We ain't never named a *man*, and there air't one in sight!"

For, ere Martha reached the window, the buggy had turned the corner, and a sleepy dog was the only occupant of the quiet street.

"You don't mean the Indian, do you?" she said, turning from her inspection.

"Set down, Marthy; don't get scairt, but I reckon I *will* see Okomo plain soon," answered the adroit Lindy, who had no intention of telling that she had just seen her old sweetheart of the district school, John Baskin, a prosperous Missouri farmer, with a good farm a mile or two from Platte City, out on the road towards Weston.

After that the two women sat rocking and sewing, seldom speaking; the widow filled with pleasant thoughts of her old "beau" and Okomo's hints, and Martha putting two and two together, and wondering at the change in Lindy.

This revival of Lindy's old love was working wonders, and the genuine sweetness and simplicity of her nature was appearing, healing the old soreness and bitterness of the disappointed heart.

Suddenly Lindy stopped rocking, grasped the arm of the chair, and staring wide-eyed into space, said:

"Yes, I see you, Okomo, great chief!"

"Lands sakes!" ejaculated Marthy to herself, staring in the same direction.

"There ain't nothing there, Lindy," she said aloud to the widow.

But Lindy heard her not; instead, she was saying to the "great chief:"

"I swan; I won't do no such a thing! I'd better, had I? Well, all right; but it do appear too *ridiculous* for words," taking her thimble up very deliberately and laying down her sewing.

"Marthy! I'm a-going downstairs to get supper!"

"Lindy Murray! You *are* plumb crazy!"

"It do seem kind o' crazy like, don't it? But Okomo he stood right there a-saying, 'Get supper; get supper!' He wouldn't give no reason; but I guess, as it's the first time I seen him plain, it wouldn't be polite like if I don't; and I sure feel encouraged to think he's getting control of me like. I do that! Anyways, I'm a-going down to get supper!"

And a good supper it was that she got, for a comfortable meal was her pride and delight, and no better cook was in all Platte City.

"Miz Murray!"

It was an hour later, when Lindy's neighbor thus called from her latticed back porch.

"Oh! Miz Murray!" as the widow came in answer to the summons. "Whatever are we a-going to do? The gas is all turned off and no way else to cook supper; and here's Sam come home bringing John Baskin with him, and me

with not even enough cold vittles ready to get any kind of supper. I never did allow with getting rid of that there wood range, no how! What are you a-going to do, and you with that Marthy Orrendorf, that's that critical?"

"Why, Miz Ashley! Just a second or so before that gas gave a puff and out, I was a-dishing supper and it's just ready to set down to! You bring your men folks *right over this minute and welcome!*"

The comely widow never felt so convinced of Okomo's powers as when, at a quarter past five, she seated her guests in her spotless dining room, and saw chicken and light, flaky biscuits melting away, with John Baskin drinking coffee like a camel preparing for the desert, while her preserves and pie were pronounced beyond criticism by the same authority.

Under the mellow influence the good soul told how she had come to prepare supper an hour ahead of time; and it ended in all agreeing to accompany her to Miz Jerry's seance, though there was a twinkle in John's kindly eye as he said:

"I don't go much on spirits, neither wet nor Indian, but your supper was first class, Lindy. You allus were right smart that way. Do you mind—"

And the two started off to Miz Jerry's, talking reminiscently of the old times.

It was growing late, when, out of the usual seance gloom, Miz Jerry's smooth voice continued:—

"And Okomo he says that there's someone here called John and for him '*not to sell.*'"

"I reckon that's me!" said the unabashed John. "But I ain't thinking of selling a thing, excepting wheat, and he'd be a mighty onery spook to tell me not to sell when I can get a good price!"

"Wheat! That's it," said Miz Jerry. And Okomo repeats firm tell him '*not*

to sell! And he's got a dollar he's holding up plain, and he says again 'not to sell' and shakes the dollar!"

"Lands sakes!" says Marthy.

"And," Miz Jerry went on, "'Put not your faith in princes nor in any son of man,' for there's one setting here that's leading a double life! Things ain't what they seem. He's a-holding out the right hand begging like, and the other— Why, I don't see plain his meaning, but he keeps saying 'a double life,' and begging like, and—"

"I ain't going to set here no longer," cried Martha, breaking the circle as she jumped, upsetting her chair in her indignation.

Then Miz Jerry, always superbly calm, announced there were too many "disbelievers" present to continue, for in the confusion Mr. Baskin got perilously near the spirit of the "great chief."

"Mighty queer how Marthy lost interest at that double life business! I wish to goodness you hadn't a-reached for Okomo; 'twan't polite, Mr. Baskin, to a real chief," said the widow on the homeward way. "How'd you like to be reached for that way?"

"Never having been no spirit, I don't know; but just being a man, there's someone I'd like mighty fine to have reach for me that way," was his parting shot.

For answer, the widow called from her porch, as he went up to the Ashley's pathway:

"Don't you forget what Okomo told you about not selling, and him a-holding up that dollar. He told me right about supper."

"The supper was sure all right; but I ain't much on spirits, Lindy, neither wet nor Indian."

"No, I reckon he ain't," sniffed Marthy, "him and his double life!"

"Marthy Orrendorf! John Baskin's known all over Platte County!"

"But he ain't known in Jackson county," said the serpent, who was quickly destroying the Eden into which the widow was just entering.

Marthy's inuendoes wrought havoc in a mind growing more and more imbued with belief in Okomo's mystic power; and, in the long hours of that night, Lindy imagined a dozen lives for honest John, who never even had a double thought!

In the morning, Marthy fidgetted about and cut short her visit, shaking the dust of Platte from her trim skirts as she left and speaking with indignation of "that Baskin man's life," when, were the truth known, that was but to keep suspicion from herself—but Marthy's life in Kansas City is a story by itself.

Anyway, when John came smiling to the widow's door that afternoon, there was no response, nor for many days after; until one day, about a month later, meeting Lindy on sleepy Main Street as he came out of Walt Walker's store, he exclaimed, on observing her altered appearance:

"Why, you ain't been sick, have you?"

"No, but I ain't been right pert."

Before she knew it, he had helped her into his buggy, which was waiting, and the two drove out of town, along the Leavenworth road, in a silence which was full of speech, and in which all the doubts and fears of long years of waiting were set at rest.

"I didn't sell that wheat, Lindy, till day before yesterday, when wheat reached the dollar mark. 'Twasn't on account of that fool spook, though!" with a kind of grunting laugh. "But *I read the papers most as well as spooks do!*"

"I reckon," he said, after a long pause. "I've turned a neat little sum. It's all

yours, Lindy, if you reach over and take it and *me*—but I hope you'll catch me better than I caught that 'great chief!' "

"John," said Lindy, as he helped her out at her own gate, "you sure *should* believe in spirits after all that's happened."

"No, Lindy, no; I don't believe in no

spirits, neither wet nor Indian!" he replied, as he looked down smilingly on the comely widow.

"Just the same," she said to herself, as she stood before her mirror that evening, "just the same, it never would have come out this way if *I* hadn't a-believed in spirits!"

BRONSON.

By EMILY FRANCES SMITH.

IT was eleven p. m. when Bronson cleared his desk. He fastened his coat by its fugitive button and raised the collar as he stepped into the street, for the wind bit into his marrow.

Bronson preferred to walk. When he had the price of a ride he spent it for something else. Bronson's income was too uncertain a quantity to be injudiciously dribbled, only par values were to be considered. His circulation was poor. His blood was thin and pale, and he argued to himself that although he might keep warm walking, he would be sure to freeze to a foothold in the street car.

There was a weakness in Bronson's stomach and a blur in Bronson's eyes. He had a cough which seemed to begin in his feet and break into a horrid laugh in his throat. His inhalations were like needles puncturing his lungs. These were temporal afflictions for which he held himself in no way responsible, and they were not what fretted him. He wanted a cigar.

He plodded across the railroad yards, unmindful of the red eyes leering from hissing engines, unmindful of the gaping "frogs" that might have tripped him to his death. As he passed between the dark pillars of Twelfth street viaduct,

the muzzle of a revolver pressed his right ear and he was commanded to "dig up lively."

Bronson turned his pockets inside out. The contents were a cigar stub, three black collar buttons, a few beer checks, pencils, matches, usurers' receipts, letters and a penny. His grasp lingered the cigar stub and penny. "I'd like to keep these," he said. "They are not heirlooms, as you might suppose, but the odor of tobacco brings me pleasant reminiscences, and the penny's my luck piece. Ha, ha! My luck piece!"

The revolver was lowered. "Sorry," added Bronson. "Perhaps you would kindly let me work this side of the street and you take the other? Got a cigar?"

Just then Bronson's cough commenced its infernal orgy and the gleam of a distant street lamp lit the gray angles of his face. The robber handed him a stogy.

Bronson applied a match. "Thanks. Glad I met you. Merry Christmas, old chap," and he forged ahead.

Twice as he climbed the steps by the viaduct, Bronson stopped and leaned against the railing. He felt weak and dizzy. The cigar was manna, but it seemed to permeate his mind with the haze that drifted from its tip.

At the top of the hill he entered a saloon. He had not so far refrained from doing so on account of prejudice; it was the first on his route.

"My allowance is due tomorrow," he confided to the barkeeper.

"What will you have, Dick?" was the smiling answer.

"I haven't a red tonight," Bronson apologized. "Tomorrow I'll have money to burn"—

Here he began to cough. He sat down and leaned his head against the bar. It was thought he had fainted, and brandy was forced into his mouth. It was manna again. He lay limp and let it trickle down his throat, carrying its glad message to his stomach. A pleasant warmth suffused him. Much improved in spirit, though lacking muscular security, he was soon able to depart.

As Bronson walked toward Main street, and into the haunts of his kind, many friendly voices gave him cheery greeting. It was characteristic of his friends to bolster him. Skeletons were thrust into their closets upon the approach of the attenuated figure with the smiling, sensitive lips, the thinning sun-bright hair. Men, whose lives, like this, were epitomes of failure, appeared to forget it, like he did, and returned his hearty hand-clasp.

"Hello, there, Charlie! Merry Christmas!" His face was framed in the window of a lunch wagon.

"How are you, Dickie, my boy? Welcome. Have a cup of coffee and a sandwich with me."

"Thanks. I've dined."

"Nonsense, Dick. You may have had four dollars worth of frills at your hotel, you epicure, but I'll wager a barrel of beans against a pint of dried onions that you haven't had anything since Sunday that could touch my coffee and sandwiches. Do you good, Dick."

"I'm already indebted to you," Bronson protested. "My allowance may be delayed."

"That's all right. Put me on your waiting list—and burn the list. You're the only man I know who's aristocratic enough to have an allowance; what I have is yours on the strength of it. It's a good add for me. Come, get busy."

As Bronson, with obvious enjoyment, complied, Charlie maintained a lively conversation. He was glad to see Dick looking so much stronger. He was delighted that the business outlook was improving. He was pleased with the prospects for a mild winter. It was fine to breathe the atmosphere of holiday cheer, though personally it meant little to him; he was alone.

Bronson was, too, and it seemed to strike in on him as he finished lunch and cupped his shoulders against the wind.

"I haven't a red, Charlie. Drew a half month pay yesterday. It's all gone."

"Gone where?"

"Maybe I sent it to mother." Bronson was looking hard at the arc light.

"That was fine of you, Dick. I always said you were the greatest-hearted boy in the world. Let the good work go on. Brace up and be the Somebody you were born to be. Do it for your mother's sake. Do it for your own sake. You were reared a gentleman. There isn't an ounce of common clay in your body, nor a tinge of yellow in your soul. Why, Dick, only twenty years ago I was a servant in your family. I used to clean your shoes. I'd do it tonight for love of you if you'd promise to reclaim yourself. Leave whiskey alone, and your health will return. Leave whiskey alone and the front entrance to society and finance will be opened to you. You're the only man who stands in your way, Dick. Think of it! Your mother was a belle in Washington. Your father was the president of a

railroad. Dear Dick, it's Christmas eve. Go straight home to bed this one night and dream of the old homestead, the holily, the feasting, the gladness. Don't take another drink tonight, Dick."

"Cut it out," said Dick, and lurched into a saloon.

An hour later he staggered back to the lunch wagon. "I came to tell you good night, and wish you Merry Chris'mas, mos' merry Chris'mas. I came to tell you a good joke, mos' good joke—I fooled you 'bout my pay—the loan sharks got it all but seven dollars, and I saved that to cel'brate Chris'mas, y'know. Oh, mother doesn't need it. Mother's all right. Got a telegram yesterday that she couldn't live till night. She'll have the merriest Chris'mas she's had in fifteen years, my little mother!"

Charlie put his arm around the swaying form of his friend. "You come to my house to dinner tomorrow, Dick, and I'll find a way to give you another start. That's all you need, dear boy, another start."

Bronson commenced to sob, drunkenly. "That's all I need, Charlie, just a chance. Never had chance. Never had anything—since Mary went down in the Mediterranean. Some way—funny, isn't it? I turn cold when I think of a burning ship. Hate to think of ships, or anything like ships. I can't even *look* at a *schooner* of beer—always drink it with my eyes shut. Turn down that confounded light—it's blinding."

"It's the worst light I ever saw," said Charlie.

"There's more to tell you. I never had that allowance I've talked about. Never had"—his voice trailed into incoherence.

How Bronson got home, only Charlie knew. Indeed, it was of small concern beside the main fact that he was lying across his bed, vaguely conscious that his head was several sizes too large, that his

feet were leaden weights, that his hands were hot and nervous.

He lay there and visited with himself. It came to him that he had "won out," that he could place his mother in affluence and marry the girl he loved. He laughed.

Fancy changed. He was poor and alone. It was Christmas eve. Of his own choice, he had shortened his life. He hadn't a red. He wept.

Time turned back to college days. He stood by a pond where students were skating. He was pleading with his chum: "Take her on the ice, Jack. Don't you see she wants to go? What! she doesn't like you? She thinks the world of you. Me? Hardly! You're the man for Mary. Strap on her skates and go—oh, my God, he did take her—there they go! Jack, Jack! be good to her. Jack, you WILL be good to her—I'll kill you if you're not!" He buried his face in the pillows and moaned, snapping his fingers.

The cough began, rasping, racking. Bronson started up, wild-eyed, clutching his chest. A glass of water was on his table, but his hand refused to carry it to his lips. He pinned the end of a towel around his neck, and with the other secured the glass, laboriously winding it until it reached his mouth. He took one draught.

"Wha's the matter?" he gasped. "'Pon my soul, I'm losing my taste. I like my b—beer with a b—bead on it. Wha's this?"

It was a telegram that had been placed by the glass of water to attract his first attention. It was signed by his mother's physician.

"Your mother is improving rapidly. Special letter."

He set on the side of the bed, fumbling the yellow paper. Was it another hallucination? Likely. It was already chang-

ing. The letters were running together in a dark blur. They would disappear in a moment. Yes, surely. He could still see the paper, but he couldn't feel it. Probably it was an ocular trick. Any-way, who cared?

He removed his shoes, stuffed his collar and tie into them, hung his hose on the mirror.

"Tell you how it was, Mary. I'm pretty badly skinned, I know, but I had to rush for a doctor, and my foot caught in the carpet and I fell—downstairs. That fellow, Mary, he died in my arms. What do you think he said? He said, 'Dick, I'm on my dying bed and I want to—tell you—it is not worth while, this life we've led. Brace up. You—you're young. You have a p—past b—before you. You—you have a future be—behind you.' Those were his words, Mary. He said, 'Dick, you can live three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and in only one can you die.' Think of that ratio—365 to one—seems as if a man ought to live a long time, doesn't it? He said, 'Dick, when the day comes that you die, you'd give every one that you've lived—to die in the clear.' He died, Mary, with his terrible eyes on me, and I swear to you, Mary, before I could get them closed, I looked through them and *I saw hell with the fires gone out*. Oh, I did; I'll be honest with you, sweet-heart; I was so unnerved, I drank a small glass of gin, one only, the first, Mary, in four months. As I came away, I met Tom Bradley. Tom—he said the American Eagle was nothing better than a wild goose hatched out of a snake egg, and I—I licked him for the insult, Mary, 'cause I—I love my country. 'Rah! 'Rah for the red, white and blue; 'rah!

Mary, *don't* look at me like that. I can't bear it. Pity me, Mary. I'm as low as I'll ever be. I've lost you. I've lost myself, Mary, Mary, *Mary*, give me one more chance. Don't throw me over! You're the only anchor I have—*don't let me go!*"

Once more the cough gripped and choked him. He writhed with it and conquered it. Then he got weakly to his feet, admitted a messenger and signed for a letter. It was the special from the doctor. It read:

"Merry Christmas, dear Dick Bronson! Your mother is safely past the crisis. Who can you guess is with her? A sweet little woman whom the sea gave up a year ago, who lay for months unknown in a Genoa hospital, barely alive. It's *Mary*, thank God!

"Now, Dick, your real ailment is not chronic. By tomorrow morning you will be in condition to leave Kansas City and be here to go to work for the Straight Cut Route, the day after New Year."

There were two pages more; they dropped, unread, from Bronson's shaking hand. Heavily he knelt and said his baby prayer. Then he straightened himself upon the bed like one spent with great weariness and welcoming his rest. He felt a languor, an infinite peace. The wheels of his being slowed. He breathed evenly. His restless hands were still.

Bronson slept. The moon looked in and dignified him; showed him as nature made him, proud, sensitive, gracious, sweet of heart, himself his only enemy. She left him and the dark lay soothingly against his tired eyes.

By and by, the sun stole in and waked him with a Christmas kiss.



HANDLING THE GRAIN CROP OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

By OTIS H. MOORE.

NO less an authority than Robinson Crusoe said in the Autobiography, " 'Tis a little wonderful and what I believe few people have thought about much, the strange multitude of things necessary in the providing, producing, curing, dressing and making the one article, bread." Probably very few people in these days even go so far as to consider the sources from which comes the bulk of "our daily bread."

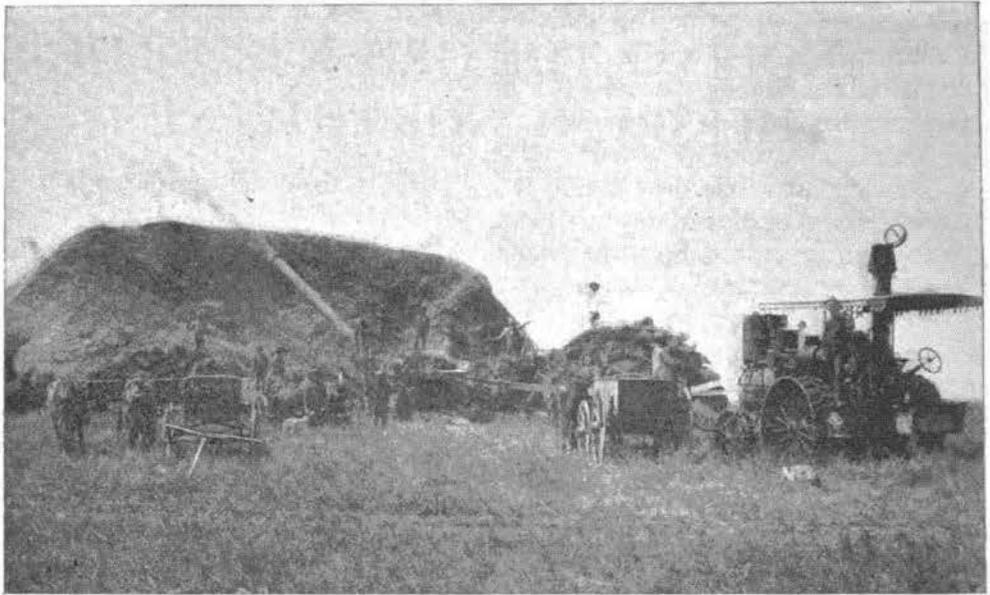
Only one who has been in Kansas, the Dakotas, Manitoba or other parts of the Great Northwest during the harvesting and threshing of the wheat crop can have an adequate idea of the magnitude of the task and the scale in which the work is carried on. To harvest and thresh such crops as these sections produce, hosts of laborers, more than the ordinary population can furnish, are required. It is probably a safe estimate that over a fourth of the people living in North Dakota, for instance, during the month of September are non-residents, temporarily there helping in the threshing of the grain crop. During the shock-threshing season, thousands of crews are engaged in changing the fields of shocks into pure grain for the elevators and into the useless strawpiles.

The first division of the army of workers from other sections begins to pour in during the early part of August for the shocking. One having occasion to travel at this time on the main lines of the Northern Pacific, Great Northern and Soo lines running northwest from the Twin Cities, St. Paul and Minneap-

olis, finds the trains monopolized by harvest hands en route for the field of their labors. Sometimes the trains carry as many as sixteen coaches loaded to their capacity. Passing from car to car, one sees the same motley assortment of passengers whose dress, baggage and personal appearance declare their destination as the wheat fields. Many wear coarse working shirts, overalls, jackets and rough shoes, even on the train going up. Some do not bother to shave. Nearly all have blanket rolls or strapped bundles.

Every nationality, every state in the Union and almost every condition of society is represented in the makeup of this crowd. They range all the way from the university student out for a profitable outing to the regular "Weary Willie," who hopes to work just enough to live. Most of these latter, however, do not make the trip in the passenger coaches. Probably the desire for the experience and roving spirit are fully as much incentives to the majority as the much-heralded big wages offered. A very common reply to the question, "What made you come up here?" is, "O, I just wanted to see the country." The harvest-hand rates on the railroad and the chance to make expenses easily furnish the opportunity.

A great dearth of day-laborers always occurs in Western cities at the opening of the harvest season. The men who work on the streets, the unskilled laborers of gas, telephone and electric companies, the handy-men of the wholesale



A Cyclone Separator at Work.

establishments, deck hands from the lake and river steamers, baggage hustlers of the express companies, brakemen, stevedores, yardmen, coachmen and coal shovelers,—every field of unskilled labor in the cities furnishes its quota. Hundreds of farmer boys from the Middle states make the trip north after the crops at home are out of the way. They make the best workers of all; for they know their business, and are sure to be steady. Innumerable parties of town boys, four or five in a party, hail from the cities and larger towns of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Iowa. Seven university students from an Eastern institution found a month and a half of the roughest experience of their lives in Manitoba last summer. Probably the lumber jacks and mill hands, fresh from the "drive," make up a larger contingent than any other class. Especially in Northern Dakota and Manitoba, large numbers of Indians are drafted into service in the time of need. In a typical North Dakota crew there were three lumber jacks, two farmer

boys, a carpenter, two mill hands, a jeweler, a half-breed Indian, a university post graduate student, a school teacher and two "levee rats." Poles, Italians, Scandinavians, Germans, Frenchmen and the inevitable Irish are represented in nearly every community.

Of the men who thus enlist in the grain-threshing army, the regular "floaters," who now constitute a quite clearly defined class in Western society, make up a considerable percentage. Some of them work on the spring drive in the Wisconsin and Minnesota lumber woods. They then float down the Mississippi in May, in time to commence with the harvesting of the Oklahoma crop, and move northward as the season advances, ending up in Northwestern Canada at freezing-up time. Taken all in all, the harvest hands are a rough class, but nearly always good hearted and sturdy men to meet and work with. The last statement is especially true of the lumber jacks. The life they lead in the woods makes them iron of frame, coarse of speech and

way, but honest and square to deal with and work among.

Others of the drifters come from the far West, the South or the East, where, perhaps, they have spent the winter for a change. The love of adventure and the Wanderlust within them are moving impulses. An exodus of all such to the Northwest occurs during the grain-handling period. The majority are young men; but, once in a while, one comes across an older errant who can not get away from the excitements of the wandering life. There is something pathetic in such a figure, in spite of the usual powerful frame and perfectly confident demeanor. He is sure to be stranded in his old age. Such a jack, who spent a month with one wheat crew, was familiarly known among the men as "The Old Pirate," and the sobriquet was not inapt. His face was far from a fierce or vicious one; but there was something so daredevilish in it for a man well on in life that one could not help but think of him as a sort of buccaneer.

Realizing that thousands of bummers would ride their trains anyway, if they did not do so, the railroads have established a shipping system which makes the trip so cheap it is scarcely worth to bum. The railroad employment office agrees to ship the men for two dollars a head to points in the Northwest, where the company is doing construction work. The theory is, that they are to work for the railroad. Hundreds of the men shipped out in this way drop off the trains when they get to the wheat country. Of one party of 150 shipped out for track-laying work at Glendive, Montana, from Minneapolis, less than 30 reported at their supposed destination.

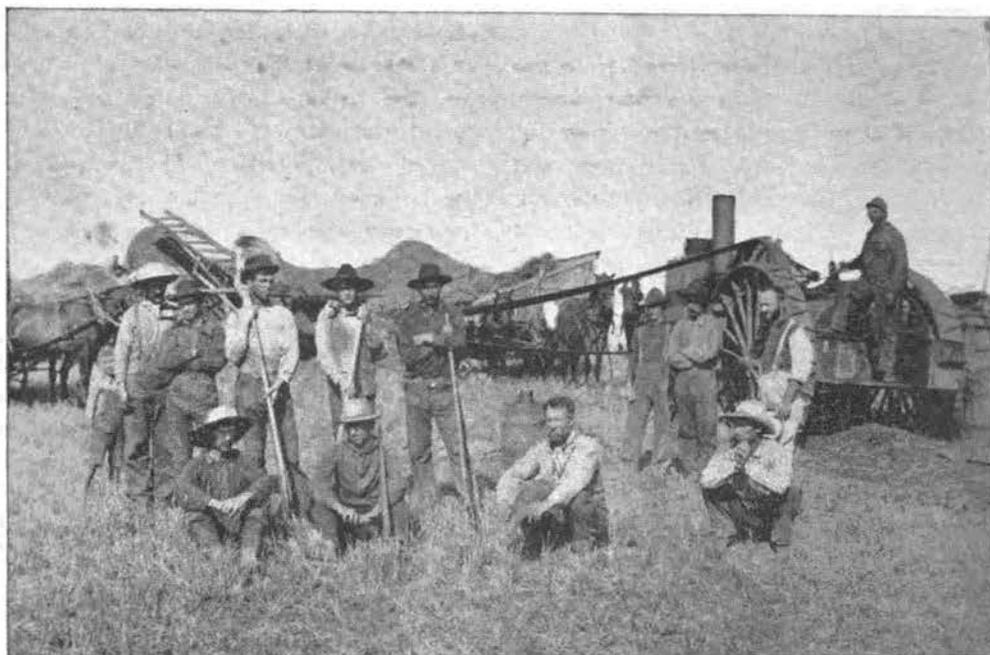
Recruits for the harvest labor come into the Northwest on every train. Many who come into the magnet country only for the grain-handling season decide to

settle permanently. This has been especially true of immigrants into Canada. In 1904 one of the railroads running up into the Canadian Northwest offered a round-trip harvest hand rate which proved very popular. The records of the company show that nearly half of the return coupons were never presented. The purchasers located in the new country.

Those who come by rail in early August for the harvesting make up but a part of the crews who do the threshing later. A few of the men come on previously arranged agreements with particular farmers, but by far the majority simply drift into any section where they think there will be a strong demand for hands. The getting together of employer and employee is interesting. The accepted times for engaging men are on Sunday afternoons and on rainy days; though, after the grain is ripe, whenever a farmer can get to town, he is on the lookout for men. The main streets of the town serve as the labor market places. Big crowds of the new arrivals loaf out in front of the restaurants and billiard rooms, waiting for farmers to come to town. They usually do not have to wait long. As farmers come in, the prospective hands approach them for jobs; or, fully as often, the farmers take the initiative.

There is always an accepted wage, which holds sway until the scarcity becomes so great that the farmers have to raise the wage to attract and hold the men. A large number of the tramp class loaf around the towns, waiting for the demand to become abnormal, so they can force the farmers to pay them exorbitant wages for a few days' work. Sometimes, the sheriffs drive them out, if they refuse to work for wages which the farmers think are high enough.

Wheat in the Dakotas and Minnesota



A Typical Harvest Gang.

is usually ripe for cutting in the early part of August. As soon as the grain approaches ripeness, the demand for men commences. Usually the farmer and his regular hired man, if he has one, ride the reapers, and the outsiders are hired to shock up the grain. Instead of five and six-foot binders, such as are used in the Eastern and Central states, eight, ten and twelve-foot binders are in general use in the Northwest country. Four horses have all they can do to pull them. Since it is impossible for one shocker to keep up with a machine which drops bundles as rapidly as these big reapers do, two and sometimes three men are put in the trail of one machine.

In some sections, especially in the far West, the header is used to a large extent for cutting grain. This piece of agricultural machinery cuts even a wider swath than a reaper, eliminates the shocker and makes it possible for the farmer to get his grain out of danger

in record time. It is similar in structure to the ordinary reaper, but has no binding apparatus, and the cutting fixtures move in front of the horses. A header rack, as it is called, is driven along beside the machine, and the grain, which is usually cut high up on the straw, is elevated directly into rack. When one rack is full, another drives in to take its place. Grain can be put into stack very cheaply by this method; though there is always great waste, especially in the threshing. Another way of handling the grain without shockers is to put it up in the bundle stacks for later threshing. The bulk of the grain in the wheat belt is, however, threshed from bundle shocks.

Shock-threshing in the Dakotas and lower Manitoba commences about September 1. Machine owners begin to round up their crews some time before this. Those who have several "rigs," as the machines are called, scour the coun-

try even before threshing begins. Engineers and separator men, scores of whom come from Illinois, Indiana and other states where threshing is over, are often imported under specific agreement. Rig owners must have the men, and the scramble to get them is often very keen. If a man stands idly on the street for any length of time, he is sure to be broached with the question, "Say, partner, where are you working?" When once a man has promised to go with a crew, it is considered the depth of meanness to try to persuade him to leave. Stealing a man's hands is a crime, just a little worse than horse-stealing. Of course, a man is perfectly at liberty to quit his job any time he wants to, and when he does, he then becomes fair prey for any other thresherman in search for men. If a crew hears that the men of some other crew in the neighborhood are getting three dollars when they are working for two seventy-five, there is sure to be dissatisfaction in a hurry, and if the boss does not respond by raising the wage, some morning he may find his crew missing.

Perhaps a majority of the threshing outfits are owned by groups of farmers living in the same neighborhood. Often the forming of these companies is along blood lines. All the relatives of one man will be in a company of which he is the moving spirit and boss. There are hundreds of machines, however, owned by individuals, and not infrequently one man owns several outfits. A German usually threshes for a German, a Scandinavian for the Scandinavians. Beside the troops of disconnected threshing hands who come up north from Kansas and Oklahoma in the season, there are also full crews, with threshing outfits complete, that gradually work north to Canada, threshing as they go.

Engines and separators used in the Northwest are mammoth, as compared

with those in use in the Eastern and Central states. Thirty-five horse power engines and sixty-six-forty-four separators are common in the Northwest country, while even in the Middle West the engines used are seldom larger than sixteen horse power, with correspondingly small separators. To keep such grain-devouring outfits as are in use in the wheat belt busy, it is necessary to have four men, instead of two, pitch into the separator feeders. This is accomplished in different ways. In one of the fastest crews in Manitoba, one which made a record average of 2400 bushels threshed a day, the plan was to have two men on each bundle rack that hauled in grain from the field. The bundle teams drove up to the feeder in turns, and the men on each load pitched in their own load. Inability to secure that many hands forced most of the threshermen to adopt a different plan, involving the institution of the "spike" pitcher, peculiar to threshing on this scale. The spike-pitchers one on each side, stay at the machine and climb up on each succeeding rack as it comes in. The spike-pitchers get a half-dollar a day extra pay over the bundle team drivers, because they have no rests between loads.

Paying large wages to big crews, the machine owners can not afford to have the work held up several times a day for repairs to the engine or difficulties with the separator. Good engineers command from \$5 to \$10 a day, according to the length of experience. Separator men are usually paid \$5 a day. It is the practical experience that counts. A professor of physics from a Minnesota high school tried to run an engine in Dakota last season. He knew the theoretical engine perfectly, but proved a failure when it came to keeping the engine repaired and always in good working order. The ability of the engineer and separator man to

keep the machinery in running order determine in large part the success of the outfit in fast threshing, and fast threshing is the great aim. The boss, if there is a single boss, usually runs his own engine or acts as separator man. The strategic point for him to be located seems to be as separator man. From that place he can keep the whole crew hustling. Beside the engineer and separator man the members of the regulation crew are fireman, water-hauler, spike-pitchers and usually ten bundle team drivers.

The farmer whose grain is being threshed always provides grain tanks and drivers to haul away the threshed product if it is to be hauled away. Most of the grain is sold direct to the elevators in the nearest towns. But times have been so prosperous of late with Northwest farmers that many can well afford to speculate a little on their own accounts. Consequently, they haul the

grain to their own granaries and wait for prices to go up after the flooding of the market at threshing time. With granaries of their own, it is much easier to get the grain into shelter, and it can then be hauled to town later, when the great rush of threshing time is over. It is not unusual for a farmer who has no adequate granary, or after his granary is filled, to have the grain threshed in a huge pile on the ground, to lie there until later, when he has time to handle it or until he thinks prices are right for him to dispose of it.

Another peculiarity of Northwest threshing is the use of straw for fuel in the engines. Straw, which in the Central states would be valuable enough to bale in large quantities, is absolutely useless to the Northwesterner, except as it can be used for firing purposes. Coal, on the contrary, is very expensive, and seldom used. Even when the engine is on the



Broad Fields in the Northwest.

move, straw is used to keep steam up, a rack of straw being pulled along as tender. Since no care whatever is to be taken of the threshed straw, the cyclone blowers of the separators blow it out in any sort of piles in which it may chance to light. Whenever the fireman needs fuel, one of the racks is driven under the shower of straw, and when filled, is hauled back to the engine. From ten to twenty loads of straw are required for a day's threshing. Flax straw is much better than wheat straw for steam-making purposes, as it burns longer and makes a hotter fire.

The great waste straw piles are usually burned some night after threshing is over. It is a magnificent sight one may often see at night on the boundless Dakota prairies when dozens of huge straw piles have been fired. The flames leap up in sheets and light up the country for three or four miles around.

In the Northwest, it is rough, hard life the thresherman leads. The hours are long and the accommodations could scarcely be worse. The wheat belt farmer always builds a big barn and granary before he pays much attention to the small matter of a house. Housing facilities are, of course, utterly inadequate to accommodate the crews. Everything and everybody usually travel with the machine, for the distances between farmhouses are so great that it is impracticable for the men to come and go every night. The crews all rough it in barns, straw piles, sheds, granaries, tents or chicken-coops, in rare instances in sleeping cars hauled from place to place by the engine. A man is at once sized up as a greenhorn if he doesn't have his blaket roll with him. The cook car is, in some quarters, succeeding the old social feature of threshing time when neighboring housewives help each other in cooking for the thresh-

ers. The chief difficulty with this plan seems to be getting a good cook. A crew will not stay if the food supply is not well up to the standard.

The old-fashioned system prevails in most places. The farmer's wife must provide for a terrific onslaught on the commissary supply. It is a matter of pride with most of them to have good things cooked up which will compare favorably with those furnished by any of the neighbors. Working as they do and living out doors, the men use the table-fork much as they do the pitch-fork. If they do not like the food furnished they are not backward in making their dissatisfaction known. Table manners are unknown. The rule is: "Reach as far as you want to, just so you keep one foot on the floor."

Most crews thresh from daylight to dark. Usually, about 5 o'clock in the morning the boss calls out to the rows of men sleeping in the haymow: "Teamsters, get up and feed your horses." The breakfast call comes at 5:30, and by 6 o'clock threshing has commenced. Sometimes the separator is still humming at 8 o'clock in the evening. Four meals a day are served. Dinner at noon, lunch at 4 o'clock and supper about 8:30 or 9 in the evening, whenever the men get in from the field. The men are constantly complaining about the long hours, and if the boss goes too far in his effort to get the most possible threshing done, he is likely to be confronted with a striking crew. A young Irishman, who was the life of one crew last year, propounded the theory that the Dakota farmers sleep all winter in order to be able to work all night during the summer. He said it was on the principle of the bear hibernating during the winter. This same man was always complaining of "two suppers in one night," when he was routed out in the small hours of the morning, and used to



Sampling the Yield.

tell about a crew going out after breakfast that met another just coming in for supper.

On the western prairies there is scarcely any twilight. When the sun goes down, night comes on rapidly. The men will usually make no complaint about threshing until sundown, but if the machine keeps going after that there is sure to be trouble. Getting a new job would be the least of their troubles, so they have no difficulty in enforcing their right to a quitting-time. Sometimes the bundle-haulers will simply fail to come in with their loads when it gets late. Toward the end of the day's work the men are always anxious to get their loads off,

and, if they think it is getting too late, they will purposely plug up the cylinder by feeding in the bundles too fast or feeding them in sideways. One frequently hears of a crew being laid off because some irate hand had tossed a horseshoe into the machine, effectually putting a stop to threshing, for that evening, and for some time to come.

The life of the thresherman, with all its hardships, has compensations, the association one finds with a hard race of men, the consciousness of having a part in the world's greatest industry and improved health, which is sure to be gained by such an experience.

THE NIGHTINGALE OF CAPITAL PRIZE

By EDGAR WHITE.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed—"

VIBRATING with tenderness came the notes through the smoke and glare of kerosene lamps from the lips of a dark eyed girl occupying the center of the stage in a combination amusement parlor known locally as "Harridan's Inferno." The stage setting was of a character to carry out the effect of the place's name. On the canvas behind, the condemned of earth writhed in red flames, and fought with monsters whose nostrils spouted fire. Cypress trees and weeping willow gave sombre shade from the wings. The footlights cast a deep red.

At first no one at the card tables or bars seemed to notice the eccentricity of Mademoiselle Le Clair's selection. There were no restrictions in the bond of her employment anent the range of her songs. Being a woman of the world, it was supposed her choosing would be of a sort to harmonize with the minds of men who were traveling the pace that kills. She was beautiful enough to be allowed her own way.

"Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
Could my tears forever flow—"

Crash! Crash!

Two shots rang out above the song and the noise. The singer shrieked, jumped from the stage and rushed toward a young man struggling with three of the gamblers, who were trying to take his pistol away. The marksman was a

fair haired youth of 20 or thereabouts. His first shot had been aimed at the dark eyed girl on the stage, but went wild. The second had torn away a portion of his skull, but the bullet did not penetrate the brain.

"Is he hurt?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"If he is he has lost no strength by it," said one of the gamblers, grimly. "We had the devil's own time getting his gun away."

The boy ceased his exertions. He looked shamefacedly at the girl, whose troubled eyes were searching him.

"I couldn't help it, Nelle," he said, "when you began singing that song—"

"Yes, I know," she interrupted, hurriedly, "if you're not badly hurt I'll walk over to your hotel with you."

The youth accompanied her to the rear. She went into the dressing room, changed her costume and came back.

"Poor boy!" she said, sympathetically, as they started down the street. "Are you sure you're not injured?"

"I'm afraid it don't amount to anything," he returned, bitterly. "One of those fellows standing by knocked the pistol up and the bullet merely got away with a little of the scalp. I wish he'd let me be."

They walked in silence through the crowded streets of the mining town until they reached the office of the tavern where the young man was stopping.

"Go to your room and lie down now," she pleaded; "there's a good boy. I'll see you in the morning."

The pale face lighted up and he turned to her.

"Nellie, dear, won't you quit it?" he

said coaxingly, "we could be so happy—you and I."

The girl laughed, a little recklessly.

"We'll talk about that tomorrow, Ned," she replied. "Now — pleasant dreams."

He held to her hand as though he would prevent her leaving, and she had to gently draw it from him. Then he put his hand to the side of his head and walked unsteadily into the office. The girl started back, turned and looked thoughtfully at him and then returned to the "Inferno." There was nothing to excite uneasiness in the breast of the one whose game was played for the souls of men—the card tables and the bar showed no diminution of trade over the trifling interruption. Several nodded in a friendly manner to the girl as she passed through the crowd to the stage end.

"Another feather for the Nightingale," remarked a tipsy young fellow, who tried to survey her through a monocle. There were dandies in Capital Prize as well as red sherted men with blue steel honor protectors.

"And it's color was red," added a companion, sententiously.

In the morning the boy was delirious, and a doctor was sent to his room. The shock and excitement were too much for him. An exaggerated report got out that his wound had assumed a dangerous nature and that he would die. Nellie Le Clair, the singer, responded with promptitude. The doctor observed the relationship, and stood aside.

"It's not serious," he said. "There's some pain—throbbing. And then he's worried over something."

"Yes, yes," replied the girl, "he is. I suppose I'm heartless."

The doctor looked puzzled, but made no comment. He soon left and another caller was admitted. It was Paul Ken-

neth, the hunter of lost sheep in the valley of the outlaw. Miss Le Clair arose and bowed as he entered, then looked at him apprehensively, for she knew his calling.

"How is the lad?" he asked, gently, as he took the chair she offered, and moved it over to the side of the bed.

"The doctor thinks there's no danger," she replied. "The report of his serious illness was unwarranted. I am very glad."

The preacher's serene blue eyes looked at her swiftly. It was only for an instant, but she flushed. He felt the boy's pulse and ran his hand softly over the brow.

"I begged her and begged her and begged her, and she won't give it up."

The invalid put his hand in front of his eyes and cried. The girl leaned over and sought to soothe him. As she did so her shoulder touched the minister, and he drew his chair back.

"I beg your pardon," she said icily.

He looked at her in surprise. He was a man of fine presence, with kindly blue eyes, and a voice with deep cadence that springs from a sincere heart. A woman does not like to be spurned by such a man, and the rebellious blood danced to the girl's face at the thought that he felt her presence a contamination.

The boy's delirium became worse. He threw the covering from him and tried to get up. The minister and the girl strove with all their might to calm him.

"I ain't a going home unless she comes, too; I'm going to follow her till she agrees to come back."

Then his brow grew black and he ground his teeth together.

"If she don't—if she don't, I'll kill her!" he said. "She shan't sing for those men."

The shepherd who preached to lost souls and the shepherdess who sang to

them had a hard afternoon of it. Again and again the boy broke out and the battle had to be kept up. Toward evening the doctor again called and found him some quieter. Kenneth volunteered to stay with him through the night. Miss Le Clair had to leave to enter upon her duties at the amusement house. As she was putting on her hat to go, the minister said, smiling sadly:

"I fear I shall be but a clumsy nurse, but I will do the best I can for your patient."

"I dare say you'll get along much better without than with me," she said. She remembered his shrinking from her.

"I do not think so," he returned, gravely. "He evidently thinks a great deal of you."

"I know—I know," she replied, brokenly; "more—far more than I deserve."

He did not ask her any questions. He did not censure her. He offered no suggestions as to what she should do. She took all this to mean that she was outside the pale of the church, and that good people could only regard her with horror and disgust. She did not sing "Rock of Ages" that night, nor anything like it. Hattie Somerfield and Kittie Nelson, her companions in a dancing piece, were amazed at her—her—well, enthusiasm. She introduced a new movement that brought the sparkling buckles on her dainty slippers nearer the stars than other sparkling buckles on other dainty slippers dared to go. The smoking men about the stage cheered the innovation and called for a repetition. So be it; the devil was kind, and the church was harsh. Long live the devil!

Ned Langdon, the sick boy, was so much better the next day that he got up and dressed himself. He was weak, though, and walking was a tribulation. While the memory and the shame of his first evening in Capital Prize was on

him he found himself again in Harri-dan's place, leaning against the bar. Before he could give his order a tall, smooth faced man, wearing a cassock, approached from behind and laid a kindly hand upon his shoulder.

"It's my 'set up,'" he said, genially; "how's the boy today?"

The young man looked up into the smiling countenance, with pleased surprise. He remembered the man who had nursed him through the black night.

"The preacher!" he said.

"'Parson Kenneth,' the boys call me. Can I make the order?"

"Of course; what suits you will suit me."

"Good! Ferguson! Rocky Mountain nectar and some Havanas!"

The bartender smiled.

"All right, parson," he said.

"Am I in on this?"

Miss Le Clair pushed in between the two, and put a tiny foot on the rail around the bar.

"Certainly," said Kenneth, politely, pushing the box of cigars toward her. "Ferguson! another glass of the same."

"What's this?" asked the girl, as she held the goblet aloft.

"Rocky Mountain nectar," said Ferguson, grinning.

She raised the glass to her lips.

"It's water!" she exclaimed.

The preacher smiled.

"It's what Ned and I are drinking now," he said. "You asked to join us."

"I won't be treated so," she replied, hotly. "Ferguson, a bottle of 'the morn-ing after' for—for us three."

A bottle of champagne was opened and Ferguson filled three tiny stemmed glasses with the beady liquid.

"Here's to the one I love who loves me not; and here's to the one who loves me and who I love not," she said, as she held her glass high.

"That's truly fair," responded Kenneth. "But Ned and I are not drinking wine today."

"You mean you won't drink with me?"

The glass came down with a rush and the dark eyes flashed ominously. The minister placed his hand on the arm of his boy friend.

"We thank you kindly," he said, with grave courtesy, "but we are not drinking wine today."

"What say you, Ned?" she asked.

"He is right," returned the boy. Then he looked at her wistfully. "I wish—that you—"

"Don't say it, Ned," she broke in, impetuously. "Don't you see it's too late? What's the good of preaching? He," indicating the man in cassock, "will tell you I'm quite a hopeless case."

Indeed I will not," said Kenneth, promptly and earnestly. "I think your conduct the other night was noble."

She eyed him suspiciously.

"I know what you really think," she said, recklessly.

He flushed at the implication as to his candor, raised his hat and started with his companion. As they were passing out, a conversation between a couple of swell dressers, evidently pleasure tourists, caused Kenneth to check his companion.

"I'll bet you a ten I can kiss her."

"Not here."

"Yes, here."

"Better not try."

"You're not game enough to bet?"

"O, I'm game enough. I'll make it 20 if you're itching to get into trouble."

"Trouble, how?"

"She won't stand for it."

"You'll see."

"All right. You do it and the money's here."

The maker of the proposition was what is classed by those peculiarly adept descriptive artists of the mountains as "a smooth looker." He belonged to that restless tribe of assumed gentility, with money to burn and nothing to do. The chaotic lair of the "bad man" promised diversion, and he was feeling that he was at last getting his money's worth. As he set out to earn that \$20 he placed his stiff hat jauntily on one side, stroked his dark mustache, and, with a smirking countenance, approached the girl who was looking defiantly at her late companions. The maker of the wager laid his hand on her shoulder, she jumped back in startled surprise—there was a crash as the bar went over, a volcano of oaths and a sudden rush of many feet. Kenneth, his eyes blazing and fists tightly doubled, stood over the man he had sent to the floor.

"You cowardly scoundrel!" he gasped.

The man whose hasty alliance with the floor had caused the uproar slowly regained his feet, looked craftily around and, before a soul could grasp an inkling of his intention, drew his revolver and shot twice. Kenneth placed his left hand to his breast, staggered forward, the floor gently came up to meet him, and all the light and noise and pain faded into the great unmeasured universe.

* * * *

A blanketed figure sat in a reclining chair near a small window and looked across to the siren hills where men gave life for gold. It was a pleasant morning and the keen Colorado air was rapidly making a well man out of one who had strayed to the border land not a fortnight since. The convalescent had a visitor whose mission was not of a healing nature.

"The only way I can see out of it," said the caller, in solemn tones, "is for you to go before the board, make a

complete apology and promise better conduct in the future."

The blue eyes of the sick man sparkled, and a hasty rejoinder seemed imminent. But he was not of the sort to speak before thinking.

"I thank you kindly, Deacon Smith," he said, calmly. "This, I suppose, is the decree of the entire board?"

"Yes, sir, it is. We have labored over the distressing circumstance long and prayerfully. We have decided your conduct inexplicable—there is no possible explanation for a minister engaging in a saloon fight—and your only hope is to make a complete apology to the board."

"And then?"

"And then we will discuss the matter of your retention."

There was a pause of several minutes. The "culprit's" eyes were partly closed, as if he were in deep study.

"Well?" said the deacon, impatiently.

"O, I beg your pardon. You were awaiting an answer?"

"Certainly."

The man in the chair sought to rise to his feet but his legs were too weak. The blue eyes were set hard. Again the explosion seemed at hand, but it was not.

"Tell your board that the minister declines to apologize, and will seek employment elsewhere."

"We will not give you a recommendation!"

"No, I presume not!"

The deacon put on his hat abruptly and arose from his chair.

"To think that a man of your ability would disgrace himself over a—"

"Mr. Smith, leave this room instantly, sir!"

The blue eyes were scorching now, and the self-control darted out the window and flew over the mountains. The sin cleansed steward shrank from the storm

he had created. His mission was accomplished. He had made himself understood, and so had the accused shepherd.

The scent of the wild flowers entered the room and mingled with that of a captured variety, but recently in by express. They were standing in a tall cut glass vase, and every damask head nodded warm approval of the minister's sturdy speech.

"With best wishes of Ned and Nellie," said the card. It was a musical alliteration and inferred an agreement at last.

"I was sure it would come around all right," he murmured. "God bless them both."

They had visited him frequently during his illness, always together, and showed their sympathy by many thoughtful ideas for his comfort.

The action of the church board regarding Kenneth was not relegated under a bushel. With a cunning characteristic of a narrow mind, Smith hinted it in a few quarters calculated to circulate. The miners, card men and cowboys who had learned to love the mild spoken man, who treated them as human beings, but who refused to drink or play on principle, openly revolted. They pledged themselves not to attend the church, nor to contribute a farthing to its support. A meeting was held and a fund promptly raised to build a new church, better, larger and more finely equipped than the old one; and it was unanimously agreed to make Kenneth its pastor so long as he cared to remain.

One evening, after the minister had progressed so far that the night air was not likely to cause bad results, Ned came in with an invitation.

"I want you to go 'round to Harri-dan's with me tonight, old man," he said. "You'll be interested."

"What's up, Ned?"

"O, nothing much; only some one told me to ask you."

Kenneth's face grew dark.

"Does she think I like that kind of a performance?" he asked.

"Now, don't get cross, old fellow," said the boy; "she knows what you like as well as you do."

"She does?"

"On my word of honor, and I'll guarantee if a thing goes wrong to stand personally responsible."

Kenneth laughed at his earnest manner.

"Well," he said, "I'm a disgraced prophet now, anyhow. I guess I can stand it."

"Disgraced nothing! When you get back to preaching again it won't be any use for those witch burners to try to hold a meetin'."

Ned started to go, but hesitated as if something further were on his mind. He was evidently embarrassed as if uncertain whether he should make the disclosure to his friend or not. At last he decided to tell it.

"By the way, Kenneth," he said, "Nell and I have come to an understanding."

"Good! I congratulate you with all my heart!"

He extended his hand, which Ned took and held firmly.

"I'm afraid you'll laugh when I tell you what the 'understanding' is," the young man went on in a somewhat constrained manner. "Of course, you know how anxious I've been to make her quit that sort of a life. She's a good girl and capable of a better career."

"I believe that."

"And she has promised to seriously consider the abandonment of the place, but—"

The smooth young face became troubled. The minister was looking through

the window at the cathedral spires on the range.

"But she told me, kindly enough, that she would not marry me even in the event she does quit. Her reason was that she was older than me by two years."

The last was said bitterly, as though the reason was not the real one.

"We have agreed, however," he said, brightening a little, "that neither one of us will marry for five years without the other's consent."

Kenneth smiled at the queer pact. He understood that Ned was in the agony of his first real love affair, and that all these little partnership negotiations were serious enough to him now.

"Let's hope it will come around all right," he said, rising and laying a friendly hand on the young man's shoulder. "I'm much older than you, my boy, and I've generally found what is best. Tell Miss Nellie the preacher that was will be glad to visit our friend Harridan's miniature inferno tonight. And we'll let Brother Smith make the most of it."

* * * *

Harridan's place had a gallery running around the walls as in the ordinary western theater building. In the center or pit below were tables for card playing and drinking. The stage occupied the east end, and was spacious enough for a large ballet. On either side of the room below were long bars. Ned had two complimentary tickets, and he led the way along the gallery nearly to the front. The house was crowded below, and soon filled up above.

The orchestra thundered and the curtain arose on 30 girls in—in tights. Kenneth looked down on the revelers at the tables.

"You needn't get uneasy," said Ned, "she's not with that lot."

"Will she—"

"Not tonight. Just be patient."

The minister's eyes wandered to the sparkling chorus. There were some good singers, and all were graceful dancers. But the show didn't interest him. He felt sorry for the poor creatures who were driven to this way of making a living. He was glad when the scene was over, but the audience was apparently sorry, from the uproar it made to call the girls back.

There was some clever acrobatic work by alleged Japanese, a cowboy did some expert knife throwing, and a company of Indians performed a war dance, to the accompaniment of mighty yells. Then came a trio of high kickers, Hattie Somerfield, Kittie Nelson and a stranger. The audience cheered them vociferously. The contortions began. In the language of an enthusiast who sat near the minister and his young friend, "they delivered the goods." Kenneth averted his eyes from the stage and sat in moody abstraction for some time. When Ned undged him there was a wonderful change of view. The scenes had been shifted to represent an old castle on a promontory extending into the sea. A crescent moon cast a feeble light across the dark waters. A boatman, with long, white beard, stood at the prow of his craft, in the deep shadow of the sombre castle. Candles were lighted in a lower room, and looking in the great front window the spectators could see a bier. An hourglass, with the sands fully spent, rested on its center.

"This is sacriligious, Ned," said Kenneth, indignantly.

The boy motioned him to be silent. The picture had sobered the noisy crowd, which was watching it intently.

"Last night as I lay sleeping
There came a dream so fair,
I stood in old Jerusalem
Beside the temple there—"

The tones from the unseen singer came rich with tremulous feeling over the black sea guarding the castle of death. The boatman stood with bowed head, leaning on his oar.

"I heard the angels singing
And ever as they sang
Methought the voice of angels
From heaven in answer rang—"

In the transformation that occurred during the stanza the "Nightingale," attired in fleecy white veiling, appeared in the center of a cloud that seemed to hang midway of the stage. Above, the morning stars sparkled over the Holy City, which glowed like gold against the grey background of the mountains. The girl's dark eyes and wavy chestnut hair brought out the white, patrician features in strange relief.

"My God!" gasped Kenneth.

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Sing
For the night is o'er!
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna for evermore!"

The grand voice of the singer broke out in a swell of melody that made the picture sublime. Kenneth had heard singing evangelists—good, consecrated men—travail over that song, and he had complimented them. But tonight he realized that he had never heard it sung before. He wondered what subterranean force it was that had swept him off his feet, and tried to set up a counter train of thought with all the strength of his mind. But it was as the struggle of bare hands against the rocks. At last he realized that the curtain was down and that the audience was cheering wildly.

"Ned," he said abruptly, "take me to her!"

The boy looked at him in amazement.

"It's no use, old man," he said moodily. "She won't let go."

"You must show me the way, Ned,"

he said, decidedly, while the blue eyes glowed with a curious light; "come on; there's a good fellow."

Ned knew the way. They pushed through the gallery gods, elbowed men right and left in the lower room and at last reached the stage end. The boy found a side door, which he had evidently passed through before, and led the way to a narrow corridor where the musicians and actors were bustling about, getting ready to return home or to mix with the crowd in the front room.

"I want to thank you very much, Mr. Kenneth, for coming tonight, and to Ned likewise for bringing you."

A small white hand was extended to the minister and two dark eyes looked genially into his. Miss Le Clair had observed them first and thus acknowledged their presence.

Kenneth's self-possession returned. It was his characteristic to handle a crisis calmly.

"I want to see you a few minutes, if you please," he said.

She led the way to her room, the men following. Kenneth passed preliminaries.

"Ned here says you ought to quit this place. He's right."

The "Nightingale" smiled pleasantly.

"Yes, I know," she said.

The minister, by a habitual motion, smoothed back the hair from his forehead and moved a step toward her.

"Miss Le Clair," he said, "it is either my fortune or misfortune to be a blunt speaker. I love you! I've just been dis-

charged from my church here, and the people have offered to build another and install me as pastor. But I shall not accept it, as I do not wish to be the means of bringing on a church warfare. I leave for the east tomorrow, and if you will return with me as my wife, next to the cause of my Master, my life shall be devoted to making you happy."

The heaving bosom of the "Nightingale" indicated the tremendous effect of the declaration. She sat down in a chair and rested her head on her hand. During the past few weeks she had become well enough acquainted with this man to know that he carefully considered everything he said, and that there was no likelihood of his recantation during his "cooler moments" of the morrow. But there was one thing in the way, and though Kenneth had forgotten it, the girl had not.

"What do you say, Ned?" she asked, looking wistfully at him.

The dumbfounded boy, who had been a silent witness to the little scene, had observed an eager expression in the dark eyes, and a rich mantle on the pale cheeks foreign to anything created by his own avowal, and knew the lay of the land. So he spoke up like the little gentleman he was:

"Why, Nell, with the exception of myself, there isn't a man on earth I'd rather see you marry than this parson here."

Then the blushing Nightingale didn't do a thing to that little latter day martyr but throw her arms around his neck and hug him till he begged for mercy.



"LA RAYONNANTE."

By GEORGE GORDON.

LIKE many another Harvard man, Frank Fielding had crossed the Atlantic in order to be present at the inter-varsity boat race; and, in spite of the Crimson's defeat, had managed to enjoy himself hugely in London. Thence, as was to be expected, he flitted to Paris, and found himself tasting the delights of a glorious autumn morning in the *Champs Elysees*.

It was his first visit to the French capital, and he yielded completely to its charm. Its frank gaiety appealed irresistibly to him; and there was in the atmosphere a verve that made life, hitherto most desirable, doubly worth while. In fine, affected by a sense or irresponsibility quite unusual, the throngs of well-dressed men and women which passed him by were no more Parisian than was, for the time being, this young American. The saunter of an inveterate Boulevardier had replaced his usually quick and decided step; and he eyed the women with the simon-pure's assiduity, if not his impertinence.

"They certainly know how to dress," he admitted; "but, when it comes to looks—"

About to conclude disparagingly, he broke off short, to gaze at a young girl who, on the driveway, flashed by in a Victoria.

She was in some subtle sense different to anyone whom he had ever previously seen. Her face, flowerlike in its beauty, yet vividly expressed the young animal's joy in living; this, notwithstanding a certain suggestion of the ethereal, conveyed, perhaps, as much by a exquisite individ-

uality in her dress as by her moulding to a lesser scale.

He remembered with a swift, inexplicable sense of loss, how a stray ringlet, floating loose in the breeze, had glinted gold in the sunlight. Then this sense took full possession of him. Something, as it were, had gone from out his bosom; something that left him vaguely longing. For the time being, this longing resolved into a desire to see her again. He had now no eyes for pedestrians. Gazing eagerly at the returning stream of carriages, he sought avidly a smart Victoria with its lightsome burden of dainty girlhood. She did not reappear; but, all through the night, she haunted his dreams as exclusively as she had haunted his waking moments. He awoke with but one desire, with one all-absorbing idea—to be again in the *Champs Elysees*, to see again the girl who, one moment no part of his life, had become in the next its sum and substance.

The afternoon, as did many that succeeded it, proved to be as bright and balmy as had been the first; the same gay crowd thronged the avenue; and always at the height of its gaiety, the girl was whirled down it in her well-appointed carriage. Once she stopped to the salutation of a white-haired man, evidently of the *Haute Aristocratie*; once, Fielding could have sworn, his eyes met hers, and held them for a moment.

The old aristocrat, he quickly concluded, was none other than her father; then followed a novel sense of pride in the knowledge that he himself came of no mean stock. Later, for the first time in his life, he exulted in his wealth.

"With an ancestry untarnished, and a good bank-roll, I may surely aspire to an alliance with any member of this republic's aristocracy," he mused. "The first thing is to get an introduction."

At the end of ten days, however, this necessary preliminary appeared to be as remote of attainment as ever, and more than ever to be desired. The aged exquisite, he indeed learned, was the head of one of the proudest families in France, and dated his ancestry back to those days in which the great of the earth, of necessity, perpetuated their history by means of hereditary minstrels; but—he had no daughter.

Baffled in this direction, Fielding resolved more firmly than ever to gain his end; and, in the meantime, added fuel to the fire of his passion by daily glimpsing its object for a minute or less.

"At this rate," he admonished himself, "provided that the weather holds out, it will take me three months or more to gain one cumulative hour of her fleeting vision with its attendant heart-glow. Besides," conscience admonished, "I've overstayed my time already."

It was on a hopelessly wet day, however, that conscience spoke; on the next, which dawned full of promise, the lover sa far forgot its admonitions as to send his father the following cable:

"Return postponed indefinitely. Letter to follow."

"In this last, he explained the intensity of his passion for an unknown *Aristocrate*; the hopelessness of his gaining even an introduction without enlarging his acquaintance in Paris; his determination to attain this end through the American Embassy; and, lastly, begged his parent to further his suit by providing him with ample means and satisfactory credentials. Whilst awaiting a reply, he made his daily pilgrimage to the Champs Elysees, and worshipped at

the shrine of her whom he had poetically dubbed "*La Rayonnante*."

As he had fully expected, his father's response proved prompt and satisfying; and, shortly after its arrival, he found himself fairly launched in the gay *Monde* of Paris. Good-looking and rich, he was everywhere welcome. Balls, soirees, dinners, card parties, followed one another in rapid succession. Indefatigable in his quest, Fielding bade fair to overtax even the splendid constitution that was his. But nowhere, except in the *Champs Elysees*, could he gain a glimpse of her whom he sought. His discreet inquiries proved equally abortive.

Even had he not been otherwise sufficiently interested, this non-success would have served to arouse in him a natural combativeness; but by this time he was possessed by an absorbing desire to win the elusive beauty. It seemed to him that the earth held no other end worthy of attainment.

Finding himself one Sunday night without social engagement, he left his hotel and strolled aimlessly through those thoroughfares which presented the greatest attraction, either by reason of the brilliancy of their illumination or of the crowds which thronged them.

Time, however, soon began to hang heavily on his hands; and he had about decided that an hour or two at the "*Varietes*" would not be ill spent, when he saw coming towards him, afoot and alone, the girl whom he had sought so vainly in the salons of the wealthy.

At first, he could not believe his eyes; but the brilliant lights of a cafe put the matter beyond question or doubt. His heart began to beat violently; cold reason held no brief against the joy of beholding her.

She approached easily; his own strong limbs trembled beneath him. Surely, there was dawning in her eyes a light of

recognition! She was smiling—at himself. His senses were in a whirl. Were they playing him false? She stopped.

"I have observed monsieur often," she said in the softest of tones, "and monsieur, I am sure, desires my society. We will dine together, is it not so? Allons!"

Dazed by the sudden and complete dissipation of his love-dream, he acquiesced dumbly; and, turning, paced beside her down the brilliant corridor that gave entrance to the dining room. The girl, marvelling at his silence, chatted with gay volubility, and thereby sealed the

urn into which he had mentally consigned the ashes of his dead ideal. A mirthless laugh announced their final sepulture.

Supper found him gay and liberal. He ordered a sumptuous repast and the costliest wines; and to the last, at least, did fullest justice.

The gayer he grew, the more reserved became the girl. Finally, noting his flushed features and the unnatural brilliancy of his eyes, she speculated whether, after all, she had not made a mistake.



IN FURRIN PARTS.

By ALDIS DUNBAR.

Ye see, there was a girrl—don't mind her name.
Bedad, 'tis one an' all o' thim's the same!
Whin there's a fallin' out, ye get the blame!

Sure, afther that, I didn't somehow care
For pigs an' praties, though I'd thim to spare;
So off I kim away for change of air.

I'm here, 'tis thrue; but, ivrywhere I pass,
Me feet are wearyin' for touch o' grass.
Yer streets 'ud wear out brogans made o' brass!

I walk an' walk—an' niver feel no betther.
The faces all are sthrange,—I can't forget her.
An' faith, 'twas yestherday I had a lether!

That's why I'm hast'in home again to see
The little pigs that know the voice o' me,
The pratie crop—an' Judy Flaherty!

Our Poet Philosopher

OR

Sound Doctrine

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE signs is bad when folks commence
A findin' fault with Providence,
And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake
At ev'ry prancing step they take.

"No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare
He hung his sign out everywhere.

"My doctrine is to lay aside
Contentions and be satisfied.
Jest do your best and praise er blame
That follows that, counts jest the same.

"I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less;
And it's the man who does the best
That gets more kicks than all the rest."



When You Come To Think About It.

FRANK L. STANTON.

When you come to think about it—on this old terrestrial ball,
Rimmed with roses in the springtime, heaped with fruitage in the fall;
Though we all were born a-growlin'—though we're axle-deep in doubt,
There is really very little for the world to growl about.

When you come to think about it—did your growlin' ever pay?
Did it ever bend a rainbow—chase a thunder cloud away?
Don't it deafen all the angels when they try to sing an' shout?
Don't they know that there's but little in the world to growl about?

When you come to think about it—but the best way's not to think!
There's a spring there, by the wayside—stop ye travelers, an' drink!
There's a green tree in the desert, 'neath a firmament o' blue,
An' a hive that's dripping honey for the famished lips of you!

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O ye fibre-coated mountains!
O ye caverns of the earth!
Speak to man in voice of thunder!
Give to Right a lawful birth!

Teach thine ev'ry bough to whisper
And thine ev'ry rock to speak
Of the doom awaiting mortals,
Who thy very life-blood seek,

But to feed it out in teaspoons,
Where the highest ransom's paid;
By whose method of procedure
Man is low and lower laid.

When thou givest all so freely,
To the tyrants in control,
Why sit mutely by and listen?
Let the voice of Justice roll!

Dost not know the cries of needy,
Echo through your silent bow'rs?
Is there not one ear to listen
In this grand old world of ours?

Justice! Can it be you're sleeping
In the hearts of ancient dead?
Will some Lincoln rise and call thee
From thy Rip Van Winkle bed?

One there is Who always knoweth
Of the needs of children dear;
May Divinity's choicest blessings
Lend their helpful wisdom here.

List' the voice, "Love one another"
Work together hand in hand;
Call from out all parties' gardens,
Brothers' emblem for our land.

Let all men forsake the pathway
Leading thro' Division's gate;
Had our states not been united,
Tremble for America's fate!

Let us form a brothers' party
Ask all men a vote to cast
That will wipe away all errors
Of the ages that are past.

—Mrs. Chas. H. Jobb, 12 Stark Ave., Dover, N. H.

The Religion of Nature

By Henry Wagner, M. D.

INTRODUCTION.



In the following pages, the attention of the reader is asked to a brief revelation of Nature's Religion, as published by the Infinite Creator in His works, which are all about us,—in suns, stars, planets and moons, with their inhabitants of cereals, vegetables, fruits, animals and men. The Law of Correspondences runs throughout the whole, and connects the vast systems of nature's organic forms into one infinite system of life as the Deific intelligence, manifested in every thing, in every place, in every organ and organism.

Who can view this wonderful and majestic macrocosmic God without wonder and profound astonishment, or can fail to experience a deep sense of reverence for the mind that is manifested throughout the vast whole? We bow in silent adoration, and worship the infinite Intelligence which we behold in all of His works. His ways and His will, operating throughout His organized systems of worlds and universes. We are

conscious of His presence in us, and in all about us; therefore with this utterance of poetic diction, we send forth our book to the public without further introduction:

To Thee who art the All in All, to Thee who art the Infinite and Eternal, we humbly bow in resignation. Accept our simple offering; renew our hopes and aspirations; redeem us to Thyself as Thine offspring, restored to a perfect knowledge and to a perfect understanding of our relations to our Father-Mother God. Amen!

THE AUTHOR,
HENRY WAGNER, M. D.

CHAPTER I.

Light is; Life is; Love is manifested in manifesting Light and Life out of darkness, the matrix or womb of Nature. Every thing is germinated in darkness: the germ seed could not exist in the light and live. The night, or negative pole, is its natural center of life until the light evolves the latent potentialities of its nature; every germ-seed has its

own nature latent within itself. every kind after its own kind. Every species of germ, whether of plant, tree, animal or man, contains its own nature, and all derive their life from the spiritual sun—the great central reservoir of Light, Life and Love.

Men call Deity, Brahm, Allah, Om, the All in All, and many other names to express the oneness of all life; this must be realized by each one for himself or herself before they can comprehend the infinite expressions of life manifested in creation.

God, the Infinite Spirit is, was, and will be forever, without beginning or end, the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end; **I am, That I am**, implies a consciousness of being alive and of knowing the meaning of Life, Light and Love, as it manifests its threefold nature in knowledge and wisdom,—the knowledge of being alive in an infinite ocean of life, of having definite relations specifically our own, governed by laws inherent in this ocean of life which contains all life of every kind potentially within itself. We are thus shown the oneness of Deity as the one life and one law, expressed infinitely in form and function, organ and organism, infinitely diverse in form and function, no two that are exactly alike, no two of any kind, of any species, of any race, whether of

animal, reptile, bird or man, or of tree, plant or shrub, flower or grass, yet all exist in this one life and have their being in it. All this plainly shows us that there is no law governing man apart from the universal law of all life; that there is no private legislature for man exclusively his own, nor any personal deity apart from his own ego or separate from this all in all life; that the only personal expression of this one law relates to the infinitely diverse, equally as it does to man, manifesting Deity in every creation, in every manifestation of life, making Deity omniscient and omnipotent as the center and circumference, the within and the without, the above and the below,—in short, the All in All of all things, of all life, of all light, love, knowledge and wisdom. When man fully realizes the above truth he becomes illuminated, mentally and spiritually, through his divine Ego, his God, his Sun, the center of his expression of manifested life, called **I am** as a ray of the Spiritual Sun or Deity, the Sun of all life. It is a center of activity around which the law of life creates its ideas of thought, and expresses them in imagery, in words and symbols, conveying a knowledge of itself to itself, and to all of its separate parts as differentiations of itself, in forms and functions, organs and organisms, called suns, planets, stars, moons, meteors and

other cometary bodies when applied to universal law, and when applied to individual life, called animal, bird, whale, fish, reptile, insect, tree, plant, vegetable, cereal, berry, nut, apple, cherry, plum, orange, grape.—in short every expression of life of every kind and nature, governed by the parent of all life, the grand center of being, the Spiritual Sun, or Deity. "The outward doth from the inward roll, and the inward dwells in the inmost soul." The kingdom of heaven is within, harmony in our soul's relation to the universal soul must be experienced by all for themselves before they can know themselves and their relation to Deity. This knowledge is necessary to a full understanding of consciousness in being; time has no existence to the soul polarized in the universal soul, and the events of life register themselves upon the dial of Deity are only so many lines or notes vibrated into forms, colors, organs, or organisms, as instruments through which the universal mind of Deity is forever creating and manifesting his potentialities of knowledge and wisdom. Out of Himself is evolved all life, yet within Himself all creation is manifested, as nothing can exist apart from Deity.

We can climb the ladder of life to its highest rung, the Mount Ararat of Noah's landing place for the ark in which he took refuge from the

flood that covered the whole earth during the cycle of life to which he was related. This allegory is very beautiful when understood spiritually. The flood referred to by Noah was the mental and spiritual turmoil through which his soul was evolving. His physical body was the ark, containing seven of the clean pair and two of every kind of life, as the microcosmic being environed by the macrocosmic organism, or Deity. Embryology confirms Noah's story and proves conclusively that he was a wise man, in full possession of a knowledge of himself and of his relations to the universe about him; he knew himself to be an epitome of Deity, a microcosm of all nature, a compound of every form of life. He was an initiate in hermetic law, and a graduate of the knowledge of the truths embodied within himself as a microcosmic expression of Deity. He knew the law of cycles,—of polar and solar motion, as well as those of the day and night,—and the period at which they would manifest their fruitage; hence he stored away in the different compartments of his ark the food necessary to feed and keep alive his menagerie of all life. His brain cells retained this knowledge, as consciousness, as memory and understanding. When the floods came and the rain descended to engulf him, his ark floated upon the waters

of life unharmed, and rested in safety and security on the highest point of his mental consciousness, which he called Mount Ararat. From this, the highest peak of his mental vision, he sent out the dove (intuitions) to survey the waters that environed him. Twice the dove returned, because the waters had not dried from off the land; the third time the dove did not return. The first and second survey made by his intuitions informed him that the flood, or the material conditions that then environed him, made it yet unsafe for him to leave the ark (his body); but the third time the dove informed him, by remaining away, that the floods had subsided, or that sufficient harmony had been restored within his environment to

make it safe to send his menagerie, or microcosmic life, out into the macrocosmic universe. He had evolved his soul consciousness through the watery triplicity of his being, and had awakened his soul within himself, or unto self-consciousness of his relation to the earthy triplicity, upon whose summit he then stood and surveyed the whole country, into which he sent all the animals he had preserved in the ark. This astrological allegory has puzzled the wisest of men, and has compelled modern scientists to reject it as fabulous and untrue because of its many absurdities and impossibilities when interpreted literally, which we must confess would make it the most stupendous of miracles.

(To be Continued.)

Leech or Vulture?

Characterizing the so-called great financiers of the country as mere human leeches and vultures who plunder the unsuspecting and are now seeking to plunder the whole nation and denouncing President Roosevelt as "the agent or attorney of the bank trust in its effort to destroy all the money of the people upon which the banks cannot exercise control or impose interest," the United States Monetary league has

published a pamphlet appealing to congress against the passage of any asset, credit or flexible currency act.

This pamphlet declares that the scheme of flexible currency, as fathered by the national bank trust and sponsored by President Roosevelt, is but a thinly disguised plan to further and more effectively rob the productive industries of the people, while ostensibly bringing forth the measure for the good of the country.

The text of the pamphlet is in part as follows:

“The proposed currency schemes as fathered by the national bank trust, the Bankers’ association and sponsored by President Roosevelt, contains within it more elements of mischief, wrong, outrage and dishonesty than is possible by any other congressional enactment. So far-reaching, so terribly destructive of the best interests of the people, so promotive of debauchery, robbery, graft and special privileges, it seems impossible to conceive of a United States congress enacting into law such plain violations of all decency and equity. This scheme has been hatched by the so-called great financiers, but most of them are mere human leeches, who, for the past forty-four years, have plied their intellects and brains to study out ways and means for more adroitly plundering the innocent and unsuspecting, and the whole nation.

“And, to more easily accomplish their vile purpose, they make war upon the silver dollar and the greenback. This money they would destroy, even though the people starve by it. They want to force the people to use their vicious substitute for money to gratify their greed for gold. And the president of the United States shows himself to be the agent or attorney of the bank trust in its effort to destroy all the

money of the people upon which the banks cannot impose interest, or control its use.

“These elementary propositions and principles of honest money are so simple in their application that it is impossible to believe that men of the intellectual capacity of public servants, whether legislative or executive, do not understand fully the intent and purpose of these closely allied schemes—asset currency and destruction of silver and paper money; and their course can be explained only on the hypothesis that they are ready to quiet their conscience, if any remains, by asserting that their conception of duty leads them to walk in the paths and byways commanded by the “captains of industry,” the robbers of the producer: they who grow fat upon the labor of women and children, or by the creation of evidence of debt through the machinery of the printing press, the stock exchanges and a subservient, facile congress, as well as by an administration ready and anxious to do the bidding of that unholy exponent of greed and avarice—the national bank money trust.

“We hereby voice the demand of the people for plain, simple, equal justice to all; that congress create money as authorized by the constitution and validated by the supreme court, gold, silver and greenbacks or treasury notes, every dollar equal

and a full legal tender for debt; and that money so created shall be paid into circulation for government obligations and without the intervention of banks, leaving banks to do business on their own money, in the same manner as others do."

The pamphlet is signed by Joseph N. Stephens, national secretary United States Monetary League, Denver; Moses Hallett, Denver; Arthur E. Pierce, Denver; L. H. Weller, Nashua, Iowa; Roman J. Jarvis, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Morton Alexander, state senator, Arvada, Colo.; James A. Best, Denver; D. A. Rankin, Denver; George Mays, Denver; H. R. Pendery, Leadville; C. G. Pitschke, Denver; Nicholas Miller, Denver; J. C. Jarnagin, Warrenton, Ga.; D. A. Deitz, Parkman, Wyo.; C. C. Kauffman, Green Castle, Pa.; James Greene, Thomaston, Conn.; H. M. Donnelly, Providence, R. I., and E. E. T. Hazen, Holyoke, Colo., vice presidents.

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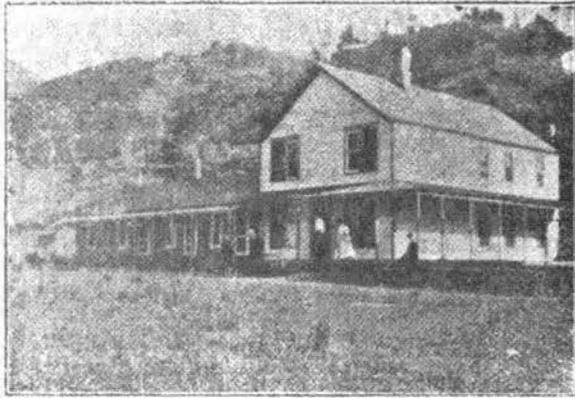
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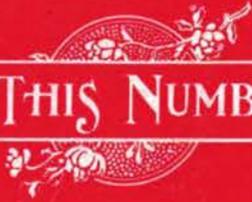
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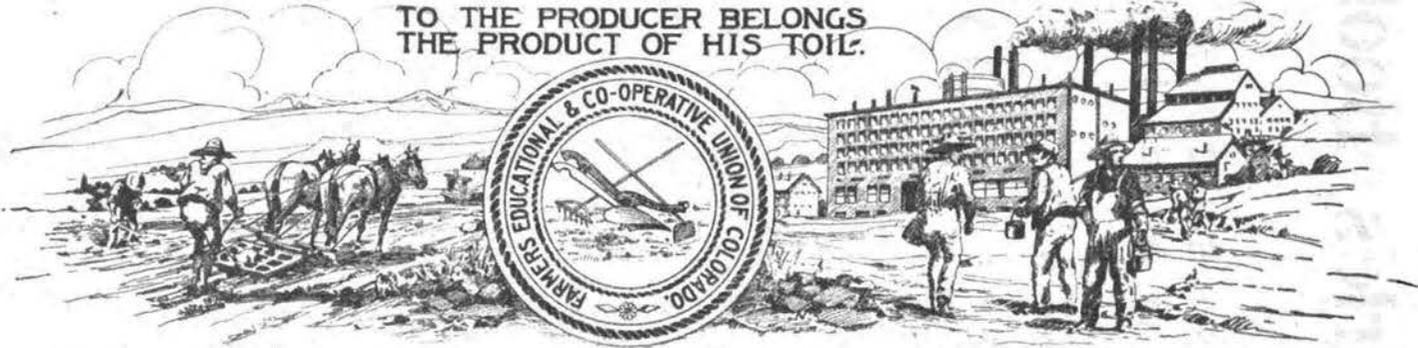
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The Religion of Nature

By HENRY WAGNER, M. D.

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CHAPTER I, CONTINUED

THE impossibility and improbability of many of the statements made in the foregoing allegory, in the literal sense, are too ridiculous and absurd for serious consideration, especially that Noah, his wife, his sons and their wives should have attended to the wants of so many animals, all of different natures, requiring different food wherewith to sustain their lives. Beside, the ark was of such small dimensions that it could not have held hay sufficient to preserve one large elephant alive for the length of time necessary, much less food for all of the different animals which the ark is said to have contained. When interpreted by the key of knowledge and wisdom, however, how divinely beautiful this astrological allegory becomes. It is literally true to nature, and is positive proof of Noah's initiation, and that he was an hermetic initiate, the messenger of the cycle of evolution to which he belonged. His divine revelation to mankind is as true today when it is interpreted by means of the her-

metic key. He represents that he preserved alive his entire family and all his relatives, including their families of kindred souls, because they obeyed his (Noah's) commands and took refuge with him in the ark; their faith and belief in Noah's divine revelation was their salvation. It is also our salvation if we accept it in the spirit and not in the letter; that is if we make it our conscious knowledge, as Noah did, and as Noah's sons and their wives did. We are again called upon to flee to the highest mountains—that is, to our highest consciousness of the relation we have unto Deity.—to ascend to our Mount Ararat for safety, for the waters will engulf all of the lowlands and high hills of our little world, our microcosmic universe, and safety cannot be secured by us until we are firmly and securely landed upon the top of our mountain of truth, from which we too can send out the dove of intuition to bring us the joyful tidings that the waters have abated and that dry land has at last appeared. Dry land is a symbol of the foundation of our conscious understanding of our knowledge

of our relation to Deity; from this high mountain we can oversee the whole world of our little being and superintend its complex wants. All will be properly cared for and nourished spiritually, mentally and physically. This is our responsibility and obligation to Deity and must be fulfilled by each one before he or she can realize the absolute truth of their oneness with Deity.

Time is only an illusion of the physical senses, when viewed from the spiritual plane, the registrar of events from this outer or external plane; the forty days and nights symbolize the quartinary, or four triplicities, necessary to complete the Cycle of Necessity through which Noah was compelled to evolve his potentialities as a deific ego, or spiritual ray of Deity. Ten is the symbol of the male and female in in one, and the four tens which make forty or four triplicities, are the Cycle of Necessity through water, fire, earth and air, or in other words the Zodiac of universal life. The two of every kind symbolizes the dual halves of ego as positive and negative, male and female. The seven of the clean pair symbolizes the septenary laws of nature, the foundation of all forms. The two pillars of light and darkness, of night and day signify consciousness of the whole of nature in its dual manifestations.

My father and I are one, but not equal in power, nor glory, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, as the smaller is contained in the larger, microcosm in the macrocosm. Man, as an emanation from Deity, and in Deity, is at one with Deity in spiritual essence, as he is without beginning and without end in his potential being; having always existed, he will likewise always exist as an immortal part of this immortal whole. But, as a part, he is

limited and circumscribed in his relations to the whole to a certain line of march, governed by the cyclic laws of involution and evolution known as the laws of polar, solar and diurnal motions, as regulated by the spiritual sun from its center of being, through suns, planets and moons, as the organs of Deity, in fulfillment of the Deific mind in its operation and manifestation. All nature attests this fact of the Infinite mind, in its infinite expression of life; this ranges from the sun, in its cycle around its center, requires twenty-five thousand nine hundred and twenty years, as we reckon time, to complete one revolution of its zodiac, to the earth on its axis to manifest the day and the night in twenty-four hours, and its revolution around the sun of our system in one year's time, thus giving us the seasons of the year, with their fruitage, as regularly as the hour, minute and second hands of the watch which indexes time. Thus is registered with mathematical accuracy polar, solar and diurnal motion.

The periods of gestation for each separate species of life-forms are also exact; each fulfills its orbit in its prescribed time, showing us the sublime fact that mind or intelligence is operating in all through all, governing and manifesting knowledge and wisdom through all; that man is capable of comprehending to a nicety all of these sublime facts; and that he can measure and weigh the large as well as the small. The telescope and the microscope, the spectroscope and the camera are mechanical inventions of mind in its relation to matter and spirit, of wonderful intelligence, it is true, but yet all inventions of a mechanical nature fall far short of the real power of mind as expressed in thoughts. The pen is indeed mightier than the sword. The genius of intelligence can over-

hrow thrones, kingdoms, principalities and republics with the word of power expressed with his magical sword, the pen. It is this living transforming agency which we propose to use in this volume to overthrow the present state of hypocrisy, cant, selfishness and ignorance of undeveloped humanity, as manifested in creeds of religion, science and philosophy; the childhood of earth has passed never to be repeated upon this earth again, and the biblical stories recorded in allegory, symbol and parable, must be retold anew in plain simple terms, which will convince the sceptic and scientific minds of today that God is present in everything as the motive power and intelligence governing the world. The grand old ages of the history of our earth's past life are not dead as many suppose; they still exist in spiritual spheres, and have, through the cycles of time that have elapsed, learned much wisdom, which it will greatly benefit the children of earth today to know. Therefore, they will endeavor to reveal such facts and knowledge, as seems to them wise, to this cycle of time in which the great Father of all is manifesting his mind, through them, to his children of earth. He can only express that degree of love and wisdom which can be comprehended by his children, and as they have grown to manhood the same old truths of creation, redemption and salvation can now be stated scientifically and philosophically instead of allegorically, as they were stated in the infancy of the race, when the earth and its inhabitants were young and undeveloped, physically and mentally; and when there were few, comparatively speaking, who were capable of understanding nature's sublime laws, and their mathematical relations to each other in their geometrical proportions and dimensions as

measured by time and space. These laws were then understood by but few; the time has come when they may be taught to many that are now ready to comprehend their grandeur and sublimity, as recorded in the genesis of life by those few to whom they were given in allegory, parable and symbolism. To the previous races of earth these truths could not have been taught scientifically because they were in their infancy, as a race, and could not understand nor comprehend them. Children can always best be taught by object-lessons, hence the language of symbolism, and pictures symbolical of ideas, was the language used by the ancient sages in writing their revelations and inspirations of scriptures. In this electrical cycle of the sun's vibrations, the language of science is necessary to explain these same laws, in their threefold operation as polar, solar and diurnal motion; when once explained they will meet the requirements of the scientific minds of the new cycle of the Man, upon which the earth and the race have entered. The scientific mind of today is not satisfied with simply knowing the forms of nature's organic expressions by name and color, but desires to know their composition, their component parts and their relative relations to each other, as well as the properties of each. The scientist must analyze the air, the water, the earth, the fire, and their relations to each other, as well as their inter-relations to all life; his scientific understanding of the laws of vibrations, as expressed by the sun's rays through all forms of life, enables him to comprehend the laws of polar, solar and diurnal motion, and to classify the study of these laws in the expression of all nature, through planets, moons, meteors, comets, suns, and systems, and all contained therein; likewise to

comprehend the laws of involution and evolution, both physical and mental, in ideal creations of art as well as in architectural structures of his own designing, thus building up cities, towns and hamlets and filling them with mechanical inventions of every conceivable kind necessary to his requirements in this cycle of the Man. Thus, God manifests mind through his children, as they evolve their latent potentialities, by means of planetary laws from the suns, as centers of intelligence, the planets being the mediums of focalized expression of the sun's rays; this is the only way in which the infinite ocean of the Infinite Spirit, formless in itself, can manifest forms, organs and organisms capable of expressing his thought. The suns may be compared to the brain and heart, as expressed in man and woman; they thus symbolize love and wisdom as centers from which radiate thought-vibrations throughout the vast whole, planets, moons, comets and other heavenly bodies, comparable to the organs of human bodies, animals, birds, reptiles, insects and animaliculæ—from the smallest microcosmic speck of cosmic dust, graduated in one harmonious scale of progressive being, up to the highest archangel that is crowned with deific powers, with knowledge and wisdom of the infinite whole, the all in all of all life the Infinite One, the Absolute.

Every conceivable science, in all its ramifications, with all its branches and their leaves, is found upon this tree of knowledge; it is the tree of good and evil, allegorized in the bible as the tree of life, of which it is said, "the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die,"—which is true when understood in the spirit, because this wisdom makes us immortal, in conscious oneness with the infinite ocean of life, in which we move, live and

have our being. Biology, or the science of life, apprises us of this fact; embryology confirms it, as we study the origin of life in its germ state vibrated into forms and functions, organ and organisms, infinite in number, expression, function and beauty,—in botany and plant life, shrub and tree, horticulture and agriculture, in cereal and in vegetable, in zoology, in reptile, bird animal, and all summed up in the races of men, the epitome of them all, as expressed in ethnology or the science of races. What a vast field for study and investigation is here opened up to the scientific mind! Many other branches of science not here mentioned are included in this array of knowledge and wisdom, such as the study of the structure and form of every species of life, known as anatomy; also physiology, which describes the functions of the different organs of the different organisms, explaining their relation and their interrelation to each other; chemistry also, which deals with the composition of all substances, structures, organs and organisms, which enter into the organic forms that comprise the universe; likewise the science of alchemy, which deals with the dynamic forces that are ideally expressed in thought and their combinations, their relations and inter-relations with each other, in their proportions and combinations, from the formless atom, called ether, to the granite rock, as expressed in a globe,—a scale of involution and evolution, from the infinitely small to the infinitely large, as revealed by the science of astronomy, the anatomy of the solar system, giving us the dimensions of the heavenly bodies, suns and their systems of planetary life, while astrology, the physiology of these heavenly bodies, reveals their functions as the organs of Deity. This is scientifically proven

by solar, polar and diurnal motion, the triune relations of all life as spirit, mind and matter, father, mother and child of every species of life, known by every name that expresses the three in one. Thus, God is a trinity, when scientifically comprehended and spiritually understood. Aum, Brahm, Osiris and Horus are only different names used by our ancient fathers for the threefold expression of all life, as symbolized by the laws of vibration, including both spirit and matter in their relations and inter-relations as they are compounded into gases, liquids and solids. The mind of man as the mind of God, or the child of God, has compassed, weighed and measured the whole of creation, so far as evolution has evolved the potentialities of spirit, and all new discoveries will be in keeping with this same line of evolution, as the formless, atomless ether evolves its latent powers, properties and potentialities into new species, races of plants, trees, animals and men.

The first inhabitants of our earth were gigantic in form; this is true of plant, animal and man. Cycle after cycle evolved more compact, more harmonious and beautiful forms, for each species and race as cycle after cycle supplanted the former by more developed races and species, and our present races will be supplanted by still more perfect types of all races and species of life-forms of every kind, including many new and as yet unknown races and species that are still in the womb of nature, waiting nature's own time for their creation or manifestation. The womb of nature contains them all, potentially; they are brought forth in the cycle that is natural to their evolution. There are races of every species of life in spiritual embryo, so to say, that will be born and developed in their cycle of time, cor-

responding to the degree of planetary development that will evolve the necessary conditions for the life of their round of evolution. Races and species are born and die the same as do individuals; they differ only in the periods and time of their evolution, governed by the laws of polar motion, which regulate every creation or manifestation upon our earth with geometrical and mathematical accuracy. These laws express the universal mind, and may be said to be the laws of the deific mind manifesting, in thought forms, his creations, as suns and their systems of planetary bodies, with all of their inhabitants of species and races, both of spiritual and material life forms, from the infinitely large to the infinitely small.

When our material scientists once realize the sublime fact that matter in its chemical formations, so infinitely diverse in its form and function, is only the universal spirit; that spirit is substance or essence in such attenuation and gradation as to manifest nine distinct and separate worlds, one within the other, related harmoniously to each other, the same as solids, liquids and gases;—one more attenuated than the other, however, in its atomic vibrations, occupying space on different planes;—that each plane is a distinct world of itself, complete in all its relations and inter-relations, peopled with species and races of every conceivable and inconceivable kind of life-manifestations while being at the same time all united as one organism, that may be compared to the organism of man, his bones one separate framework of skeleton formation, his tendons and ligaments another, his muscles another, his veins and arteries another, his nails another, his hair another, his nerves and brain still another, and his blood another, yet all bound together

in one organism, one organic whole, which corresponds to the macrocosm, or Deity in his organized system of suns and their planetary relations and inter-relations. The blood is the life of the body; it is also the life of Deity as well as of every species of life-forms. From this deific blood are formed all life, all species of life, all races of men, animals, fowl and fish, insects, reptiles, trees, plants, herbs and grasses. They are all food for man. "Every living thing shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things," was the command of God to Adam, the symbolical man created in God's own image. Male and female created He them as His microcosmic image of Himself,—which is scientifically true in every minute particular and detail,—for man is an exact epitome of all substance and essence, forms and functions, organ and organisms to be found in nature, when viewed in his entire relation to nature as a septenary being, or as a trinity of spirit, mind and matter. From one

(To be Continued.)

State Meeting of The Farmers Educational and Co-operative Union of Colorado

By virtue of the authority vested in me as president, and in pursuance of an order by the board of directors, I hereby call a delegate convention of the Farmers Educational and Co-operative Union of Colorado, to assemble in the city of Pueblo, Colorado, on Thursday, April 16th, at ten o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of electing officers of said organization for the ensuing year and for the transaction of any and all other business properly coming before such convention for its consideration.

The basis of representation in said convention shall be five (5) delegates from each County or District Union, to be elected by the County or District

blood, His own deific blood, God, the All in all, created and continues to create or manifest all life-forms of every specie and race, of every variety to be found upon the earth upon which we have our being.

When once scientific men realize all of the realities as above expressed they will no longer refuse unto their God His just recognition and homage as the creator, preserver and overseer of His infinite creations, so wonderfully and beautifully made, so ingeniously fashioned and formed, and so harmoniously related as to astound our most profound comprehension. How billions of worlds can circulate with such perfect relations around the hear of Deity, the central spiritual sun of all life, will cease to be a wonder, for man will know that God is the active agent animating the vast whole, as His own organic being, Himself the animating, vivifying intelligence operating throughout the grand whole, Omniscient, Omnipresent, Omnific, as the all in all of all life.

Unions in delegate convention assembled. Also, one delegate from each and every Local Union for Fifty members or major fraction thereof, provided each Local Union shall have at least one delegate.

Unless otherwise provided by the elective body, each delegate shall have the right to designate in writing, an alternate to serve in his place and stead.

All delegates must be furnished with credentials signed by the president and secretary of the union which they are to represent.

Witness my hand and the Seal of the State F. E. & C. U. of Colorado, this 9th day of March, 1908.

GEO. B. LANG, Pres.

By order of the board of directors.
[ATTEST] H. S. STOVALL, Sec.

THE MOUNTAIN PINE

SUCCESSOR TO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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The Problem of the Unemployed

The problem of dealing with and caring for the men and women who are unable to find employment by which to earn their own living and provide for those who may be dependent upon them, is always up for consideration, even in the most prosperous times, but when financial panics and business depression comes, the problem becomes a serious one. The people of the agricultural sections hear something of this great question but they cannot realize the immensity of the problem as it confronts the people of the great cities. Thousand upon thousands of breadwinners, men, women and children, all living in ordinary times within twenty-four hours of starvation, are, by the shutting down of manufacturing industries, thrown out of work and become dependent upon charity for physical existence.

At the very time when the public is least able to assume the burden, provision must be made to keep vast numbers of human beings from starving. As a rule these members of the unemployed have devoted their lives to the service of private corporations which have accumulated great fortunes as the result of their toil. The part of the product of labor which the laborers have received, while sufficient in times of steady work to furnish the necessi-

ties of life, is usually found upon investigation to be the smaller half of the net earnings. Take the steel trust for instance, while it paid out 146 million dollars in wages it paid 158 million dollars in dividends. Then plants shut down because of business depression, the workers are thrown out of a job, while the few who toiled not, yet accumulated, tide over the dull season on their "profits." This is but a single sample of the practical working of our modern centralized industrial system which is making paupers of the masses and plutocrats of the few.

It will not do to disregard this problem with the commonplace remark that it will work out its own solution. The time was, under different conditions, when it might have done so. But that day is past forever. Individualism has given way to corporationism and combination. Production has, under the fostering care of government protection, become phenomenal and spasmodic. Where once any man could earn a living, he can do so now only when he is allowed to work.

Nor are people found in the pauper class because production is too limited to supply the needs of all. The trouble lies in the inability of the people to secure the goods to consume. By modern methods of commercialism the distribution of products has been placed in the hands of the few for individual

profit. Those who perform the labor have no voice in the conduct of the business they help to build up. The law protects the rights of property but pays no heed to the right of labor to a continuation of the opportunity to earn a living.

No wonder Socialism is making such great gains among the people when it offers a remedy for the deplorable condition that confronts. A reform must come. No government can long exist under conditions which permits the classes to pauperize the masses. Made-to-order panics must cease by governmental decrees or anarchy must come as a natural consequence.

The problem of the unemployed is the great question of the hour. It is the summary of all political issues. The money question, the trust question, each is but a branch of the great problem that must be solved if the republic is to live. Each must be considered from the view-point of the greatest good to the greatest number, and must be decided along the line of "equal rights to all and special privileges to none." Every human being has the inalienable right to earn a good living for himself and those dependent upon him. This right must be made the basis of political action. It cannot be ignored.

Two Good Examples

When a newspaper tells that some railroad has killed one, two, ten or a hundred human beings, the occurrence so frequent, attracts little attention. The relatives of those that are dead realize what it means; the rest of the population, hardened, seems almost indifferent to the long list of killings.

It is a pleasure to point out the fact that two railroads in the neighborhood of New York City, at least, are setting

a good example in the way of care and safety.

The Erie Railway has not killed a passenger in fifteen months—and that is saying a good deal for an American railroad.

The Long Island Railroad, which carries millions of human beings—on one of the most crowded, and, because of the sudden development of Long Island, one of the most inadequately equipped railroads in the country—has a record even better than that of the Erie. The Long Island Railroad compares in safety and management with any railroad in the world. It is probably the best in this country.

We are glad to give these two railroads credit for the fact that they carry passengers home safely, that they apparently spend the necessary money to run their roads with relative freedom from accidents.

We should like to ask, on behalf of the people, *why other railroads cannot do the same.*

Safety is a matter of money and intelligence. The railroad men of America are not lacking in intelligence, and there is no lack of money in this country. The trouble is that the practical working railroad manager is not allowed to spend *on the railroad and for the public* a fair share of the money that the railroad brings in.

Many a railroad manager is blamed, when the blame should really rest upon the selfish railroad gamblers—the men who water the stocks, who make a railroad pay profits on tens of millions never spent.

The watered stock, the greedy promoters, account for overworked men, too long hours, lack of safety devices.

If any of our public officials cared to do so they could prove by the comparative safety of such roads as the Long Island and the Erie that the extraordi-

nary numbers of railroad killings are nothing else than murder. Every one of these deaths on the railroads, with very few exceptions, represents merely money put in somebody's pockets that should have been put into the railroad.

The people ought to have strength of character enough to impress this upon the big men at the top, instead of contenting themselves with blaming the smaller men—the railroad managers—that are not responsible.—*Chicago Examiner.*

The wage-workers of the United States according to the United States government reports, produced in the year 1905 finished goods of sufficient value to buy all the buildings, all the land on which the buildings stand, all the machinery, all the accounts receivable, all the raw material, all the stock in process of manufacture, all the finished product on hand, and all the cash on hand, of all the manufacturing plants in the whole United States. Not only could they do this, but with the money left, they could pay back all the borrowed money of all the manufacturers in the United States, and then after doing all this with the products of their labor for a single year, they would have on hand in cash the snug little sum of *two billion, one hundred and fifteen million, eight hundred and eighty-one thousand, four hundred and fourteen dollars* left for "pin money" doing all this, each man, woman and child wage-worker in the United States would have left in cash the sum of \$384.74.

It is stated that the tobacco crop of

the world requires 6,500,000 acres, or about twice the area of the State of Connecticut.

Add to this that it impoverishes the soil.

Put on top of that the fact that, smoked, chewed, dipped and snuffed by human beings it is king of Decadency, and it is no wonder the guilty world raves about economic questions, politics, civic corruption, anything and everything that will divert attention from this individual vice which rules and ruins.—*The Liberator.*

The Donkey's Voice

A certain singer was most vain of his voice, thinking it so enchanting it might allure the very dolphins, or if not them, the pike, from out of the deep. But it is an old custom of the Lord to punish the vain ones of the earth, who like nothing better than praise. So the Lord made this man sing false at Holy Mass, and the whole congregation was utterly displeased. Close by the altar there was kneeling an old woman, who wept bitterly during the Mass. The conceited songster, thinking that the old woman had been moved to those tears by the sweetness of his voice, after Mass approached the dame, asking her, in the presence of the congregation, why she had wept so sadly. His mouth watered for the expected praise, when, "Sir," said the woman, "while you were singing I remembered my donkey; I lost him, poor soul, three days ago, and his voice was very natural, like yours. Oh, heavenly Father, if I could only find that good and useful beast!"—"Judas, the Arch-Rogue."

WANTED: A practical farmer is wanted by one of our many readers; must be a Spiritualist, married man preferred, references given and required. Address, THE MOUNTAIN PINE, Langdon, Colorado.

Woman's Power, Capabilities and Influence in the World of Affairs, and the Interest of Same to Humanity

By *N. H. EDDY*, in "*The Occult*"

IN THE above subject for our consideration there is suggested or embodied much that goes to make up the results for either good or ill in the great warfare of life's experiences as regards each individual. By the rights of birth and the natural impress of nature's universal forces, what authority is there vested in any living being to deny woman her suffrage, a vote or voice, in all things and matters which tend to interests or welfare of humanity. There should be none. Influence—what is it but a moving or directing power, a something towards accomplishing some desired result? Has not woman come into the possession of her knowledge, her abilities and capabilities, power and influence, by and through the same principles of nature's universal laws that man has been, or was endowed, with at his birth? That being the case, then what reason is there why woman should not have the same franchise that man has, or be granted equality in all that pertains to the interest of man or woman, just in accord with the natural impress of nature's forces that are granted an expression in the world of affairs, by and through the universal laws which govern all life, be it male or female? Nature is law, and law is God. Worship Nature, abide its laws, and fear not its rod. This is a world of progress and unfoldment. Time is ever marching onward in its ceaseless rounds of

motion, and new developments are constantly being brought to the light and understanding of the human race. These are but the working of natural law and principles in the vegetable, animal or human kingdom, be it male or female, in expression of life's experiences, hence as a woman comes into life's existence through the same natural principles and laws that man comes into life and is governed by, also in accord with these same principles is endowed with capabilities and possibilities, which through the same tenor of cultivation gives equal or sometimes greater expressions of ability, why, then, should they not, by the rights of birth be accorded the same franchise or suffrage, and have an influence or power, a voice in all matters of interest in the world of affairs or welfare of humanity, when they, as well as man, are under man-made laws of the country? Some of these laws are nothing but a curse to both country and humanity, and in many instances the mothers of these men that help bring into existence these laws which entail suffering upon humanity, are oftentimes the greatest sufferer. I refer to the intemperance of liquor selling and drinking, same being a great obstacle and hindrance in the progress and development of the soul or higher attainments in life's possibilities of unfoldment.

I say that it is but justice and right

that woman should have a voice and vote in those matters which wield an influence or directing power in the interest of not only their sons and daughters, but also to help all of humanity to gain higher attainments. Woman's power and influence in the world of affairs, or interests of humanity, is great—yea, Infinite, almost—when given their rights in voicing an influence to help place all of humanity in a position of thought and understanding relative to the higher attainments of life. It is not necessary that should voice exactly the same line of procedure, for there are many spheres or lines of usefulness to which they can devote their attention; it need not be wholly along or upon the lines of political economy of such affairs, for some might gain an acknowledged force in the social and domestic lines. There are others who can achieve a standing or attainment in the intellectual fields of culture, others in art, music, science and many other points of interest, wherein they not only would or could become proficient, but also help some struggling soul along the lines of life's progression.

But in looking for a moment into the lines of the past history, what do we see but the shackles of bondage and servitude, in which woman has had to share the greatest part in some form or other, and many times has there been those who have passed the history of life's experiences in bondage, during almost all their period of this existence, because the man-made rule has helped to keep them in either or both mental and physical bondage and servitude. Yet, little by little, the Star of Progress steadily rose till it has in a measure gained an influence on, or a little above, the ascendant in life's progress and unfoldment, and this star is still gaining an added impetus in its

movement towards gaining a position nearer the zenith each year of life in the world of progress.

And what has been the means to the end towards this achievement in the world of affairs, as regards the liberation from mental and physical bondage of woman, but the indefatigable efforts of woman in behalf of the interest of her sex?

I refer to such women as Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Anna Shaw, Lucy Stone, and many others who have labored long and earnestly in the cause which was near and dear to them, and it is through their untiring efforts that the achievements of the present day have been attained in regard to the rights of women.

Woman has a mighty power or influence in many ways in the world of affairs, and many times is it the case that through their keenly sensitive, intuitive mind and nature, they grasp ideas and the trend of conditions, that man stops to reason out, yet oftentimes loses a point that woman grasps through her quick insight, and makes use of to her own and others' best interests.

Woman has a soul, and what reason is there why she should not have the privilege of expressing the attributes of that soul which nature has endowed her with as an equal with man. Why not woman as well as man voice or tender to humanity her ideas and suggestions, relative to the principles, laws or legislative acts, which from time to time may be brought before the people, either for good or detriment, as the case may be? I say that woman should be accorded equal rights with man in voicing a decision as to what results shall be in the problems of life's affairs, or that which is of interest to humanity. Has not woman been the mother

of the greatest men in the world of affairs, and in many instances has it not been the fact that she has struggled side by side with man in attaining some of the ablest achievements in the history of life in the past, as well as the present, all of which has redounded to the advancement and history of humanity? Look at the history of Joan of Arc, and note what she accomplished in her day and age. Look at what has been gained in the interest of woman's rights and privileges in this great land through the love and sympathy, persistence and earnest efforts of Susan B. Anthony, the famous champion of woman's rights, and to her, the typical

leader of the cause she espoused, is due much of the honor and success that has been gained to woman, as a worker for the interest of humanity, during the past as well as in the present age of affairs.

Susan B. Anthony will ever live in history as one of America's greatest women, one that was ever true to her convictions and to the cause she loved; also in the interest of humanity did she wield a power and influence which will never be forgotten, and, while she has passed from the physical to the spirit realms of existence, yet her aim and efforts will still be in the interest of human progress.



The Fair Quakeress

By GILBERT PATTEN BROWN

Faith Williams was a Quaker lass,
In the land of William Penn;
She knew no sect, no caste nor class,
Was the pride of honest men.

When Indian chieftains met in peace,
With followers of her band,
They smoked while she prayed on her knees
And then clasped her dainty hand.

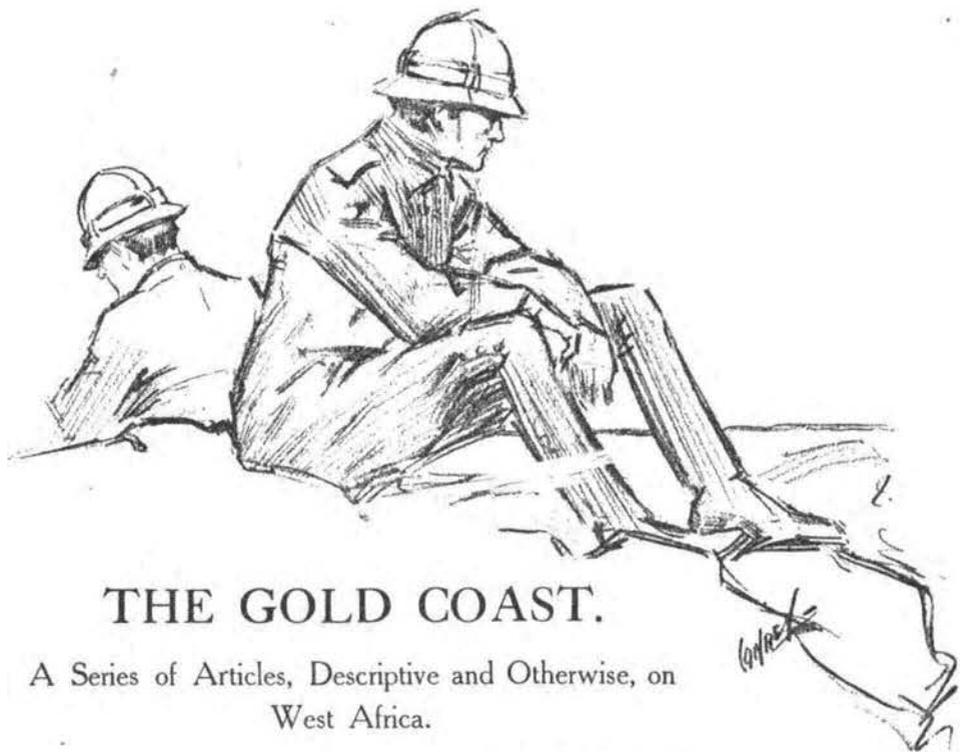
For did not this fair pale-faced maid
To the big chief's wigwam go,
And teach of the spirit not afraid
Though the silver moon was low?

When the Iroquois and the Crow
Put war-paint and feathers on
She said: "To the Spirit I'll go
There for help," and she was gone.

And when the savage swept the plain
There he met a thousand guns,
The little maid was there again,
Because they were loyal sons.

She lived and died in virtue blest,
Through the year the chieftan sought
She smiled and thanked as each request
There contented with her lot.

And in the rugged "Keystone State,"
Near the giant Delaware,
With the Peer, Chief, The Warrior great
Sleepeth Faith Williams, once so fair.



THE GOLD COAST.

A Series of Articles, Descriptive and Otherwise, on
West Africa.

By *CAPT. A. HERBERT-BOWERS.*

THE HUNTING OF BELA.

WHEN once it had been definitely settled that the campaign against the Ashantis had to be abandoned, life at Cape Coast Castle became one gray monotony of garrison duty, sickness, death and burial, of which the sole bright spot was presented in the longed-for arrival of the outbound mail. Many and many a time I paced for hours the shoreward ramparts of the castle, searching with avid eyes the distant horizon for that thin line of smoke which promised us speedy news from home; this, too, in spite of the fact that, in a small circular fort on Signal Hill, was an official whose special duty it was to keep us apprised of the mail's approach by means of an established code of flag signals.

Good friends and comrades all, such was the deadly sameness of existence that we grew weary of even one another's society; and the occasional ar-

rival of a warship, with its batch of new faces, was a positive Godsend, of which we took full advantage in a constant interchange of lunches, dinners, tennis matches, and such other entertainment as the limitations of the place permitted. An inter-service cricket match, played on the sands, and witnessed by the natives, garrison, and all the jackies that could get shore leave, provided us with an afternoon of hilarious fun. By agreement, whenever the ball went into the surf, the batsman was allowed to run until its recovery; and, on one occasion, my friend, Captain C****, being over-anxious, dashed too far into the water, was dragged out by the undertow, and nearly drowned. It was only by holding hands and making a human chain that we were enabled to drag him from the surge's fierce embrace. By it he had been rolled over and over like a cork, and so abraided by the sand that his face, hands and limbs were almost raw. He

refused to quit, however, and the game went on; but subsequently the fielders were particularly careful to wait until the ball was washed well within reach, and hits for ten and twelve runs were not infrequent.

Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the undertow was so strong that, when only reaching to an inch or so above the ankles, it required the utmost exertion of strength on the part of a man to maintain his footing, even with wide-planted feet most favorably placed.

Occasionally, a batch of officers would obtain a three days' leave of absence for purposes of hunting; and, though not much game fell to our guns and rifles, and though the expeditions themselves were not seldom productive of sickness, they served their purpose of making a break in the dull routine of daily duty.

It was when the thermometer registered 148 degrees Fahrenheit that an enterprising native furnished us with the novelty of a little excitement. It was Quomina who, in the first place, supplied the news. A bandit named Bela it appeared, had come from the interior down to the coast; and, so fierce and cunning was he, the natives had become afraid to leave the immediate vicinity of the town, even by day. At first we were inclined to disbelieve the story; but its speedy confirmation was effected by the arrival of the sheriff, who reported that the ruffian had on the previous night robbed and murdered a man not a mile distant from the castle itself.

"You had better lie close at night," chaffed my friend C*****.

"Not by a jugful!" I responded. "Come over to my quarters! I wish to have a talk with you."

Arrived there, he selected the most comfortable chair, threw himself in it, crossed his legs, and sighed:

"Well?"

"Let us apply for three days' leave to go hunting," I proposed.

"Too hot!" he protested.

"But I have in mind game that is worth the candle."

"What is it?"

"Bela."

His languor vanished, and he raised himself quickly to an upright position.

"Bela?" he doubted.

"Why not? He's proscribed! If we manage to bag him, we shall be doing a public service."

"By Jove, you're right! The colonel's in the best of humors! Let us tackle him at once!"

On the way to the "old man's" quarters he asked:

"Shall we give our real reasons for requiring the leave?"

"No! Just say, to go hunting."

Our request made known, the colonel said, as he mopped the perspiration from his streaming brow:

"Well, I don't envy you the trip; but, if you're bent on going, I can offer no objection."

Having spent the remainder of the day in discussing our plans, the following dawn saw us, accompanied by our two "boys" and two others hired for the occasion, on the road to Amoafu!, which, as being the most frequented, was, I argued, the most likely to furnish the scene of the robber's operations. Our bearers, with Quomina at their head, walked behind in blissful unconsciousness of our true objective; otherwise, I am well assured, they had never accompanied us.

The day could not well have proved less productive of sport or excitement. A couple of monkeys, a parrot or two, and a queer little beast, which later afforded most delectable eating, were all that fell to our marksmanship—not, be it understood, that this last was bad, but

that the game, like all else at Cape Coast Castle, was scarce.

Nightfall, thither led by Quomina, found us tired, hungry and disgruntled, at a little village whose name has escaped me. He it was, too, who secured us an empty hut in which to sling our hammocks for the night; but neither C***** nor myself could reconcile ourselves to occupying it without inspection. This the darkness rendered impossible.

"Quomina, find us a lamp," I commanded.

"Yes, mars-ter!"

"And a table!" I shouted after him. "Take along one of the boys!"

"Yes, mars-ter!"

The boys were a long time gone; but, when they reappeared, Quomina bore a gorgeous lamp



The first glance apprised me that he was not a Fanti.

of beaten brass, which was suggestive of Eastern palaces, and upon his companion's head was the sole table of which the place boasted.

"Where on earth did you get that lamp, Quomina?" I asked.

"Get 'em from king," he replied in matter of fact tones.

"How you get 'em?" I asked.

"Tell 'em my marster want 'em."

C*****fairly roared with laughter, and Quomina looked hurt. Considering me the greatest man on earth, the request had appeared to him only natural; and C*****'s hilarity, therefore, came in the light of personal ridicule.

"One umbrella man!" he explained scornfully.*

"You're a good boy, Quomina," I said kindly.

His face cleared in a moment.

"Thank you, marster," he said. "I go make supper."

The night passed uneventfully; as did also, so far as a meeting with Bela was concerned, the morning of the following day. About noon, our enthusiasm all gone, hot, tired, footsore, and dust-begrimed, we seated ourselves in a shady spot upon the boxes in which the boys had been carrying our provisions and potables, prepared to refresh the inner man.

Beer was the first thing thought of. It was hot, of course; but, as it sizzled down my throat, I thought it the most exquisite draught ever vouched to mortal. On lowering the empty bottle, I found a man of huge stature standing before us; and, though there was nothing strange connected with his unobserved approach, seeing that my head had lately been directed skywards, I experienced an unaccountable shock of surprise.

The first glance apprised me that he

was not a Fanti. Tall, erect, and fierce of countenance, his aspect was pre-eminently and impressively warlike. Besides, his fez, loose white pantaloons, and flowing bournous denoted his adherence to the Mohammedan faith. Over his shoulder he carried a jezail fully eight feet long; by his side hung a curved sword in an embossed velvet scabbard; and above his sash showed the knobs of two pistols and the hilt of a poignard. Convinced as I was that he could not be a Fanti, I inanely addressed him in that tongue, asking:

"How do you do?"

"How do you do, gentlemen?" he responded in English of a remarkable purity.

C***** was the first to break the silence into which this astonishing discovery had cast us.

"Have something to drink?" he suggested.

"He's Mohammedan," I admonished in an undertone.

"Yes, gentlemen, I partake not of strong liquor; but if you have water, I will gladly drink. I am, of a truth, greatly athirst."

"We have soda water," I advanced tentatively.

The stranger inclined his head.

"Give the gentleman some soda, Quomina," I directed.

After a courteous salutation, he downed it eagerly, and emitted a sigh of satisfaction when the bottle was empty.

"Try another," suggested C*****.

"If I might take one with me—?" he hesitated.

"Surely!" I said.

"Sit down and take some lunch with us," C***** supplemented.

"You are very good," he acquiesced.

It would have done any man, hospit-

*NOTE BY AUTHOR.—A West African king's importance is estimated by the number of umbrellas to which he is entitled. On state occasions these are borne before him.

ably inclined, good to behold the fashion in which our casual guest stowed away the good things provided for our use by the mess; and when at length he rose to go, he said:

"I thank you, gentlemen."

"Not at all! You are perfectly welcome!" we hastened to assure him.

"You are hunting, I see."

"Yes!" I assented.

"Have you had any luck?"

"No," volunteered C****. "We happen to be after a certain gentleman who rejoices in the name of Bela."

"Indeed!" marveled the stranger.

"Well! Good day, gentlemen!"

"Charlie," said I, after he had disappeared from view, "that was, to say the least of it, a foolish remark. How do you know that it was not addressed to Be—? By God, it was Bela!"

The idea came to me with the swiftness of conviction. Instinctively I sprang to my feet and grabbed a rifle, the while I peered through the forest, with no little apprehension, in the direction taken by our whilom guest.

"Sit down, man!" said C**** petishly. "You always were deficient in the upper story."

"Deficient or not," I argued hotly, "that was Bela. We must have been condemned idiots not to have known it from the very beginning. A stranger in these parts! A Mohammedan! A ranger of the forest, armed to the teeth!"

"U-u-u-m," hesitated C****, "your theory does present some glimmerings of reason. But, if it were Bela, why did he not take a pot shot at us from behind a convenient tree, instead of bidding us amicably the time of day?"

"For two reasons sufficiently obvious: First, that he would be extremely chary of killing a British officer. Second, that, being driven thereto by hunger and thirst, he elected to take a chance on our

displaying that crass stupidity of which your final remark to him was the fitting climax."

After discussing the probabilities of yet being able to bring him to book, and deciding that, as he was warned of our amiable intentions, it would be impossible, and that the attempt to do so would be nothing more nor less than the useless exposure of ourselves to the bullets of a hidden marksman, C**** sprang to his feet and observed:

"We had better be moving! This spot is likely to prove unhealthy."

I followed suit.

"Quomina," I asked, "do you know a short way through the forest to the seashore?"

"Yes, marster."

"Can we reach it before night?"

"I think yes, marster."

"Have you boys had enough to eat?"

"Yes, marster."

"Very good! Leave everything here except the hammocks! You carry my gun! I will take the rifle! Lead on as fast as you can go!"

Luckily, the boys, who had throughout been keeping a respectful distance, had heard no word of our conversation anent Bela; else, need it be said, no earthly consideration would have induced any one of them—Quomina excepted—to have re-entered that forest. As it was, I am free to confess, that I was personally possessed with a sensation not by any manner of means agreeable—a sensation that the very semblance of flight seemed to augment.

The boys must have wondered at our sudden change of plans and at the reckless abandonment of good food and drink which was thereby entailed; but, of course, they asked no questions. Fortunately, however, as events subsequently proved, C**** and I put a bottle of beer in the pockets of our shooting jack-

ets. The boys also helped themselves to the soda, of which they were inordinately fond.

With Quomina leading, C***** and I followed. The three other boys brought up the rear. Rifles in constant readiness and sweating profusely, we lunged after our fleeting guide; stumbling into holes, over fallen logs, tree stumps and creepers; scaring parrots and monkeys by the dozen; sending serpents hissing from our path; and, occasionally, disturbing larger denizens of the forest. We were watchful always.

More heavily clad than Quomina, and not in so good a condition, we were fain, after some hours of this unwonted effort, to call upon him to slacken his pace. This he did; but, not long afterwards, expostulated:

"Marster, if we no hurry, we not reach sea before dark."

"Go ahead!" I panted.

C***** groaned.

"Durn your hide," said he, "if I ever get out of this hole, I'll take precious good care you do not get me into another."

I might justly have retorted that his personal indiscretion had been responsible for our present plight; but, having no breath to spare, I perforce refrained. Quomina had quickened his pace, and I had all I could do to keep him in sight. On we toiled with flagging limbs, gasping breath, and blinded by the streams of perspiration that ran from beneath our helmets, not to speak of the twigs and branches that again and again struck our faces.

Presently, the lighter spaces of the forest took on a certain grayness; its shadowy recesses assumed a darker hue; and then fell night with all the suddenness characteristic of that equatorial region. The gloom was awful; so was the momentary silence that ensued.

Every beast, bird and insect of the day was hushed as if by magic; and it seemed an age before those of the night took up the burden of their cry.

"Patience, marster," counselled Quomina. "The moon soon rise, and we not have far to go."

This last I had surmised, as the surf, heard long before, was now thundering in our ears. Lucky it was; for the moon, low down, gave but scant light, and, the nearer we approached the sea, the denser seemed to grow the forest. I shall never forget the final stages of that march nor the delight experienced on emerging from its pall-like gloom into the open, where the glorious radiance cast by a three-quarter moon gleamed silver on the bosom of the tossing ocean.

Tired as we were, the miles to be traversed before reaching Cape Coast Castle were cheerfully negotiated; and on the way C***** and I held a council of war, in which it was agreed, for obvious reasons, to breathe no word of our adventure and its ridiculous termination to the other officers.

It was some weeks later that Bela was captured by a detachment of Haussas—a native military police force that has been brought into a state of high efficiency.

"I'm on brigade duty today," I said to C*****, "and must visit the prison. What do you say to coming with me?"

I spoke no word of Bela; but he understood me, and nodded.

"I was going anyway," he said. "When do you start?"

"Now!"

In the ordinary course of inspection, we found ourselves outside Bela's cell. The turnkey flung open its door, and I propounded the stereotyped question:

"Any complaints?" and at the same time recognized our late acquaintance of the forest.

"None!" he rejoined sullenly. Then, as a flash of counter recognition came over his features, "How do you do, gentlemen?"

We felt embarrassed; at least, I can answer for myself.

"How do you do?" we responded together.

"Not very well; but—with grim humor—I am none the worse for your personal activities."

"Why did you not follow and shoot us in the forest?" I asked, urged thereto by a sudden impulse.

"I had partaken of your hospitality," he rejoined with great dignity.

"Lucky for us that he is Mohammedan!" said C***** after the cell door had closed upon its captive.

"Yes," I agreed. Then remembering his remark on that memorable day in the forest, I added: "Next time I go hunting with you, I'll have you muzzled."

To cut a long story short, Bela was tried with two other murderers and condemned to be hung. He was a ferocious brute, of course; but by reason of his treatment of C***** and myself, I could not help feeling in some wise sorry for him. However, when the time of execution drew near, the public hangman re-

signed; and, so great a superstitious terror had Bela inspired, that neither threats nor persuasion nor money would induce any native to fill his office.

Duncan the sheriff, a splendid fellow, with a giant's stature, a lion's heart, and a woman's tenderness, was in despair. We could all see that the matter was preying on his mind; and, on the morning set for the execution, having made one last vain effort to secure a hangman, he looked simply ghastly.

Unstrung and utterly unused to a task so gruesome, it is small wonder that he bungled it. The victim's necks were not broken by the drop; and, had it not been for that tenderness of Duncan's which rendered it impossible for him to witness their suffering, the three wretches would have slowly strangled to death. In a frenzy of remorse at his own ineptitude, and driven thereto by the compassion that welled up within him, he approached them one by one; cast his arms around their pinioned and suspended forms; and, lifting his feet from the ground, added his weight to their own, and thereby ended their sufferings.

Three days later, Duncan died, a martyr to duty.

Got the Wrong Door.

They were newly married, and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed, and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped blithely up to her room, and a little awed by the number of doors that looked alike. But she was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, honey, let me in," she whispered.

No answer.

"Honey, honey, let me in!" she called again, rapping louder. Still no answer.

"Honey, honey, it's Alice. Let me in," she whispered.

There was a silence and still no answer. After several seconds; then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door.

"Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."

A DREAM REVELATION.

By RUTH BASSETT.

THE light of a wood fire coquetted with the shadows in the cosy smoking room as a man entered and threw himself into an easy chair near the blaze. He was in evening clothes and his eyes smouldered with satisfied vanity as he touched a match to his cigar and leaned back comfortably among the soft pillows.

"I never thought I could be so happy," he said aloud to his Havana. "Everything is at my feet. At last I can laugh with the merriest and leave the unfortunate ones to weep—Heaven knows, I have wept enough! How the Governor praised my speech! It was like brandy to my lethargic emotions—and then to be invited to address the members of the most exclusive club in the city! I would be greedy to wish for more than that."

He sighed contentedly and closed his eyes, holding his cigar between his fingers. "I am happier tonight than I have ever been in my life," he murmured drowsily. "After years of struggle it has come to me—and I have been a patient waiter. Rest brings happiness, and happiness brings rest."

"Not always," said a voice.

The man started and turned his head. "Who spoke?"

"I did," said the chair. "You are not happy. You have seen the time when you would have stood embarrassed and hesitating before the Governor's praise instead of so composed and cold. Who taught you to steel your feelings? Who coached your first public address? If it had not been for her where would you have been to-

night? Answer me that. Answer yourself. Do you remember how her eyes glowed as she listened to you, how you sought her first when you left the platform, more anxious for her quiet smile of appreciation than for the vociferous praise of others? Do you remember?"

"Those are by-gones!" the man answered moodily.

"But not for you," the chair argued. "Those days will never be by-gones for you. Do you ever go over the past and lash yourself mentally for your jealous suspicions that led you to leave her? Do you recall how she laid her little hand on your arm and asked you to trust her? You were not so wise as she. You were country bred and she had lived all her life in the city. How gentle she was, and how you stormed and upbraided her and told her she did not love you. But she had not said she did not love you—you did not think of that, did you? You were blind in your ignorant fury—blind and cruel, a great hurricane that swept over the frail blossom of a girl and laid her low, crushed and broken in the very season of blossoming. Man, man, you found out your mistake too late—like the rest of them. That flower never will lift its lovely face to you in this life."

"Don't! I have suffered enough!"

"Ah, you own it, do you? And yet, should you go through the torments of hell you never could suffer as did she. The weeks went by, the months, the years. She drooped lower and lower, grew wistful-eyed, patient-faced,

quiet. All the pretty color faded, the warm life slept, her beauty grew spiritual, her tender heart—the heart you trampled on—turned for consolation to its God. The doctors looked at her and shook their heads. They could not understand, but I knew. I knew it was your fault. Why did you stay away?"

"Pride," whispered the man, "pride."

"Cowardice, you mean! One day she sat by the window and leaned her white cheek against me and wept—scalding tears. She told me she was starving for you, and asked why you did not come. How was I to tell her the truth? Oh, what a coward you were—what a coward!"

The man covered his face. "Stop! I tell you I never dreamed she cared like that. I heard of her social triumphs, of the men dangling after her, and then of her trip abroad. How was I to know she was ill? There was no word, no sign, even to let me know she remembered I was living. I—"

"You! What sign did you make during those weary years to let her know? You would have sunk back into the old rut from which she had lifted you, but the ambition she instilled in you goaded you on—that and shame to do otherwise lest she heard of it. Not honest and honorable shame, but a shame narrow and boastful that said, like a child, 'see what I can do alone!' But the child always falls down, so will you!"

"No, no, it was not like that, I tell you it *wasn't*. I used to watch the faces around me, hoping for a glimpse of her—"

"She often heard you speak. One night she came home, and throwing

herself in my arms, laughed and cried together, rehearsing parts of your address in her pretty soft way. But she became suddenly still—very still. They came in and lifted her into the little white bed. She only got up once after that. I heard her tell them to send me to you, she remembered how fond you were of me, and before she died she crept over and laid her face against my pillow and told me you had killed her. She was frail as a flower of wax, frail and spiritual. And then she prayed for you, prayed that you might prosper and love and be happy—prayed—"

"Enough, enough! God knows I have suffered!"

"Men don't suffer," the chair scoffed. "Only a little while ago you said you were happy."

"Such happiness as comes from effort to forget. Feverish happiness that scorches and leaves the mind and heart seared by its advent. I have known no peace since she died. There has always been a great emptiness in my life—a great want for her."

"You killed her," the chair insisted.

A log fell in the grate. The man started and rubbed his eyes. There were tears on his lashes. He jumped to his feet with a laconic laugh and looked at the chair fiercely.

"You lie!" he cried passionately, "you lie, I tell you!"

The light flickered over the chair playfully, touching the red velvet pillows with a deep glow.

"You lie!" repeated the man.

Only the echo of his own voice answered him.



A GIFT IN A LITTLE TIN BOX.

By FELIX J. KOCH.

(The First American in Novibazar.)

EDITOR'S NOTE.—There is no profession to which there come more strange and startling experiences than that unique American one of "traveling correspondent." The story is one of many that border almost on the miraculous.

OVER in the far south of Europe they have a very pretty custom on the departure of a guest—be the acquaintanceship ever so slight—of making him a present. If one is poor, it may be just a half-dozen hard-boiled eggs to beguile the journey, or one of the



Milady.

soft, creamy, round cheeses, made of goat's milk and wrapped in grape leaves; if one is well-to-do, it rises in value until, with a Pasha, it may be nothing short of an encrusted medallion or even some old historic sword.

It was not, therefore, without surprise

that we left the pashalik at Monistir without a gift from the Pasha.

Suleima berindish had been all charm. He had discoursed in French for half an hour, answered all of our questions and put to us the three with which one is constantly pestered south of the Hungarian Alps—first, whether it was true that in all America we made use of but one language; second, as to the height of our sky-scrapers; and, thirdly, who would be our next president, which last, not being seers, we hardly dared prophesy. Then there had been coffee—Turkish coffee—in the daintiest, little handleless cups, and after that a huge Damascene platter, with grapes and a bowl of cold water, in which to dip them before eating.

Then the Pasha sent the captain of the guard to accompany us to the door, which was the usual way of doing a foreigner honor, and we were free to walk Monistir beyond harm.

But—there was no *souvenir de visite* from the Pasha.

We finished with Monistir, had our internal pass port vised for Salonica—for in Turkey one cannot go from city to city without police permission—and took the early morning train for the old metropolis on the Aegean.

Arrived there, we proceeded at once to the sight-seeing and the work of it.

It had been a hard day—that first one at Salonica. First, to find the convent of the whirling dervishes. Then, to get a reputable guide and penetrate the quar-

ter forbidden to foreigners. After that, to pay respects to the American consul, and learn from him the true status of the Macedonian problem in this region.

We werre thoroughly tired out by sun-down and repaired to the little iron balcony outside our room to watch the sun set on the Aegean.

In all the world there is no spot like this. Below you runs the quay with its cobble-stones, re-echoing the rattle of the queer old Turkish chaises. Then the levee with brigand barks from the Levant, at anchor, or sailing seaward. Deep aqua-marine is the Gulf of Salonica, as it stretches off to paler blue Olympus, where, in old Hellenic times, the gods were thought to dwell, and thence out into the Aegean itself.

Below, too, there is perpetual color play. There is the red of the waist coat of the Turk, and the blue of his trousers; there is the green of the riband that hangs down the back from the *coife* of the Spanish Jewess. There is the spotless white short skirt of the Greek, and the creamier tight-fitting gaitier of the Albanese. Then some coal-black Moorish slave goes by, or some Pasha in splendid red uniform. The scene is of the sort to gaze on, letting it sweep, as some cyclorama, before the eye.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door, and I bade the man enter. It was the *kavass* from the American consulate, in his stunning uniform.

"*Le M. Lazaro* presents his compliments, and begs to say that this came as *lettre charge* for you from the Pasha of Monistir."

The man bowed low, extended his hand to clasp a *pour-boir*—salaamed again, and retired.

The letter charge, or registered letter, on opening, revealed a little tin box. It was tightly sealed, and bound round with

cord and then paper. Under the cords lay a note from the Pasha.

To omit the long, wearying expressions of politeness which it contained, and the endless circumlocutions, the substance of the letter was this:

"That the Pasha recalled that we were going eastward into Asiatic Turkey, and that we might at some time require aid. Our letters of introduction would help us among the officials, but should we get



A Local Character.

into the smaller settlements, where practically no one could read, they would be good as useless. He, therefore, sent us a little remembrance which, in time of need, would be all powerful. It was inside the box and must be handled with utmost care."

Filled with curiosity, we undid the cords.

Lifting the lid, we found inside a bed of dried grass, the Turkish substitute for excelsior. Then, under that, a queer mass, much like a dried sponge, out from which there ran what seemed a cord, to a sort of mouthpiece. What it could be we wondered. We had never seen quite such an arrangement before in our lives.

Lifting it from the box, there came along with it what we had not noticed before, a piece of clock-work mechanism, turned, evidently, by a little handle at one side. On this there was an inscription in Turkish. On deciphering that,



The Day's Work.

we found it to the effect that the apparatus should be set on some solid foundation, with the end of the tuber-like arm placed in a bowl of water, or milk, or, in fact, any other liquid. Then, the result would be protection to the owner, anywhere in Islam.

It seemed a most remarkable piece of necromancy. A shrunken, shrivelled compound of—some substance or other—that would serve to protect anywhere in the Mohammedan world! What on earth could it be? The directions added

that one should not use it until the last resort, for to use too often might destroy it, so we filed it away in our traveling bag, and wrote a letter of thanks to the Pasha.

Eastward across European Turkey, thence into Asia, onward and onward, the trail led, in pursuit of the elusive "stories." On to the holy of holies of Islam, the sacred city of Mecca.

It has been many years since a Christian has entered Mecca; we believed we could make the attempt.

Annually thousands and thousands of

pilgrims go from all parts of Islam. There are the fair Circassian Mohammedans; there are the Serb Moslems, converts only since the Battle of Anselm; there are the coal-black Moors and Ethiops, brought into the empire as slaves; there are the Mohammedans of Macedonia, the face

much the same as our own; there are endless other variations. And we flattered ourselves we were not a whit different from any of these. To purchase a Turkish outfit would not be difficult at all. As to our knowledge of Islam, we probably knew more about it than ninety-nine per cent of the pilgrims, to whom Islam means simply bowing Mecca-ward, four times a day, when the muezzin calls, washing hands, feet and face, and repeating again and again:

'Il Allah il Ah-lah.'

Il Allah Ig bear."

The usual, "God is great and good," to put it familiarly.

Furthermore, we could read and write, and most of them could not, and we believed we were well enough grounded in the ways of their church to pass muster.

What, then, so difficult?

And—inside Mecca lay for us fortune and fame!

In a little village in Asia Minor we finally "fitted out." The last survival of our American garments were given a beggar on the highway, we were Turkish from head to foot. We wondered instinctively what our editors would have thought of our appearance.

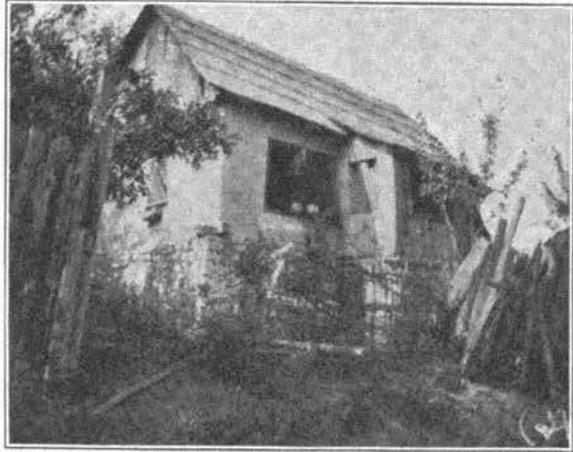
On our feet, sandals of goat skin, with the upper portion a series of white thread lace work; on our legs the heavy white woolen stockings that reach well up over the knee; down into these, the blue bloomers that join with a red waist and a loose-fitting jacket of scarlet. About the belt, was a sash, and in this the curved-handled pistol. We wore on our heads the fez; at our sides the water bottle; on our backs the brown carpet-cloth bag, in which our supplies were borne. And, tucked under our coats and vests, right next to the skin, that all-important document, the pass into Mecca.

When a man attempts a Mecca pilgrimage in Islam, he does not go about it lightly. He applies first at the mosque where he attends, filing, as it were, news of his project. Then it is required of him that he pay all his debts—to the last penny. It is required also that he provide for his wife and children, until his return, unless he takes them along. There are certain religious services he

must go through with. These things then all done, he is given a certificate to that effect from the *imaun* or head of the mosque.

In the large cities that paper is, of course, a regulation document, for, in Turkey, church and state are one and the same. In the little villages, notably in Asiatic Turkey, a kid is frequently slaughtered, that the parchment may be obtained, and then on this the fact is written and signed.

Through the courtesy of an *imaun* in Bosina we had been enabled to copy such a paper, so we needed only to make a



A House by the Way.

replica of this, and we felt we would be safe. And that, in the quiet of our tent, long before we had done.

Skipping over the weary, weary miles that lay between, at last the walls of the sacred city came in sight. We had joined a camel caravan, had made friends among the Arabs, who were likewise in this, and felt the goal now assured.

We could make out the minarets and spires; we could see the domes of the mosque within which the coffin of Mohammed hangs—suspended to the roof; we could hear, as the roar of the distant sea, the calls of the thousands of pil-

grins as the head of the faith in Mecca rode through to prayers. It was a glorious prospect as of some eastern paradise.

Already the first camel of our train had halted at the city gates, the walls rising, as do the walls of China, to encompass it. The *sheik* flung to the warder his document, and with a wild barbaric cry of:

"Allah is great and good, and Mohammed is his prophet!" the camel dashed into the forbidden city. Behind him came two more camels with palanquins, inside which were the favorite wives of the Arab.



On the Return Trip.

A Bedouin, afoot, followed after. Then a coterie of Moslems from the Herzegovna. After these some Russian Moslems, and then a bevy of Moors.

For picturesqueness, the scene could not be equalled, each halting just long enough to have his pass examined, and then, joyous at the realization of the forbidden land, rushing to Mecca!

Nearer, nearer, nearer, we came to the gate!

Already we could look inside and see the street lined with bazaars leading to the Kaaba. It recalled our school geographies, save that they gave no idea whatsoever of the color play. There was

the red of the terra cotta roofs, the brown black of the seasoned timbers, the white of the walls of the mosques and the harems. There was the call of muezzins everywhere from the balconies of the minarets, and the play of all manner of fezes!

This, indeed, was Mecca!

And now we, too, halted at the warder's side.

We reached him the paper we had written afar. He scanned it a moment.

Then he called, long and loud.

A squadron of cavalry rode out of the gate of the sacred city—a picturesque squadron, modeled after the Janissaries of old. They carried their swords unsheathed in their hands and erect. Over their backs and across one shoulder a scarlet coat was thrown. About the belt a band of green was bound—the sacred color of Mohammed. Not one but rode the finest of Arabian steeds. It was the flower of the world's cavalry.

And we—were there captive!

We had reckoned without our host—in Turkey.

We had forgotten that, go where you will, in Ottoman domains a stranger, you are spied on!

Long before we had reached a town, envoys had been sent from the last settlement, telling them we were coming. Already at Constantinople this had begun. The Grand Vizier had set his best detectives in the East to the task of "spotting" us. Village elders were informed in advance just what we might be told and shown and just what not. And, above all, not to tell that they knew of our coming. So, while we rode on, in ignorance of this, ever, somewhere, our steps were dogged and the expectancy of the people was hidden.

From city to city, from village to vil-

lage, from *han* to *han*, they knew we were coming, they were prepared!

Now we were at the gate of Mecca!

They refused to let us in.

"It is the order from the Sheik-ul-Islam, the head of the faith," said the Captain. "We are powerless to disobey."

We presented *this* letter, that, the other. There was one from the Grand Vizier himself, bidding all faithful Moslems assist us to our end. But the Sheik-ul-Islam can, if he will, depose the Sultan, let alone the Grand Vizier.

We tried this, that, the other argument—they were inflexible.

Finally, in desperation, as the rest of the caravan disappeared round the corner of the road inside the city, we bethought us of the little tin box.

They were courteous and kind, only they wouldn't admit us to Mecca. Could we present something that might make the appeal? We could, but they doubted its power to aid.

Nervously we undid the traveling bag, groped wildly in the bottom, and finally brought out the small casket. Quickly we opened the lid and drew off the dried grass.

Tossing a handful of coin in his direction, we bade a soldier bring us a basin of warm water.

The captain nodded consent, and the man rode off.

Meanwhile, we stretched the tube to the queer-knotted ball of the casket, wound the clock-work and held the spring pending the water's arrival. As per directions, the mouthpiece was placed on a stone of the highway.

The soldiery closed in to observe the result.

Meantime, I explained whence the gift from the Pasha of Monistir, well-beloved of the Sultan.

At the name of Suleiman-berindish, the captain started.

Suleiman-berindish, he is "one of the few," one of the genuine descendants of the Caliph. In all Islam these men have the greatest power, not even the Sultan dares, very strenuously, to oppose them.

Their interest in the queer gift grew the greater.

The soldier returned with the basin and set it on the rock. Then the end of the tube was placed in it.

At once it expanded until it resembled nothing so much as some great vein of the human frame:

The spring was released, and the clock-



A Typical Mosque.

work set into operation. Evidently this forced air through the sponge-mass into the tuber, and so into the other parts. After creating a suction, it then "drew" backward, and in so doing, drew with it the lukewarm water. With the water's arrival at once the first shrivelled mass expanded.

It was a human heart, now glowing red.

The soldiers, we, the captain, one and all were startled; we could not deny it.

A moment more, and, while the troops stood silent, motionless, and there was not a sound, excepting only the click of the

little wheels of the clock-work, from the heart the water was pumped into that other mass, and it took the form of a human brain!

All drew closer to the little miracle.

One moment, two moments, three, and we saw a pulsation in the other fiber leading to the mouthpiece. That, too, became a vein.

Then, through the breathless silence, came a human voice, in Turkish.

"Il Allah, il Ah-lah; il Ahlah, ig bear!"—the greeting of Turk to Turk in the faith.

It was wonderful.

Then it spoke:

"To him who holds this in his power the great Mohammed grants every privilege. Stay him not, lest the wrath of Allah and his servant, the prophet, be upon you."

Then came a click and the clock-work stopped.

A spring recoiled, and the machinery began once more.

The voice was silent. The little fiber to the mouthpiece shrunk as the water receded from it. The little pumping brain closed, and shrivelled, too. So with the remainder of the apparatus. The water ran back into the basin. Beneath the tropic Mecca sun the whole thing was dry in a few moments; dry and ready to replace in the box.

The soldiers stood as though petrified.

The captain, however, was, too, a descendant of the great Mohammed, and he understood.

In all Islam the descendants of the prophet, each and all, have the right to pass where they will, when they will and with whom they will. When, however, they cannot themselves go with a friend, they give him a certain passport.

Writing, it is obvious, may be forged, and so six centuries before our graphophone was known a clever artisan invented a device whereby embalmed

human hearts and brains might be made "to work once more," by forcing tepid water through them by the rhythmic movement of clock-work. Years of experimenting on the "brain" made it say what the artisan would have it say.

As matter of fact, inside the mouthpiece he had so cut and curved and "worked" the cylinder that it, and not the "brain," did the talking. And the "heart" arrangement was merely a ruse to disguise his invention, the simplest form of graphophone.

Of these devices there were but seven made, all told, one each for the seven heads of the great branches of descendants of the prophet. After these had been fashioned the man was forbidden, under penalty of death, to make more.

So there could be no question as to the genuineness of it all.

And yet, would it admit me to Mecca?

Older than the Sultan, older than the Sheik-ul-Islam, was the order of the ancient Caliph, who had proclaimed this law, that he whom a holder of such device would pass must be allowed anywhere. Turkish law, it must be recalled, is a summation of all edicts gone before.

Still, Turk-like, they would compromise!

We should return this device to them, and they, in turn, send it back to the Pasha. Then they would admit me to all save the Kaaba, the holy of holies.

It was this or nothing!

Hundreds had been slaughtered in attempting only to get thus far to the gates. Not even the American government could protect us now, for diplomacy refuses to protect the trespasser on sacred ground.

Yes we would consent.

So the portal was thrown back, and with the Captain of the guard riding at our side and a little tin box borne aloft, to present to the imaum of the golden mosque, we rode triumphant into Mecca.

AUNT ANN'S PRISONER.

By CLARK M'KAY.

THE blackberry patches along the edges of the ravines near Aunt Ann's cabin were white with bloom, and the peach trees that had grown from seeds planted by the old lady's own hands displayed all the signs of an approaching bountiful crop. The cabin stood far off in the woods, reached only by private paths, and the nearest public road was over a mile away.

"My, how fresh and sweet everything smells this morning!" soliloquized Aunt Ann, as she carefully scrubbed the front step. "I'm glad I've got that pantry finished and cleaned and everything done so early. Now I'll set down and sew, and maybe, somebody'll come in. Mrs. Marion generally aims to send me something every week, and here it's Saturday morning. Well, this is her day to bake pies!"

She carefully rinsed out the broom in a bucket of clean water and hung it up to dry on the nail near the door. Then she carried back into the house and put into their accustomed places the strong wooden chairs and the square cherry stand which, during the process of a most thorough cleaning, had been moved outside the door into the bright sunlight. Because of their love for her, all the neighbors called her Aunt Ann, but so far as any of them knew, she had no living relatives.

"Good morning, Aunt Ann," called a clear voice, and then a little girl in a sprigged calico dress and sunbonnet to match came around the corner of the house and placed in her hands a basket carefully covered with a white cloth.

"Look into it quick and see if anything has happened; mother said I must be very careful to hold it level or the juice would run out of the pie into the meat, and the vinegar soak into the biscuits, and the jam spill into the cake. That would be mixing things up a good deal, wouldn't it? But I know everything must be all right, for I was just as careful as could be, up and down the hills, and never tilted the basket once."

"Why, Mary Marion, you've brought me enough to last a week, and I never can pay you back."

"But you know you are always payin' us back, Aunt Ann. You bring over doughnuts and blackberry jam and peaches and biscuits; you and your 'Snatch,' said the little girl."

The "Snatch" which Aunt Ann always kept near at hand was leaning against the side of the cabin at this moment. It was a stick of strong ash, about twice as long as an ordinary cane, having an iron thimble on one end and a piece of metal bent like a shepherd's crook on the other. It had been in her possession ever since she moved into the neighborhood many years before; but no one knew its history or the origin of its name.

"My snatch helps me out wonderfully," said the old lady, "all alone like I am, with my lameness botherin' me. Sometimes, I need it to walk with and to shoo out the chickens with when they try to come in."

"Why, you don't strike the chickens with that heavy thing, do you, Aunt Ann?"

"Goodness, no, not hard, child! But I give 'em a little tap and that scares 'em just as bad as if it was a real hard knock."

"And you always have it with you when you're away from home, don't you?"

"Yes, when I'm out in these hilly woods and come to a steep place there's generally a little tree or a root peepin' out of the ground, or an old snag somewhere that I can hook the snatch on and so help myself to climb."

"I should think you'd be afraid, Aunt Ann, all alone here so much."

"Afraid of what, child? Nobody's goin' to hurt an old woman like me. This place is so far off in the woods no tramp would have enough energy to hunt it up, even if he knowed he could get victuals here. Plenty of people livin' near the railroad or the turnpike would give a hungry man all he wanted to eat. Your ma would, any time, wouldn't she?"

"Yes, mother wouldn't turn anybody away hungry, and you wouldn't yourself, you know, Aunt Ann."

"Well, it's accordin' to whether he looked mean or not, I guess. But come into the kitchen, I want to show you my warm weather pantry. I built it all myself, with good strong boards."

"Why, Aunt Ann, it looks like a cage or a little jail, and you've stopped up the back door."

"Yes, I didn't need but one door. So I boarded up the lower half of this one and slatted the upper half and then built the cage, as you call it, inside the room. It'll let in light and air, but not cats nor chickens. We'll set the basket on this new lower shelf and then it'll be safe."

The old lady turned the heavy button and the slatted door swung outwards into the kitchen. It was in a

direct line with the front door and the door which connected the two rooms.

"Why, Aunt Ann, you are a great carpenter," commented the little girl. "I don't see how you fixed everything so nice."

But at that moment a slight noise caused both to turn towards the front door, and there, about to enter was an evil-looking man, roughly dressed and unclean. As Aunt Ann, with a commanding gesture, started forward to intercept him, he halted on the step.

"Stop!" she cried, "don't come into the house. What do you want?"

"I'm hungry, I want something to eat and I'm going to have it," he said, in a threatening manner.

"Sit down on that step," she sternly said, "and I'll bring you something to eat. I never in my life refused to feed a hungry person."

"I ain't goin' to wait. I'll help myself. I watched that little girl bringin' that basket here a while ago, an' I can see it now, settin' on that shelf in there."

A sudden thought struck Aunt Ann. She said no more, but nodded reassuringly to Mary as he tramped past them into the kitchen. They both noticed that his left hand was gone and in its place, strapped to the stump of the arm, was a strong iron hook. So intent was he on securing the food that he did not notice he had entered an enclosure and he was about to turn around, when Aunt Ann, who had glided after him, flung the door shut and fastened it.

In the surprise of the moment he threw up his right arm with the evident intention of breaking loose the outer bars and leaping through the opening. His left arm hung at his side, held down by the strongly made basket, which was now wedged in between his leg and shelf. The pantry

was proving to be a very tight fit for him. He shook savagely at the bars, but Aunt Ann's handiwork was not of the flimsy kind, and he could make no impression on the strongly nailed boards. So long as his left arm should remain pinned down by the basket, he could not do much harm; but, if he could succeed in releasing the hook, and thus secure its aid in his struggle, it seemed very likely that he would not be very long in breaking out through the window.

Aunt Ann beckoned to the girl; "hand me my snatch quick," she whispered. In the excitement of the moment, it had fallen to the floor in the other room and Mary ran and brought it. The man was working at the window with his right hand, but Aunt Ann noiselessly placed a chair close to the door and mounted upon it. She pushed the snatch through a crack and then, with a quick movement, hooked it around his wrist and drew it back, pinning the arm to the woodwork, with the back of the wrist and hand pressed against a board and the clutching fingers with nothing but empty air to grasp at.

"Let me out," screamed the prisoner, with a terrible oath, "I'll go away and leave everything alone."

"You shall not go, you will stay right here," and then with a little quiver in her voice, while she held to the snatch until the iron cut into the man's wrist, she said: "Bring me the clothesline, Mary, that hangs on that nail over there."

Then the man begged to be released. "Don't tie me up here," he cried, "I didn't mean to do you any harm. I never was in this part of the country before an' never will be again. I was just a-wanderin' along here, an' got iungry an' stopped."

"And walked into my house after I had told you to stay out, and grabbed up a basket of food without my leave, and was very impudent 'til I got you fastened up," said Aunt Ann with the utmost scorn in her voice.

"But I've had bad luck," pleaded he, "I got put in jail—"

"In jail!" broke in Aunt Ann, "that's just where you ought to be now. I suppose you escaped and went sneak-in' round through the woods so you wouldn't be found. Well I'm glad I've caught you now."

Then Mary, at her direction, loosened the coil of rope and held it up for her, while, with much deftness she passed the end between two of the slats and drew it around his wrist and then with many twists and turns in and out through the cracks and around his arms and shoulders, she fastened him there so securely that he could not move. When it was all done she stepped to the floor and into the other room and sank into her rocking chair.

"You helped me splendidly, Mary, and we have got him safe enough, so don't be scared. We will rest a little bit and eat something while we decide what we'd better do. Go there to the corner cupboard and get some bread and butter and two glasses of milk and we will go outside and sit on the step."

And then they had a pleasant little time over their luncheon, the old lady tactfully restoring the equanimity of the girl before she should send her for help.

"Now, dear child," she said, drawing Mary close to her, don't be a bit afraid, but go home and tell your father we've got a man shut up here and he'd better please come with somebody to help, and take him away. I expect they'll find he belongs somewhere in jail, but

don't hurry at all, Mary, for I'm not scared and I'll be just as safe as anybody could be."

And then when the little girl had started away on the homeward path Aunt Ann went into the house and kindled a fire in the cook-stove.

"Do you drink tea or coffee?" she

said, addressing her prisoner.

"Coffee, ma'am," he answered meekly.

"Well, I'm glad you drink coffee, for there's not much tea in the canister. I'll have your dinner cooked by the time Mr. Marion comes."

"Thank you, ma'am," he answered

INDIA OF TODAY.

By *SAINT NIHAL SING OF INDIA.*

INDIA of today is, in many respects, the antithesis of the United States.

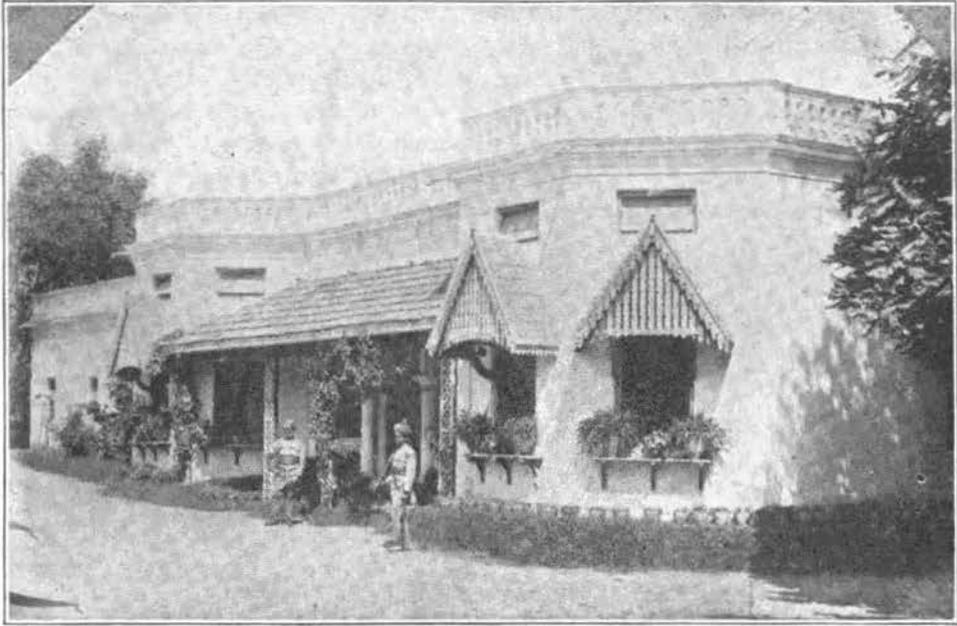
Even in the remotest corners of the American continent steam and electricity are employed in field and factory, and the latest inventions of science are used to save time and labor at home and in the workshop. The masses in Hindostan, on the contrary, have hardly been touched by the spirit of our times. They are still steeped in conservatism and held in bondage to the past. They are extremely chary of adopting modern methods in order to keep abreast of the march of civilization. In the larger cities machinery has been introduced to a limited extent; but in the smaller townships and rural districts human agency still is exclusively employed in doing the work. Wherever machinery is in use, it is of the crudest and most elementary description.

It is a distressing sight to witness the East Indian weaver at work in his native village. The cotton or wool yarn is spun by women with the aid of a hand spinning wheel and turned over to the weaver; or, he buys it from the factory in the city, where steam or electricity is used in spinning it; or, the yarn is imported from Europe. He makes the woof in a laborious manner. He fixes a few

reeds in the ground in a double row. About these he winds the yarn, paying it out from the spindle held at the end of a wooden stick which he carries in his hand as he walks round and round the rude contrivance. Before a woof of ordinary length is ready to be put into the hand-loom the weaver has walked scores of miles. The loom, in its turn, is a primitive arrangement, and much time and labor is consumed in the tedious task of weaving the web crosswise the woof.

Farming, vegetable culture, fruit raising, stock breeding and dairying are done in almost primitive ways. The plow consists of a crooked stick, at the end of which projects a rudely-shaped knife. This, drawn by a yoke of slow moving oxen, plows the land. Some of the tillers of the soil depend entirely upon rain for watering their crops. Others sink wells into the ground. With small buckets they draw water from these wells for purposes of irrigation. In some localities this is done with the help of oxen. In others a crude arrangement, consisting of a long wooden pole, at one end of which is a heavy weight and at the other a bucket tied to a long rope, is moved up and down by a man.

Fruit culture is imperfectly understood. Except in a few places, the same



Typical Home of the Well-to-do in East India.

thing holds true of cattle raising. The average Hindoo farmer usually knows little and cares less about raising pigs, chickens and other stock which the religion and caste regulations interdict as food. The dairy products are handled in an old-fashioned way. The milk, as it comes from the udders of the cow, is put over the fire to boil. Then a little bit of curds is introduced and the milk is left to stand over night. By morning it has become a solid mass of curds, and is then considered ready to be churned. The cream is not skimmed, but the whole mass of curdled milk is put into the churn, which, in a way, is not dissimilar to the apparatus used in America before the patented affairs now on the market came into common use. The curds is contained in an earthen jar. The dasher, instead of being worked up and down, as is done in the United States, is twisted about in the churn by means of a string tied around the handle and held in the hands of a woman who pulls it back and forth.

Ninety per cent of the total population of Hindostan makes its living by such simple methods of agriculture and dairying. The Hindoos are a nation of villagers. They do not take kindly to large cities. Probably 95 per cent of the population lives in rural communities, consisting of from 200 to 1,000 families. The farmers do not live separated from each other, each on his own parcel of land, as do the Americans. Instead, they gather together in little hamlets adjoining their farms. The villagers who are not engaged in agricultural pursuits, but who nevertheless are dependent upon the farmers for their living, follow trades, such as blacksmithing, weaving and shoemaking. As the sons of the family marry, they bring their brides home to the house of their fathers, all living together under one roof. On account of this, large groups are to be found in a single home.

Life in the village is dull and prosaic. The farmers live in one-storied houses adjoining their lands. The ironsmith,

weaver and harness maker group themselves around the dwellings of the farmers. Their houses, like those of the agriculturists, are unpretentious in looks and devoid of all comforts and conveniences. Most of them are built entirely of mud, with straw-thatched roofs. In some lo-

on a wooden pivot. As a rule, the front door is elaborately carved and decorated. The ornamentation of the house, however, usually begins and ends at that point.

The floors, in almost every instance, are made of mud, and once a week, or



An East Indian Military Family.

calities crudely burned bricks or unhewn stones are used for building materials. Rudely-chopped blocks of wood form the girders and rafters. Not frequently the doors are made of unplanned planks. In many places iron hinges are deemed a luxury, and the door is made to revolve

oftener, are coated with a preparation of white or red clay. The portions used for sitting purposes are covered with coarse mats. The rest is left bare. In the sitting rooms there are no chairs or benches, as the native East Indians squat on the floor. The household furniture

embraces a few rudely-made cots, manufactured at home, of wood, without springs or slats, the body of the bed being made of woven hemp twine. China dishes are hardly ever used, the food being cooked in either earthen or brass pots and served in brass or earthen plates. The East Indian masses know nothing of knives and forks, but eat with their fingers, or sop up their food with a piece of bread.

The walls are not decorated in any manner. In the majority of instances no attempt whatever is made even to whitewash them. In many cases the same room serves as kitchen, dining room, bed room and sitting room. The stables, where the cows are kept, frequently adjoin the living room. Poverty-stricken and unacquainted as they are with the laws of sanitation, their houses have no pretense of plumbing, and the ventilating arrangements are always inadequate. Window glass is practically unknown in the East Indian village. The windows are mere wooden shutters. In winter these are tightly

closed and all the crevices carefully choked with filthy rags. Not far away from the house the fertilizer is collected, waiting to be made into cakes for fuel or transferred to the field.

The houses are illuminated at night by little lamps, usually either of

brass or earthenware, without any glass chimneys. In these urns mustard oil or linseed oil is burned. A thin piece of rolled cotton floating about in the oil serves as a wick. It is amusing to watch the wick being trimmed and pulled up out of the oil by means of a piece of wood.

At noon-time the women-folks of the cultivators carry their lunches to them in the fields. Usually the meal consists of large loaves of hand-ground corn or wheat bread baked in earthen ovens. These they eat alternately with

a pinch of salt or with miserly sips of buttermilk. Sometimes, along with the bread, they manage to have some greens or vegetables, stewed in order to save butter. Some people are too poor even to buy salt to season their food.



A Brahmin Priest in his Sacredotal Robes.

Life at home for the women is one constant round of drudgery. Want of coal or wood for fuel obliges them to use cakes made of cow-dung. These cowdung cakes furnish smoky, unsatisfactory fire, which tells terribly upon the health of the woman who does the cooking. The earthen ovens and hearths provide an uncertain heat. In baking bread they burn up their vitality; in cooking stews they steam away their eyes. To get up the simplest meal requires a great deal of time and makes grave inroads on their nervous capital. When they are not engaged in cooking they are churning or nursing children, which invariably come in plentiful numbers to add to their already heavy household duties. What little time is left after attending to these affairs they devote to spinning with a hand wheel, or crushing cotton seeds with a hand press, in order to augment the slender family income.

Almost every house in the East Indian rural districts is built around a hollow square, leaving a courtyard in the center. Here the women sit in the day-time, squatting on mats or wooden cots. The men usually gather under the shade of a venerable tree, smoking their pipes, called hookahs, and discoursing on topics of village interest.

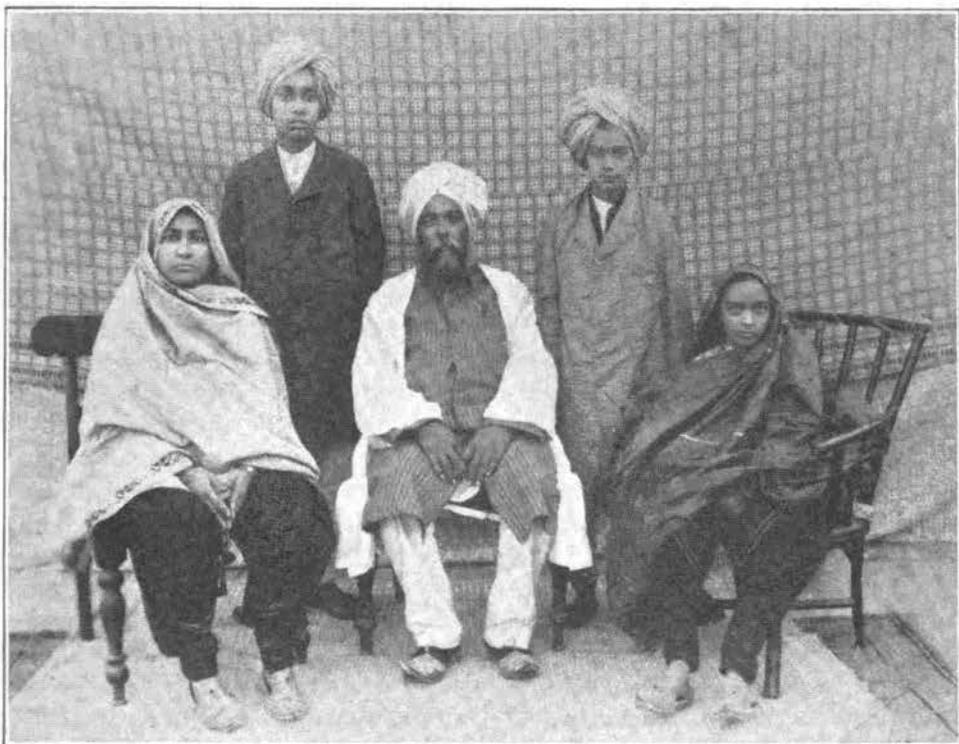
The East Indian's work dress generally consists of a cloth around his loins, barely large enough to cover his nakedness. In certain localities a long shirt is also worn, while certain people wind turbans about their heads. Women-folk commonly wrap around their bodies a single piece of cloth. There are parts of Hindostan where women wear trousers, their heads and shoulders being covered with a plain cotton or chintz sheet. Sometimes under this a shirt is worn, but oftener the body is bare from the waist to the shoulders, save for a gar-

ment somewhat similar to the bust-supporters used by American women. In certain parts of India women hardly ever affect any foot-dress. Even in places where slippers are worn, hardly ever are stockings or socks used underneath them. The climate in most parts of Hindostan is tropical or semi-tropical, and therefore the sparse dress does not result in great physical suffering. The bodies of Hindoos, however, as well as their faces, become extremely black on account of exposure to the burning rays of the sun.

The dresses worn on holidays and festivals are somewhat more elaborate, though never very expensive. The East Indian woman is fond of jewelry. In most cases in the villages this consists of a few silver ear-rings, bracelets, bangles and anklets. The poorer portion of the community wears ornaments made of silver alloy or German silver. The women in many parts of Hindostan wear rings in their noses and a number of ear-rings, the ears being pierced in many places to accommodate them, so that in some cases the ears are studded all over with ornaments. Male and female children also wear rings in their ears and noses. Boys wears these ornaments until they are from eight to twelve years old, when they are discarded.

Fifty cents a month is the income of the average East Indian of today, according to the latest estimates of recognized English authorities. Seventy millions out of the 300,000,000 human beings that populate Hindostan are so submerged in hideous penury that they are unable to afford even a single satisfying meal a day of the simplest kind. Nineteen million East Indians, the English statisticians figure, perished from starvation during the past 25 years.

Scant food and clothing and unsanitary dwellings have rendered India a



Typical Aristocratic East Indian Family of the Punjab.

hot-bed of pestilence. Epidemics are fast becoming endemics. Already plague and cholera are common household visitors. During the last ten years more than 5,000,000 Hindoos have died of plague. In many instances whole families have been wiped off the slate of existence.

More grave in its results than the famine or plague is the priest-craft which holds the East Indian masses in its grip. The priests regulate the religious, social and even personal lives of the people. The "Brahmins," at one time the repositories of sacred and temporal knowledge, are now fast degenerating. Their learning today consists of ill-conceived, unscientific notions. Many of the "Brahmins" have ceased to exploit the ignorant masses and are employing their activities in other useful directions. A great many, however, still continue to

suck the blood of the people by palming off on them specious and categorical teaching. These priests, for their selfish gain, daily issue encyclicals against modernization. It is to their interest to perpetuate customs which occasion waste of money on marriages and funerals. The starvation-dying Hindoo, under the direction of the priest, incurs expenses at the births and marriages of his children which keep him indebted to the money-lender. Had the people of India resided in a portion of the world where the cunning priest had less opportunity of exploiting them, very few of them would marry; but, as it is, early marriages prevail throughout the land.

The "Brahmins" impart fatalistic instruction to their devotees. This makes the Hindoo view his existence as a burdensome thing which has to be put up with on sufferance. Therefore, instead

of endeavoring to make a success of his present life, he prefers to centralize upon the hereafter. He performs his daily duties like an automaton, without displaying ardor or enthusiasm. Life brings him nothing new. Each morning sees the resumption of tasks left partially undone over night. In an humdrum manner he works until night once again overtakes him. He evinces little interest in performing his labor. He seems to work more in order to be rid of it than for any other reason. Apparently only a portion of his vitality and intelligence is engaged in the work he is performing. The average East Indian looks as if he was half dead. In his waking hours he seems to be half asleep—in his sleep-hours half-awake. He appears incapable of making a vigorous effort. His movements are languid; his speech soulless; his walk lacking spring. The mind of a Hindoo is not a blank. It is glugged. It is like a photographic film exposed by mistake, more than once and partially developed. The brain of the man is filled with hazy, undefined impressions potent enough to bind him to the past with hoops of steel, but not strong enough to stir and sway him to break the old china and glass and force himself out of the iron bars that hold him back from progress. The East Indian, therefore, is merely half-intelligent. There are millions of Hindoo men and women who can talk by the hour about religion and philosophy—who can converse learnedly about the fourth dimension—who can recite from memory huge volumes of epic and sacred poems; yet who are unable even to sign their names.

A general survey of rural life in India is disappointing. The masses seem to live a life of stagnation. The shadow of hunger hangs like a death pall over their homes; but the cloud is not without its silver lining. The spiritual atmos-

phere is changing in India—and in the last analysis it is the spiritual atmosphere which governs material conditions. Change one and the other rectifies itself. The reign of the past and priest is fast drawing to its end. Conservatism has reached the thawing stage. The world forces are pressing with such a crushing force in India that she is now shaking off the lethargy of ages and preparing herself for a new and glorious career. Unmistakable signs are present everywhere in the land that Hindostan is rapidly emerging from the grip of caste and custom and endeavoring to set before herself new ideals and pursue different tactics. The very influences which have held her back now are impelling the people to go forward and accomplish great achievements. Until recently the Hindoos had nothing but ancestors to assure them standing in the world; and, therefore, it was quite natural that they should have contented themselves with ancestor-worship, preserve their methods of work and follow their ways of life. For centuries the shadows from the past have withheld the people of Hindostan from making rapid progress. Under the new regime the glories of the past are inspiring them to attain the highest it is in their power to achieve.

Large cities have grown up in all parts of Hindostan. These are provided with modern conveniences of all kinds. Electricity is being introduced into them, and is being used for lighting purposes as well as motive power and for running street railways. Gas is used in many places for cooking and illuminating purposes. Steam is being pressed into service. The steam locomotive engine already traverses the length and breadth of the land, and many new lines are being built. Steam printing plants, factories and workshops operated with steam are being installed in the larger towns and

principalities. Postal and telegraphic services have been inaugurated; schools and universities established.

More than a mere beginning has been made. Modernism is not confining its influence to the urban population; imperceptibly it is creeping into village life. The East Indian villager goes to town to do his marketing in a wagon driven by a team of bullocks. On the highway he passes beautiful bungalows, each separated from the other by low walls, each with individual lawns, well-trimmed shrubbery and a flower garden, each with a cluster of shanties in the corner of the grounds. An observant man sees a row of servants four or five times a day proceeding from the mud-houses in the corner of the compound, bearing heavily-laden trays covered with white cloths. Or, he sees in the well-kept grounds, lines regularly marked, a net held in an upright position by dwarf wooden posts, and well-dressed, well-fed men and women fumbling with shuttlecocks or batting balls. Native boys in smart uniforms run about after the balls which the players inadvertently toss out of the tennis or badminton courts.

It is beyond the comprehension of the average native East Indian to fathom the mysteries of what they are doing. He hears a jargon of words uttered in a language utterly unknown to him. Their loud laughter is wafted to his ears from across the walled-off space. He cannot touch or pluck the flowers of variegated colors, though the fragrance is borne to him by the gentle breeze.

He also makes a mental note that the clothes worn by a single resident of the "big house" are many times the number and value of his entire family wardrobe. If he is a man of more than ordinary perception, he remarks to himself the layers of petticoats that are visible when the ladies, in walking, hold their upper-skirts at a certain angle.

Once a native asked the writer: "Why do the 'white' men bind their necks with stiff dog collars and secure them with a narrow piece of cloth? Why do the women put on them such a number of dresses? Why don't they wear little silver trinkets, such as the native women do, instead of wasting their money on many times more expensive frills and chiffons and laces?" He did not wait for the answer, but said, as if he was thinking aloud, with his eyes half-shut: "God has made them our 'kings'—they do as they please."

Neither the speaker's face nor his head had ever been shaved—not once in his whole life. His head was covered by a dirty turban. As he moved away his shoulders were contracted and his head bent low—his neck was craned in an attempt to glimpse the "big house" as long and as much as he could. He had passed by the bungalow a thousand times during a single year. What was inside of it he wistfully longed to know, but could not dare even to hope ever to be able to see.

Villagers may be heard talking in India at any time of the day about the immunity of the "whites" from the plague and other epidemics. While the natives are perishing from the Bubonic plague by the million, not a hundred, all told, have died from it amongst the "white" fraternity. They talk about these things while gathered together in their religious temples or village assemblies. Once in a great while the eyes of one of them will sparkle and he will exclaim: "Why is God so unjust to us?" Why does he keep us pinched and in perpetual penury?" Then the village elder wisely asserts: "God is never unjust. They have done good karma in their past lives and are our kings today." This settles the whole affair for some. In the hearts of others the sullen inquiry remains unsmothered, and proves a potent influence

which keeps him discontented with his present and inspires him with an ambition to seek the ways and means of bettering his future condition.

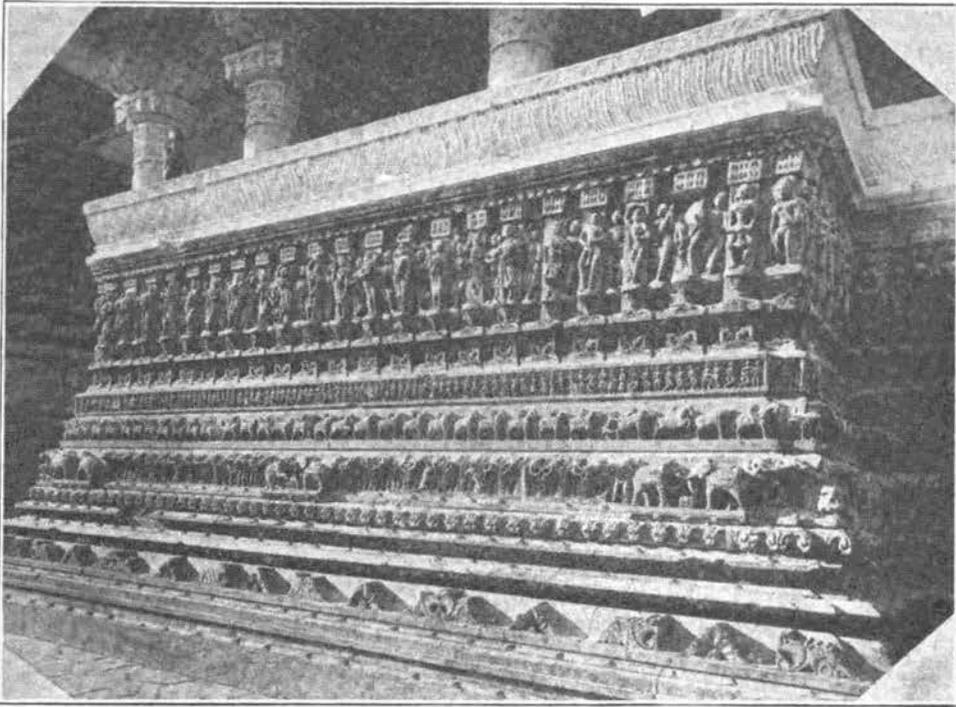
From amongst the villagers soldiers are recruited to form the native army. When the military man returns after serving a term of years in the service, he finds it no easy matter to pick up the thread of life where he left off when he enlisted as a recruit. In a listless sort of way he tries to perform agricultural work, but finds it impossible to return to his plow. Life in the village lacks excitement. He finds no pleasant diversions—nothing but a monotonous grind. The hackneyed, insipid pleasures doled out by the country fail to neutralize the discomforts that render rural residence intolerable to him. With mechanical regularity the tax-gatherer presses his demands. With maddening impudence the police-constable flaunts his authority. In season and out of season the palm of the village record-keeper is itching for gold. Night and day, summer and winter, the wolf of hunger haunts his door. The one-time soldier is not intelligent enough to analyze the conditions and place the blame for them where it belongs. He fails to grasp the significance and gravity of the appalling situation, not of himself alone, but of the entire nation; but he has lived in the barracks, with their neatness and comforts, and his soul rebels against being herded in the same house with cattle. He is no longer content to till the fields with a make-shift plow. So long as he belonged to the army the people stood somewhat in awe of him. They admired and envied his uniform and his erect, military bearing. The ex-soldier cannot bear to lose this distinction and become a mere part of the common rabble. The thought occurs to him that he can go to some distant land where, perhaps, he will receive high wages and more than likely find

genteel work to do, such as policing the streets and wharves, or acting as guard at bank gates, store entrances or exits. The discontented man sells his land and yoke of oxen, disposes of his wife's jewelry, or by some other means raises money, usually barely sufficient to cover his passage to the new land whither he is bound. Leaving behind him tearful, pleading relatives and friends, he tears himself away from the bosom of his family—from the home of his birth—and travels to China, Japan, Malay Straits Settlements or America in search of fortune.

The village equanimity is greatly disturbed by his departure. In the excitement attendant upon his leaving, another man becomes affected, employs almost identical methods to gather together the wherewithal to travel, and follows in the path of the one who blazed the way. The epidemic becomes so infectious at times that all the men of a family—in some cases even a large portion of the male population of a village—catch the fever. Emigration then becomes the dominant topic. Without thought for the morrow, careless of the future of those whom they are leaving behind, emigrants, inspired by the example of others, overcome the inertia of ages with one manful move and join in the general exodus.

When the traveled man returns to his native village after his sojourn in foreign lands, he becomes the proverbial leaven of contagion which, even in the fatalistic Hindostan, constantly keeps leavening the entire mass of humanity. The whole community wishes to emulate this man's example. The ideals and standards of life are raised in the minds of the villagers, and they begin to grope in the darkness with a view to attain their cherished desires.

Every time the village tax-gatherer puts in an appearance to demand the land



A View of the Interior of the Celebrated Hindu Temple at Jaggarnath.

rental, the farmers who have remained unaffected by the outside influences find their shallow fatalism badly shattered. The European agency which manages the internal and external affairs of the Hindoos is much more expensive than was the native administration which preceded it. Naturally, the land tax has increased. As the land in many localities, for lack of improvement, has deteriorated, and the population, despite famine and plagues, increased, the villagers find it more and more difficult to pay their share of the government demands. On every occasion when the tax is collected, especially if times are hard on account of failure of crops through drought or the devastation of insects, the erstwhile fatalistic East Indian agriculturist becomes discontented with his lot and anxious for a change for the better. Like the cultivator, the village tradesman and workman equally feels

the pressure, as the indirect taxation has raised the price of food-stuffs and other articles of daily necessity. They, too, no longer are disposed to let matters take their slow course, and commence to wonder why the wolf of hunger is constantly howling at their thresholds.

Four villages out of every five in Hindostan are without a school house. Ninety per cent of men and more than 99 per cent of women in India are utterly illiterate. But the villagers who are able to read the newspapers retail the news contained in them to those who are unable to read. It is a wonderful sight to see a newspaper imported in a small native village circulated from one end of the town to the other, the news being passed along by word of mouth amongst those who are unable to decipher the printed words.

All these influences are inspiring the desire in the East Indian in both the vil-

lage and city to change his condition and environment. The educated people of the land have already started an active propaganda to establish national schools and colleges all over the country. Young men from the heart of the village community and town are being sent on private and public scholarships to America and other Occidental countries to study the latest methods of agriculture and manufacturing. Every effort is being made to make up for lost time and give a new impetus to the Indian masses.

Already the educated East Indians, whose number totals several millions,

have gathered their forces together in an endeavor to build up their industries and commerce. An aggressive platform for India-made goods has been adopted, and attempts are being made to revive the old and wedge in new industries. The educated Hindoos are also agitating for self-government. Most of them desire that India shall manage her national affairs under British protection and supervision. The more radical are pleading for an independent India and a complete severance from foreign domination of any description.

The Way of the World.

When she was introduced to him she called him "Mister Dickerham."

After she was well acquainted with him "Charles" was the usual term.

When they became engaged she addressed him as "Charlie."

As the engagement progressed he became "dear."

Just before the wedding she called him "dearest."

During the honeymoon she called him "darling."

To her friends she alluded to him as "Mr. Dickerham."

One year after marriage she called him, "Say, you!"

The fact that thoughts are forces, and that through them we have creative power, is one of the most vital facts of the universe, the most vital fact of man's being.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires is like cutting off our feet whenever we want shoes.—Swift.

He Never Came Back.

A Californian relates the following as illustrating the aptness evinced by a Chinese servant in his employ for an easy assimilation of American methods of dealing with the "hobo" type that is not less common in California than in the East.

A hungry tramp knocked at the kitchen door of the Californian's house one Tuesday afternoon, when he was promptly challenged by Lee Yuen. The "hobo" delivered himself of a long tale of woe to the Chinaman, concluding with a petition for something to eat.

"You like fish?" suavely insinuated the Chinese.

"Yes!" eagerly assented the tramp.

"Call Fliday," responded Lee, with an imperturbable smile, as he closed the door.

If college life did nothing else but to show the student that there is something better in life than mere money making, than the pursuit of a sordid aim and piling up of dollars, it would justify its existence a thousand times over.

The Soul's Reproof

I stray'd one day to a wooded glen
Remote from homes and haunts of men,
Where scarce a foot had trod;
And cast me down in a shady spot
'Neath spreading tree, where sound was not,
And none was near but God.

And 'neath the spell of that hallow'd wood,
My soul took flight from its clay and stood
Afar on mountain high;
And spake in tones that floated clear
O'er space in that wond'rous atmosphere
As tho' the voice were nigh.

"Behold! I stand at the bound'ry line
Of life and death! The power is mine
To view the nether world!
Lo! dread is the sight, more dread the sound
That issues forth from those depths profound
Where Lucifer was hurl'd."

It ceased! I woke from that dreadful dream,
And mus'd on the things that might have been,
The good I might have wrought;
And wept to think, that many a time,
No want of heart had been my crime,
But only want of thought.

"A myriad souls, bow'd down by sin,
In the sulph'rous pit are languishing,
Beggar and potentate!
Murderers, liars; yea those, like you,
Whose talents are hid, whose works are few
Meet with that awful fate."

'Is there no misery, want, or woe,
Of suffering manhood here below
You might alleviate?
No breaking heart by a timely word
To save? No sinners to be deterr'd
From that they meditate?"

"Believe not because thy soul be free
From the taint of crime, with impunity
To 'scape the gates of Hell!
Awake! Shake off thy sloth, and strive
To earn the right to be alive!
Be up, and doing well!"

A. H. B.



THE LOCAL PET.

By EFFIE VIRA HART.

BILLY Gorman had always been Billy, and, unfortunately, it seemed like he was always going to be just "Billy." Since he was her only boy, his mother had always called him Billy, and his father had been too busy to take much interest in his son. His pockets were always full of goodies; so, of course, he was Billy to his playmates. When he returned from law school, and applied for admission to the bar, old Judge Venner said they might be a "leettle" easy since it was Billy, and it wouldn't be likely that he would ever want to practice much anyway.

So Billy fitted up a luxurious office, but it was usually locked, for he kept an auto, a race horse and a pack of hounds. However, after the elder Gorman turned the key to the vault of the Gorman Mining and Milling Company for the last time, and the delicate little wife soon followed him beyond the veil of the flesh, all the mothers of daughters in Gormanville were willing to be a mother to that dear boy.

Billy had been born rich. Grandfather Gorman had owned the four quarter sections of which Gormanville was the center. During the infancy of Billy's father, while boring for water for the numerous cattle and sheep of the farm, lead and zinc had been found in quantities that paid better and better the deeper they went. So, naturally, Billy was the principal beau of the village.

Celia Branner was said to be the prettiest and most stylish girl in town. Her father owned the largest dry goods store in the place, and she had been as

far north as Chicago, and as far south as Memphis, and had been in a St. Louis boarding school for a whole year. She knew all of the popular songs, the latest fads, and kept up with all the news about the actors and actresses. And she did not hesitate to discuss the most important subjects of the day, her knowledge having been gleaned from the headlines in the Sunday papers. But all of this passed for a superior intelligence in Gormanville.

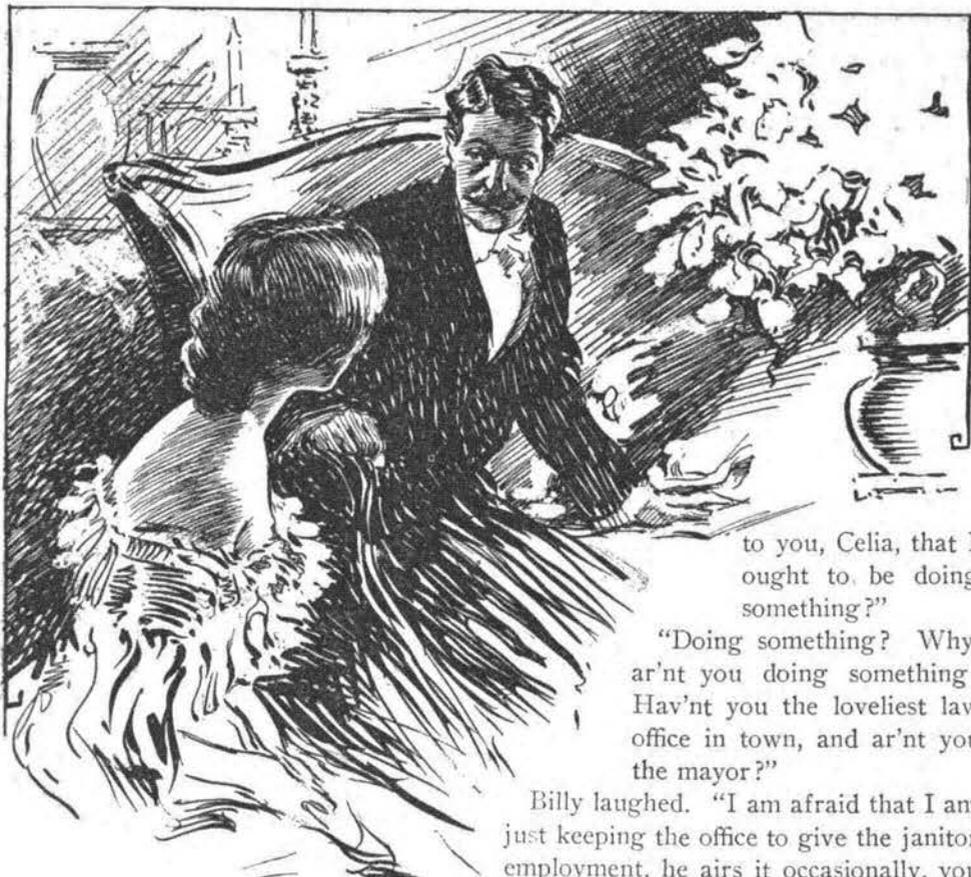
Celia was very pretty, and Billy had not yet learned the difference between real and superficial culture. So it was usually Celia's long blue veil that floated from Billy's automobile. Besides, Mrs. Branner was very kind to him, she made him feel so much at home, and fed him with some choice delicacy almost every time he came. If the daughter of the house is pretty, and the pantry well filled, the matrimonial campaign is easy.

Gormanville was to celebrate her fiftieth birthday, and Billy had come to talk over the arrangements with Celia. There was to be a picnic in the town park, and the main feature was to be an address by Billy.

"I know your oration will be just lovely," Celia was saying. Billy frowned; he had spent three or four stupid hours in trying to write out something, and had finally taken his paper around to have Judge Venner fix it up for him.

"My only hope is that the audience will forget all about it when you sing your solo."

"Oh, how absurdly impossible! But



to you, Celia, that I ought to be doing something?"

"Doing something? Why, ar'n't you doing something? Hav'nt you the loveliest law office in town, and ar'n't you the mayor?"

Billy laughed. "I am afraid that I am just keeping the office to give the janitor employment, he airs it occasionally, you know. As for the mayor's duties, I notice that the town council manages just the same whether I am present or not. No. I don't really think it can be said I am actively employed."

"Oh, well, leave the work to those who have it to do; life is too short to spend in drudgery if one doesn't have to."

"Ye-s, that may be all so, but one doesn't want to be a cipher. If you were going to choose a husband, for instance, you wouldn't select a good-for-nothing, would you?"

Celia blushed crimson, "Why, I—I don't think you are a cipher. You—you give employment to a lot of people, and—and—" She was embarrassed, and did not know how to proceed. She had been expecting him to propose for quite a while, but it did not seem to be just as

"Has it ever occurred to you, Celia, that I ought to be doing something?"

do you know, Billy, I am so worried about by song, and about my dress. I am afraid Miss Simpson won't get my dress finished in time, and I just simply could not sing in one of my old dresses; and I can't decide whether to sing 'Sweet Summer Day' or 'The Garden of Love;' I believe I will sing both of them for you, and let you decide."

Billy decided for "The Garden of Love," "Sweet Summer Day" to be reserved for a probable encore.

Mrs. Branner brought in a tray, laden with delicious cake and some frozen dainty. After having been generously helped to the delicate viands, Billy leaned back in the comfortable rocker and remarked: "Has it ever occurred

she thought it would be. She paused for him to continue. But he settled himself a little more comfortably in the big chair, and seemed to become interested in the capers of Romeo out on the lawn. Romeo was Celia's spaniel. And when he spoke again it was of Romeo.

The day of the celebration Billy rode in a flag-bedecked carriage, preceded by the local brass band. The school children had given their flag drill and sung their songs, and Billy was delivering his address. There were two listeners near the front of his audience upon whom his eyes frequently rested. One was Celia, and on her countenance was written admiration, conscious pride of, "Behold, he is mine!"

The other listener was also a young woman, the stenographer of the business manager of his mines; and every time he looked at her he became more and more conscious that the words he was saying were not his own, but Judge Venner's. And was it a half smile or a disdainful curl of her lip that made him feel that if uttered by Judge Venner the high sounding metaphors would be more appropriate? None the less, he wiped the perspiration from his brow, and continued with dogged determination. Finally, he finished his speech, amid great applause, and after he had taken his seat he cast his eyes upon the girl. A sort of a mocking smile flitted over her face. Was it possible that this office girl was making fun of him?

After the program was finished, Billy's friends gathered about to praise him. "It was perfectly lovely," gushed Celia. "Very well delivered, Billy," said Judge Venner, with a twinkle in his eye, that brought a scarlet flush to Billy's cheek.

The next day Billy sauntered into the office of his general manager.

"Good morning, Foster! Good morn-

ing, Miss Mason! How are you this morning after your holiday?"

"As fine as silk. Everybody has been talking of your speech, Billy. All say that it was the greatest ever heard in this town. Don't they, Miss Mason?" Foster replied.

Before Miss Mason answered the 'phone rang, and Foster turned to answer. "Hello, what's that? Oh! alright. I'll come right away. I say, Billy, they want me down at the shaft, so you will have to excuse me. Was there anything I can do for you this morning?"

"No, nothing; thank you."

"Oh, yes, Billy, the engineer says he wants to talk with you personally about the kind of a mill he wants us to get for the Blue Belle."

Billy frowned. "Oh, bother, tell him to explain it to you. I wouldn't know any more about it when he had explained than before. You and he can decide about it."

"That is what I told him, but he seems to think it necessary to talk with you."

After Foster had gone, the click of the typewriter continued, and Billy made a pretense of reading the morning paper.

When the click subsided for a minute, he spoke: "Did you enjoy yourself yesterday, Miss Mason?"

"Yes, very much, indeed."

"Had a good program, didn't we, barring my part of it, of course?"

"I thought that the program was all very good," she replied, without looking up from her work.

He wasn't getting on very fast, but he was accustomed to having his way, so he persisted.

"I came near having a bad case of stage fright yesterday."

"Really? Why, it was not apparent."

There was another silence.

"I say, Miss Mason, were you bored

with my speech?" Billy finally said abruptly.

"Bored! Why, no, Mr. Gorman."

"Well, then, what was the matter, the reason you didn't like it?"

Miss Mason looked at him this time. "Why, I never said I didn't like it."

"I know. But your face showed it."

"My face! Why, Mr. Gorman, how did you happen to notice?" her dark eyes large with surprise.

"I don't know," he replied, blushing, "unless it was because everybody else seemed to think it alright."

She looked at him steadily for a minute. "Do you wish me to be frank with you?"

"Yes, certainly; that is just what I should like."

"Then I will tell you. I should have liked your address better if it had been delivered by Judge Venner."

Billy gave a start.

"It was not your style," she continued. "It was too florid, too soaring. It was not direct enough, not simple enough. I did not think you did yourself justice."

Billy writhed under the criticism. "What made you think of Judge Venner?" he asked.

"Well, it was like him, pompous, flowery, full of verbose metaphors, if you will pardon my frankness," she added with a smile.

"Hang it all! That was what I thought was expected of me. You see, I wrote the thing out and took it around to Venner to fix it up. So, all the bouquet part was his make."

"Why did you do that, Mr. Gorman?"

"I don't know; I wanted to have a respectable speech, without much trouble, I suppose."

"Yes, that must have been the reason, habit. You are accustomed to having someone do things for you. Isn't that true?" she said with an arch smile.

"Well, I am not so sure, but they all seemed to like it except you," he replied tartly.

"Yes, that was another reason. You knew that you didn't have to put forth any great effort to be well received in your own town. You knew that the people would applaud you as they always have."

"It is rather nice to be well thought of in one's own place, isn't it?"

"Yes, certainly, but if this popularity hinders one from bringing out the best that is in one, or from achieving anything really worth while, it would be better to be less popular, would it not? Of course, this is only a woman's opinion."

Billy frowned; but, as he looked at her, his frown relaxed.

"You are pretty hard on a fellow. You have summed me up as a shiftless, taking-everything-for-granted, good-for-nothing, with no aim in life. Maybe there are others who think the same way of me; but, if there are, I wonder why they haven't said anything about it."

"One doesn't usually take such liberties with those who have fortune and prominence. Sometimes one is afraid; or, more often, one doesn't, if one's own bread is well buttered. I realize that I have been awfully audacious. Perhaps I may be discharged tomorrow," she laughed.

"Miss Mason!" Billy exclaimed, flushing.

"I beg your pardon; I really didn't mean that; I was just expressing the public sentiment," she said, laughing.

"Well, I should hope you didn't mean it. But, Miss Mason, do you think that I am going to make a failure in life; that I shall live on in an aimless sort of way, and accomplish nothing in the end?"

"No—no, not if you apply yourself."

He was standing by her desk now, and his eyes were bent on her so earnestly

that they brought a rosy flush to her face when she looked up at him.

Foster returned at this moment, and a surprised smile flitted over his face.

"I wish you would get those last assays for me, please, Miss Mason."

"I hope you haven't been flirting with our pretty stenographer, Billy," said Foster, offering him a cigar, after Miss Mason left the room.

"I should say not!

I don't think that would be possible, even if I were so inclined. But she is pretty, isn't she? Her eyes are really wonderful. I never noticed it before today."

"She certainly is a very fine young woman," Foster said seriously. "I would rather risk her judgment on most things

than that of two-thirds of the men I know."

Billy accompanied Celia to a dance that evening, and she noticed that he seemed to look at her more intently than ever before. "It's coming soon," she thought, and rehearsed her part to herself.

But his thoughts were something like this: "Why does Celia talk so incessantly about such inane things? And how greatly her face resembles



They had fully planned her first reception.

that of a bisque doll." But she was popular, a splendid dancer, stylish and pretty; so Billy was glad to be her escort.

In a few days he called at his manager's office again.

"Foster out, Miss Mason?"

"Yes, he has gone over to the Blue Belle; he will not be here before five o'clock."

"You arn't very busy, are you?"

"No, not very; is there anything that I may do for you?"

"Could you—or would you go for a little spin around by the lake? I have my machine out here," he said, blushing like a school boy.

A look of pleased surprise came over her face. "Do you suppose that I ought to leave the office?" she said doubtfully.

"Oh, yes. Leave one of the assistants in charge. There is no need of your staying here all afternoon when there is nothing to be done."

It was very delightful, winding through the cool, deep woods, then racing by the lake, with the wind in her face. How handsome Billy was, and how strong. Finally they came by Rose-dale, Billy's home.

"Oh, how beautiful your home is now!" she exclaimed.

"It is a pretty old place, isn't it, but it looks rather lonely." "And how lovely is your rose garden," she cried, clasping her hands in ecstasy.

"Wait, I will gather some for you."

He thought her very beautiful as she bent over her roses, and stood looking up at her for some time. Then he said:

"I have been thinking a lot about what you told me the other day, Miss Mason. About just going along and having a good time, and never trying to do anything. And—and, Miss Mason, some of the boys want me to run for Congress. Do you suppose I could?"

"She looked down at her flowers a

good while before replying. She was sorry an answer was required.

"Do I think that you could be elected?"

"Yes, or rather nominated. You know that it would be the same thing in this district."

"Of course, it always seems like a fine thing for a man to be elected to a high office. But it is a great responsibility to fill the office. Of course, one can answer the roll call, and vote on bills as one is instructed; attend all of the functions, and keep one's constituents supplied with garden seeds. But, is that filling the office?"

"Oh! if I should be elected, Miss Mason, I would work, I really would do my best."

So Billy entered the race. Some of the older ones shook their heads; but a good many wanted offices for themselves, and Billy was a liberal contributor to the campaign fund.

The campaign went on right merrily, and Billy was almost overwhelmed by his popularity—in his own town—among his own class. Celia Branner and her mother had taken great interest in the campaign. They had fully planned her first reception after becoming settled in Washington. Celia even sent for samples of white satin duchesse. Though Billy had not called so frequently of late, she felt that she ought not to expect so much of his time while he was so busy with such important matters.

It had been a busy summer for Billy, the busiest he had ever known. The day before the primary he came into Foster's office, his eyes shining and his face glowing with enthusiasm. He had found himself in the habit of reporting at the office quite regularly, and had had many long, confidential talks with Miss Mason. When she had not been busy, there had

been many repetitions of their first long ride.

"Oh, Miss Mason! I believe that we have them beat!" He cried excitedly. "Venner says, even if I get left in Boone county, my majority at home will more than make up for it."

"Have you asked all the men to vote for you?"

"What men?"

"Why, the miners and mill hands; all of your employes; every man has a vote, you know."

"Why, no; I never thought of it. Of course, my own men wouldn't vote against me," he said easily.

"One never knows," she said doubtfully, "and there are a great many of them."

"What a careful little woman! But it is too late now. Oh, Miss Mason!" grasping her hand, "will you—would you—"

Just at this moment the office boy came in, and Billy did not finish his sentence. Margaret Mason sat at her desk for some time after he had gone with a faraway look in her eyes. She was wondering what Billy might have asked if he had not been interrupted, and her speculation brought a bright light to her eyes and a rosy glow to her cheeks.

The day of the primary was a gala day in Gormanville. The local brass band was playing its loudest, and immense posters, "Vote for Gorman," were in evidence everywhere. A tallyho party, composed of the society belles of Gormanville, drawn by four white horses, drove about town, displaying rainbow-colored Gorman banners. Celia rode on the box and carried the handsomest banner of all. The multi-colored Gorman circulars flew about like showers of confetti.

When the polls closed at six o'clock, the men shouted triumphantly for Billy.

He stood on the top step of the old court house, while flags waved about him, the band played, and the crowd gave three cheers for "Our Billy."

By midnight, the noisy watchers in the court house began to receive the returns. Every hour brought fresh tidings. At first there was feverish anxiety and noisy clamor, but by three o'clock all were silent in the room. Billy sat with disheveled hair and a burning face, but with a cold chill about his heart. Two hours later he crept to his home, to reflect over his first real disappointment in life.

He did not come to the office until the second day after the news of his defeat had been confirmed.

"Well, it's all over," he said, without looking at Margaret.

"Yes, Billy, and it is needless for us to say how much we regret—"

"Don't say it, Foster; I have learned my lesson, and it is all done. I hear some of our men voted against me."

"Yes," Foster admitted. Even the chief engineer was against you."

"Do you know why?"

"We-ll, he was a little piqued, I think, because you wouldn't talk with him about the new mill. He said that if you wouldn't look after your own affairs, you wouldn't be likely to take much interest in the general welfare of the people."

"Oh, he did, eh?" Billy replied without looking up.

"But we'll get even. I have told all of the men who voted against you that their employment with us would terminate next Saturday night."

"Oh, you did that," Billy said frowning. "Well, Foster, will you oblige me by calling up all the men? I want to talk to them."

"Why, Billy, at this hour? We wouldn't get them at work again today."

"Please oblige me, Foster. I want to



"I have decided to take a partner."

see every single man, the engineer, the mill hands, the miners, and all."

There was a tone in Billy's voice that Foster had never heard before, so he obeyed without further argument.

"Miss Mason, to run for office is a good way to find out public opinion about one's self."

"Oh, I don't think the public has such a bad opinion of you," she said, consolingly. "They thought you were too—too—well your opponent was so much older than you."

"Thought I was too young? A few did raise that objection. Some people said I was buying my way. Others said that I didn't have the brains; that I was too lazy. Some agreed with the engineer, that I did not manage my own affairs. But do you know the real reason that I care so much? I thought I might prove to you that I really could do something worth while. Now, I suppose, you will go back to your first opinion, if, indeed, you have ever changed it," he added with some bitterness.

"Oh, Billy! as if I ever could have thought anything but good of you," she said, rising to her feet.

"Have you, really? Then, after I have made this disgraceful failure, is it possible that you think I may yet be something?"

"Yes, indeed! more, much more than if you had been elected. Of course, I didn't like to see you defeated, but I really thought it would be better for you if you were not elected, not just yet. Sometime, after awhile, after all that is good and noble in you is brought out, after you have learned to stand alone, to sympathize with your fellow men, to assume your share of life's responsibilities, then—then—"

"Oh, Margaret! teach me to be all

that I ought to be. I thought to ask you to share a career full of success and honor—but now—"

"It will be a career of success and honor; we will make it a triumph!" she murmured from somewhere about his coat lapels.

There never was a triumphant victor who wore a happier smile than did this defeated candidate when he went out to talk to his men.

"I wish to thank each and every one of you who voted for me, for your good feeling and loyalty, and I wish also to congratulate those of you who voted against me on your sound judgment. Men, you were right! A man who does not conduct his own affairs has no legitimate part in the management of a nation. Henceforth the Gorman mines will have a new manager; and, though I hope Mr. Foster will remain to assist him, the new manager will personally direct every detail. He is a green hand, boys, but he is willing to learn. He will stand by every man on the force, and he wants every man to stand by him; his name is—Bill Gorman."

A great hearty cheer went up from the men, such as Billy had never heard for his most eloquent speech during his late campaign.

"And, boys," he said, smiling and blushing, "I have decided to take a partner, and this young lady," taking the blushing Margaret by the hand, "has honored me by consenting to become my life partner, to help make a man of me. Now, three cheers for the bride!"

Every cap flew up in the air, and every man hurraed his loudest. "Congress ain't good enough for 'em; we'll make him a senator," they shouted, and ten years later they made their word good.



"TO CHERISH EVERMORE."

By A. HERBERT-BOWERS.

"MR. STEVENS," questioned the girl, "am I an old enough friend to take a liberty?"

"I should say so," he smiled.

"Well, then! I am glad—we are all very glad—to see you so changed."

"Changed?"

"Yes! Don't be offended! You were so grave, so cold, when you came back from Africa!"

"And now?"

"The shadow that seemed to have brooded over you has lifted. It is just as though some winter landscape had been transformed by a burst of genial sunshine."

For a moment the man made no answer. None could have called him cold as he gazed at the girl with glowing eyes. Her own fell. He rose from his seat and stood before her.

"Corinne," he asked, "do you not know why I am changed?"

"No, indeed!" she said, looking frankly at him.

"It is yourself that has worked the miracle. You are the sunshine that warms my frozen heart to renewed life," he flared. "Dear, if ——"

"Don't! Please don't!" she implored.

"Don't!" he gasped.

"Has — has no one told you?" she pleaded, touching his sleeve with a deprecating gesture.

He shook his head.

"I am to be married," she whispered.

He did not answer.

"I am so sorry! Indeed, I did not guess!" she advanced further.

Still no answer.

"I thought you knew! Everybody knows!" she persisted tearfully.

"You are in no way to blame," was dragged from him by the sight of her brimming eyes.

"See!" she said eagerly, as she fumbled with trembling fingers at the neck of her dress. "This is he!"

Producing a locket, she opened it for his inspection; and, in obedience to her wish, he let his eyes fall upon the features pictured within it.

"Crampton! Arthur Crampton!" he exclaimed.

"Your old friend and school-fellow!"

"Crampton! Arthur Crampton!" he repeated mechanically.

"Yes," began the girl, "you will not ——"

She broke off abruptly. It had been her thought to dull the pangs of rejection in the knowledge that it was the friend of his boyhood to whom she was pledged; but in his sudden pallor, in his clenched hands, in sternness of his features previously lacking, and in an expression of the eye which vaguely alarmed her, she read her blunder.

"Oh! What have I done?" she cried.

"Nothing! Nothing at all!" he said hoarsely, after a silence which he had evidently employed in getting a grip on himself. "So Arthur Crampton came back?"

"Yes! Naturally, I supposed you knew."

He nodded acquiescence.

"He has not been here of late?"

"No! Not since you came—I think. His business, latterly, has been very pressing."

A grim smile hovered for a moment around the corners of the man's mouth.

"He is in New York, I suppose?"

"Yes!"

"Well! I must be going!"

"You are not angry?" she asked.

"Angry with you! No!"

"And you wish me happiness?"

"Now and always, dear! Good-bye!"

He swung out of the house into the street, pausing a moment to study his watch under the light of a convenient lamp.

"I can make it," he muttered.

A few minutes of violent walking took him to the station, which he entered just as the headlight of a train flashed round the bend which the line made not a quarter of a mile distant.

"New York!" he snapped at the ticket clerk.

An hour later he stood at the door of one of that city's most sumptuous bachelor apartments.

"Is Mr. Crampton in?" he asked of the man who answered his ring.

"He is, sir! But I am not sure that he will see you."

"Will that remove your doubts?"

The "that" was a twenty-dollar bill which Stevens dangled temptingly between his fingers.

"Well, sir—"

"Conduct me to his apartments, and the money is yours! I'll admit myself!"

The conditions were too easy to admit of further parley.

"Follow me, sir!" said the man.

Crampton's suite of rooms proved to be at the far end of a corridor on the second floor; and, the man having pointed out the sitting room, Stevens handed him the promised reward and watched him out of sight. Then he gently turned the doorhandle and entered.

"Is that you, Thompson?" asked a drowsy voice from the depths of an arm-chair whose back was towards the door.

"No! It is I."

The effect of this simple announce-

ment was instantaneous. The chair's occupant, springing to his feet, removed a heavy shade from the electrolier which stood on a nearby table; and the room, hitherto shrouded in partial obscurity, stood revealed in all its luxury. Stevens looked around. His lip curled.

"You do yourself well," he remarked.

The other made no reply; but stood watching his visitor with narrow apprehension. In the meantime, the latter's glance traveled from the room's appointments to the face of his hostile host.

"You've come for your reckoning, I suppose," said this last.

"Not for the reckoning which you anticipate! However, as my business is likely to be prolonged, I will, with your permission, take a seat."

He suited the action to the word, and Crampton followed his example.

"As you please," he acquiesced, with a shrug of the shoulders.

For a time silence obtained; then Stevens began in level tones:

"You must pardon my presenting a brief recapitulation of the account which stands between us."

"It is not necessary."

"I think otherwise."

Crampton sighed resignedly.

"Please yourself," he said.

"You will remember," Stevens pursued equably, "that on discovering diamonds in Africa, my first act was to send for you, my supposed friend, and to offer you a share of the wealth that lay ready to hand. You repaid me by making love to my wife, deeming me the while a blind fool. Fool I was, perhaps, in that I did not snuff out your traitorous life. Blind I was not. Striving to hold her love by every means in my power, I yet bowed to a conviction which has always been mine, that, once her love has flown, it is sacrilege to demand of a woman that she cleave to a



"Am I an old enough friend to take a liberty?"

man. When, therefore, she fled with you, I made no outcry, I sought no reparation; but, having secured a divorce, awaited with confidence that rehabilitation which was due her from any man in whom honor dwelt. I waited in vain. You tired of your toy. You left her to die of want, or to live in infamy."

Crampton made a gesture of negation; but Stevens pursued with icy impassivity:

"All of this is common knowledge; now follows that which brings me here tonight. You returned to our native town; courted, and—with a facility which would seem to be yours—won the love of a woman—"

"Whom you love yourself."

"My sentiments have nothing to do with the matter. I—"

"You would seem to be a trifle unfortunate in your love affairs," sneered Crampton, again interrupting.

"I shall, though," Stevens persisted unmoved, "make it my business to see that she does not ruin her life by marrying such a scoundrel as are you."

Crampton's eyes flamed; but he kept himself well in hand.

"Indeed?" he sneered. "Since when have you had control of Miss Moberly's actions?"

"Over Miss Moberly I have no control. With you, however, the matter stands otherwise."

Crampton laughed.

"You will find," he observed, "that I don't take kindly to being driven."

"On the contrary, you will follow my instructions implicitly, or—"

"Or?"

"Your betrothed shall be made fully acquainted with your past infamy."

Crampton started violently, and half rose from his chair; but subsided under Stevens' steady gaze.

"And these instructions?"

"That you go immediately to Miss Moberly and, under that plea of pressing business which you have already urged, postpone your marriage. This business will presently take you to Africa and necessitate your residence there for a considerable period. I leave it to yourself to bring about the final rupture."

"Are you mad, man?"

"I think not. You have the alternative of incurring simply the stigma of an inconstant lover or of being branded as a contemptible cur."

For some moments Crampton made no reply. With lowered lids he was, to all appearances, buried in deepest thought. As a matter of fact, vigilant as ever, he was watching narrowly the adversary whom he had always previously bested, but who now held the trumps. Within him, too, blazed a hell of impotent rage that, held always in check by Stevens' unwavering regard, yet clamored for vent in bodily action.

"Come," said the latter at length, as he reached for writing materials that lay on the table, "let us have this matter in black and white, so that there can be no mistaking the terms under which I engage to exercise forbearance."

But, ere he could reach them, Crampton, driven by the elemental instinct to destroy that which threatened him, gradually braced himself for the effort; hurled his hundred and seventy pounds of bone and sinew unerringly at his foe; gripped him by the throat; and, rendering impossible effective resistance by planting a knee heavily in his stomach, forced back his head over the top of the low, massive rocker in which he was seated.

Taken utterly by surprise and at a disadvantage too serious to be overcome, Stevens for a few moments used every ounce of his great strength to shake off his assailant; and, failing in this, strug-

gled madly, and equally in vain, to loosen the ever-tightening grip of the fingers that encircled his windpipe. Moment by moment his struggles grew weaker. First, an undulating darkness enveloped him; later, burst in his brain a ball of fire that gave out a never-ending succession of falling sparks.

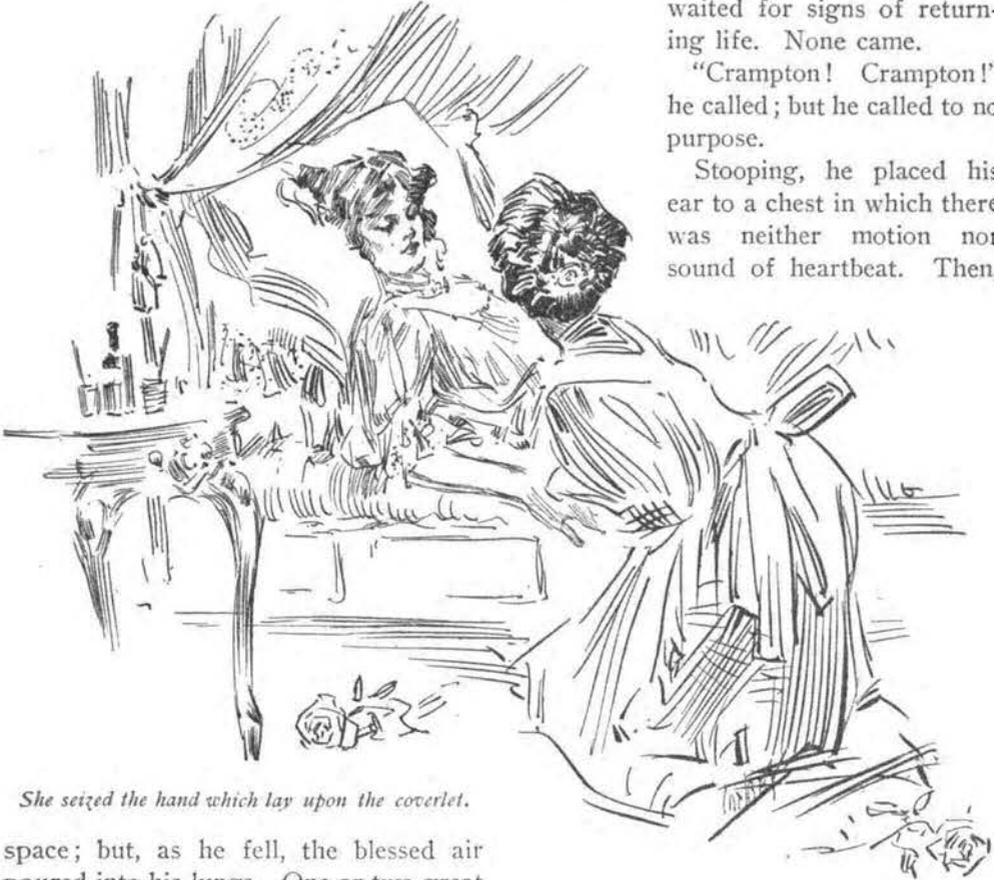
Consciousness almost gone, it suddenly appeared that he was falling through

Stevens clutched him by the throat, and in a paroxysm of rage, dashed his head again and again upon the floor. Then it occurred to him that his foe was strangely inert, non-resistant; a thin stream of blood, he noticed, was welling from the top of his head; and there was a small pool of it on the hearthstone.

His rage died out. He relaxed the vengeful tension of his fingers. He waited for signs of returning life. None came.

"Crampton! Crampton!" he called; but he called to no purpose.

Stooping, he placed his ear to a chest in which there was neither motion nor sound of heartbeat. Then,



She seized the hand which lay upon the coverlet.

space; but, as he fell, the blessed air poured into his lungs. One or two great gasps, the darkness cleared! Another and another, returned both strength and the instinct of self-defense! He was on the floor, where lay his foe who had pitched beyond him. The breaking of the chair back had saved his life.

Swiftly he rolled over and threw himself upon Crampton, who, not so quick to recover, lay in a heap near the jamb of the mantel. With a fierce delight

gently, he lowered the thing to the floor; rose; pushed an electric button in the wall; and waited an answer to his summons.

In a few moments the door opened to admit a lacquey, who advanced briskly to the entrance of the inner room. Here he stopped, eyes distended, mouth agape.

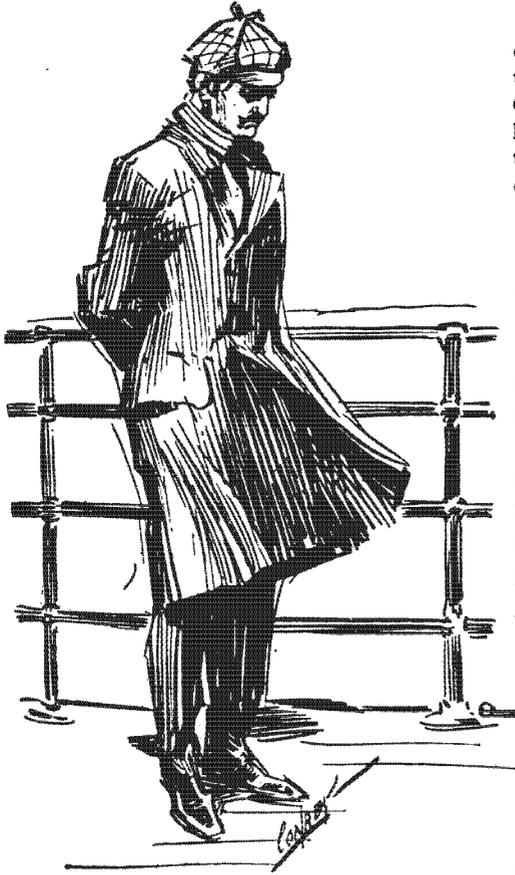
"Thompson—! Your name is Thompson?" queried Stevens in tones of un-

natural calmness, and with an unconscious attention to trifling detail.

"Yes, sir!"

"I have killed your master! Send for the police!"

To the officers he vouchsafed no further statement; and was, accordingly, taken to the lockup. Here he awaited,



He paced the deck of a homebound steamer.

seemingly without emotion, whatever the future might bring.

But, luckily, the coroner was a man of more than average acumen, who, backed by the evidence of a well-known medical practitioner, was able to show that Crampton died from concussion of the brain occasioned, not by the violence of Stevens' attack, but by the fall, where-

in his skull had struck and been fractured by the mantel jamb.

Thus, a free man, Stevens returned home, to receive the congratulations of all except Miss Moberly. From her came a letter that, though not unexpected, none the less made him supremely wretched. It ran:

Mr. Stevens — Though acquitted of the charge of murder, you know—as, alas! do I—that in your heart you are guilty of the crime. Of me you have made a widow that has never known the joys of wedlock. I can but hope that you will never put me to the bitter trial of beholding you again. God forgive you!

CORINNE MOBERLY.

To this accusation, he felt, he could offer no defense. Her grief he would not aggravate by destroying the illusion that beset the memory of her unworthy lover. The injustice to himself were better endured!

Later was added to his burden the knowledge that she whom he loved, who looked upon himself with abhorrence, had broken down under the strain, and lay at death's door. Brain fever was the ailment.

For days he endured in an agony of suspense. Then the cloud lifted. She was better, they told him, and would recover.

The strong man wept; and, weeping, remembered that he must not vex her by remaining nearby. He packed what was necessary, and sailed for Africa. In the meantime, in the sickroom, a nurse, possessed of a beauty that not even a haunting sadness of expression could mar, had listened to many ravings of delirium, in which the names of Arthur Crampton and Bob Stevens found frequent expression.

For her, apparently, these ravings held an intense interest; and, when reason dawned in the patient's harried brain, she attended to her charge with

so rare a devotion that the latter remarked it.

"Why are you so good to me, nurse?" she asked one day.

"Am I good?"

"You know you are!"

"My name is—is Stevens," she faltered.

For some moments the convalescent lay silent, with eyebrows compressed.

"I do not understand," she said at length with some coldness.

In turn, the nurse hesitated before speaking. When she did so, she had so placed herself at the head of the bed as to be hidden from view.

"I was," she said with some difficulty, "the wife of that Bob Stevens whose name has been very often on your lips during the period of delirium.

"Of that wretch! Of the man who murdered my—who murdered Mr. Crampton!"

"Oh! No! No!"

In her eagerness, the faithless wife came from her hiding place; and, throwing herself down beside the bed, seized the hand which lay upon the coverlet, and rained upon it the tears whose shedding served to bedew her own parched soul.

Lightly fell upon the bowed head the sick woman's other hand.

"Tell me!" she said in the gentlest of tones.

But the long pent up storm had first to exhaust itself, and many moments elapsed before its violence had sufficiently subsided to permit of speech.

"Even for his sake," she said at length, "I cannot dwell upon the past; but the truth you must know. I was married in Africa, where my husband was one of the first to discover diamonds; and, in a short time, we were lifted from poverty to wealth. Quite natural, it seemed to me, was it that my husband should send for his old schoolmate, Mr. Cramp-

ton, of whom he had spoken so often in terms of affection; and, when he arrived, I was glad to do for him whatever was possible."

Here she paused.

"Oh! How can I go on!"

A pitying hand stroked softly the bowed head.

"But this friend, this pauper whom my husband raised to affluence, whom he received into his home, was a villain who, devoid of gratitude or conscience, made love to his benefactor's wife. That wife, alas, was a wretch who listened and fell! She—no, I deserted the noblest, best and tenderest husband a woman could have, to flee with a man who in a few months grew weary of her whom he had so cheaply won. He offered me money—the money which was to all intents and purposes my husband's. There remained in me, I am glad to say, enough pride to make me scorn such an offer; and, God be thanked, I have since been able to make an honest living."

After a long silence, the penitent looked up. Tears, she saw, were streaming down the cheeks that lay so white on the pillows.

"Put your arms around me, nurse, and let us weep together," the invalid sighed.

Later, between these women, equally bereaved, passed many confidences, out of which was evolved a letter that presently found its way to a lonely man across the intervening waste of waters.

Months before, this last had reached his African home to be strangely touched by the unaffected joy manifested by its Kaffir caretakers. Naturally, too, the mute evidences of his wife's bygone occupancy evoked a host of tender regrets and vague longings, which insensibly usurped the throne of his later passion.

To these longings the letter's arrival

gave form and substance. A long letter it was, in Miss Moberly's handwriting, and many times the man perused it. Finally, he folded it and put it in his pocket.

"Inyanini! Inyanini!" he called.

A splendid specimen of the Kaffir race appeared and awaited in silence his master's wishes.

"Inyanini," the latter enjoined, "this day I depart for the white man's country, never to return. Do thou see, therefore, that all preparations are made for the journey! And, because thou hast been to me good and faithful, I give to thee this house and lands to be thine for all time. I have spoken."

And, in accordance with this resolve, he started that evening for the sea coast. Sleep he could not; but it was not the

wagon's jolting that kept him awake. In his heart was a tumult, due to one passage in the letter which drew him homewards:

"And another there is who has sinned against you, too deeply, as she thinks, to claim forgiveness. But the love which was once your's, though sleeping awhile, has never died. It lives now, sanctified by a pathetic self-abnegation that moves me to deepest pity. Can you not also find it in your heart to pity, to pardon, and—let me say it—to love the victim of a scoundrel's perfidy?"

"To pity and to pardon? Yes! and to cherish evermore!" murmured he, as, with eyes turned longingly westward, he paced the deck of a homebound steamer.

HOW THE SHREW GAINED HER POINT.

By JOSEPHINE SCHUBERT.

MRS. YADKINS was stitching away nervously on her sewing, meanwhile sending furtive glances at her husband, and nodding her head propitiously, she observed: "Philip I've been wanting to have a talk with you when our Gladys was not by for some time, and I guess the longed-for time has come at last."

Philip arched his eyebrows, and with a not-to-be-despised degree of suavity, answered, "I'm reading a very interesting story and, if you please, I'd rather not be disturbed."

"I don't care a rush whether your story is interesting or not! I'm going to talk, and this is one time that I'll gain my point, too, see if I don't," retorted Mrs. Yادkins, with such a pertinacious air that Philip laid aside his paper and

blurted out, "Go ahead then and I'll hear you through."

Mrs. Yادkins was silent a moment and Philip observed: "If all you wanted was to make me stop reading, you've already gained your point."

"Indeed I've not! But I'm going to by and by." Another auspicious nod and Mrs. Yادkins's tone softened somewhat as she continued: "Philip, you know you don't take the fatherly interest in our Gladys that you should. You know that she ought to go to college next year, and you never open your lips to her about it."

"Well, I thought you could say all that is necessary; I have for some time been laying by money for that special purpose."

"Money! Oh, you think money is

the main thing; that's as far as a weak-minded man can see. You can't see that the difficult thing with Gladys is to get her in the right mood to go. That Ben Simms has walked home with her from church or party a half dozen times or more; you've seen how they smile at each other, and yet you're just as friendly as 'pie' to him, when you can't help knowing—in spite of the fact that you're stupid and blind as a mole—that he's as poor as a church-mouse. There's his Aunt Judith going about begging some one to give her an old gown, or a pair of shoes; and his grandmother, people say, peddles berries. I tell you if I was the head of this family, Ben Simms would never have entered here! You could stop it now, but I fear you'd only be closing the barn door after the calf's out."

"You're too fast in forming opinions, Sarah—altogether too fast."

"And you're as slow as a funeral procession! You never can see anything until it's too late. But she shall break the engagement. She *shall* go to college! I'll gain my point and have my way this time, or there'll be such a racket in this family that the town will think you've turned Mormon and married a dozen wives."

"They wouldn't think that, Sarah; they would just find out what a terrible uproar one shrewish woman can make."

"I'll make you think I'm shrewish! Philip, are you going to help me in this?"

"If you mean to ask my assistance in setting up a Mormon establishment, I can answer you emphatically, No!"

"You numskull, you know I meant to ask your assistance in breaking up this engagement."

Philip's sardonic smile betrayed dis-

gust as he hazarded, "We might as well try to break up the north pole, or put an end to perpetual motion. Has Gladys told you she was engaged to Ben Simms?"

"Do you think we can't know till we're told? She just as well as told me, for when I ask her not to let that scoundrel go with her again, she just laughed and said they would manage that all right; for me not to worry myself. And I know what that meant!"

"Well, I can't see anything to worry about," said Philip, taking up his paper, "so I believe I'll go on with my reading."

"No you won't," retorted Mrs. Yadkins, rising and pacing about the room. "I tell you I'm going to talk till I've gained my point. Philip, you're an awful provoking man; you haven't any conscience at all! You want to see our only child marry a beggar so you won't be obliged to send her to college; so you can save all your money to spend on your own worthless self. Fie! on you and your money; it would be a curse to you if I'd let you have your way, but you'll *not* have your way this time. Philip, throw down that paper this minute and answer me this: Do you know that Ben Simms is going to marry in the near future?"

"I have been told that he is to be married next Sunday to—"

Mrs. Yadkins gave a startled cry as she interposed, "And you won't do one thing to hinder the wedding! You're a cowardly rascal. You call me a shrew, but you make me shrewish by your horrible neglect of the duty you owe to your family. You're a wretched old miser. There's nothing you care so much about as your money—no, not even Gladys. But I say she

shall go to college in spite of your objections."

"Sarah," said Philip, with an attempt at conciliation, "you know I have never said a word against her going to college."

"You want her to marry! You're willing for her to marry anyone; even that penniless rascal, Ben Simms. But he shall not marry in my house; I'll scream, I'll fight, I'll burn the house down before I'll consent for Ben Simms to marry in my house!"

"Mother, mother," said Gladys as she hastily entered the room, "there's no one wanting to marry in your

house. I have been standing in the hall there for the last ten minutes, and I see you are quite fiery in standing up for my rights. But it's just a waste of breath and energy, for Ben Simms is going to marry Sallie Hope next Sunday, and I am going to college. I thought that was all settled and fixed O. K. long ago."

"Well," said Mrs. Yadkins, in a much-relieved tone, "it was a terrible fuss I had to make; but it's all settled now, Gladys, that you're going to college. I'm so glad that this is one time I have overruled your father and gained my point."

THE SILENT CALL TO DEVIL'S HEAD.

By MRS. B. BUSH-WINGER

JUTE MASON had come west with but one motive, to make money. He was an austere man, not given to the wild superstitions of the mines. Still he was known to all as an adept with the "pan;" but, notwithstanding a few scanty finds where no find was thought possible, he was no richer than before he came. Now Jute was not a sentimental man, yet he worked with the calm assurance that when he found the lost mine at Devil's Head, he would go back for his betrothed, Belle Standford.

He had left Belle with her mother in New York when he came west; but that was no reason why she should stay there. She was a petulant childish woman, given to having her own way; so she came on from New York with all her babbling, cajoling, superstitious ways. Unlike most men or boys, Jute Mason was at first disturbed and morose, because she had come there all alone.

Belle had foreseen this, however, and she soon wheedled and coaxed him into his own jolly self.

She would not talk of the gold mines, that was the only strange thing about her. The miners said, whenever they spoke of gold, she listened with that same careless inattention as they sometimes display when there is something up their sleeve.

When Jute ceased to upbraid her, and begun to take in the situation and enjoy life to the fullest extent, Belle made her wish known to him:

"I have been wanting to go to the top of that mountain ever since I came here."

"The one on the west with its face turned this way—the one with its mouth wide open?" he amended.

"Exactly," she answered, with a little gasp of astonishment. "How did you know which one?"

"Because most new-comers get excited over that mountain, especially you women," he ridiculed playfully.

"No, I guess its because that mountain's named Devil's Head, and because it looks like him," suggested one of the miners. They all sat around the table in the Miners' Inn at the time.

"An' its to the top o' the mountain ye would be goin', eh? An' it's me as thinks ye would never be comin' back, if ye do go," laughed an old Irishman of the crowd. "If you ever git too near that devil's slick tongue once, you'll go into the very jaws o' hell."

The miners laughed at the rough joke. Jute noticed Belle's white, disappointed face and wonderingly led her outside of the cabin door. The stars were shining dimly; the moon was not yet up; they sat on a rough bench facing the mountain; and its ugly mouth looked threateningly at them.

"It's an ugly place to go. Why do you want to go, Belle?" he queried.

"That's a secret," she pouted, half sadly.

He looked at her wonderingly while she stared blankly at the mountain before them.

"It's—it's—such a tremendous big thing, this mountain, that it frightens me," she stammered, and choked back a sob.

"Why, Belle, what's wrong? You are paled, and—child, you are trembling," he exclaimed; and taking her hand he led her a little ways up the path of the mountain side, where the outline of the face was lost from view.

"Sit here on the pretty moss beside me and tell me about it," he urged and soothed her.

"It's the looks of this mountain's face," she whispered; "its huge eyes are looking right at me, and its mouth is opened. I just feel all over like it is going to swallow me."

"Nonsense, Belle," he persuaded. "You are just overcome by the vastness of the mountain; you are fatigued and dissipated. The mountains always impress one in this way."

"No, no, it is not that, Jute, it is something more. I wasn't going to tell you about it until we got to the top of the mountain, but I will tell you now. I dreamed about this mountain before I came; and—and—that's partly why I came. I can tell you just how it looks up there before we get up there," she blurted.

"Oh, you silly, foolish, superstitious woman," he jeered.

"There, don't look at me so, and don't laugh at me," she pleaded.

"Well, tell me how it looks up there; and we will see if you are right," he dared her.

"There's a big tree on top of the mountain," she began. "And when you sit beneath the tree you are on the mountain's chin; and before you is its wide open mouth. Around the mouth of the mountain are rugged, ugly edges which resemble teeth; and just above the lower jaw is a big, flat rock, covered with bright, red clay; and when the sun strikes it, it looks like a great, fiery tongue."

"Huh, who told you that?" he mumbled.

"I tell you I dreamed it all," she flouted; "and I dreamed, too, that I slipped in," and she shuddered again.

Then he took both of her hands in his and looked into her eyes and said to her just as he would have said to a child:

"You must never try to go up this mountain alone. It is a dangerous place for a man, even, for one is always impelled with a desire to look in when one is there; it is so awful steep. You are nervous now anyhow; and with this dream haunting you, you would be sure

to get dizzy and fall in if you go there alone."

"But I want to go alone," she burst out.

"No, I will go with you tomorrow; I cannot trust you to go up there alone, partner," he announced placidly.

"Well—all—right," she answered precariously.

He wished to rid her mind of this superstition and worry hinging upon a mere dream; but how could he reason with her when there was no community of interests? Physically, he was the sinewy, muscular miner; she did not impress you as a physical, material being, so much as a spiritual, ethereal woman. His was a contemplative, deliberative, philosophical mind of cold judgment and reasoning; she was a woman of imagination, instincts and intuition, mixed with the fallacy of superstition.

But they had learned to settle their disputes by compromise; and now that this matter was settled, she was quieted for a time and her mutable thoughts turned to the beauty of the moss and ferns growing by the way as they walked back to the house.

While she gathered the ferns he took from his pocket a gold whistle he had bought for her, attached to a long, slender chain; and he taught her to sound the call that was to be their love call.

She was light-hearted and sportive; and she dared him to get the flowers growing far out on the ledges. Her vivacious spirit came back to her and he let his gay laugh follow her jolly threats; one sportive wager following after another, until she tired of the play and he took her to the house, and bade her good night. As soon as Jute left her she sighed, threw herself across the couch and looked longingly at the mountain until she fell asleep.

When she woke, the house was still. She looked at the clock and found to her

surprise that it was past midnight. She tried to go back to sleep; but the scent of the intoxicating wild flowers came to her through the open window. She looked out; the moon was shining brightly. She slipped noiselessly out of the house, across the lawn and took the path that led up the side of the mountain.

Something up the mountainside seemed calling her. For sometime she sped on in silence. She did not analyze her feelings; she was afraid of her own thoughts; she was afraid to recall Jute's calm, clear judgment and his cold reasoning. She had no definite plans, except that she was seized with a wild desire to see the valley in the moonlight from the mountain side—tonight and all alone. She was a dilettante in things artistic and beautiful; and she longed to drink in the sublimity of the scenery before her while the grandeur of the mountains was yet new to her.

When she paused to view the landscape the air about her seemed to be all aquiver in delightful sympathy with her wondering heart throbs. She felt herself a part of the placid exaltation that wrapped the mountains round like a gray, shadowy mantle, intershot with silvery moonbeams. Below her the swimming valley lay glimmering in moonstruck, dewy ecstasy.

A tiny rivulet running out of the mountain's side belted its glorious breast like a sparkling ribbon. In this same tiny stream Jute had made one of his scanty finds; but it was not this sordid thought which now held her entranced; this woman of reveries was dreaming into the past and peopling this spot with knightly men and courtly women. She wondered if the valley was not once the seat of the goddess of love, long ago. And all the while she slowly climbed higher to widen the horizon of her view. She was so absorbed in this primordial wild beauty that she did not realize she

had been climbing and resting for hours until down in the bowels of the earth a distant rumbling, sighing wind caused her to turn and look. Then she realized that she was but a short distant from the top of the mountain; and a spirit of daring adventure took hold of her. Already she was giddy with a bouyant joy; her heart beat wildly. The love of nature was alive and burning in her breast. She was aquiver with the thrill of wonder that attests the first sight of the mountains.

Now some invisible something seemed pulling her to go and look into the mountain's mouth. Wouldn't Jute be surprised though when she told him that she had come all alone? "I will be very careful," she told herself.

While reasoning thus she gained the top of the mountain and seated herself beneath the tree.

Just then, for the first time, down the side of the mountain she saw Jute running wildly to reach her, and crying out in horror for her to sit still until he came. She waved him back and laughed down teasingly, jestingly, "And have you become superstitious also?"

"Oh, no, no," he called to her, "it is dangerous; please, please don't move."

It was necessary for him to follow the path around the lower side of the mountain by a circuitous route in order to reach her; and this shut him out of her sight for a time.

While she sat waiting the red tongue in the mountain's mouth attracted her attention; and she looked at the huge mouth with a shudder; she remembered her dream.

"You have called and called me; now I am here, and what does it all mean," she thought to herself. Yes, she had answered the call and she was here; but all the forces of her soul were stirred as she looked at the huge head, the fiery tongue, the shining throat, shining where

the moonlight struck the red, moist clay.

Now she wished with all her heart that Jute was there. A nameless dread took hold of her like a premonition of something very near. A rumbling in the gorge of the mountain caused such a creepy feeling to go over her that she was just rising to go away when she felt herself moving toward the mouth of the mountain. At first she thought it must be imagination; but when she looked around, she found that the land beneath her was sliding into its jaws. Landslides in that region were very common. She gave a loud scream just as she shot downward over the great bluff and dropped down, down into a void of worldlike vastness.

The incline was steep; and it seemed to her that she had slipped only a short distance when she suddenly landed down on the inside of the mountain. She got up and looked about her. It seemed to her that she was sitting in the small end of a great horn, and that it was a long, long distance to the top of the sides of the mountain around her. At her feet lay a long grassy valley, running clear through the center. Through the valley ran a small creek; it could hardly be called a river. She was just beneath the crater of the mountain and the moon shone brightly down upon her. She thought of Jute waiting above to know of her fate; and she called loudly to him and blew her whistle; but even as she did so, she felt how useless it was, for how could anyone hear up there?

The vastness of the valley awed her. It seemed to her that great cities might be hurled into this awful abyss and still fill it no more than so many stones. Somehow, at first she expected Jute to do something to help her out instantly; but she remembered that he had no means of rendering her any assistance until he went back to camp. She was sure he would do something. For one long gray

hour before sunrise she was frightened and miserable; but when the first rays of the sun peeped over the mountain she grew more cheerful and tried to content herself. She began to look about her for tonight her inquisitive mind was full of a vividness for analogy.

She had thought she was slipping into the blackness of an infernal region, but the fallacy of her vision broke upon her in a glimmering vision of a green grassy robe on the lap of an earth God while his face beamed down upon her from the celestial starry space above. Only the gray vastness of the background over yonder in the distance, up the mountain's sides, where it veiled the other world and her sweetheart from her—this was the only thing that palled upon her spirits.

She noted the length of the valley, the beautiful trees; and she perceived that some of them grew with their heads pointing almost downward, because of recent landslides. She noted the splendid grass, and the clear sparkling stream winding around through the valley. Looking up from where she stood, what had been an ugly Devil's Head was metamorphosed into the starry crown of a God; the rugged teeth edges became the emerald points of the crown's soft blue lining.

When at last she rested, the dancing sunbeams caught her eye; and she saw beautiful colors in the air.

"What makes the colors so distinct and pretty here?" she wondered. "Why, it's the sunbeams shining on the rocks. The rocks here must be different from the rocks on the land above." she pondered. "Why do they have such a rich color?" she thought a moment; then she gave an exultant whistle, and, bending over the brook, she dipped her hands in the sand on the bank, and lifting up handsfull, she let them slip through her fingers in the sunlight. She was no

miner; but she was an American, and she knew.

"Gold, at last," she shouted; and her cry was electrified.

She dug her fingers down into the sand and rested, satisfied, until the thought came to her: "What good will it all do if I never get out." For a while a sick terror seized her, but she shook it off. She would not die here; she felt sure of that. She must blow her whistle and cry for help. She looked up to see again how far above her was the outer world; and then she shouted for joy, for, down the side of the mountain, over in the distance, she saw a weighted rope dangling. She started to run to it; and at first she followed it about aimlessly, this way and that, as it swung to and fro—followed it in order to be just beneath it when it should land. Then it stopped.

"Their rope has given out," she thought; and she was forced to sit down again and wait. While she waited, she began to plan and think.

She realized that when the rope did reach her she could not be lifted out by the rope. At best she could only give them some sign that she was safe. If she could only write a note, she thought; but she had no pencil or paper. She took off her hat and had about decided she would tie that to the rope, when she remembered the gold. She ran back to the brook, caught up a handful of the shining sand and a few pebbles and tied them in her handkerchief. She made the handkerchief into a tiny ball; tied the ribbon on her hat around that and got it ready to attach to the end of the rope when it should come near enough to her.

"I wonder if they can hear the whistle," she thought; and she blew it again and again. Instantly the rope began to lower, slowly, but surely.

It seemed that she could scarcely wait

until the rope should land; but when it did, she was a long ways away from it. She went to the rope, tied the hat and handkerchief to it and then whistled again; the rope began to ascend; and she felt sure she was heard. The mouth of the mountain acted like a huge horn, and carried the sounds from her to the men above; but no sounds came from them to her.

When the rope reached the top, she did not have long to wait until she saw a body come dangling down from the end of the rope. The rope was tied around the body, and he held to it with his hands. A band of miners stood on the big flat rock, or tongue, which projected far out from the side of the mountain in the Devil's Head. And although in this way the rope was held away from the side of the mountain, yet there was great danger of his body being hurled against the sides of projecting rocks.

When she saw it was Jute, she cried out to him, pleading with him to hold tight to the rope. Sometimes she covered her face with her hands when his body swung too near the rocks; sometimes she cheered him; and sometimes she held her breath; but when he landed safely a few feet from her, she ran to him, where he lay exhausted on the grass.

He seemed like one who had suddenly awoke in the land of dreams.

He ran to her, and, catching her in his arms, he declared:

"You shall never leave me again."

But she only gurgled contentedly and

led him to the stream where the rich gold lay glistening in the sand.

"And I dreamed we would find it," she whispered.

Then he gave three loud cheers; and ropes began to appear over the sides of the mountain and men with spades began to descend.

"Why do they come?" she asked.

"They want to see the gold, for one thing; and they want to dig steps up the side of the mountain and carry you back," he answered; and he looked reverently into her twinkling eyes.

Then they forgot the outer world; they forgot the small army of miners coming to their rescue; they even forgot the great danger they had passed through; and, for one brief moment, these two enchanted souls sat down silently together on the mossy banks of the stream that had lapped its rippling waters over that sandy bank of gold through placid centuries waiting for the primitive dream God to bring them here. They dug their arms deep, deep in to the shining sand, and looked away into the distance like satisfied, worshipping souls who give thanks at the divine altar.

Napoleon said, "A firm resolution can make realities out of possibilities."

A great man will make great opportunities, even out of the commonest and meanest situations.



PETTYVILLE POLITICS.

By *ARTHUR H. C. NOWERS.*

THERE were big doings in the town of Pettyville. It was election week, and competition for the coveted office of mayor was keen and gave promise of exciting times to come. The candidates were Sam Green, who kept the corner grocery, Bill Brown, proprietor of what his sign asserted was "the greatest dry goods store on earth," and, last, but by no means least, as the sequel will show, my friend Jones. ,

Now Pettyville boasts of only one place where meetings can be held, and that is the Town Hall. Through some unaccountable mischance, this had been let a long time previously to a certain Professor Veronda, a ventriloquist and juggler of no mean repute, for the evening before the polling day. Brown and Green between them had hired the hall for every night except that one for two weeks before the election, while poor Jones was reduced to street corner oratory. Saturday was election day, and on Thursday, Green, after some stiff bargaining, bought out the professor, and secured the hall for Friday night, while Brown got the use of a new barn, just completed that day, which belonged to the hotel.

When Jones heard that his adversaries had after all secured meeting places for the most important night of the campaign, he was as mad as they make 'em, and for a while he talked wildly of hiring Barnum and Bailey's huge marquee, and having it brought down and erected in the park in front of Pettyville Town Hall. He swore by all the gods that he would be Mayor of Pettyville on Saturday night, though how he was going to

accomplish that most desirable result he had not the last idea.

Just then a happy thought flashed into my mind. During our college days Veronda and I had been intimate friends, and he was always the instigator and leader of whatever mischief was going. It occurred to me that he was the very man to help us evolve some scheme whereby the calculations of Messrs. Brown and Green might be upset, and Jones attain the coveted honour. So Jones and I called at the hotel and saw the Professor, who was delighted to renew his old acquaintance with me, and we soon fixed up a programme of entertainment for the eventful last night of the campaign.

Our first move was to have a number of handbills printed announcing that Professor Veronda's seance would be held in the Town Hall on Friday night, as originally arranged. These handbills we caused to be scattered all over Pettyville, taking care that one of them was posted beside each of the bills announcing Green's Friday night meeting. Half an hour after our bills were out, Green arrived at the hotel in a tearing rage, thirsting for the Professor's blood. But the Professor wasn't there. At least, so the landlord, who was in our confidence, informed the irate politician. As a matter of fact, we three conspirators were enjoying a quiet cigar upstairs in the Professor's apartments. Green went away swearing, and got out some more handbills contradicting ours as soon as they could be printed. We retorted by getting out some more, and so the game went on until, by nightfall, the town was

literally plastered with contradictory announcements.

Pettyville was in a ferment next day. Every free born elector determined to be on hand at the Town Hall to see what the outcome of the struggle was to be. Green's spirits gradually improved, and afternoon found him declaring that the business was the best advertisement his meeting could have had, and rubbing his hands at the prospect of addressing the largest crowd ever seen in Pettyville.

Well, the fateful hour came at last. The Town Hall was packed to suffocation, while a mob at the door clamored vainly for admission. With infinite difficulty, Jones, Veronda and I secured seats in the front row. Promptly at eight o'clock the chair was taken by John P. Peck, and Green made his bow. Peck was a retired butcher, and was familiarly known as "Pompous Peck," on account of his ample presence and ultra-dignified manner of speech. He introduced the candidate "in a few neat and well chosen words," as the newspapers always put it. That is to say, he talked about himself for a quarter of an hour, and about Green for a couple of minutes. Then Green made a start, positively beaming with pride and benevolence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. (By the way, there wasn't a lady in the place.) However, he went on undaunted—

"I have come here tonight for the purpose of—" Here the speaker's mouth faded into a round O of astonishment, while his eyes began to bulge as he continued—"of hypnotizing our worthy chairman and making him dance an Irish jig under the mesmeric spell."

I have said *he* continued, but between you and me and the gatepost, it was really Veronda, who was exercising his ventriloquial powers and causing Green apparently to utter words which, in reality, he did not say. The miserable

Green was paralyzed with astonishment at hearing his own voice issue from his own lips without effort on his part. Except for the absurdity of the words, the thing seemed quite natural, for Veronda is really an artist in his line, and everyone was deceived except us three. So excellently was it done, in fact, that I must admit that I should have been deceived myself, had I not been in the know.

There was a great roar of laughter. The chairman, his face purple with rage, rose and shook a leg-of-mutton fist in the speaker's face, informing him that he had not come there to be made a laughing-stock of, and very much more to the same effect. Then he waddled pompously out of the back door, shaking with passion. Poor Green seemed half stunned. When the uproar had subsided, he said plaintively:

"Gentlemen, someone is trying to make a fool of me."

"Impossible!" came a solemn voice from the back of the hall, with a sarcasm not to be misunderstood.

The audience yelled. But Green got his back up and started a harangue about overcoming difficulties, saying that he was determined to have a fair hearing.

"It is the man with sand," he exclaimed, "who succeeds in business."

"In the sugar business?" innocently queried the voice from the back, and the unhappy grocer turned pale with rage, for it was well known that the goods he sold were not always as pure as they were labeled. It was a home thrust, and the audience knew it, as was testified by their shrieks of delight. When partial quiet had been restored, Green resumed:

"Opposition," he said, "only makes me the more determined. I am not the man to be daunted by the base methods of my political opponents, a party as rotten and corrupt as—my own!"

The Professor had scored again.

When it came to ventriloquism, he certainly was a treat. The wildest disorder reigned for a few minutes, during which the miserable Green again essayed to speak. But he was unheard. Then he hopelessly lost his temper and made a hasty exit via the back door.

"Now's your time," said the Professor to Jones, and Jones rose nobly to the occasion. Cool and collected, he took his stand upon the platform.

"Gentlemen," he said, "as our (ahem) worthy candidate has seen fit to desert his own meeting, I hope there will be no objection if I, his opponent, take this opportunity to say a few words on my own behalf."

Now Jones can speak when he likes, and when he has a better place than a street corner to speak in. He made a

rousing speech, and in less than half an hour he had his audience with him, heart and soul. The result was practically certain, and it was no surprise to us when, on the morrow, Jones was elected almost unanimously. Green withdrew at the last moment. Had it not been for the Professor, Jones would never have had a ghost of a chance, but, thanks to Veronda's clever manipulation, he gained the day, and Pettyville gained an up-to-date energetic mayor, the right man in the right place.

And what became of Brown? I have it on good authority that Brown on Friday night addressed a crowded meeting in the barn, consisting of seven old men and a deaf old lady.

He got seven votes.



TO KATHARINE.

B, PRICE COLLIER.

The Greek girl's sandals, fillets yes,
 The Greek girl's girdle, too, I guess.
 The kisses of the Paphian, too,
 No longer does a Daphnis woo.
 All these have gone with Polypheme,
 And Artemis and piping Pan;
 Still is the Greek girl not a dream,
 But real enough for any man.

Her name is not Autoñoë,—
 But quite as sweet, at least to me.
 The stones of this dull modern street
 Answer in music to her feet.
 Some graces went with Polypheme,
 And Artemis and piping Pan;
 But my Greek girl is not a dream,
 But real enough for any man.

The "nymplike head" is poisèd there
 Upon a neck Diana-fair;
 The crescent brows still arch and rise,
 As shadows over April eyes.
 These went, you say, with Polypheme,
 And Artemis and piping Pan!
 No, Katherine is not a dream,
 But real enough for any man.

STARTING IN AMERICA.

By JAMES WALKER.

“I SHALL retire at fifty worth \$1,000,000, live on the interest, and will the principal to charity”—“Sammy” Bronstein.

All who know Sammy (he insists on “Sammy”) expect to see him get the million.

Sammy Bronstein is a concrete product of European thrift, American “money madness,” and Jewish shrewdness. Sammy is a money lender, but still he is likeable; Sammy has a sense of humor. This young Jew is a “down town” St. Louis character, and he is proud of it, even laughs about it. In fact, laughing pays—Sammy; at least, he says so.

Sammy is worth \$12,000, is clearing over \$100 a week, and he is just 30. “Just 30” because, at 14, he started in business on “only a nickel.” How he got the nickel shows just why he is very likely to get the \$1,000,000.

Sammy Bronstein arrived in St. Louis in 1890 with his family—seven altogether—from Southern Russia. Some way or other, Sammy doesn’t remember, they got to Eighth and Bidle streets, and there found a vacant lot. Not knowing where to go, they camped on the lot.

Pretty soon Sammy’s father, who was an educated man, with views too liberal for safety in Russia, got a job pressing clothes in a sweat shop. Sammy was old enough to work, but he “stalled for an education,” because the Irish boys of “Kerry Patch” “mauled” him for speaking “foreign.” Sammy’s father tried school on him; but as soon as Sammy learned the

boundary lines of America and Russia, he began to think about money. He couldn’t find anything about money in school books, so gave up the idea of an “education.”

“When the kids found they couldn’t kill me by mauling me,” said Sammy, a few days ago, “they took me into the ‘bunch.’ They wouldn’t let me play marbles with them, but made me a ‘look-out’ for the police, who used to run us when they caught us playing marbles. The kids gave me a marble every time I saved them from the ‘coppers;’ so pretty soon I had four marbles. I invented a new game. I placed three marbles in a pile on a clod and the fourth marble on top, and got the kids to shoot at the pile. If they knocked the whole pile down and scattered the four marbles, they won; if they didn’t, the four marbles belonged to me. Well, the kids had to shoot at 20 feet, and I won the first game. Then I had eight marbles. Pretty soon, I had a thousand; and then sold the whole lot for a nickel, and scooted down town for papers.

“That put me in the paper selling business; and, in less than a year, I was making from \$30 to \$40 a week. I wanted money so badly, I worked nearly all the time. I hustled at Broadway and Olive street and at the old Union Station at Twelfth street and Clark avenue from 4 in the morning till 10 or 11 at night.

“I saved every cent; and, in a year or two, had money enough to start in the second-hand clothing business on Morgan street. I accumulated a stock,

and then sent my father down to Texas to dispose of part of it. We had a prosperous year. But '96 was bad for business, and my father came back without a cent. My little fortune of \$4,000 was gone. I was disheartened."

But Sammy wasn't defeated. He sold papers again, and peddled magazines in the West End, taking old clothes in exchange. On one occasion, a policeman, seeing the young merchant coming out of the front door of a millionaire's home with an arm full of pretty good looking trousers, stopped him. Sammy begged "hard," and the policeman took him back to the door and rang the bell. A young woman came out and explained that everything was all right. Sammy was released.

"Funny thing about my business in the West End then," says Sammy, "was that some young women gave me their brothers' good clothes for my magazines. I found out what a good thing it is to look pleasant. In three years I had a splendid stock of old clothing, and opened another Morgan street business. I sent my father to Arkansas; but he was arrested for running a store without a license. We lost the fall trade, and he came back again without a cent. I cut out the clothing business then for good, I thought.

"I didn't know what to do," laughed Sammy, puffing a big fat cigar, "so I started the magazine peddling business again, and worked up more clothing stock. But that ain't the best of it, I'll tell you. In doing business in magazines and old clothes with stenographers and young women in West End homes, I told them what a fine dancer I was; and they hired me to give them private dancing lessons. That made good money, too."

Then Sammy started another store in Morgan street; and again, having accumulated too much stock, sent his father to Texas with goods and "a \$1,600 bank roll." Sammy's father died on this trip, and Sammy "went busted."

"But a man in St. Louis owed me \$200," said Sammy, "and he paid me. With that I started in again, selling papers and picking up old clothes. I got rid of the clothing business and the newspaper business later on, and am now making \$5,000 a year. I like the money lending business best of all. Cash is the thing to deal in."

Another of Sammy's money-making occupations was teaching newsboys how to sell papers. If he saw a prominent man's name and photograph in the papers, he would rush up to the man's office and sell him a thousand copies, collect on the spot and then bank the profit. "I had Folk, Hawes, Francis, Wells, all the big Missouri politicians, on by list," said Sammy. When Harry Hawes of St. Louis was president of the Jefferson Club in that city, he liked to give the little news merchants a sweater or cap and a big dinner at Christmas. On one such occasions, Sammy reaped a little harvest. He impressed the boys with the idea of being neat and clean when they entered "Harry's club," and sold them about "\$400 worth" of clothing from his Morgan street second-hand store on the instalment plan. Then he chartered a car, and himself took the blind and crippled news venders out to the banquet.

At the same time he ran a clipping bureau, and, of course, made money out of that. One of his beats as a news merchant was selling a thousand copies of a weekly periodical to Secretary Walter Stevens of the World's



SAMUEL BRONSTEIN.

Fair. Sammy saw a big write-up in the periodical and hurried out to Stevens. The Secretary thought he could wire for 1,000 copies direct. But Sammy wired the Chicago special agent; was commissioned "go-between;" and sold the 1,000 copies; made \$25; and collected it—cash!—while "big business men waited on the exposition company until they got gray for payment of their bills."

Now Sammy is in the money lending business, and keeps "banking hours." His office is in the front end of a clothes pressing shop on Seventh, near Olive street. There is a desk and a chair—that's all, except the big full length mirror and Sammy's picture on the wall. Customers must stand. Sammy lends money at 5 per cent. a week, loses now and then, and "sweats blood;" but tries by suits to keep "dead beats" on the run.

"How did I get into this business? Why, this way," said Sammy. "I was selling papers on the street, and a fellow came along and said he'd give me 75 cents for 50 cents for a day or so. 'I need it bad,' he said. He paid. That made me think. That quarter was so easy. I had to sell 50 papers to make that much. Next I borrowed \$30, and loaned it to a fellow who said he'd pay me \$50 for it. He didn't pay,"

"What about usury, Sammy?"

"I don't know the word," said Sammy. "Take a man with a job. Where can he go and get \$70 or \$80 when his mother or wife is sick a thousand miles away? Where can he go and get money to marry? I have twenty or thirty fellows on my book I loaned money to get married on. They have told me that if I had not helped them out they might now be in the gutter. The trusts won't let a man get enough at a time to do what I'll help him to

do if he pays me a little interest. Any man who works on a salary can pay what I ask. He says to himself, 'I need \$10, and if I can afford to spend that much, I can pay 50 cents for the accommodation.' Still, it ain't accommodation altogether; it's business. If a man has a job offered to him in another city and he's broke, where could he get the \$10 to go there, if I didn't let him have it? Ain't that job worth 50 cents to him?"

"Listen," continued Sammy, "let me tell you something funny. A lot of the employes of a big corporation here owed me money and wouldn't pay. I dressed up in some raggedy old clothes and went to the manager's wife, and put up a hard luck story. She prevailed on her husband to make the boys pay. He issued an order that all orders given on the cashier be honored, and then called the boys in on the carpet. Here's how it worked. I went up to the office, and a fellow would say, 'I'll give you an order on the cashier for \$6. You get it and give me \$5.' That was pretty rich. I got what they owed me and a lot more. Then the manager got onto it, and stopped the game."

Sammy used to do business in doorways, in hallways, or wherever the borrower could shadow him and get his money without letting "everybody see the transaction." Many a hungry man has "touched" Sammy and blossomed out in a half hour with a full stomach and a big cigar.

Several months ago, however, when Sammy took his post in front of a saloon door where customers cashed checks, he had a trying experience. He wanted to save office expense, but the "boys" determined that he should spend something. So they threatened the owner of the place with a loss of

trade. Sammy had to move. Pretty soon all available locations were gone, and Sammy was forced to open an office. He put in a telephone, and got even by harrassing his "customers" by 'phone.

"What is the secret of getting rich, Sammy?"

"See that you get a rebate on everything you buy," he said. "Buy flour by the sack and get a rebate. Buy a suit of clothes, but make them give you a rebate for cash. Get rebates on everything. Do your own work. Don't let people organize against your interests. Train the office boy, and pretty soon he can do the work of the high-salaried man. Give everybody a square deal. You haven't time to watch the fellows you don't treat right.

"I make money, but I don't give the people watered stock. I don't sell paper. I give men actual cash, 100 cents on the dollar, and take a note for that amount only. Then, if men don't do square business with me on their word, I cut them out."

"Sammy" had one customer. The fellow joked him. If Sammy asked for what was due, the fellow told him a joke. Finally Sammy demanded "just the principal." He got a joke.

"Say," said Sammy, "I guess it's all square between us."

Later the customer came back to Sammy, put up a hard luck story, was hungry, and hadn't had a smoke in two days. Sammy said "No."

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," laughed Sammy, "I'll take you across the street, buy you a big meal, and that'll help you some."

After this meal, the joking customer observed that he ought to have an

after-dinner cigar. He got that, too.

"People in this country are money-mad," said Sammy, "and some day there's going to be a revolution. I'm going to get mine before the trouble comes. The people ain't going to stand for this money business of the high financiers much longer. So the fellow who wants to be on top then, as now, must have ready cash.

"If you make \$20 a week, save some of it. Itemize everthing. If you have visitors at your house two days one week, retrench the next week. If you have sons, put them on the street selling papers. That's where they learn the value of a dollar. Over in the Ghetto, people live as they did in Europe, and save \$5 out of every \$15. American's can't do that. So—they must borrow. And I make the money."

Sammy married a year or two ago, and now has a boy—Emanuel.

"My father said to me, 'I have planted a tree and I want that tree to produce me fruit.'"

Said "Sammy:"

"He had the Roosevelt idea, and so have I. I'm going to raise my boy on a wooden spoon, and then put him out to sell papers awhile. He must learn how hard it is to get a dollar. He can take a drink or a smoke, if he wants to; because I like to wet my nose and smoke once in a while. Moderation is all right. He must learn to do as I do, and then he'll make money. If I spend \$10 today having a little time, I'm Johnny on the spot tomorrow morning to collect the 50 cents some fellow owes me. When I get the million, if Russia has become a republic, I intend to go back there."

NOTE—This article inaugurates a series which is to deal with life as it really is.

A REVERIE.

By CORINNE D. GOODMAN.

THE "Africa" plough'd a tropical sea,
And I stood on deck in an ecstasy
Of unalloy'd delight.
T'was late; and no sound save the throbbing screw,
Or officer's cry, on watch, to the crew,
Broke on the stilly night.

So clear was the sky and so near the stars,
That it seem'd as tho' the tapering spars
Soar'd to a grander height.
Then my wand'ring gaze sought the sea below,
All ablaze with an evanescent glow
Of pale phosphoric light.

And the rising moon cast a silv'ry stream
Of radiant lustre athwart our beam,
With mystic witchery
Transforming our ship into fairycraft
All silver tinted afore and abaft
Afloat on a silver sea.

And that thread of light on the ocean vast,
Seem'd so slight that methought we must have pass'd
Right soon into the shade;
But the hours flew by, and the speeding ship
Still sail'd in the midst of that narrow strip
As tho' she'd been belay'd.

And the calm of the scene instill'd my mind
With a peace, ineffable, undefin'd
And most surpassing rare.
So, my soul grew strong in that midnight hour,
With a faith in God's omnipotent pow'r
And all-pervading care.

The future seem'd bright as the moonlit sea,
The stars, in their steadfast brilliancy,
A gladsome aspect wore.
Lo! The vessel in sympathetic mood,
Like a sentient thing with life imbued,
Sped faster than before!

And the sorrows of earth no more oppress'd
My murmuring heart with the wild unrest
That haunted it of yore.
I knew that my life o'er the sea of time
Was steer'd by a Providence all sublime
Straight to Eternity's shore.

A Striking Array of Facts.

By R. A. DAGUE, 1375 Acoma St., Denver, Colo.

Spiritualists are the most progressive people in the world. Their theology is as broad as the Infinite Universe. They recognize every human being as a brother—a sister. To them "an injury to one is the concern of all." They bind themselves to no dismal iron-clad creeds. They have no infallible books except the Book of Nature. They are ever ready to change old errors for newly-discovered truth. They build no great church houses where the poor are not welcome and where envy, and pride, and selfishness are nurtured, but they everywhere meet in Nature's temple—in beautiful groves where the air is pure, where the birds sing, and where they can commune with Nature and come en rapport with unseen spirit intelligence.

Spiritualists have always been, and are now, found in the front ranks working for every reform. They have fought and won great battles for humanity in the past. They will lead many reform movements in the future. The next great enemy of mankind to be attacked and vanquished is Plutocracy: Special privileges, child slavery, and economic greed. Whatever is detrimental to society financially, economically or socially, is injurious to humanity morally, spiritually, and these Spiritualists will oppose.

Let us briefly outline the present condition of things in this country and call attention to the necessity for Spiritualists to prepare for the great struggle with Plutocracy, that

a "government of the people, by the people and for the people may not perish from the earth."

There is in the United States a total amount of about \$2,700,000,000. The banks are indebted to their depositors to the amount of about \$12,000,000,000, or nearly five times more than all the money in the country. If there should be a sudden "run" of depositors on the banks for their money the banks could not pay five cents on the dollar.

Again, the American people are practically bankrupt. The borrowing classes owe the money-lending classes about \$70,000,000,000, or over twenty-five times more than all the money in the country. These debts, it is estimated, bear an average rate of interest of five per cent., or an interest crop of thirty-five hundred millions (\$3,500,000,000). The money-lending class is reaping from the borrowing class a crop of annual interest which exceeds the value of all the staple farm products of the country. One of two things must occur: First, a few capitalists will, in a few years, own all the wealth; or, second, the country will go into bankruptcy and financial ruin. Our banking and financial system is defective to the core. It carries within it the seeds of its own destruction. It is a clever scheme through which a parasite class, producing nothing, can legally rob the industrial wealth-producing class. Every child is taught the desirableness of getting into the para-

site class and to scheme for profits. and "profits" means to take, in every business transaction, more than you give. It means to get something for nothing. Labor produces wealth, but dollars do not. They are inanimate things. Dollars should not be invested with legal power to expand themselves and produce other dollars. The giving to them that power has created the tap-root of the noxious weed that may destroy the country. Money should be nothing more than a medium of exchange. It should contain no intrinsic values. There is no more reason for making dollars from gold and silver to measure values, than that yard-sticks should be manufactured from those metals. The so-called great millionaire financiers have amassed mountains of wealth by manipulating money. They have added little if any real wealth to the world. They are parasites. It is not so much their fault as it is the defectiveness of the system. Our entire business system (called individualism) is based on the proposition of "every fellow for himself and may the devil take the hindmost." Manufacturers must adulterate their goods, give short weights and crowd down wages or be crowded out of business by their competitors. The whole system appeals to the selfish, the sordid, the cunning in man. If there are ten honestly inclined business men or manufacturers in a community, and one who is tricky and dishonest, adulterates his goods, gives short measurements, etc., the nine honest men are forced to be dishonest also or be forced out of business. Competition is not the life of honest trade, but is death to good goods, fair dealing, and justice to the wage-working classes. Our banking system is as weak as a rope of sand. The depositor leaves his money in

the bank for safety, but it is not safe. A few garrulous old women; or the antics of a few Wall Street stock gamblers can start influences which will suspend every bank in America and plunge a nation into financial ruin. A great crisis is inevitable if the American people long pursue the course we have followed the past fifty years. A half century ago the producing classes owned 67½ per cent. of the total wealth of the nation. Now that class owns about 15 per cent. of it. The total wealth is estimated at \$110,000,000,000. The money lenders, the profit-taking schemers, the stock-waterers, the parasites, own all of that colossal sum except about 15 per cent. of it. Over forty millions of the American people pay no taxes and are practically propertyless, and they are the people, too, who, by their labor, create all the wealth. Twenty-five thousand "capitalists" own more property than eighty millions. They got it through interest, profits, stock-watering, monopoly and other methods of acquisition without rendering an equivalent therefor. "Individualists" say there are equal opportunities to all. That is not true. There are 2,000,000 of children being worked like slaves in the mills, factories and mines. Are their opportunities equal to those of the children of the fittest?"

In every state in the Union individualists have enacted "vagrancy laws." Under these statutes, poverty is a crime. Any man without visible means of support, though he be an honest man seeking employment, can be arrested as a vagrant, and be put in a chain-gang, and in many states a police officer can inflict this penalty without action of court or jury. The cup of the iniquity of the American nation is nearly filled. Soon the competi-

tive system of individualism will totter to its fall. Nature and eternal justice has so decreed. No civilization can be built permanently on rich? If nobody produced wealth and everybody engaged in exploiting men the nation would soon be destroyed. Individualism clamors for the privilege of a few individuals to acquire private ownership of the entire wealth of the nation if they can get it by virtue of wealth. They preach the philosophy "of the survival of the fittest," and the "fittest" are understood to be the most selfish and crafty. This doctrine promises rich rewards for exploitation and provides poverty and jails for the honest workers whom the individualists name "the unselfishness, greed, injustice, and the right of one man to rob his fellow man of all or part of the fruits of his labor and then punish him as a criminal after he has robbed him. Co-operation and a "square deal" must take the place of "individualism," or the nation will be destroyed. Reciprocity is the law of heaven and earth. We must have a new financial and industrial system, the chief corner-stone of which is: "Every able-bodied adult shall render some useful service to the world, by head or hand, and shall, individually, receive for that service the full product of his labor, less only what is necessary to maintain the commonwealth." Speculation, in-

terest, and profit must be abolished, for these are but respectable names for acquiring property without rendering any equivalent therefor. Great problems are now confronting us. Our financial system threatens to go to pieces. We will, before long, have millions of the unemployed. If we would avoid chaos and anarchy some forward steps must be immediately taken toward the collective ownership and operation of those things which should be owned collectively. Let all national banks be made national in fact. Let the government own and manage them and all depositors be guaranteed against loss. Let the American people enter upon a well defined and persistent system of acquiring collective ownership of public utilities and inaugurate new enterprises providing employment to all willing to work. This process not to be discontinued until all productive property is owned by the people collectively. "Let the nation own the trusts." "United we stand, divided we fall." We cannot expect the orthodox church to agitate these great questions. They are in the grip of Plutocracy, besides they always oppose new reform movements until such movements triumph in spite of them. We may not expect the professional politician to lead us in the right direction. It remains for Spiritualists and philanthropic Liberalists to lead the way to a higher and better civilization.

Jesens and Jesu

By LEE GARCELON, Chicago, Ill.

THIS little article, which is only a few extracts from a small volume of papers by different well known authors in liberal circles, published some years ago by the Brooklyn Philosophical Association, is meant as a companion picture to the papers in February No. of *The Mountain Pine* which relate to the Jesus story. Both are good, especially "Jesus, Life and Character" (because it does not contain so much empty belief) from the standpoint of their writers, but there are so many parallels to that story, as witness Kearsey Graves' "Sixteen Crucified Saviors," that it seems a pity for grown men to waste time longer on that particular fable.

I quote from an article in "Facts Worth Knowing," compiled by Mrs. J. R. Henry, entitled "Jesens and Jesus." The Hindoo Savior, Jesens, was said to have figured 1200 years B. C. "To parallel the lives of the Hindoo and Christian saviors we find that: The

coming of each was foretold by prophets. Both were immaculately conceived, and born of spotless virgins. The author of both the conceptions was the Holy Ghost. Jesens and Jesus both had an adopted father whose trade was that of a carpenter.—The birthday of both is fixed on December 25th, and wise men were conducted by stars to the birthplace of the holy infants. Jesens was threatened in infancy by the tyrant Causa; Jesus by Herod. Jesens and Jesus were both crucified between two thieves. Both descended into Hell, rose from the dead and ascended into Heaven. The mothers of both saviors had other children begotten by men.

Thus we see that the parallel between the two is so complete that the most learned theologian in christendom cannot demonstrate that one was a man and the other a god, for the reason that there is no proof that either ever lived at all."



Lawyer—"I say doctor, why are you always running us lawyers down?"

Doctor (dryly)—"Well, your profession does not make angels of men, does it?"

Lawyer—"Why, no: you certainly have the advantage of us there, doctor."

—*The Health Record.*

An Easter Offering

The Christian Era

By MRS. CHAS. H. TOBY

WHEN Time hath 'oped Love's
sepu chre,
And greed hath fled away:
'Tis then, with power of Jupiter,
Our hearts may truly say,—

All Hail the Christian Era born,
Of mingled love and pity;
Sorrow in her robes forlorn,
Shall flee from ev'ry city.

As from the darkness of the tomb,
There came a resurrection;
So high above us now shall loom,
A love that is perfection.

Vice and Greed disdainfu
On thorny thrones and look aghast;
While Mercy and her angels flit,
Undoing now their wicked past.

A white-robed noble maid called
Love,
Controlling Hatred's fiery steed,
With hand as gentle as a dove,
Is to the world a friend in need.

Haughty Pride,—a cruel beast,
Shame-faced in sight of purity,
Her labor now forever ceased,
Lies groping in obscurity.

Greed,—thou art a vicious elf,
Who ruled with power supreme;
Go scatter wide thy poison pelf;
Thy deeds with desperation teem!

Riches once were thought a
safeguard,
Now we them a burden deem;
Love doth gently poise Life's
steelyard,
And her weights more equal seem.

No longer can'st thou revel here,
Binding happiness in chains;
Barring Faith from out the sphere,
'Till naught but misery remains!

Pity looks with tend'rest glances,
Her eyes seem but to mock thee;
Toward thee now her step advances,
Would'st thou share her purity?

Turn from out thy ragged pathway;
Hoard no more thy treasures vile!
Love who guardeth Heaven's gate-
way
Seeketh not thee to beguile,—

But she beckons thee to enter,
By the straight and narrow way,
With a chain of roses lent her,
Thee she will lead 'till break of day.

Surely now thou art in darkness,
Stumbling o'er thy stony path;
While Love dwells in Heaven's
palace
Which resplendent glory hath.

Wilt thou join her in her mission,
Sent to conquer Nations all?
She will teach that each trans-
gression,
Helps to form the crumbling wall.

Thou would'st build for thy
protection,
'Gainst the clutch of Poverty's hand;
Should she test it by ascension,
'Twould not for a moment stand.



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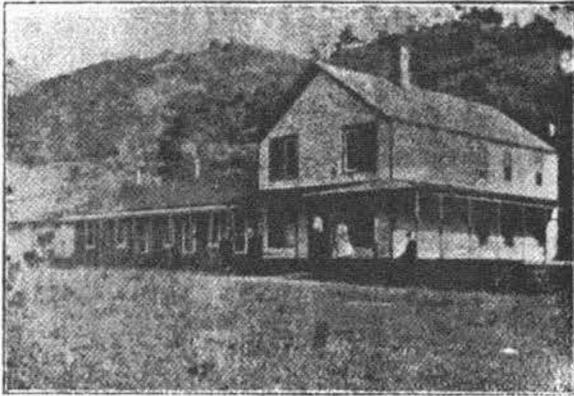
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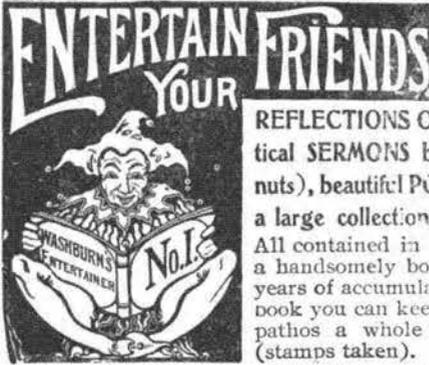
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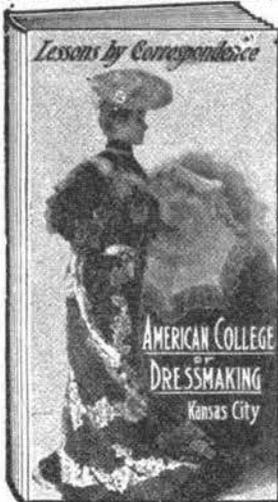
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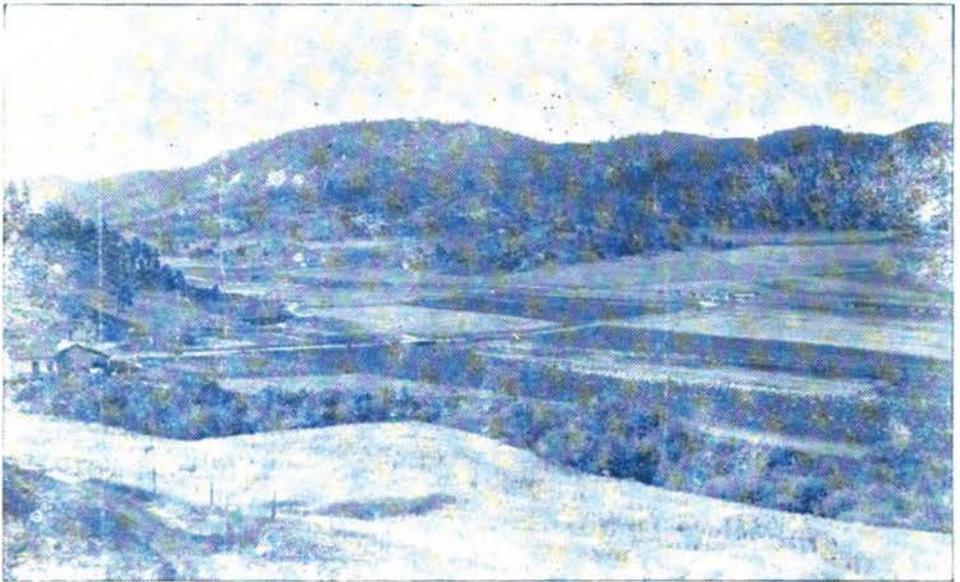
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(Fellow of the Royal Society; ex-president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science; inventor of Crookes tube; discoverer of the metal thallium; Gold Medalist Academie de Sciences; etc., etc.)

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THE MOUNTAIN PINE

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No. 12

THE TORY of VALLEY FORGE

By GILBERT PATTEN BROWN

Author of "The Lodge of Many Tongues," "Lydia of Hadly," "Memories of Martinique," "Colonial Days on the Kennebec," Etc., Etc.

IT was a cold day in February, in the Year of Grace 1778, and the patriot army lay in winter quarters at Valley Forge. The bleak winds that swept across Cedar Hollow were tearing through the huts of the freezing soldiers. A welcome guest was the morning sun as it came looking o'er the snow-covered hills of the land of Penn. Down near the Potts mansion was seen an old man slowly making his way toward the outpost of Washington's guard.

"Who comes here?" asked the picket.

"Peter Davis," was the reply, "and I want to see Mr. George Washington, the 'Rebel chief,'" continued the aged peasant.

Ah, he is thinking of the critical situation of the troops of the Colonies; he has been a most wicked man; he has wronged the cause of liberty; before him is the awful sight of the bloody footprints in the snow of those three

hideous figures that sit down in the huts of Valley Forge together—Disease, Starvation and Nakedness.

If you, reader, will now approach the scene, I will introduce to you a Tory, an Englishman by birth, a strong defender of the King and a spy for Lord Howe's army, while they are enjoying the festivities of gay Philadelphia. His two sons are soldiers in the Continental army, and the old man has come to ask permission of Washington to visit them, as they are now freezing at Valley Forge. He has for many years tilled the fertile soil of Pennsylvania, rendered a faithful service to the Crown, but the war of the Revolution has brought misery to his household.

Soon a tall man comes upon the scene. The Tory trembles. It is General Washington, who has come to greet the old man and to hear his pitiful story. Ah! This moment is sublime. A Christian gentleman, born to honors, ease and wealth grasps the

hand of a man who has been a terror to all lovers of liberty throughout entire Chester county.

"What is your mission, my dear man?" asked the patriot chief, as he looked with love into the face of the stranger.

"Well, Mr. Washington, you see it is like this, you're a Rebel and I am a Tory, but I want to see my two boys."

"Come in and get warm sir, and I will try to find them," replied the distinguished Virginian.

Soon General Washington summons to his headquarters the Adjutant General of the Continental army.

"General," said he, "this man is Mr. Davis, a farmer and a Tory; but even the rights of a Tory must be respected by the army of the 'Thirteen Colonies.' You will find among the enrolled men James and John Davis, and if they are well, despatch them to my headquarters."

At this juncture the countersign is given at the door, and there enters the spacious room the Reverend Israel Evans, Chaplain of the famous New York Brigade, also Chaplain of Washington Lodge No. 10, one of the ten Masonic bodies in the great Continental army.

"Good morning, Chaplain," said Washington.

"Good morning, General," was his reply. "On this, your forty-sixth birthday, I bring to you the greetings of Chancellor Livingston, and here's a box of dainties with the compliments of Mrs. Livingston."

"May heaven bless them," replied the glad recipient. "King George may crush out the American cause, but the love of God and the brotherhood of man is with us in this awful hour."

"So, General, this is your birthday, forty-six years? I am nearly twice your age," slowly remarked the Tory,

"and I fear God has forgotten me long ago."

The careworn features of the General and the peaceful face of the Chaplain seemed to deeply affect the aged man. A moment of silence prevails, when the old man bursts into tears. It reminds us of a story in that sacred Book of God, in whose revered pages we see Job talking face to face with Jehovah.

"Let us pray," said the army Chaplain. "Will you not kneel with the General and myself, Mr. Davis?" asked the reverend gentleman.

The stranger fell to his knees, and a prayer went forth that Peter Davis should no longer remain a Tory or an enemy to human justice.

Soon, the sun dial told the hour of high noon, and the Tory was seated at the dinner table of General Washington. In a short time his two sons arrived; the meeting was a most joyful one.

That afternoon Peter Davis went home a converted man. He no longer acted as a spy for Lord Howe's army. He never again took the name of God in vain, but became a firm defender of the modest and gentle Nazarine. The Davis farmhouse was at the service of the Continentals during the remainder of their stay at Valley Forge. He lived to see the Independence of the Colonies, and many times during the evening of his life, he thanked his Maker that to his heart there came courage to visit General Washington among the huts of the Continental army during the darkest days of war waged against British despotism.

His two sons "Jene" and "Jack," served out their enlistments, retired to again till the soil, when each married and reared children worthy of respect. In a little old graveyard in Chester County is a low mound, where rests all

That is mortal of Peter Davia. No The singing birds seem to sing his
 tombstone marks his last resting place. praises to later generations.

The House by the Side of the Road

By SAM WALTER FOSS

There are hermit souls that live withdraws
 In the peace of their self-content;
 There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
 In a fellowless firmament;
 There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths,
 Where highways never ran;
 But let me live by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
 Where the race of men go by—
 The men who are good, and the men who are
 bad,

As good and as bad as I.
 I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
 Or hurl the cynic's ban.
 Let me live in a house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
 By the side of the highway of life,
 The men who press with the ardor of hope,
 The men who are faint with strife.
 But I turn not away from their smiles and
 their tears—

Both parts of an infinite plan—
 Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
 And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadow
 ahead,
 The mountains of wearisome height;
 That the road passes on through the long
 afternoon
 And stretches away to the night.
 But I rejoice when the travelers rejoice
 And I weep with the strangers that moan,
 Nor live in my house by the side of the road,
 Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the
 road,

Where the race of men go by—
 They are good, they are bad, they are weak,
 they are strong,

Wise, foolish—so am I.
 Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
 Or hurl the cynic's ban?
 Let me live in my house by the side of the
 road,
 And be a friend to man.



THE MOUNTAIN PINE

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PREAMBLE AND ADDRESS TO THE WORKERS OF AMERICA.

Whereas, Speculators and the distributors of the products of labor have organized throughout the nation, that they may secure to themselves a larger share of those products without compensation.—therefore, we, the producers of all products and consequently the bearers of all industrial and civic burdens have organized the Knights of Industry of America, to the end and through our co-operation every man may become free to exercise his natural right to work and control his own product.

We offer no other reason for our existence, and expect the benediction of Heaven and of every lover of freedom, justice and humanity.

The above preamble of the "Knights of Industry of America" presents, in a concrete form, our present heartless industrial system and the only just, rational and effective remedy. The combination and co-operation of Capital to control the products of labor by fixing the price of the raw material and the finished product as well, enables the owners of capital to extort from the consumers just such an amount of profits as their greed may demand in the interests of the few. The founders of the "Knights of Industry of America" recognize the fact that there are but three ways by which wealth can be acquired—either work for it, inherit it, or steal it; they also realize that all wealth is created by labor, and that all men should possess the inherent right to work and own the product of their toil. We know that whoever owns, or controls the natural resources of the earth and the tools of

production and distribution, controls the destiny of every man, woman and child in the world. The present distress among the industrial classes of America, to-day, proves this fact.

To change these conditions and restore to the wealth producers the right to work and retain the product of their labor, is the purpose of the "Knights of Industry of America." It proposes to own by purchase and manufacture all the tools of industry, and to manufacture the raw material into the finished product and sell direct to the consumer; thereby giving to the consumer a purer article at less than the present trust prices. It also proposes to employ members of the order at the fewest hours of labor, at the highest possible remuneration and under the best sanitary conditions. It proposes to do away with child labor and leave the mother at home to take care of the home and children. It is non-sectarian in religion and non-partisan in politics. It is purely a co-operative business association along economic lines, wherein all American citizens of any or all religious or political creeds of good moral character engaged in productive industry can combine for their mutual, moral, social and economic interests. It is the only organization in the world, to-day, that protects the industrials in the enjoyment of the full product of his labor. It is the only organization that has ever been formed, that will give to its membership financial returns many times greater than the cost of membership; and the great power of the producing masses, of America, when combined for the mutual inter-

ests of all, there will be no home for the inhuman vultures who prey upon the weak. The cold, clammy tentacles of the trusts will have ceased to crush the hopes and ambitions of the industrious poor; the strangler of liberty will have lost his power to send a workingman to prison, for years, for exercising his natural right. When we ask for the right to work, we are met with scorn and contempt. Bad men with bad laws have taken from us our birthright. Good men with good laws will restore it again. The workers have builded all that is beautiful and good, and given it to the idler. We will build again, but build for ourselves; and with the inspiration of a nobler and higher ambition we will stand forth in the broad sunlight of a grander civilization and acclaim to the world, behold a man who has the right to work, to live, to love and have a home.

*A LETTER FROM NAT'L.
PRES. BARRETT TO
THE FARMERS.*

FRIENDS AND BRETHREN:

We have just closed at Memphis the greatest meeting the farmers of this country have ever held.

In numbers, in enthusiasm and in co-operative fellowship it surpasses all the meetings that have gone before and furnishes the most gratifying and conclusive evidence that the Farmers' Union is neither at a standstill nor a sluggard in the progressive march of the times.

From first to last the same harmony prevailed that always characterizes the organization, and the plans for the ensuing year were agreed upon without dissent or division.

When we look backwards and contemplate the steady and stately achievements of the past three years—all that our great organization has done and all that its splendid powers make possible for the future—we may well rejoice, and the spirit of amazement at

the work may give place to thankfulness for the grace that has guided our efforts and the helpful harmony that has made them win.

There is absolutely no reason now known to men why the Farmers' Union should not become—if it is not already so—the greatest business organization in the world. We are marching now sturdily and hopefully toward the goal.

We must inevitably mould the South the West and the North into an irresistible and beneficent company that will sway the nation for the nation's good. In a great cause that is neither selfish or unprofitable, we must help ourselves, and in so doing help our country to a larger and nobler plane of happiness and prosperity.

Who is there among us that doubts our power or capacity to serve this noble purpose in the history of our time?

The things that we fight for are laudable and logical things. The claims that we make are reasonable and righteous claims. The betterment that we seek must and surely will include the betterment of our country and of the people of every class. God helps those who help themselves, and we are best invoking the divine blessing and sturdiest when we stand sturdy and steadfast for the measures of the party which increases our character and enlarge our prosperity.

Let me congratulate you once more that, in the face of panics and amid prices falling everywhere, we have held steadfast the values of our farm products and sustained cotton at the rim of what we ask, even though the bottom dropped from securities. But for the banded strength of 2,000,000 farmers, cotton would have fallen from its high estate to a five-cent value. The world knows this and the world respects and hears a body that can de-

fend its own.

Two little words of counsel will suffice for this message of today. It is better to single-shot one ideal than to scatter bird shot suggestions over a wide area of advice.

First—Let us make our farms every where self-supporting and we can smile into the face of every panic which gamblers are able to manipulate. Let every farm be a province of plenty, a walled city of industrial defense. Let us sow and reap from the soil that is ours, the necessaries of life and we can then in any way possible emergency forget the luxuries and defy the conspirators who would starve us into industrial submission to their plans. Tickle the soil with muscle and also touch it with brain, and it will furnish everything we need and build the best established ramparts against our enemies.

And once more, beware of the politicians. As the organization grows greater and more powerful and scheming politician with his skilled lieutenants become more and more solicitous of our happiness and success and more and more determined to us as the stepping-stone to his personal profit or his political preferment. Watch this fellow and avoid him to the end. By this man the Farmers' Alliance fell, but by this man let us never fall. Give every man thine ear, but few thy tongue. Weigh counsel carefully and with keen eyes consider the man who gives it.

And may the God of our fathers guide us in continual discretion to the welfare of our families, our country and the right.

Loyally yours,
Chas. S. Barrett.

Books and Magazines Received.
SIDEREAL SIDELIGHTS.

A Medley of Dawn-Thoughts.

By C. L. Brewer, author of "The Elder Brother" and "Stepping-Stones to Heaven." Published by The Balance Publishing Company, Denver Colo. Price, linen paper, Fifty Cents.

This is another interesting New Thought book—if "New Thought" may be used in a sense broad enough to include those chapters of the New Age Gospel that are generally preached under the name of Socialism and Anarchism. It contains a number of lectures and essays, entitled, "Private Property and the Kingdom of God," "A World to the Wise," "Non-Resistance," "Cosmic Significance of Fundamental Thinking," "Why Colonies Fail," ect., each complete in itself, but so connected in thought as to form a medley that is still a unity.

The style is clear and striking, with some poetic prose of a high order and several little poems that are real poetry. Some readers it may shock and startle; but those in touch with the language and psychology of Revolt Aspiration will find this little work entertaining and illuminating.

But, for all his Radicalism and fondness for flashing invectives, the author evidently belongs to the gentle, non-resistant type of instinctive Rebels and Protestants. His appeal is to Humanity as a whole, rather than to any class or race; and to the Divinity within that shapes our ends, instead of to the elemental passions that are so apt to end our shapes. Indeed, he tells us that:

"To know the mystic truth of all religions and the hidden meaning of all philosophies, and quarrel with no divine nomenclature—this is to be the Resurrection and the Life."

This book is one of the "signs of the times" which progressive people should see and understand.

NATURE CURE,— A magazine devoted to the Man-building on a Physical, Mental and Moral Being, is a splendid magazine for those who wish to investigate or learn something of living close to Nature. Send to The Nature Cure Pub. Co., 308 Ashland Boulevard, Chicago Ill., for a sample copy.

THE PHALANX—A journal of Philosophy and Friendship. Successor to The Adiramed. Its aim is to establish interest in a New Social Movement. Published by Delmar DeForrest Bryant Box 858, Los Angeles Calif. 10 cts. per copy, \$1 per year.

THE WAYFARER—A journal of Science, Morality and Common Sense.

A splended magazine and one well worth the cash. The only magazine published in Okklahoma. Published by Mrs. Kate R. Dillon, 117 N. Bell St. Shawnee Okla. \$1 per year.

THE TRUE WORD — A monthly advocate of Mental Science. Published by M. F. Knox at Bryn Mawr, King Co. Wash. 35 cts per year 3 years for \$1.

THE THINKER—Vol. 1, No.1, has just reached our desk. It is a neatly published, well edited magazine devoted to the best of Psychic and Physical Life productions, Science and Literature. Send for a sample copy or \$1 for a year trial to Mrs. Edward Lytton Wells, Houston Texas.



The Call of the Soul.

H. MALCOLM.

EXPLORE the River of the Soul, whence, or in what order you have come: so that although you have become a servant to the body you may again rise to the Order from which you descended, joining works to sacred reason.—*Psellus*.

“But the Paternal Mind accepteth not the aspiration of a soul until she hath passed out of her oblivious state, and pronounceth the Word, regaining the Memory of the pure paternal Symbol.”—*Psellus*.

“Let the immortal depth of your Soul lead you, but earnestly raise your eyes upwards.—*Psellus*.”

Porphyry, one of the great school of Neo-Platonic theurgists, which flourished during the early centuries of our era, has said: We are but a little part of God,” thereby defining what we are

and what we are not. The point of view is mystic, wholly so, but no apology is needed on that account. God was the Super-Essential One to the Neo-Platonist, and was potential in an absolute sense. All things primarily arise in divinity. With that which is absolutely potential, the transition from unmanifested to actual existence, as a process of becoming or of manifesting, must be without limitation in Eternity. In Man the innermost principle is ineffable, is of the very essence of Deity, and hence is itself a marvelous potentiality. God as far as we dare invest the Unknowable with attributes of any kind, is Potentiality Itself, and it would seem inevitable to regard this Divine Principle as possessing infinities and eternities within Itself and as overflowing with the promise and potency of worlds and uni-

verses. In the Arcana of Ancient Occult Philosophy, the first manifestation of Deity was symbolized as the appearance of the Point within the Circle. In like manner, the Divine Ego in Man is the point within the Circle of the Microcosm, and as there is perfect correspondence between the microcosmic and macrocosmic processes so this Ego covers and conceals an everlasting revelation to the individualized consciousness of the human being, and parallels in its possibilities the Creative unfoldment from Potentiality in the Macrocosm or Greater World. This unfoldment is progressive and eternal, and operates both in the absolute and contingent spheres of man's being. The Ego both conceals and, by participation, is God. Its origin is certainly as divine as its innate powers to externalize and transmit the pabulum of Life are constant. Sometimes, the illuminated mystic claims, though rarely is he believed by the world at large, to have consciously apprehended this relationship. In the antique initiations, it was the direct object of the discipline to consciously extend this realization to the purified human soul of the candidate, while embodied.

Notwithstanding the sublimity of the powers within the Microcosm, however, notwithstanding the indestructibility and relative absoluteness of the Ego,—that wondrous Orb within the being of Man out of which sphere

after sphere of consciousness unfolds itself,—Porphyry will point out that its relation to GOD is only that of the manifested and manifesting part to the Unmanifested All, only that of the Known to the Unknown and Unknowable!

Once differentiated, exalted in its origin, transcendental in its nature, wholly so, the Ego, the Microcosmic Point, extends itself, the Line becomes a Superficies, the abstract becomes concrete, the soul-monad descends and passes downward and outward into spheres and states of existence more and more remote from its own Divine Centre, to realize through evolution, up to and then beyond the state of Man, the potentiality after potentiality which are involved in its subjective states. Its cycle of Necessity, as this progress towards individual conscious life has been termed, is never beyond the potentialities of the Divine Ego, which is the King enthroned in the Microcosm. The capacities of the Soul to realize are its only limitations. The spheres of consciousness towards which it ever extends itself are concentric spheres within the domain of the Absolute. Thus, every Soul has been called the "seed of a Universe". And if the mind contemplates all that this involves, the god-like destiny of each human being, acted in conformity with the Law, at once becomes reasonable.

(To be Continued.)



Picturesque steeples as of New England.

A PERIPATETIC NEIGHBOR.

By *FELIX J. KOCH.*

“**E**XCELLENT neighbors you make, you Americans,” the English tourist insisted to the Detrouer, as they sat there in the sunshine of the forward deck.

“Excellent neighbors! Come over the seas to visit us—and we’re right glad to see you, mind—right glad to see you—but what of your neighbors, our ‘country cousins’ there, over the border in Canada?” He gave not a moment for answer.

“‘Dollars to peanuts’—I think that’s the American expression for it—not one per cent of these pseudo-globe-trotters aboard have seen half that Montreal, Quebec and Toronto afford, let alone

the provincial cities, Halifax, St. John and St. John’s. Why, not long since I had an American blandly tell me that Newfoundland was an integral portion of the old Dominion—and you won’t find a school boy in all England who, to reciprocate the blunder, would state, in sober judgment, that the Bermudas belong to your Uncle Sam.

“Preposterous, I say, preposterous!”

The Detrouer was confused—visibly. It was true, close as he lived to the border, he had rather confined his travels to his own country, and then, when his purse had grown sleeker, had made his tramps abroad.

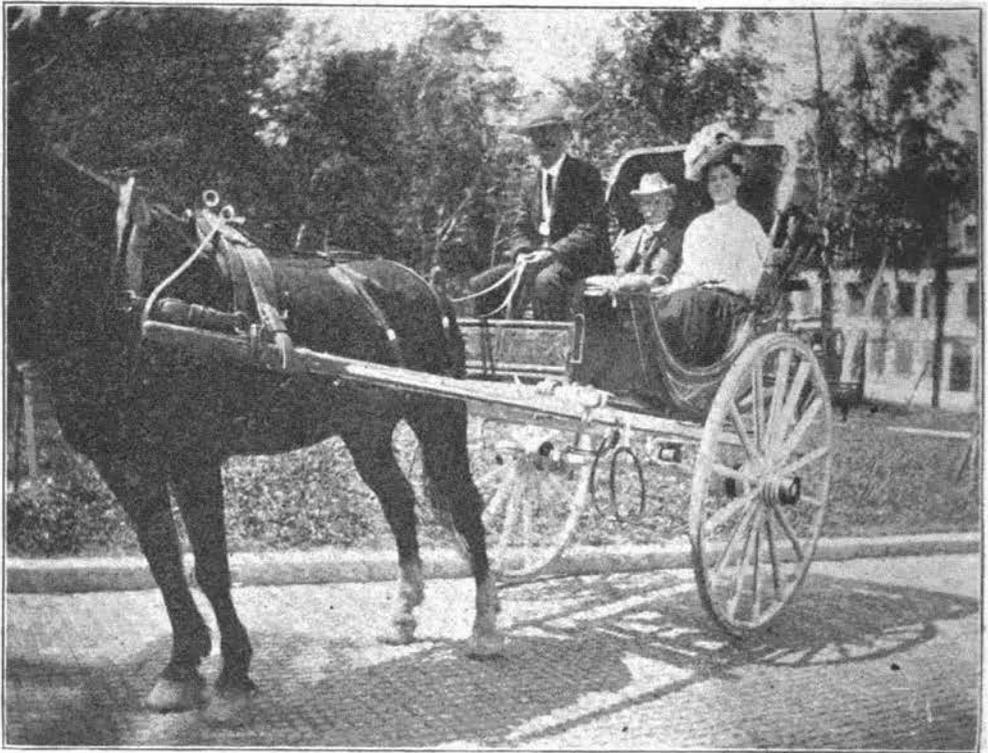
The girl came to his relief.

"Don't you think there's a reason for it, Mr. Walker, and a very simple one, too?"

"You see, over in Canada they have things pretty much as they are in the States.

"Then there's been a growing sentiment among our people to 'see America first.' After one's done with what the United States offers, he is desirous of a little peep at a *life* that is different, as well as simply change of scene, and that,

in fancy before me a seat at a window, in quaint old Quebec. It is a Wednesday morning; the sun, streaming in, has waked me early. It's the sort of morning when we, of England, are fond of stretching out between the covers, and with our butler bestowing the *câfe-noir* and the rolls on the tray beside us, of reading *The Times* at our ease. But—here in Quebec, it's a compelling morning—seen there from that window. Mile on mile of old-time roofs, slant



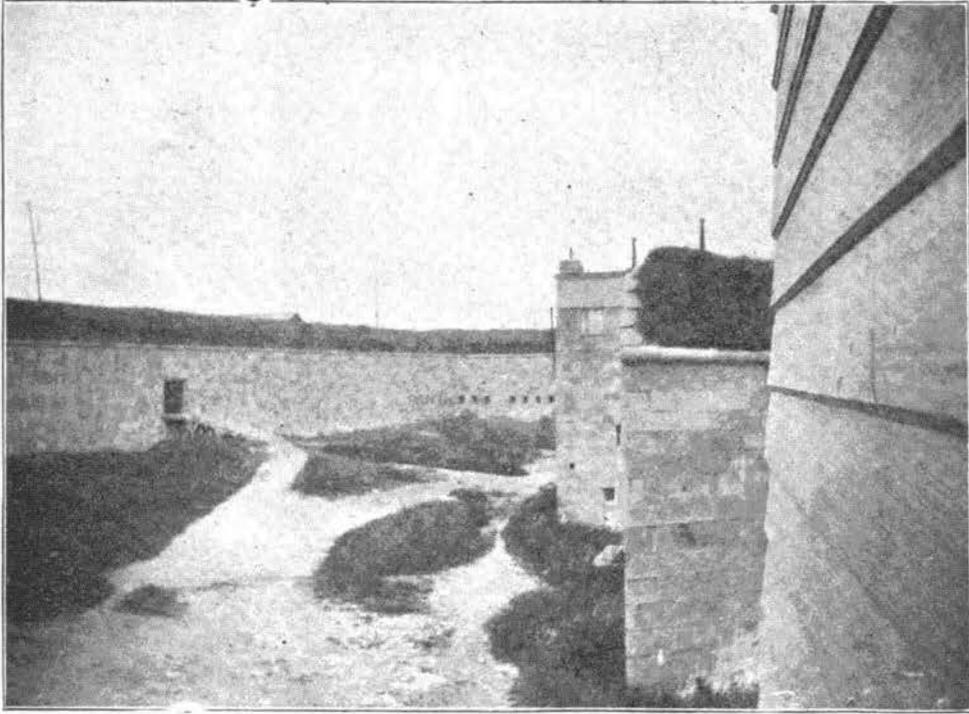
French ladies "shop" in the calash.

you must admit, Canada cannot give him."

The Briton was on his feet on the instant. Forgetful of the lady, he poured forth his indignation.

"Admit it—indeed I'll *not* admit it! It makes my blood boil just to think of it. Listen," and his voice descended to mock sympathetic, dulcet tones. "I see

roofs, gabled roofs—Norman, Gothic, pre-Renaissance, Italian roofs—that recall to the traveler a dozen widely-scattered parts of the world. Yonder in the picture you half expect to find a stork's nest—you saw just that sort of roof in Holland. Farther to the west is a spire—makes you think of the villages of Normandy. Again—a heavy tower—



Moats take one back in fancy to Hungary.

like the churches of England. But—why waste words—go and see it! Go, I say, and see it!”

Next summer the Detroiter went. It seemed so absolutely ridiculous, he had to find excuses to give his friends. To ask a man in Detroit where he was going for the summer, and have him reply, “Oh, down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and beyond”—really, it was laughable! He found a way out of the difficulty—he would put it all in the form of a pun.

Where was he going this summer?

To visit some old *neighbors* of his, to be sure.

He didn't add that the *his* was inclusive of all the American people, but since what belongs to the whole belongs to the individual part—he let his friends live under the delusion.

And, meantime, down the storied river

he made his way to Quebec. He thought he knew all there was to Quebec before he got there. Guide-book? Yes, a hand-book and a street-map, and he would be all right.

Nearing the city, he found at his side, hanging, like himself over the rail, another man from the States. That unaccountable something that drives tourists to speak to just such neighbors brought them into a conversation at once. No—the other had not been to Quebec before—he, too, had known hundreds who'd been there, but he was going in the expectancy of finding some things which all those others had missed. It sounded interesting.

“You see, it's a business errand,” he explained, “the business of finding queer corners. Turn a dozen men loose in the same city, and each one will find something the others have missed—something

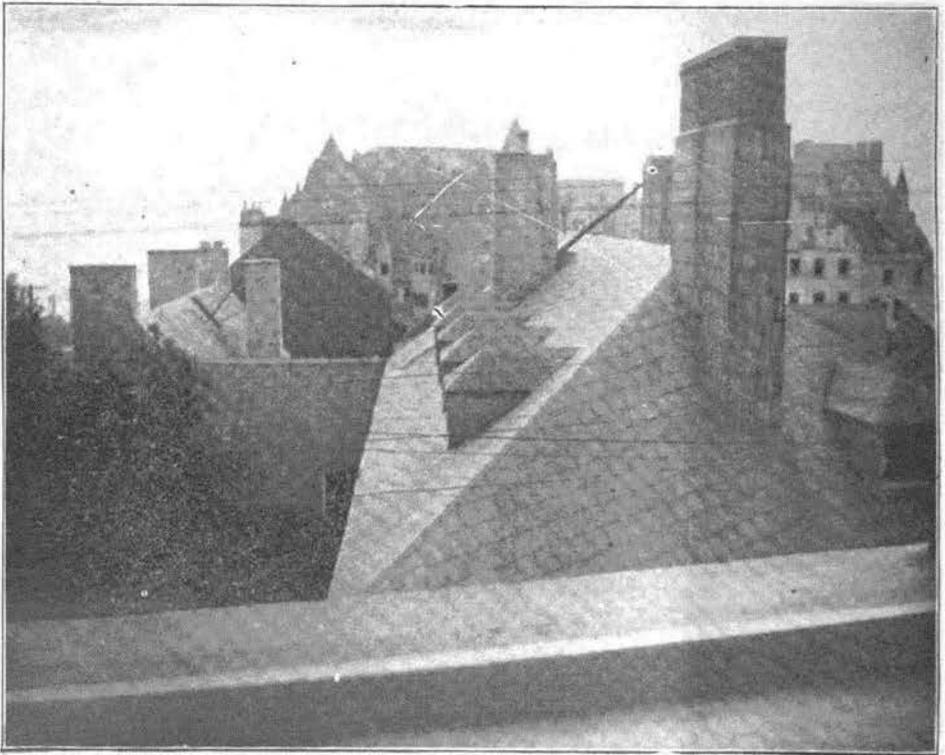
odd, striking, and not in the guide-books. That's the American in us. The foreign traveler follows his guide-book religiously. When he has seen all that it lists, he goes on into pastures new. The American, however, is not satisfied. He strolls off into little by-ways leading from the tourist route; he leaves the gilded path of least resistance, and takes delight in making finds of his own. That, now, has grown to a business—just 'finds' such as these—to be told of. Only we do our telling in print, and vouch for their truth with the camera."

"And you expect to find something new in so old a tourist stamping ground as Quebec?"

"Most assuredly. If not new, then a new light to throw on it, a new setting, that is. Why, don't you know?" (and he laid a convincing hand on the other's shoulder), "we Americans have been

most uncivil neighbors? We seldom think of making a call on the Canadians, just over the north fence to our yard. We go see the people down at the other end of the world's highway, the Frenchmen and the Germans and the Italians, and, latterly, we've been paying visits to the Turks and the Moors, but for those who are just beside us we've had little curiosity. So, it struck me that a peripatetic visit to these next-door neighbors of our's wouldn't go amiss for my business. If you like, we'll join forces. Only, remember, we stay everywhere till we've seen all there is to be seen, then, and then only, go on."

The Detroiter was delighted at the prospect. It's every phase fell in with his own ideas of a "tour." With the reckless abandon of travel acquaintance then, each began the recital of his autobiography to the other. After an ex-



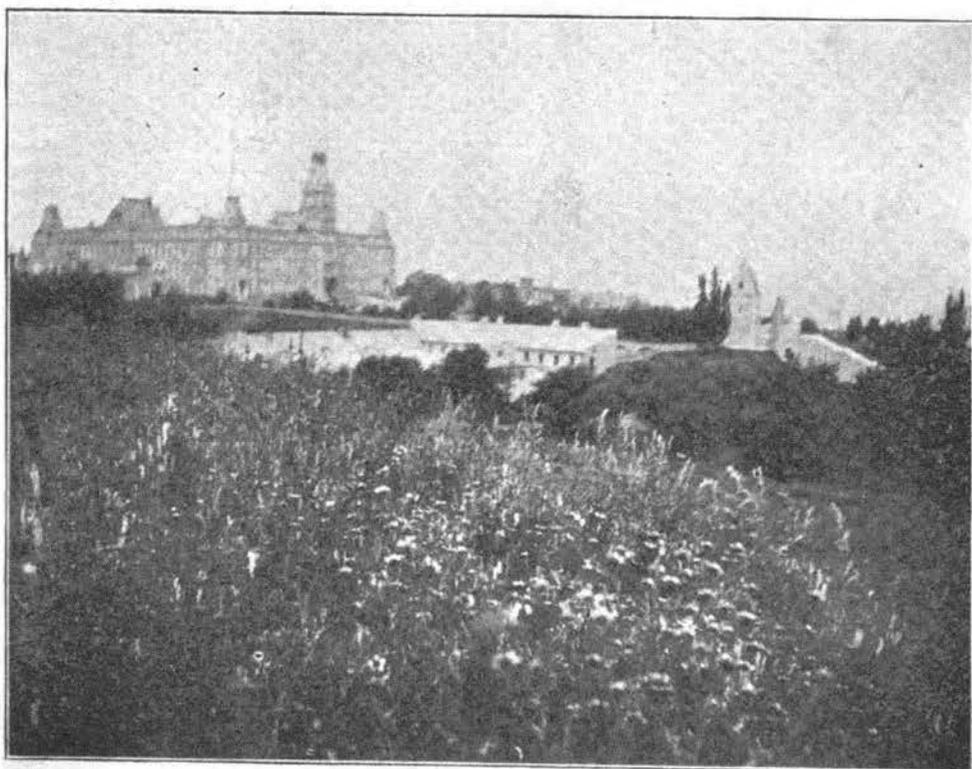
Only the stork's nest is missing to make the prospect Dutch.

change of sympathies they went inside to get breakfast. Nothing would be served, however, until half-past six, withal that by dining then they would miss seeing the entry to the city. Hungry and irritated, they took to the deck again to observe the landing.

The river here was making a great bend about a promontory, while on ahead, what, owing to the haze, seemed

attention, they watched the city unfold. Then, at seven, the boat dropped anchor, and they went ashore.

The "queer corners" man became master of the situation here by agreement. A long series of hotel 'busses stood in a row on the dock, and a police officer, in queer, old-time, blue helmet, curving down at the rear and extending out over the neck, had infinite trouble keeping



Daisy fields near the Province Capitol.

open ocean, faded into distance. On the heights rose the chateau, crowning the bluff as would the castle of some knight of old, overlooking the city he held in feudal homage.

Already the Detrouiter was half convinced that Canada could show something as interesting as any in Europe. He drew camp-stools for himself and his friend, while, in the silence of wrapt

these in line. Quaint, two-wheeled landaus, with the "bed" of green and with the driver standing erect, formed their introduction to the famous *calashes* of the city.

"You know," the "Queer Corners" man explained, as he took seat in one of the 'busses, "there's a sort of sentimentally historic place here, one so old that it no longer benefits by advertisement—the

Hotel St. Louis. Not quite as expensive as the Frontenac and a little more typical. I'd made up my mind to try it, and, if you don't mind, it's a go!"

The other was quite willing.

"It beats me why the hotels can't deliver their 'goods' free of charge, as every other business establishment does nowadays," a satirical old maid, in a corner, exclaimed as the coach driver

Quebec province, and they're only too glad to send your things up on the express wagon and take you up in the calash free of charge."

While the matter was being threshed over with another passenger, a commercial traveler, the 'bus made its way up the hill, climbing streets that recalled to mind Naples, and then, again, made one think of Rovigno. Old Frenchy houses,



The Plains of Abraham in Mid-July.

stopped his van on the way to the inn to collect a quarter from each.

"Here they shout at us, beg us, almost, to come to their place—to give them our trade, and then, when we do as they ask, they make us pay for the coming. There's none of that in the smaller towns of Canada, and I don't see why there should be in the cities. Go to an inn in a little town in Ontario, or even here in

on either sides, seemed to crawl, equally slowly, to the heights. Then we were at the *St. Louis*.

Once within, the Queer Corner Hunter soon routed the other out of his chamber. "No time for resting and much primping here. We've come to see Quebec, not to have Quebec look at us," he said.

"I suppose you've some mail for-



A narrow street in the old city.

warded here, as I have, and we might as well be done with it; so let's go find the Post Office at once."

The hotel *portier* started them off in its direction.

Streets of stone, streets that wound and turned, and were flanked, on either side, by houses of two or three stories, indifferently, composed the *route*. Some of these houses had the front of a brown or yellow painted concrete, others again wore an imitation cement.

Shutters, everywhere, were shut, though in some cases the upper half of a shutter would be open. In one place a long black and white crepe hung by a card at the door, as one saw them, only some times, in Montreal. Before the homes of the poor, too, here, narrow strips of oil-cloth were set on the outer stairs.

Every house seemed to have its flag-staff, but what one remarked most, as he went along, winding up and about the hills, as in some old city of Europe, was that every one seemed to be chatting in French. Come, at last, to the postoffice, a three-story stone building, they found they were still too early—the post "only opened at eight." Over the way, however, already, was a "Queer Corner"—this the "Chien D'Or C  fe."

Like the *Goldenes Dachl* and the *Bratwurst Glocklein* of Germany, the "Chien D'Or" today was noteworthy most for its exterior. The place was a four-story yellow brick building, with a gilded dog over the door.

The hour seemed almost too early for this, as well, and so they rambled on up a hill whose foot reached to this point. Everywhere, now, were jottings for the

note-book of the journalist. The sidewalk, for example, was built up of tiny black squares of asphalt. At a turn, it ended abruptly, and one found an unexpected park.

On the one hand—the right it was—the greensward was located, just a small breathing space with some birches and some benches, and along it the “hacks” standing in line. This side, too, then, was flanked with shops, while a church, of typical Canadian spire, stood on another, and substantial residences hemmed in the third.

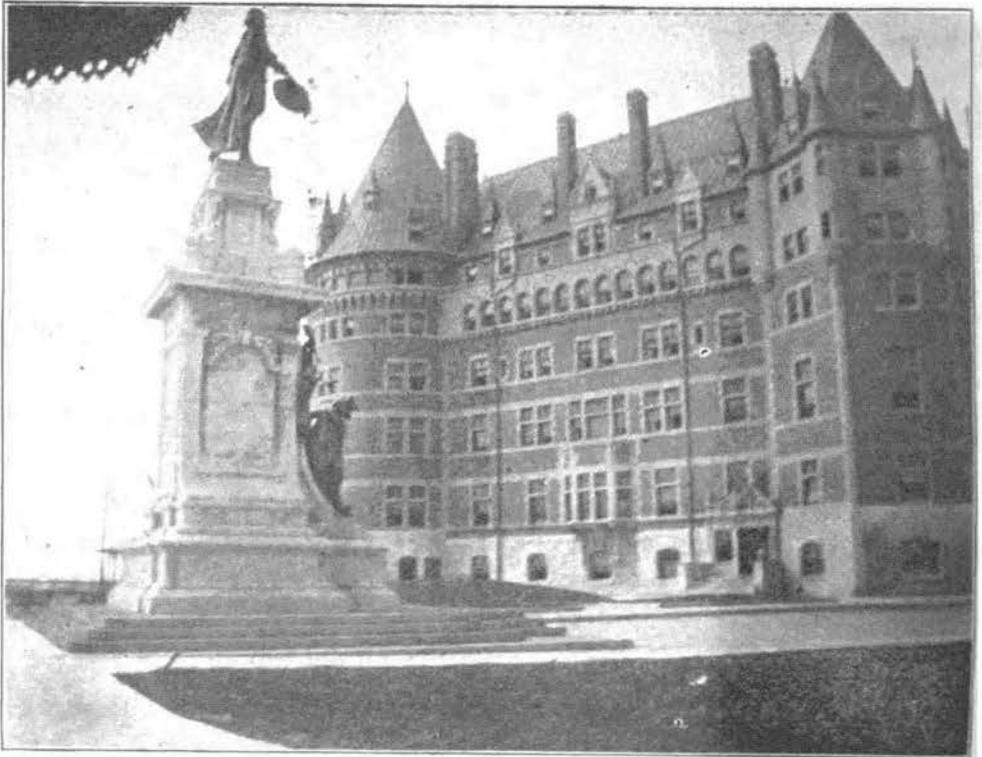
The complexity of arrangement of points of interest now was itself interesting. In that park there was a bit of greensward, circular in form, and dotted with flower beds. Beyond this was a statue, while farther up on the brow of the hill a belvedere was built. Still farther ahead the chateau rose, five

stories, yellow brick, and the more unique for two long rows of dormer windows in its roof.

It was wonderfully beautiful, that prospect—likewise wonderfully complex to note.

The journalist must stop in the belvedere, now or never, and get it all down. Meantime the other surveyed the prospects. One of the world's famous panoramas was unfolded here before him. Every factor in the surroundings was such as to merit attention. Just behind lay the park, over the street; beyond that the church, with the tinned yellow spire surmounting its piles of hoary stone. A great stone structure rose there, too, while narrow streets, of old-time homes, their sides clap boarded, the front of stone, bent off.

On the right, again, was the Cham-



Monuments and chateaux as in Normandy.

plain Monument, a statue of the adventurer in bronze surmounting a great marble pedestal, and, beyond this, one side of the Chateau.

On the left, one looked down upon roofs of tin—painted over—to remark the queer French chimneys and the chimney-pots. On one or two of these house tops was a belvedere, while at one point, a park, with some willows, seeming like olive trees in distance, broke the picture cluster. Thence, then, the city sloped on down to the river.

It was not a big city, this Quebec, and one wondered, as here and there, over some roof, a red, British flag floated, if it was worth all the blood that it had cost. A flag-pole, a thin spire, and, off in distance, the huge grain elevators of the Great Northern Company, with their wharves running out, were the most pretentious items in the scene.

Along the city line, then, over here to the left, there stretched the St. Lawrence, as wide, perhaps, as the Ohio, but a slaty blue under these skies. A steamer was crossing, adding a bit of life to the scene. Immediately past the city, the river widened, and then lost itself in haze, till it seemed like an arm of ocean ranging away to the skies.

On its opposite bank lay the industrial (?) section of the city, hugging the river bank; behind this, half-wooded bluffs arose, indistinct as seen from here, directly against the rising sun.

One wanted to stroll about then from this first belvedere, from a point just behind the Chateau, and yet to one side, platform, with iron rail, and tempting on to its front, where a broad wooden wooden benches, afforded uninterrupted

views. Out from this platform, in turn, there extended an occasional cupola, whence flags *galore*.

This, then, was the famous Dufferin Terrace, of which both had heard so much.

To analyze it—as the scribe did in his note-book—it was just “a wooden gallery, a quarter of a mile in length, fifty to seventy feet wide, built out on the edge of the cliffs, on the southeast side of the city.”

The *Detroiter* was ready with his guide-book.

“Just 185 feet over the Lower Town



The Chien D'Or recalls the Bratwurst Glocklein.

and the St. Lawrence,” he read aloud.

“The site was levelled and the first platform erected by the Earl of Durham, but the terrace was rebuilt and enlarged in the governorship of the Earl of Dufferin.”

The other silenced him.

“Don't care a continental 'bout all that,” he exclaimed, impatiently. “We've come to see what we can see, and not what others have discovered.”

It was clouding up again, and innumerable tourists were gathering on the terrace, to be near the friendly shelter of

the Chateau, in case of rain. Like all tourists, they seemed to gravitate in certain given paths.

To the front of the Terrace, before the Chateau, to see the river, and to overlook to the entire plaza—this not as long as the most of them had supposed, being little more, in fact, than the length of the average city square—that was the first point of conquest. Then on the right or landward side, they would stop to “snap-shot” the Chateau, or to sketch the five full stories, with the rounded tower at one end, and the other tower at the other. An awning hung out be-



Fur stores that women revel in.

fore the café here, on the level with the platform, and its spell usually proved irresistible, notably if the day was warm.

Then, over on the left, the green painted rail, and the kiosks, from which one now could see a tunnel-shed, enclosing an elevator-shaft, lit by odd six-partite, oblique windows; this built then up against the palisade, among the yellow clover, and the dock and the thistles.

There was always something new in that prospect.

The old city, below, showed from here houses with the roofs sloping to front and rear, so as to meet over the center,

and these then harboring a row or two of gable windows. The whole city seemed dilapidated and old, owing, perhaps, to the hoary, boulder houses, or, again, the houses of imitation cement blocks. So close together were these latter built that one could seldom see the streets, save only here and there.

It was a silent place, withal, lacking the bustle of a great city.

From it, the eye wandered to the calm river, seeming yellow now, and with four of the walking-beam boats at anchor, and a tug and a distant sail coming in. Opposite there were scattered and far more modern bricks, with four or five places actually boasting a curl of smoke.

What with the curve in the river above, and the heights here, and the smaller city opposite, the Detroitier was uncertain if the scene recalled most Budapest, and the Danube, as one saw them from Ofen, or else again the Queen City, with the Kentucky hills across.

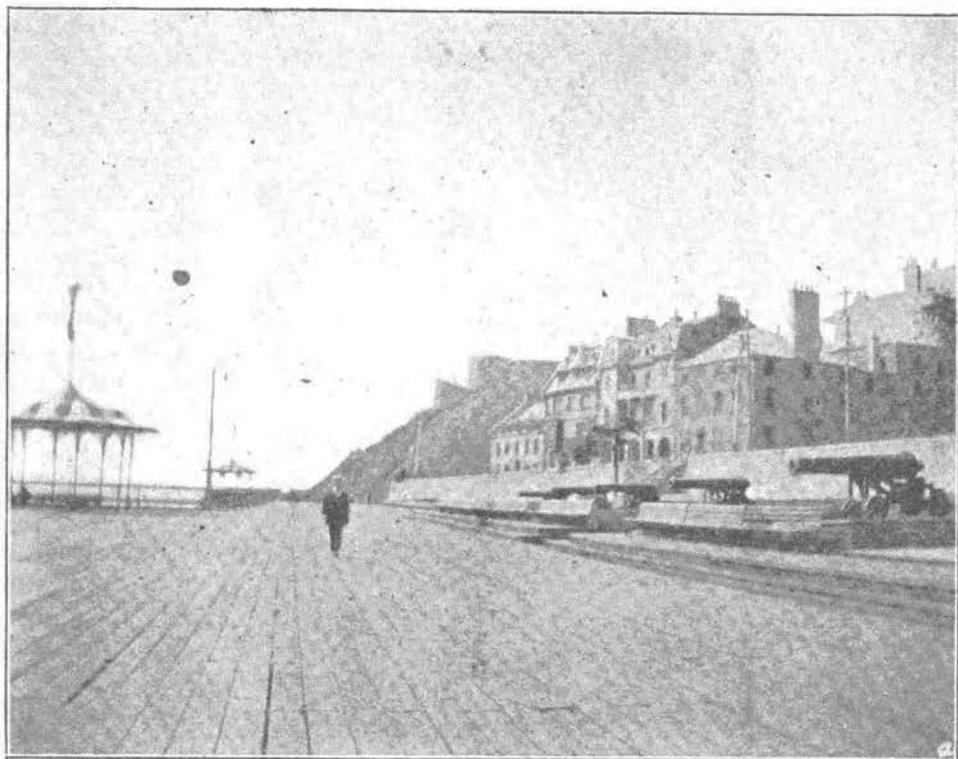
Only, here the palisade, on which they stood, rose almost straight, while the river bent in, gradually, to the city below, so that in places the town could be but one or two squares in width.

Down there, too, one could look into a government bouy-yard, and, coming up stream to this, a flat-nosed steamer caught the eye.

At the end of the terrace, again, one saw the green promontory, rising still higher up, with the olden style stone walls of the citadel, down from which rolled the morrain of a landslide.

Between the Chateau, and it, then, four old residences were built, side by side, with a stone wall a-top the embankment.

Before these, and between them and



Quaint architecture overlooks the Belvidere.

the walk, a row of cannon were placed, and there was a concert stand.

Both the scribe and the tourist confessed that the whole was quite different from what any pictured description had led them to expect.

The more they saw of it, the more they enjoyed it, even the silence—save for some far-away masons, that sup-

planted the hum of the city, and the distant call of a train—was impressive.

The last picture taken, and all excuse gone for loitering longer, they passed into the Chateau.

Again the chimes of a nearby church greeted their exit from this, as they came out, near the Citadel at the end of the Promenade.

GOD fashioned the earth with skill,
 And the work that He began
 He gave, to fashion after his will,
 Into the hands of man.

But the flower's uplifted face,
 And the sun and wind and sea,
 Bear witness still of the beautiful place
 God meant the world to be.



THE GIRL ON THE ROCK.

BY CHARLES HERBERT OTIS.

“SO THAT cad’s here, too,” remarked Malcom as he stood by the court back of the cottages, watching a desultory game of tennis.

“Who?” asked Kimball, standing at his elbow.

“Why, Templeton, I meant, the fellow playing tennis.”

“Oh!” ejaculated his friend. “You know him?”

“Slight acquaintance, only,” Malcom laughed, his eye on the girl in the white duck dress who was serving the balls.

“Fifteen-thirty,” she was calling. Then she served a swift ball which Templeton failed to return. “Thirty-all,” the girl laughed.

“Met him at Mrs. Thurston’s reception last winter,” Malcom finished.

“Great arm the girl has,” commented Kimball, following the flight of the ball as it just skimmed over the net and bounded against the back-stop.

“Pretty well built all around,” said Malcom, fixing his attention on her trim form as she skipped across the court—“and pretty, too.”

Kimball glanced at his companion. Malcom was watching the game with folded arms. A far-away look was in his

eyes. For some time he stood there in silence, motionless, except for his eyes, which followed the two figures moving on the court. Presently he turned and touched his companion.

“Let us go,” he said huskily.

Kimball made no objection, but turned and left the game. Once or twice he looked up into Malcom’s face, but his eyes had that vacant stare and his lips were set in a thin line. Kimball wondered what Malcom had seen at the tennis-court. He shrewdly suspected that Templeton was more than a slight acquaintance, as he had admitted—and the girl! He was startled by an exclamation from Malcom.

“I’ll beat him yet!” Then, as he realized that he had spoken, he smiled sheepishly. “Just forget it,” he said, “I didn’t mean to tell you my thoughts. Perhaps I will some time, but not now.” And they walked on. Malcom’s mood had passed.

Malcom had come to Whitewood in response to an invitation of the Kimballs. He regretted going before his novel was finished, but the doctor, to whom he had gone to have his trouble diagnosed, had told him to go at once or he would have to suffer the consequences. So Malcom had arrived the night before.

“Jim,” he said to Kimball in the afternoon, “let’s go fishing.”

But Jim did not want to go. “It’s too hot, and besides, I want to finish that article for Greening.”

Malcom knew that it was of no use to argue with him, so he departed alone.

"So she's here—she's—here," he ruminated as he paused on the bank of the stream to make ready his tackle. He searched through his fly book, selected a Green Drake and a Gray Dun, and looped them on. "And Templeton's here, too—Templeton." His face clouded at the thought of his name.

Deftly he cast the flies over deep, shaded pools or sent them far out on rapid flowing waters or dropped them in swirling eddies beside some sunken log, but luck was against him. Only three half-pounders lay limp in his creel. He gathered some moss and dipped it into the cold water and wrapped it about the fish. He wondered if he had lost the art of casting the flies. Perhaps it was not a good day for fishing, too much sunshine and too hot. He knew that fish had moods just as people did. Any way, he determined that he would rest awhile and try it later. He filled his pipe and threw himself down beside a great mossy boulder.

Had he been dreaming? He thought he had heard a shriek. There it was again, like the low whir of a swiftly revolving reel. He leaped to his feet. He had not supposed there was anyone in such close proximity to his secluded nook. He gathered up his tackle and disappeared down the path; he would see who it was. He knew from the shrieking of the reel that he was missing the time of his life. He started down the path which led to the pool, pulling his rod behind him. He half-stumbled and plunged through the bushes which screened him from the pool.

Perched upon a rock, which jutted out into the swirling stream, stood the object of his search, the fairest angler he had ever seen. He had not hoped to find a woman in a place like this, especially one who exhibited such skill and grace with the rod. In sheer admiration he contemplated the scene.

The angler had cast one startled glance at him when he burst through the bushes, then shifted her eyes back to her straining line. All her skill and experience and strategy were required to land the trout. Never had he beheld such a contest. Seldom had he seen such frantic rushes.

He was powerless to act. And if he were, there was nothing he could do. He knew it was a monster trout.

No small fish could carry out the line like that. Down stream he went like a steam engine, then back he came like a race horse.

"Look out, give him the butt!" shouted Malcom in his excitement.

The slender rod bent almost double. Would it stand the strain?—that was the question he asked himself over and over again. Across the pool and back again plowed the fish.

"He sulks?—Ah, that's it."

A tightening of the rod and a few gentle twitches and the trout was at his former tactics.

"Dear girl," he breathed, "do not your wrists grow weary with the strain? Or have those muscular, tanned arms become inured by similar conflicts?"

Malcom was talking insanely. It seemed to his excited imagination that the struggle was lasting for hours.

"Have a care there or he will shake the hook out. Jove, what a leap!"

Dashing about, rushing in a circle, he plunged and leaped, carrying the sparkling spray with him.

"He's weakening. Your net!" She spoke for the first time excitedly, the light of battle in her eyes and her cheeks glowing.

Malcom dropped his rod and rushed forward. He wouldn't let her lose that trout. He stood at the water's edge.

"Just keep a tight line on him," he said.

The rushes were shorter and more

frantic. He made one last endeavor to free himself from that relentless hook.

"Please guide him this way," he begged, wading into the water.—Ha, he caught sight of me. Just lead him back, carefully now."

Once more in lessening circles—

"Now?" she ventured.

By a dexterous motion he slipped the net beneath the fish. There was a flash of pink, an upheaval of spray, and the trout lay gasping on the bank. Together they knelt over the fish.

"Two and three-quarters," he announced after close scrutiny of his pocket scales. "I hope you will pardon me for intruding," he said, laying the fish on the grass, "but—"

"Please do not apologize." Her voice thrilled him. "It is I who should apologize for not bringing my net. I would have lost him but for you. Didn't you notice how the hook fell from his mouth when you netted him?"

"But—I did nothing. It was a brilliant fight. You are the first woman I ever met who could do it."

She colored slightly at the words of praise.

"Mr. Malcom—" She drew herself up proudly and Malcom involuntarily recoiled a step. "Why are you here?"

Her right hand, resting on the rod, trembled perceptively.

"Why—I was fishing above here and was resting beside a big rock, when I—"

"No! no! Why did you come to Whitewood?"

"Well—the—I was advised by my doctor to abandon my novel for the summer and to spend my time out of doors. The Kimballs invited me to spend a month at their cottage. I accepted. I arrived last night."

Her lips quivered, but she did not speak. Her gaze was averted.

"But I will go away," he volunteered.

"No! no!" she cried, facing him.

"That would be wrong, very wrong. We need not meet."

"Then our relations remain unchanged? You are of the same opinion?" He spoke almost hopelessly.

"But you are wet," she faltered, "and your rod is broken."

"No matter.—And can you give me no hope?" he implored.

"None whatever. Please go, now."

She held out a browned hand as she spoke. He seized it in his own, and bending, kissed it. "Alice,—I—love—you," he said, and he left her.

The sun was fast declining, the shadows were growing longer, and a coolness was stealing over all the land. Malcom walked moodily homeward along the path by which he had come. Birds sang all about him, frogs croaked in the marsh, the brook babbled onward, but he heard not these sounds. The air was laden with the scent of the woods, but he observed none of these manifestations of Nature. He strode on with unseeing eyes.

"Malcom!"

"Templeton!" He had almost run into the subject of his thoughts.

"What are you doing here?" Templeton was trying to pass by, but Malcom, divining his purpose, planted himself solidly in the path.

"And without answering your question I might ask another. Why are you here?"

"And suppose I do not choose to answer," making a move to pass by.

"Then I'm under no obligation to answer yours," putting out a detaining hand. "No, don't be in a hurry. You're just the man I want to see. This is as good a time as another."

A dark scowl appeared on Templeton's face and then as quickly faded away.

"What do you want? I am in a hurry."

"Oh, she'll keep. And she knows the way home anyway."

"She! Whom are you talking about?"

"Oh, I was just thinking of the young lady you were on the way to meet when I stopped you," said Malcom smiling.

"A young lady—what do you know about her—what right have you to think about her?" Templeton exploded. He was becoming angrier every minute.

"What right?" repeated Malcom. "I've got as good a right as anyone, having known the lady from the time we used to go to school together. But let's come back to business. Don't get angry."

Templeton waited with crimsoned face. He glanced furtively at the woods beyond, then at the resolute figure before him, and saw no escape.

"I have noticed," the smile was gone now, "your attentions to Miss Petrie. It's about time you ceased them. It's plain she doesn't want you. You know that she's too good for you. I am going to ask that—"

"Ask, and it shall not be given you," sneered Templeton.

"Nevertheless I shall ask that you cease your attentions. If you do not, I shall go to her and tell her your life history. She refused me, but I'll not see her—"

"Damn your impudence! I'll get her in spite of all you can do!" Templeton sprang forward and struck Malcom a stinging blow in the face.

Malcom recoiled a step, then grappled with the smaller but more powerful man. But he could not hope to hold out long. His muscles, due to the living of a sedentary life, were not in a condition to cope with those of the other man; they were already growing fatigued. He must rely on strategy alone, and that quickly, before his strength failed.

So it was that Miss Petrie, returning, found them struggling there. Horrified,

she strove to separate them. A shadow flitted over the combatants and a feminine voice commanded imperiously:

"Stop! stop! if you are gentlemen!"

Malcom twisted his head a little to see the girl of his dreams bending over them, pleading, trying to loosen those fingers that gripped like a bull-dog's teeth. The thought passed through him in a flash that any other girl would have cried or fainted.

"George! Raymond!"

Malcom smiled grimly. With her coming, a little strength seemed to enter his weary body. He wondered vaguely if he would let the other fellow conquer him in the presence of his love.

He closed his eyes and clinched his teeth while his brain answered, "No!" He remembered a trick he had learned when a boy. If he could only get the hold. He made a desperate attempt and managed to get on his knees. Both were breathing hard. Then he slowly rose to his feet. Half running, half staggering, he carried Templeton the few feet to the water's edge. Then, gathering the remnants of his strength in one final effort, he got him on his right hip, and whirled him, cursing and struggling, over and into the middle of the pool, where he sank. He came up sputtering, stared a moment at the two silent figures on the bank, then turned and swam rapidly to the opposite shore. Without turning his head either way, he clambered out and entered the field.

In silence they watched him go. Blood was trickling from a cut over Malcom's eye where Templeton had struck him. In silence she regarded that masterful face and far-away look of the eyes and the stream of blood flowing unheeded from his temple. Presently he turned and regarded her intently. Then he brushed the blood from his eye.

"He will never bother you any more."

The scoundrel!" He was still thinking of Templeton. Then, turning abruptly, he started up the path.

"Come," was all he said, and together they walked homeward through the gathering gloom.

It was on a sultry July evening that Malcom chose to ask the question which was uppermost in his mind. Not a breath of air was stirring, scarce a leaf was moving. Frogs made merry in the marshes. Fireflies glowed and danced in the meadows. And the katydids discussed that same old question and never came any nearer to an agreement. Ever and anon from its haunt in the woods came the notes of a whippoorwill. The stars came out and the moon rose big and red, casting vague shadows on the bosom of Lake Lagoc.

The old wharf stretched out from the bank, long and black. From its friendly shadow, like a phantom, stole the canoe, leaving a long wake to show that it was real. Along the eastern shore it glided where the shadows were the blackest.

Malcom was telling her stories, some that he had written, had read, or created on the spur of the moment. His deep, pleasant voice reverberated across the water. Sometimes she would greet his stories with a low peal of laughter, so pure, so joyous, that it thrilled him through and through.

He thought to himself that he would like to float forever on placid waters under starry skies with Alice for a companion, and drift and drift in peaceful content, whither their fancies led. It was a pleasure to talk to such an attentive listener, and he talked on and on, and his courage ebbed and flowed while the precious minutes flew past beyond recall. And he put off the question which meant so much to him and to his future. Outwardly his manner was gay and happy and unreserved, inwardly

fear gripped his heart and kept back the words he had meant to say. He knew that he must do it now, or never. The time was auspicious. Would he take her home without having spoken? He must leave Whitewood in the morning. Would he go without having revealed his heart?

"Alice," he said, when she had finished applauding an unusually amusing conclusion, "Alice"—he paused as if in admiration of her name, and his voice was low and sad—"I have one more story to tell you. I *must* tell it."

He could not see her face, but intuitively he knew that she was listening. He waited, but no sound came from her lips. Conscious of what was coming, she seemed willing, even desirous, that it should come. Her silence gave him hope and spurred him on.

"My story is about a boy and a girl. Above Old Jerry Watkins' place on the River Road, back in the country where I was brought up, was a long hill; and at the top of the hill was a little school-house, just where the forks began. It was one of those whitewashed buildings, much the worse for wear, with which our country is dotted. You wonder why I dwell upon this school-house—it was here that the boy first became acquainted with the girl. If that had not occurred, in all probability I would not have this story to tell.

"He was only a common, freckled-faced boy, brought up as most boys of that time were, but she was an angel, he thought. Each day found him trudging along to school by her side, bearing her slate or her lunch. Noon found them eating their lunches as only hungry scholars can, and sharing some extra delicacy tucked in by the loving mother, a slice of cocoanut cake or a generous piece of elderberry pie, or, as oftener happened, a great, rosy apple. And later, afternoon found them trudging home

again. Many were the fisticuffs indulged in for her sake, not that he was always victorious, for he was not. But he never suffered her name to be defiled without *trying* to punish the offender, even though a black eye was the frequent result."

Malcom shifted his paddle to the other side. He had changed the course, so that they were heading for the dock. She was absently trailing her fingers in the water.

"So much for their childhood. The happy summers came and went. The time came when they must part, she to go to a boarding school, he to attend a 'prep' school. Sad was their parting, but they knew it must be. They wrote eagerly at first, and the first year of separation came to an end and he went home. Then at the end of the summer's vacation they quarreled. How very foolish and inadequate seemed the cause to him afterward. How momentous and disastrous it had looked then. She had taken a ride with young Templeton, and he had become angry. Then they parted. He wrote to her several times, confessing his mistake, and asked forgiveness and a renewal of their relations. But the letters came back unopened."

The girl in the bow stirred restlessly, but she did not speak.

"Then a bitterness seized his soul. He went back to his books and tried to forget. He entered college and graduated with honor. He took up journalism, but his heart was not in his work, he would *not* forget. He met other girls, but his love seemed dead. There was no equal to *her*, and she was gone. How he suffered he *only* knows. All the old bitterness was there.

"But it was all changed one day. He met the girl again at a house-party. She, too, had grown up, and fulfilled the promise of her youth; nay, nature had

lavished charm on charm upon her. All his love for her returned thrice increased. He even forgot. His nights were for the most part passed in sleeplessness. The vision of *her* was ever before his eyes. He worshiped her, but her love was cold.

"Alice—you were that girl—I was the boy. I love you still, as I did when we trudged hand in hand to the school house on the hill—nay more, thrice more. I remember when the teacher caned me for passing notes to you; and when you admitted it, you were punished, too. 'Twas then I clinched my fists and vowed I loved you. That love still burns, my soul will not be still. Alice—have you no heart? Do you not yearn for me? Can you not care just a little?"

He paused. He had stopped paddling and the canoe rested motionless upon the water within a few strokes of the low-lying wharf. All nature was still, as if in sympathy with him and waiting for the momentous answer. If he had failed it was not his fault. He had done his best.

Her lips moved, she strove to speak, but the words would not come. An inarticulate cry ascaped. She was trembling; her bosom rose and fell spasmodically. And he waited silently with a smile on his lips.

Suddenly she flung herself upon him with a little cry, overcome by her emotions. The canoe careened; he made a desperate effort to steady it, but the little craft did not respond. He seized her as they sank. He could swim, he would not let her drown. They rose sputtering; a few strokes, and he had grasped the bow of the canoe.

"Do not be afraid, my dear," he begged.

"I am not afraid with you by my side," she answered.

"See, the canoe will still hold our heads up," he went on, trying to reassure and give her confidence in himself.

"Yes,—but we can't stay here all night—and we're not moving towards shore a bit."

"True—but we will swim." He saw that she was not frightened and he was glad. He was unlacing his shoes with his free hand, fastening them to the thwart. Then he secured the paddles which were floating a few feet away, and put them underneath the canoe.

"But I cannot swim," she remonstrated, "at least not more than a few feet. I have had only one lesson."

"It is not far," he said, and he looked toward the shore, "and it may be shallow for a good way. I must ask you to do as I say."

"I am obedient."

"Then turn over on your back—your weight is practically nothing then. Just lie still. I will hold your head up."

He struck out with his free hand. It

was slow work, hard work, but he did not let her know. Her skirts hindered the movement of his feet. Nevertheless he talked cheerfully, reassuringly, and made light of his task. At intervals he allowed his feet to sink, paddling only with his hand, to see if he could touch bottom.

"Good!" he exclaimed at length as his feet struck good, firm sand, "we can wade in the rest of the way."

They sat for a few minutes upon the wharf and dripped water while he regained his breath. At length they looked at each other, then they laughed, and a loon far out laughed with them. Tears of happiness brimmed her eyes. After what seemed a long time, he slipped his arm about her waist.

"Once I despaired that this day should ever come," he said.

Then he bent and kissed her.

THE END.

By SARA TEASDALE.

YOU said "Good-bye," and smiling went your way,
 I did not know that it would be the end,
 That you and I would never meet, my Friend,
 To say "Good-bye" on any other day.
 You smiled and said farewell, and you were gone,
 And now I never see your "woodland eyes,"
 Nor know if still they hold the old surprise,
 And all the startled laughter of a Faun.
 You said "Good-bye" and turned, and that was all—
 I listen for the treading of your feet,
 And of your ringing laugh my heart is fain,
 Deep in the night I think I hear you call—
 I turn to catch your greeting in the street,
 But, oh! I know we shall not meet again.

THE GOLD COAST.

A Series of Articles, Descriptive and Otherwise, on West Africa.

By *CAPT. A. HERBERT-BOWERS.*

THE DEATH OF QUOMINA.

ONE night, on returning to my quarters at the conclusion of mess, I found Quomina, his work done, standing as if spellbound in front of a picture that stood on a small table near my bed. It was an exquisite piece of work, done on porcelain; and its subject, a girl, in whom I held more than a passing interest, was well worthy of the artist's utmost effort. So absorbed was the boy that he did not notice my entry, and I stood for a few moments amusedly watching him.

As was only natural, there had sprung up within me a great affection for this lad, whose glance followed me always with a dog's devotion, and who took his greatest pleasure in doing me service. On this occasion he continued to gaze at the picture; and as I had more than once previously found him so engaged, I was prompted to ask:

"You like 'em, Quomina?"

He started, and turned to face me.

"Oh, master," he said, "She like the noon-flower."

Now, I have never seen the moon-flower, nor do I know that such a plant has existence in fact, but I had come to know that by this name the native was wont to express his highest conception of feminine beauty.

"Perhaps you shall see her some day, Quomina," I promised, as I began to remove my mess outfit.

There was a natural delicacy about this boy of mine that caused him to hesitate before he asked:

"You go marry the moon-flower, marster?"

"I think so, Quomina!"

His eyes grew big; then he pleaded:

"Oh, marster, when you go to England, take Quomina!"

"England's a cold place. You would die there, I'am afraid."

"But take me, marster," he urged again.

"If I get leave in the summer time, I will," I promised.

Again, as he had done at our first meeting, he sprang towards me; dropped to one knee, seized me by the hand, and placed it over his heart.

"I love you, marster," he vowed.

"I know it, Quomina," I said, as I gently laid my disengaged hand upon his shoulder.

For a moment or so he maintained his kneeling position, and in those beautiful eyes of his shone a wonderful light. On rising he bade me, "Good night," and turned to go.

"Wait a minute," I said.

He faced me again.

"You like to go hunting with me?"

"Yes, marster," he rejoined with sparkling eyes.

"Good! I and three other officer gentlemen are going hunting tomorrow, and we have decided to make you captain of the boys. You will carry nothing but my extra rifle and will be responsible that all goes right. You understand?"

"Yes, marster."

"We are to be gone three days and shall require much food and drink. You

will, therefore, hire boys, and attend to what other details may seem to you necessary."

"Yes, marster."

"That is all. Good night, Quomina!"

"Good night, marster!"

I awoke next morning to find him standing by my bed with a cup of steaming hot chocolate in his hand. His gaze, which was troubled, had, I think, awakened me.

"You well, marster?" he asked.

It was his usual question of the morning; but the expression of solicitude that accompanied it was not usual.

"Yes, I'm well, Quomina. Why?"

"You make noise, marster, like—" here he groaned.

I laughed as I sprang out of bed; but, none the less, felt touched by this fresh proof of his devotion.

"Dreaming, I guess!" I said lightly. "I'm as fit as a fiddle!"

By the time we had breakfasted and assembled in the court-yard, near the main gate of the castle, the stars had already paled, and there was in the atmosphere that chill which immediately precedes the dawn on the west coast of Africa.

Anxious to make as good use as possible of the cool of the morning, we set out at a swinging gait; our immediate objective being a small river, near which we proposed to encamp. To it we came after some two hours of rapid marching; and adjacent to the road, which led to a ford, we discovered a spot admirably adapted for this purpose. Though open, it was shaded by the interlacing branches of the huge trees by which it was nearly surrounded; and wonderful to relate, it was covered by a herbage that almost merited the name of grass. By its open side ran the river, whose cool green depths looked most inviting, and promised grateful refreshment at the close of the daily wanderings.

After a short rest, during which we slaked our thirst—not from out the river—weapons and cartridge belts were resumed, and the hunt inaugurated with a hopefulness and enthusiasm not warranted by past experience. Indeed, as it turned out, we had a wretched day's sport; for, though on one occasion we did disturb big game of some description, we were precluded from getting a view of it by reason of the forest's density, and a fusilade by all hands in its supposed direction was barren of results.

Disgusted by our lack of success, we turned campwards at an hour much earlier than had been originally intended; and, when nearly there, made practically the sole bag of the day—several pounds of wild honey. The bees—millions of them, it seemed to me—had housed their store in a hollow tree; and Quomina it was who undertook to secure it. Of his methods I remember nothing; but, to the best of my belief, he succeeded without hurt to himself, and a welcome addition was made to our store of comestibles.

After a good meal and a rest in our hammocks, which were slung between convenient trees, bathing became the order of the day. Being gently swung by Quomina, and in the full enjoyment of a good cigar, I was the last to break my siesta, and watched my companions disporting themselves in the water with a blissful sense of irresponsible languor.

"Come on, you lazy beggar!" shouted C——. "It's fine!"

"Shut up!" I called back. "Duck him, you fellows!"

The suggestion was acted upon with zestful promptitude; and at once ensued a battle royal, that made Quomina grin from ear to ear. Tired at length, they desisted from the sport, and, panting from their exertions, came ashore.

About this time, I was nearly disrob-

ed; and, whilst in the act of removing the last garment, a stout flannel shirt, was seized by C—— and a fellow-conspirator and hurled into the river. Rendered by the entangling garment utterly unable to defend myself from the unexpected attack, I was like to drown before I could rid myself of its clinging folds; but, when I succeeded in doing so, I gained the bank fighting mad. Everybody, Quomina not excepted, was laughing hilariously; and my anger evaporated as quickly as it had been born.

"Hang this up to dry," I told Quomina, alluding, of course, to the sopping shirt. Then, vowing vengeance on my two assailants, I dived into the river and was soon in the undisturbed enjoyment of its grateful coolness.

Quomina, I observed, impelled, as he always seemed to be, to get as near me as possible without intrusion, had waded through the ford to a huge boulder that topped by some feet the river's surface about midway between its banks, and was standing on its summit watching my antics. Presently, a trifle weary, I swam near him; and, treading water, asked:

"Can you swim, Quomina?"

"No, marster!"

"Why don't you learn?"

He grinned for answer; then, I noticed the grin froze on his face. A look of horror swept over his expressive features, and he positively shrieked:

"Ma-a-rster! Ma-a-rster!"

I turned to look at the bank behind me, but could see no cause for alarm. On the other, my comrades were lounging undisturbed. I looked to Quomina for explanation.

"Quick! Quick!" he cried shrilly, and motioned me to make for the shore.

Uncomprehending, I yet mechanically obeyed; and, resorting to the side stroke, started at my best speed. In the position thus assumed, I had full view of

Quomina; who, with every limb at tension, was staring with wide-eyed horror immediately behind me. Thus he stood a moment, like a runner straining to the start; then, with a spring of astonishing power, he launched himself into the air and, with a prodigious splash, fell into the water close behind me. At this moment my hand touched land; and, with one vigorous movement, I drew myself to it and sprang ashore, turning as I did so with a view to ascertaining the cause of Quomina's mysterious perturbation.

Nothing appeared to view; and, had it not been that the look of horror persisted in the boy's eyes, I should have laughed heartily at his ludicrous flounderings in the water. As it was, I made to dive for him; but, before I could do so, he was dragged swiftly down, and fully eight yards farther away I perceived a ripple caused by some foreign body.

Then I knew—knew what my dullard wits should have told me long before! There was a crocodile in the river; and Quomina, put to the final test of human love, had cast himself into the very jaws of the saurian that I might live. Frantic, I ran for a rifle; and, as luck would have it, from the spot on which it lay, I could plainly see the shadow of the monster beneath the water. Like a flash the rifle came to my shoulder; and I pulled the trigger. Perhaps, even in my frenzy of grief, I instinctively made allowance for the deflection of the water; perhaps, the shot was merely lucky. In any event, I saw at once that it had taken effect. The crocodile sank. Quomina slowly struggled to the surface. A few steps, a dive, took me to him. I raised his head above the water and swam with him to land.

By this time, of course, the entire camp—brother officers and boys—was

apprised of the situation; and my friend, C——, together with his two companions, was at the river's brink ready to lift my savior to land. By the time I had personally emerged from the water, Quomina was laid on the ground, and all the others were bending over him.

"Is he much hurt?" I asked.

For answer, they made room for me, and thereby revealed a sight most pitiable. The fearsome jaws of the monster had taken him squarely in the middle. Its cruel teeth, too, had penetrated his abdomen; so lacerating its walls that the torn entrails were exposed to view.

"Quomina! Quomina!" was all that I could say, as I knelt and raised his head in my trembling arms.

He looked up and smiled wanly; but in his eyes was all the old-time affection.

"It no hurt, marster," he said.

He spoke truth, perhaps; for his spine had not escaped injury. He must have been paralyzed, I think, below the waist. None the less, I knew that he so spoke in order to allay my grief. I was possessed by a dumb misery. I could not articulate. I vaguely wondered; "Who am I? what have I done that this noble boy should thus give his life for me?"

"Marster"—the old familiar name brought a shower of tears to my eyes—"give me your hand, this once, like friend."

My right hand sought his; and, even in the face of approaching death, I saw spring to his eyes a light that had not been there of old—the light that fires the glance of the warrior.

"I no dog of Fanti," he said, "I Zulu! Son of ringed man! Son of chief! Ceteweyo kill my father! Ceteweyo want my mother for wife! My mother flee in night! My mother flee many nights! My mother carry Quomina! Come to sea! Come to white man's country! Come to

English country in big fireship! Come to English! English, foe to Ceteweyo!"

"Yes, Quomina," I choked, "I always knew that you were not of the Fanti people."

"Thank you, marster!"

His voice had grown weak. The spark of life in him was low, and bade fair to flicker out after his late outburst.

"Give him some brandy," suggested C——.

I could have cursed myself for not thinking of a ministration so obviously necessary and so easily made; but my brain had been numb with grief. I could think of nothing but the dying lad's love, and of his faithful service that would no more be mine. Now, however, I asked:

"Quomina, would you be more comfortable lying down?"

"Hold me, marster," he pleaded.

Then I gave him brandy, and the potent spirit seemed to give him temporarily a new grip on life.

"You no take me to England, marster," he reminded me with a wan smile; "but you will tell the pale 'moon-flower' sometimes of Quomina?"

"Assuredly! I will tell her that Quomina, who loved me, gave his life that he might send me safe back to her. We will speak the name of Quomina every day, and always with loving memory. If there come to us some happy day a boy, his name shall be Quomina."

He smiled; then closed his eyes in a lengthy silence that was broken finally by the old name—

"Marster?"

"Yes?"

"I no see you!"

"I'm here. Don't you feel my arms about you?"

"No, marster!"

Then, once again:

"Marster?"

"Yes, dear lad?"

"I placed thy hand on my head to name thee my lord. I placed thy hand on my heart to vow thee love. Marster, —I—kept—my—vows?"

It was a question rather than an affirmation.

"Too well! Only too well!" I choked.

"I—hap—py!"

The final word trailed off into a whisper. It was his last. They placed him in my hammock, and bore him sorrowfully home; and the next day he was given Christian sepulture in the dismal graveyard that held so many of our best.

Many natives witnessed the interment; wondering, doubtless, that a white "offi-

cer gentleman" should weep because his "boy" had died.

"Boys" were so plentiful!

But—I never hired another.

And, though the tale of his heroism be forgotten by his own people and unknown to later comers to the "Coast," some of the latter, no doubt, have stumbled across a modest stone which marks a grave beneath a drooping tree in the cemetery's corner. Upon this stone is rudely carved by a native cutter:

Quomina,

Faithful unto death.

Erected in grateful memory

by his

"Marster."

RUBY.

By ARTHUR HERBERT.

AN EPISODE.

THE man with the bald spot on the back of his head had been watching the girl with amused contentment, as she fenced with a knot of youthful admirers. Petite, brunette, she filled the requirements of his individual taste; and, in addition, she was all that the French express by the word, *mechante*.

"Who is she?" he asked of his hostess, who happened to be passing.

"Why! That's Ruby, my niece from Vicksburg! Haven't you been introduced to her?"

He shook his head.

"No!" he said, "and, for the present, I prefer to watch her. Later, perhaps! When she is less engaged!"

Her aunt laughed understandingly.

"She is cute," she assented, and moved away.

The man with the bald spot returned to his interrupted occupation.

"An agreeable addition I should make to that crowd of children!" he thought, with a shade of bitterness.

Indeed, though his baldness had been premature, he was old enough to be the girl's father; moreover, not even his best friend, though a gifted Annanias, could have pronounced his features even passable. It did not mend matters that the man was profoundly conscious of his personal deficiencies, and, in secret, shamed by the knowledge. But his momentary chagrin yielded to the pleasure he knew in watching the girl. Considering her youth, there was about her an astonishing poise, evidenced not only in the matter-of-course way with which she accepted the general admiration, but finding somehow expression in her reposeful person, in the queenly motions of her little head, in the curves of her hands and

arms, which lay white and slender against the background of her rosewood rocker, in the crossing of her absurdly little feet, clad in absurdly high-heeled shoes.

Reposeful her body! Not so her tongue! Not so her eyes! The first, the man concluded, was mirth-provoking; for constant bursts of laughter followed her sallies. The latter danced hither and thither without cessation.

A glance chanced towards the man. She caught his regard and held it for a moment. An imp of mischief leapt from under her lashes. Something, he knew not what, happened to him. He sighed when the lashes finally veiled her eyes. He felt as though something had gone from within him, leaving a void.

Subsequently, it irked him to see the lightening looks which she bestowed impartially on the young men who were vying for her favor; but he continued to watch, hoping with a strange intensity that a careless regard might reveal to him once more the night of her mischievous eyes.

Suddenly she rose, and dismissed her court with a sovereign negligence. Her aunt was approaching her. The girl stopped her and, evidently, made a request. The older lady nodded. They turned and came towards the man, who was not too old to experience an unaccustomed fluttering of the heart, nor gauche enough to affect an ignorance of the girl's intentions.

He rose as the ladies approached, and bowed profoundly on being introduced to "my niece, Ruby."

He expected speedy disillusionment, and was disappointed. The girl not only eschewed frivolity, but even—little flatterer—led him on to talk of himself, his travels, his ambitions. She seemed, moreover, highly interested; and, often as he met the regard of her great black eyes, even if the demon of mischief lurked

always close to their surface, they bent on him with serious attention. Finally, he took her into supper, and surprised himself with the eagerness he showed to supply her wants.

On the way home, he was strangely excited. In his ears was the constant music of her voice. Before him floated visions of a girl with a red rose in her hair; of a girl, petite, brunette, *mechante*—not seventeen years old.

"Bah!" he apostrophized his reflection in the mirror at home. "Go to bed, and sleep it off!"

But the draught, he found, had been too potent. He did not succeed in sleeping it off in that one night, or in the many that followed. On the contrary, his intoxication grew as the days went by. He gave in; and lost no opportunity of meeting Ruby.

Ruby! He did not even know her other name; nor did he desire to recall it. Ruby! How the name suited her! She was so richly, so redly alive! He loved her, and gloried in his folly—folly that she should never know! His madness should never vex her! To him its penalty!

One night she asked him to sing. He complied, of course; just as he would have complied had she asked his life. But he had not attempted to sing for years, and doubted much if there were a note in him.

The music available was not his own. In it was only one song of which he had any knowledge, "O Promise Me!"

As he addressed himself to his task, he wondered vaguely if little Ruby's idea of a man who sang this particular song coincided with that of Mary MacLane. The accompaniment began and, whether or not, compelled his taking the chances. He sang better than he had hoped to do; but his best was none too good.

Ruby, standing nearby, sought his eyes persistently with her own, mischief-

laden, the while she exclaimed from time to time: "Oh! Isn't it just lovely! I knew he could sing! I discovered him!"

He smiled in sickly response. He was in deadly fear lest she should see how her innocent banter hurt, how every word stabbed his heart, and, seeing, should guess his hoarded secret.

"You will not see me after tonight," she told him later. "I am going home tomorrow."

"I am very sorry," he just managed to say, though the sudden wrench at his heart made speech almost impossible.

"Are you?" she asked, he thought, with simulated eagerness.

"I shall miss you very much," he assured her.

"The doings of a little girl like me can't interest you much?"

It was a question rather than an affirmation.

"That would be too much to expect, would it not?" he asked with a gruesome gaiety.

"Yes!" she assented, and shortly left him.

Was he sorry when she had gone? He did not quite know. Her presence had held its bitters as well as its sweets! There yet remained in his brain an endless photographic film, capable of producing at will every phase of his intercourse with her! Her voice lived in his memory! A withered rose that she had worn one night in her hair, surreptitiously purloined, remained a tangible reminder of the bitter-sweet past.

He heard of her sometimes. She even asked after him not infrequently. One day they told him:

"Ruby is married."

Married! He had known it would come sooner or later! Later he had thought! Not for a long time he had hoped! Not for years, perhaps! Married! That little girl! Ruby!

His faculties were numbed by the

blow; but instinct impelled him to hide his pain.

"Another of my possibilities gone," he said with a distorted grin. Everybody laughed. The joke was so obvious. May mates not with September; nor, Beauty with the Beast. He was thankful for the merriment which covered his own voiceless pain, which betrayed no inkling of his misplaced passion.

About a year later, he heard that she had returned.

"Ruby says: 'You must be sure to call before she leaves,'" they told him.

At first, the idea seemed preposterous. How could he meet her as a mere acquaintance? Besides, why should she care whether he called or stayed away? The message was, of course, dictated by mere politeness.

But it came to him through more sources than one. Perhaps, after all, she did wish to see him. She had been, he remembered, given to his society. As for himself—if the pleasure were his, so also would be the pain. There came over him a passionate yearning to know once again the glamour of her presence.

Taking his courage in both hands, he called one evening, with a heart in wild tumult at the thought of beholding her, of hearing her voice, of being near her, of finding her little hand in his.

The family was assembled on the lawn in front of the house. He was glad of it, and blessed the friendly shadows of the summer night. His face, he knew, was telling tales.

"What a long time it is since you have been to see us," reproached her aunt.

"I've been busy," he lied. "But, you know, when a lady issues special commands, one perforce obeys."

"Special commands—?"

"Ruby, I understand, wishes to see me."

"Of course! How stupid of me! She

will be so sorry! She left the day before yesterday."

Again he blessed the friendly shadows, as he expressed polite regret.

"I trust she is—very happy," he hazarded at length.

"Yes, indeed! She made a very sensible marriage. Her husband, who simply worships her, is about your age, I should think.

"'No boys for me!' is her motto. She's wiser than most children, don't you think?"

"Much!" he assented.

That night, in the privacy of his own room, he bowed his head on his arms and so remained for many hours. Finally, when he rose, his mirror reflected haggard features and eyes glittering—one would have said, had he not been a man—with the brilliancy of unshed tears.

"You can't help being old and ugly," he said, glaring at his obnoxious reflection, "but there's no excuse for being a fool."

DELSIE'S LAST PENNY.

By JOSEPHINE SCHUBERT.

"**H**ERE'S your stenographer, Mr. Gerald," remarked Mr. Fenton, as he handed his bachelor friend a neatly-written postal card.

"So you would call a postal card a stenographer, would you?" ejaculated the fastidious Gerald in a bantering tone, meanwhile critically viewing the card.

"You know what I mean, Mr. Gerald; you might wait many a day for an answer to your advertisement and not receive another as nicely written as this."

"It is nicely written; the language is concise, and very business-like, indeed. Perhaps you're right, Mr. Fenton, the writer of this may become my stenographer. That name, Delsie Darington! isn't it a stunner? Well, if she's as handsome as her name she wouldn't any more than get acquainted with my work till some bewitching fop would march her off and marry her."

"At any rate, I don't think it necessary to caution you to beware lest you become that veritable 'bewitching fop' yourself, Mr. Gerald. I verily believe you've closed the door of your heart and

labeled it with the cold, forbidding words, 'No Admittance to Women.' But, seriously, Mr. Gerald, I advise you to give this applicant a trial."

Another glance at the neatly written card caused Mr. Gerald to indite a very polite invitation, asking Miss Darington to call at his office. This he hastily dispatched and awaited her coming.

Delsie Darington was alone in the world. Her father had died a bankrupt a few weeks previous to her coming to the city. During her school days she had become quite proficient in stenography and typewriting, and when left without money or relatives, she went to a large city, where she for many days searched for employment without success. She was on the point of giving up in despair, when she noticed Mr. Gerald's advertisement, which called for the very services she was seeking an opportunity to give.

"Yes," she soliloquized, as she opened her purse and counted its scanty contents, "when my board is paid I'll be without the needful; completely 'busted!' No—" and she reckoned it again more

accurately—"I'll have one penny left! Come here, you fortunate penny, you'll soon be on the way to the office of Mr. W. B. Gerald, in the form of a postal card.

"Oh, if I could only get the position!" she exclaimed, but she had been disappointed so often she hardly dared to hope. "To think that I, who once had a kind, noble father, a beautiful home, with no more thought of poverty coming than of the sky falling, should be reduced to this! Well, there's one thing certain, if I'm ever so fortunate as to possess a home of my own, I'll be thankful enough to appreciate it. But I hear the fates saying, 'You'd better be thankful if we allow you boarding house fare!' Oh, ho! I suppose for such as Delsie Darington to sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' would be—well, almost sacrilegious." Delsie laughed a merry little laugh, in spite of the aching in her heart.

As soon as she received the missive from Mr. Gerald her despair vanished completely, and she soon appeared at his office with such a bright, business-like aspect that Mr. Gerald felt himself fortunate in securing her services.

"Mr. Gerald, how are you liking your postal card—I mean your stenography her?" inquired Mr. Fenton, a few weeks later.

"Oh, she's simply splendid! I'm really fascinated by her gentle and business-like manner, and the elegance and pre-eminence of her work. Have you met her, Mr. Fenton?"

"Certainly; she and Mrs. Fenton are becoming intimate friends; and if I didn't know your heart was woman-proof, I'd be seriously alarmed about you, for I'll own she is fascinating."

"You're always harping on that subject, Mr. Fenton; I believe you need a lecture on"—But Mr. Fenton abruptly withdrew, leaving Mr. Gerald alone in his bachelor quarters, with his silent

meditations, which were many kindly thoughts of the fair Delsie, and perplexing ideas as to why she was so reserved in his presence. "If I dream of her to-night, as I have every night since she came, I'll give her interrogation instead of dictation. She shall not remain such a mystery to me!"

The dream must have come, for the next morning he began: "Miss Darington, before you take this dictation I wish you would be so kind as to answer me a few questions."

Delsie was slightly perturbed, as he endeavored to draw her into a conversation concerning herself, by asking her personal questions. A few of these she politely and hastily answered, then shrewdly remarked: "I prefer your dictation rather than these questions, if you please, Mr. Gerald."

"She says she's poor, but her frankness in telling me so doesn't lessen my regard for her in the least"—Mr. Gerald was again in his bachelor quarters, and his musings were all to himself. "She's the loveliest and the most sensible woman I have ever met. She has entered my heart, in spite of its warning label, and it's no fault of her's, either. I know she hasn't the least idea of my affection for her; and just how I'm to manage about telling her, is more than I can say. She's always ready for any of my dictations, but if I attempt a friendly conversation she always stops it, by some trick of feminine shrewdness, as soon as courtesy will permit."

Mr. Gerald's contemplation was long, but at last he retired with the happy feeling of having wrestled with a hard problem and found its solution. Consequently, the next evening he called on Miss Darington for the purpose of executing his preconcerted plan.

Delsie was a little embarrassed, and somewhat perplexed as to the object of her employer in making her a call. But

her confusion vanished when he said, pleasantly, "Miss Darington, I have called to ask a favor of you."

"Ask as many favors of me as you wish, Mr. Gerald; I'm not obliged to grant them," she retorted with pretended obsequiousness, followed by a benevolent smile, which Mr. Gerald thought delightfully charming.

"I think you'll grant this favor, Miss Darington, for it's only a request that you take a letter which I will dictate. It is not a business letter this time—just a letter to mother."

At this Delsie opened her eyes in a what-do-you-mean sort of way, and he continued: "Of course, you think I should write such letters myself, but owing to mother's failing eyesight, and the wretchedness of my scribbling, I prefer sending her a typewritten letter this time, as I have important things to impart."

Here he noticed that Delsie had prepared herself with pencil and pad, and his furtive glance was accompanied with a frown as he pursued: "Miss Darington, you're always more eager for dictation than conversation."

"I can't see what I've done to evoke your frown, Mr. Gerald; you said you wanted to dictate a letter to me, and I'm at your service."

Mr. Gerald's frown softened into the brightest smile as he proceeded to dictate a few sentences asking of his mother's welfare, and telling her of his prosperous work in the city. "Now, dearest Mother, I have interesting things to tell you concerning a young lady I have met here. When I first met her I was charmed by the loveliness of her person, the sweetness of her manners, and the elegance of her accomplishments; and on more thorough acquaintance, I have been much impressed with the excellence of her sentiments, and the reality and genuineness of her religion. She says she's

poor, though that doesn't give her leave to treat me with reserve as cold as an ice house, as she has at times."

Here a flush passed over Delsie's face, and she turned aside to avert his searching gaze, as she hastily made the necessary pothooks. Could it be possible he meant her? No, she would not think so.

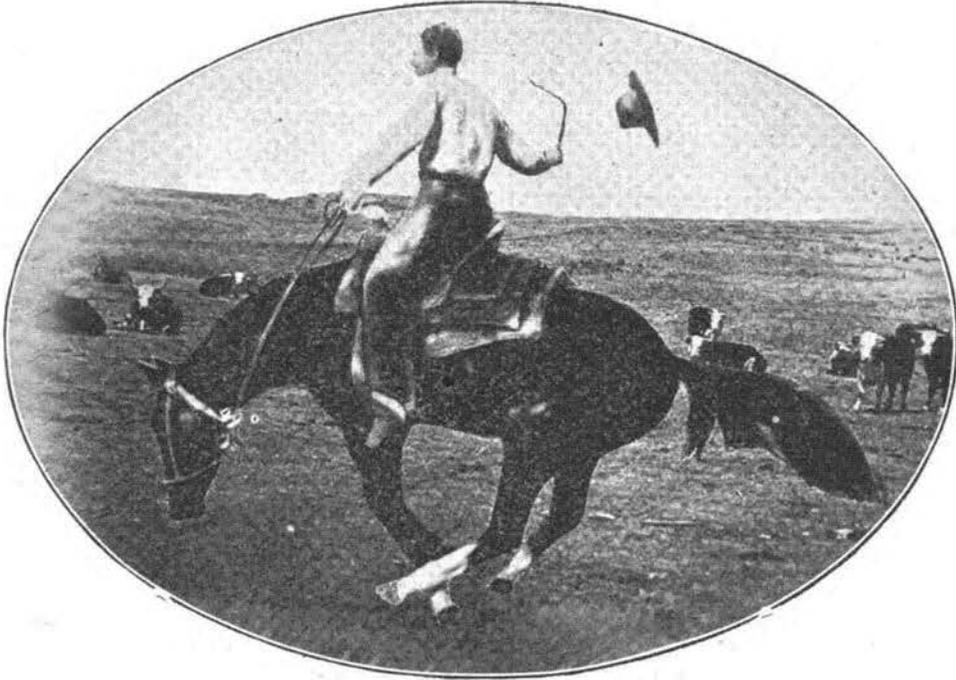
"But she is not poor," Mr. Gerald continued to dictate; "she possesses an abundance of those qualities that render a person rich in spite of indigence. My home is simply incomplete without her. Perhaps I may send you her photograph soon, for I know you will be greatly interested when I tell you she has entered my heart and won my sincere affections. Her name is Delsie"—But she was no longer taking his dictation.

He came close to her side and tried to read the expression on her face. "Miss Darington," he said, as he compelled her to look into his eyes, "surely, you do not scorn my sincere affections. Won't you tell me that my love is not in vain?"

She answered in a word and a look that encouraged him to say: "Now, won't you write another paragraph and tell mother that instead of sending a photograph I'll bring the original, and introduce her as Mrs. Gerald?"

Delsie must have answered "yes," for within a fortnight the aged Mrs. Gerald was visited by a happy bride and groom.

Delsie looked upon Mr. Gerald as the man who fulfilled her ideal of manhood, and when she entered the home of which she was now the happy mistress, she sang "Home, Sweet Home," without the least fear of sacrilege. Then, as her husband came in, she remarked, "What a streak of fortune that I spent my last penny for a postal card, and directed it as I did! That penny has proved a veritable magic wand, bringing to me what every true woman calls 'the gift paramount'—a home where love is."



FAIRS OF THE WEST.

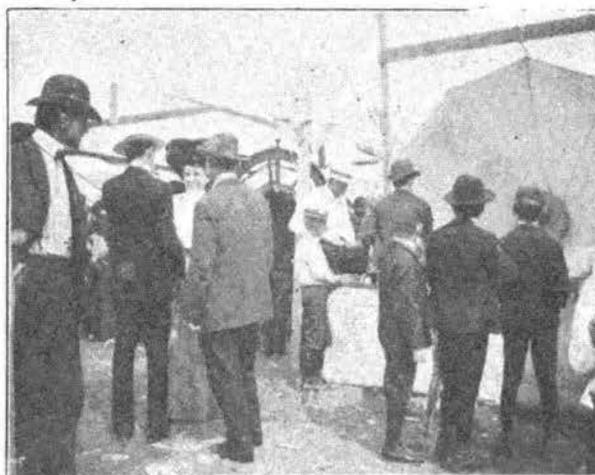
By JOHN L. COWAN.

IN other countries, fairs are held for purposes of barter and trade, where merchants congregate for the display of their wares, and the people journey for many miles to lay in a stock of goods for the whole season's requirements. In this land of department stores and bargain counters, however, a fair of this nature could never prosper. A "fire sale," an "inventory sacrifice," or a "bargain day" excitement would put it out of the running before it got rightly started. The American country fair, therefore, is first and foremost a place of amusement, of recreation and relaxation from the ordinary routine of life. Secondly, it is an advertising enterprise, where manufacturers of everything, from steam threshers to patent breakfast foods, display their goods to a class of buyers not easily reached through the ordinary channels.

Last, but by no means least, it is a social institution, where everyone is sure of seeing everyone else, and of hearing the gossip concerning all the deaths, births, weddings, courtships and scandals of the whole county. No one thinks of buying anything, unless it be peanuts, popcorn, pink lemonade and a red glass mug or pitcher with one's name engraved thereon "while you wait." It is the great occasion of the year in every rural community, and has gained a hold upon the affections of the people that nothing else will ever be able to lessen. It is as distinctively an American institution as buckwheat cakes, pumpkin pies, Thanksgiving turkey, base ball and the gold brick game.

The Country Fair has features common to every section. The fat boy, the

tattooed lady, the buxom snake charmer, the "biggest steer on earth," the daring aeronaut, the high wire performer, the paddle wheel fakir, the glass cane and toy balloon vendors, the striking machine and lung tester, the perennially youthful Oriental dancers, and a score more well known features greet one in the tented street, whether he enters the gates in the backwoods of Maine, on the sunburnt plains of Kansas, or among the orange groves and oleanders of Southern California. It by no means follows that all fairs are alike. The very contrary is



Amusement features.

true. Each section of the country has evolved its own peculiar variety of the common genus, and has placed upon it the stamp of its individuality—so that if one wants to obtain an idea of the material resources, the mental characteristics, the hereditary and acquired peculiarities of the people of any particular section, he cannot do better than attend the local fair.

For originality, free-handed generosity, and breezy unconventionality, the Fairs of the West distance all competitors. Two leading ideas are always kept in mind. One is to awaken the natives. The other is to draw the attention

of the tourist, the casual sightseer, the prospective or possible investor. In no other place in America is the advertising instinct so well developed as in the West—and this is a very genuine tribute to Western intelligence and ability. It is to judicious and untiring advertising that the whole trans-Missouri Empire owes its phenomenal progress: and the West has never yet devised a more striking or efficient advertising scheme than the Country Fair as there conducted.

•There are scattered Western fairs even in the spring and early summer for the display and exploitation of early crops like strawberries and red raspberries; but the fair season proper opens towards the close of July and continues uninterruptedly until late in October. It is thus in full swing through the busy months of the tourist season, and every tourist who visits one Western fair gets the habit and wants to visit them all. An attendance at a few fairs gives one a more real and abiding conception of the boundless resources of this Western Empire, of the open-handed hospitality of its people, of the prodigality

of nature wherever the magic touch of water gives life to the "land of little rain" and of the ideal conditions of living that are being developed West of the Missouri, than can be gained from all the statistics of the Twelfth Census, supplemented by car loads of railroad advertising literature and Chamber of Commerce boosting. There is nothing little, mean or miserly about the Western way of conducting a country fair. If one draws the inference that there is nothing little, mean or miserly about the people, he is not likely to be far wrong.

The Country Fairs of the West have all the freaks, fakirs, catchpenny devices,

horse races, and other conventional adjuncts common to country fairs throughout the Union. In addition, they have stock attractions that are supposed to be necessary to keep alive the Western tradition. For though the West is now wild and woolly only in sections to which the Fair is yet a stranger, yet the tourist and sightseer demand that it be kept picturesque and unconventional. These like to cultivate the illusion that a band of hostile Indians may even now be concealed behind yon distant butte or mesa, or that a gang of cowboys may dash up the street at any moment and begin "shooting up the town," or that a drive out over the gently billowing plain is likely to be interrupted by a gang of road agents and outlaws. The Indians, alas, have been



Peanuts, popcorn and pink lemonade.

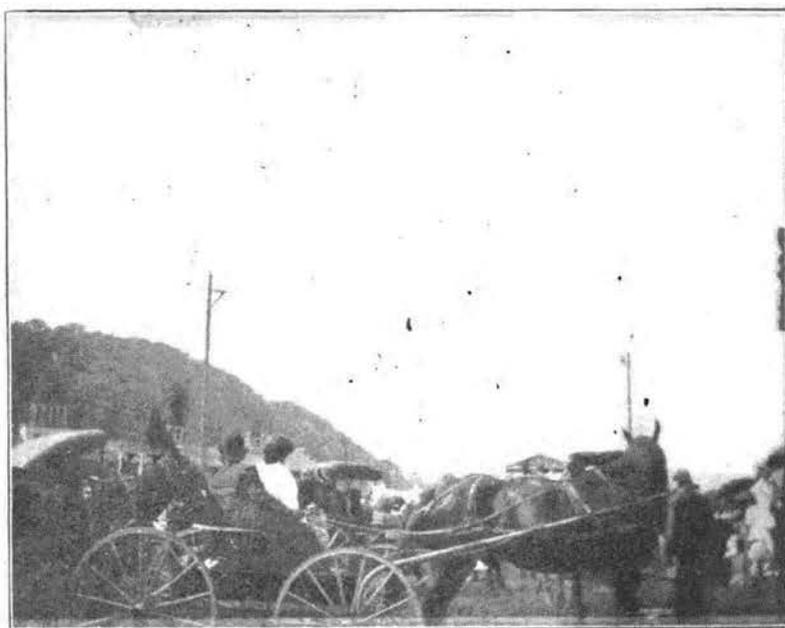
tamed; the cowboys nowadays rarely even carry firearms; and the outlaws have found their proper sphere in politics. Yet something has to be done to satisfy the craving for the spectacular, and to give the tenderfeet the worth of their money. No Western Fair, therefore, would be considered complete without its parade of cowboys, cowgirls, pioneers, and, wherever possible, a few Indians from the nearest reservation. The cowboys and cowgirls justify their presence later on by races that are truly magnificent displays of Western horsemanship at its best, and that would be no discredit to any Wild West show that ever traveled. That the "cowgirls" are, more than likely, graduates of Eastern colleges or seminaries—quite as much at home in their fathers' automobiles as in the saddle—is nothing to their discredit; but it is disappointing to those anxious to behold the true Amazons of the plains at close range.



The big wheel.

More exciting than the races are the cattle-branding, "cutting out," steer roping and bronco busting contests. These are still pictures of the real West—reproductions of scenes that are vital and characteristic, and that require no fanciful or dime novel setting. However ignorant the tenderfoot may be of Western life and affairs, he quickly learns to identify the past master of the rope and branding iron; and the bronco buster who can maintain his seat upon a more than ordinarily obstreperous "outlaw" is sure of appreciation.

Most famous of all these annual feasts is that given on Melon Day, at Rockyford, in the Arkansas Valley of Colorado. It is not too much to say that Melon Day has made the Rockyford cantaloupe famous the whole country over, and has added at least two or three cents to the value of every melon of the millions shipped from the Rockyford district annually. Last season, 20,000 people were given, "without money and without price," all the luscious cantaloupes and pink-pulped watermelons they could eat, supplemented by coffee.



Watching the high wire performance.

All Western Fairs thus have features in common that are characteristically Western; but each has its star attraction, typical of its immediate environment, and peculiar to itself. Generally this star feature takes the form of a free feast of the most important agricultural or horticultural product of the neighborhood, tendered on one day of the fair to every visitor. This is, of course, immensely popular.

sandwiches, and every variety of fruit produced in the Arkansas Valley. Maybe the darkies present didn't enjoy themselves! Truth to tell, however, their white brethren proved themselves of fully equal storage capacity. In preparation for the big event, 10,000 huge watermelons and 20,000 cantaloupes were piled in a huge rick, 150 feet long, eight feet wide and six feet high. When the feast was over, little remained but a

desert stretch of well scraped rinds.

Rockyford was the first of Western towns to institute an annual feast for the hungry; but its example has been imitated by nearly a dozen other towns in Colorado alone. Not less interesting than Melon Day is Pumpkin Pie Day. This is Longmont's bid for fame. Last season more than 8,000 pumpkin pies were consumed, to say nothing of tons of sandwiches, barrels of coffee and three large barbecued beeves. At night

before tasted corn cooked in the husks, and it was a revelation of undreamed of possibilities in that great American specialty. However, no one was compelled to subsist on a diet exclusively of corn, even for the day. The usual side issues of fruit, sandwiches and coffee were there in abundance; and if anyone departed unsatisfied he did a gross wrong to Loveland's hospitality.

Where so many live and hustling towns are equally worthy of mention for



A parade feature.

a unique jack o' lantern parade fittingly concluded the annual festival of the pumpkin pie.

While Longmont thus pins its faith to pumpkin pie, the nearby town of Loveland has won renown by means of its annual Corn Roast. Last season's feast was a record breaker. Fully 20,000 ears of the best green corn that grows were roasted to a turn in great trenches, and served in the crisp and blackened husks to the hungry multitude. Many persons present had never

the liberal execution of original ideas, it seems unfair to have selected these for particular mention. However, a choice had to be made; and it was simply a toss-up which should be chosen. Strawberry Day at Glenwood Springs is well calculated to cause the most confirmed misanthrope to forget his pessimism. Peach Day, at Grand Junction, is an occasion that will not soon be effaced from the recollection of anyone who has ever participated in the feast of the perfect fruits of the Western Slope there

provided. Greeley's Potato Roast is really much more appetizing than one would judge from the appearance of the name in cold type; and the burro races, potato rolling contests, and sack races, are all provocative of the hearty laugh that is sauce for any fare. Another hustling mountain town entertains its guests with a gigantic Fish Fry, serving the finest rainbow trout that ever lured the disciples of Isaac Walton over the rocky bed of babbling brook, or tickled the palates of lovers of good living. Another has its Lamb Barbecue, and still another its Ox Roast. Each one of these—and many more—well merit description, but there is room but for a paragraph concerning Brighton's gory Tomato Battle.

The combatants are boys of Brighton and a rival town, lined up in opposing ranks in front of the grand stand. Each boy is dressed in a spotless white linen suit, and each has a plentiful supply of

ammunition in the shape of a crate of rich, ripe, red, juicy tomatoes close at hand. When the signal is given, both sides open fire, and for ten or fifteen minutes the battle rages fast and furious. By that time the participants are a sight for gods and men, and the word is given to charge. The mixup that follows is soon over; and the combatants retire, covered with glory and tomatoes, to get a bath and a change of clothing. However, ripe tomatoes are slippery and erratic; the Brighton boys are full of fun; and the grand stand is full of shining marks. Is it any wonder that the casualties are by no means confined to the combatants, and that many a gauzy peek-a-boo shirt waist, white vest, high collar and straw hat are irretrievably ruined? There is no use of the "innocent bystander" losing his temper if a big juicy tomato lodges in his eye or comes in contact with his apparel with all the force that youthful muscles can



Pies that mother made.



Preparing sandwiches for the crowd.

impart to it. If he does, he will be laughed off the grand stand and hooted off the fair grounds; but if he takes his medicine as if he liked it, he will be voted a trump; every hydrant and water faucet in town will be at his disposal, and every merchant present will contend for the privilege of donating him whatever clean linen is necessary to make him again presentable.

Such are the Fete Days of the West. They are typical American holiday gatherings, where fun and good nature reign supreme; where a little that is in-

structive is made the pretext for a great deal that is simply amusing; where rich and poor, grave and gay, ignorant and learned, lay aside for a time the prejudices of class and caste and mingle on terms of social equality for a few hours of wholesome enjoyment. If the Country Fair did no more than thus level for the time being the artificial barriers of conventionality and prejudice, and furnish a brief respite from the cares of business, the toils of the farm, and the workday routine of the household, it would still be a social institution well worthy of support and perpetuation.

In the "Dark Room."

The seven-year-old daughter of an Allentown, Pennsylvania, judge recently attended her father's court for the first time, and was very much interested in the proceedings.

Being questioned, upon her return

home, what she thought of the experience, she responded as follows:

"Oh, it was kinder interestin'. Dad made a speech, then some other men made speeches, to twelve men who sat all together. Then these twelve men were put in a dark room to develop."



COLONEL BUSHKIRK'S chicken house had been entered during the night and a half-dozen fat pullets extracted. The irate owner, who had suffered from previous depredations, caused to be inserted in the "Weekly Clarion" an advertisement to the effect that he would pay a reward of fifty dollars for the apprehension and conviction of the thief.

When this announcement came under the eye of Ezra Green, that worthy took a fresh chew of "Twist," and ruminated at great length. Later on, when the Colonel passed by on his way to the post-office, Ezra accosted him.

"Is this yere item kerrect, Colonel?" he inquired, holding out the paper.

"It is, sir," answered the Colonel with dignity. "It appears over my signature, which should be sufficient evidence of its authenticity, sir."

"Just what I was thinking, Colonel. I allus maintained that you was a man 'o your word. 'Pears like that amount oughter catch him, don't it?"

"If it doesn't, I shall double the reward. The dastardly scoundrel who stole my chickens will be apprehended at no matter what cost, sir," returned the Colonel as he passed on.

"Double the reward," ruminated Ezra, deeply. "That'd be twice fifty, which is—Why, it must be something 'round a

hundred dollars! That's a pow'ful heap 'o money! 'Low I'll take a hand in this yere hunt myself. Reckon I can earn it if anybody can."

At the store that night Ezra announced his intention of making a try for the reward, which elicited much amusement from the other men present. His aversion to exertion of any sort was too well known to permit the announcement being taken seriously.

"Ezra's going to turn detective," grinned Sam Lake. "Them chicken thieves better take to the woods a-kitin' now, or they'll get ketched sure."

This sally brought forth a roar of laughter from the others, at which Ezra flushed up and retorted:

"You 'uns can laugh all you please, but I'll bet any man present a six-months-old shoat that I collect that reward."

"Where're you goin' to get your shoat?" inquired Sam.

"Got him right now," returned Ezra. "I ain't so blame poor as you think."

"In which case I just take that there bet," said Sam.

That night the Colonel's chicken house was entered again and this time a dozen choice pullets went the way of the previous ones. True to his word, the now infuriated Colonel promptly doubled the reward.

That day and the next Ezra aroused the curiosity and ire of the townspeople by the unusual activity and energy he displayed. He prowled around the town, surreptitiously poking about in back yards and barns, and when ordered away by the indignant owners he would take particular pains to explain that he was searching for a clue to the chicken thief. By this method he managed to insult half the property owners of the town.

On the morning of the third day Ezra presented himself at the Colonel's home.

"I 'low I've done concluded my investigations, Colonel," he said. "If you'll step down to Judge Deuel's law office we'll settle this yere matter up in jig time."

"You don't mean to say that you have located the thief?" asked the Colonel, incredulously.

"I 'low I have. Got him right where I can lay my hand on him any minute."

Although the Colonel doubted the truth of this assertion, he nevertheless accompanied Ezra to the Justice's office. They were followed by a number of loungers, who, when they saw the two together, suspected that something unusual was about to happen.

When these had seated themselves and turned expectant eyes on Ezra, that worthy removed his hat, and stepping before the Judge, began impressively:

"Your honor, last Monday night Colonel Bushkirk was relieved of several of them fine pullets of his'n, for which an' whereby he did offer an' advertise a reward of fifty dollars for the capture of the thief thereof. Is that kerrect, Colonel?"

"It is, sir," answered the dignified victim of the chicken thief.

"The next night you were ag'in relieved of some more pullets, an' doubled the reward, which is also kerrect, ain't it?"

"It is, sir," repeated the Colonel.

"Are you still prepared to stand by that there reward as beforehand stated?"

"Certainly," affirmed the Colonel. "I am a man of my word, and—"

"Just what I allus said," interrupted Ezra. "Leave it to any man in the room if you ain't. Well, I 'low I can collect that there reward, Colonel."

"You haven't produced your thief yet," the Judge reminded him.

"I can do it in a minute, Judge; providin', of course, that I decide to produce him."

"What? Do you mean that you may refuse to do that?"

"Well, not exactly, but there's several points about these yere procedin's that I wanten investigate before I do any surrenderin'."

"You are probably aware that there is a heavy penalty for attempting to conceal a fugitive from justice?" advised the Judge.

"Yep; but I ain't doin' no concealin'. There's several points 'bout this yere thing that's sort of perplexin'—makes it a kind of dubious procedin' for a kind-hearted, Christian person like me. You see, I don't want to have the starvin' of a woman an' several small children on my head."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the Judge.

"Why, just what I say. I've apprehended an' convicted this yere hen thief to my full satisfaction an' belief, but I find that if I surrender him up to Law an' Justice an' he goes to prison, it leaves a innercent wife an' several small children without any visible means of livelihood or support."

"That can't be helped, sir," said the Judge sternly. "This thief is a menace to the community and will be dealt with accordingly. You can't expect us to let

a crime go unpunished because of the criminal's family."

"How 'bout that, Colonel?" asked Ezra. "You ain't goin' to be the cause of sending a man to prison for tryin' to provide for his family, are you?"

The Colonel's face reddened. His chivalry toward women and children was well known, and Ezra had touched a tender spot. He remained silent, however.

"You see," continued Ezra, "this yere man fell off'n the stool of rectitude on account of them children; being so kind hearted an' lovin' that he couldn't see 'em go hungry. I've had a talk with him an' he's mighty sorry an' wants to reform an' be honest. Says he knows he done wrong, an' that if the Colonel 'll give him a chance, he'll promise not to steal any more of his chickens."

"That won't excuse him," broke in the Judge. "He has already committed a crime against the Commonwealth of the State and will have to take the consequences."

"That's just what I told him, Judge. 'Lowed he'd hafter stand some sort of punishment, but told him that I'd try to fix it up with you to let him off easy. So if you'll just state the penalty for this yere offense, an' it comes within his means to settle, I'll trot him out an' have him confess in ful an' without reservation. But you've gotter let him off with a fine."

"Sir!" thundered the Judge, staring in amazed anger at Ezra. "This procedure is the most impudent I ever heard! Stop this nonsense and produce that chicken thief or I'll fine you ten dollars for contempt of court."

"All right, Judge; only I'll hafter go to jail if you do. I ain't got no ten dollars. Howsomever, I ain't goin' to let a little thing like that stand between a poor woman an' starvation."

The Colonel cleared his throat. "Do

you believe the thief is really repentant?" he asked.

"He sure is," answered Ezra earnestly. "He's plumb broke up an' wants to square himself. He can't bear the thought of goin' to prison an' leavin' them poor kids an' his faithful wife to starve, Colonel."

The Colonel was visibly affected over the situation. "This places me in a hard position," he said, turning to the Judge. "I can't be the cause of removing that man's family of their means of support. Can't this matter be adjusted in some way, Judge?"

"I suppose so, if you desire it," grunted the Judge. "It is an unusual procedure, however. A thief ought to be punished, no matter what the circumstances are."

"The humility of making a public confession will be a severe punishment, and the fact that he is willing to do that is evidence he is really repentant. I propose that we have Ezra bring him forward, and after reprimanding him, you can impose a slight fine and let it go at that."

"Very well, if you wish it. Go and get your man, Ezra, and I will give him a good lecture and let him off with a fine of twenty-five dollars and costs."

"Twenty-five dollars?" ruminated Ezra, looking dubious. "Ain't that kind of stiff, Judge?"

"He had ought to get five years in State's prison," snapped the Judge.

"Yes, but you see he's sort of short on the change," explained Ezra. "I 'low he ain't got more'n a couple of dollars to his hide. I reckon I could lend him ten myself, but can't see how he's goin' to raise the balance."

"He'll have to pay the full amount or go to jail," decided the Judge.

"Let Ezra bring him in and I'll make

up the balance of the fine. I can't see his family suffer," put in the Colonel.

"Very well," answered the Judge disgustedly. "Go and get your man, Ezra."

Ezra looked searchingly at the Colonel. "Do you really mean it?" he asked. "You won't go back on your word, Colonel?"

"Did you ever know me to break it?" demanded the angry Colonel. "Go get your man."

Still Ezra didn't seem to be satisfied. "How about that hundred dollars reward?" he inquired tentatively.

"It will be paid the minute you produce the thief," snapped the Colonel. Go and get the fellow."

"Tain't necessary," answered Ezra, facing the Judge again. "I'm the man, Judge. I hereby an' without reservation pronounce an' surrender myself up to the law as the stealer of Colonel Bushkirk's chickens, with full an' unconditional confession appended thereto; an' as evidence thereof I hereby produce the heads an' feet of them same pullets, which I preserved for this yere purpose," and with that he drew a package from under his coat and opened it on the Judge's desk. It contained eighteen chicken heads and the same number of pairs of feet.

"An' if that ain't sufficient," Ezra continued, "my wife is cookin' the last of them pullets right now, an' if you an' the Colonel will accompany me home after these yere procedin's are finished, I'll set you down to as handsome a chicken dinner as you ever set teeth into."

Ezra drew two dollars from his pocket and laid them on the Judge's desk, then turning to his victim, he continued:

"There's the extent of my pile, Colonel. If you'll just hand over the amount of that reward I'll lend myself that ten I promised, an' you can make up the balance of the fine, as agreed."

The Colonel was almost black in the

face and seemed about to explode from rage, but before he could speak, Ezra reminded him:

"You know you give me your word for it, Colonel. You never went back on that. I got the hull roomful to witness that you said it, Colonel."

Ezra had again struck a tender spot. The Colonel took great pride in the fact that he never went back on his word. Once given, his promises were fulfilled to the letter, no matter what circumstances might arise. Without a word he drew out his pocket book and counted out one hundred dollars, which he handed to Ezra. Then he turned over thirteen dollars more to the Judge.

"Thanky," said Ezra, putting on his hat and starting for the door. "I 'low that settles the matter here. Now I'll just sashey out an' find that Sam Lake an' collect that shoat I got coming, after which I reckon I'll have this thing straightened out to *my* satisfaction."

"Wait a minute," cried the Judge, as Ezra reached the door. "Come back; you've forgotten to pay the costs."

"Costs?" said Ezra, stopping in dismay. "You didn't say anything about costs to me."

"I certainly did. I agreed to fine the thief twenty-five dollars and costs. Unless you pay the latter I shall send you to prison for five years."

"How much be they?" groaned Ezra.

"Ninety dollars," answered the Judge shortly.

"Why, Judge, that's all I've got!"

"I am aware of that. If you had more I would take it. Hand over the money."

Ezra turned this new phase of affairs over in his mind for several minutes. "That's too much," he finally concluded. "I 'low I'll appeal this yere case, Judge."

You can't. You have confessed and stand convicted."

"Then I 'low I'll ask for a new trial."

"Denied. Hand over that ninety dollars quick or I'll change my mind and send you to prison anyway."

Ezra reluctantly gave up the money. "It's a darn robbery!" he snorted, starting for the door again.

"Hold on!" cried the Judge. "One thing more."

"What now?" growled Ezra, turning back.

"Why," answered Judge Deuel pleasantly, "as soon as I clear the court the Colonel and I are going home with you and partake of that chicken dinner your wife is cooking. We have your invitation, you know."

THE CALL TO BETTER THINGS.

By J. N. LEWIS.

"I HAVE never had much chance, Ronald, you know that. I've been here on the farm all my life helping father."

"I know you have had a very rugged road to travel."

"Yes, I've had nothing but the hills and valleys, the moonlight and the gray mists to cheer me. Nothing but these until you came." Sarah Kenworth rested her tired hands on the little, rickety fence, as she stood looking earnestly at Ronald Waldron. The mellow glow of the moon softened the lines, which worry had brought to the young girl's face, and accentuated her gentle beauty. All about Sarah and Ronald rose the hills, covered with tall trees reaching up toward the skies. The white road stretched out behind them, and beyond that stood a small, neat farm house, with a few cleared acres surrounding it.

The night was clear and calm, save for a light wind which came down the valley. The moonlight thrust through the mist and the wind blew Sarah's dark curls and wrapped her skirts about her, bringing out the lines of her figure. She was gracefully built, and with the red blood which flowed through her veins there was health—joyous health.

Sarah looked from the young man's face to the peace of the shadowy hills.

"No," she continued, in the same tone. "I've never had much else. I guess I must have always liked you. We have been happy together until the last few months. That is why I asked you to come tonight."

She paused, and her hand gripped the fence in front of her. Ronald Waldron winced at her words, and shifted his feet uneasily.

"I am not reproaching you, Ronald. I know I have not the fine manners and dress of the city." Her eyes went suddenly across the field to where she could see a rough board which marked the grave of her mother.

"It seemed that there was never any time for me to put to these things, though I've tried hard to be worthy of you. You loved me, Ronald, before you went to the city, and learned the ways of the world. I can't blame you, though, for not wanting an unfashionable country girl to live with you in the big city as your wife. No, I don't blame you," her voice died away to a whisper. She caught her breath and raised her hand to her forehead.

"Besides, I have been thinking that it

would not be right for me to leave father and the children. So, you see, it is no fault of yours, Ronald." Her face looked white in the moonlight, and her lips were tight and drawn. Ronald cleared his throat as if to speak.

"It is time you should go, Ronald." Sarah held out her hand. Ronald took it, and it was cold and hard.

"Good-bye," she said slowly, almost in a whisper.

"Good-bye," he said, and the tones of his voice sounded far away to her.

She watched him until he went out of her sight down the road. Then she rested her elbows upon the fence and laid her head down upon them. The moon rose higher over the distant hills, looking wan and pallid. The wind blew chill upon her, and she turned slowly, crossed the road and went up the path to the house. She pushed open the door and entered. The light from a single small lamp made the greater part of the room a shadow. Her father and the children had retired. Sarah crossed the room to the fireplace, where there were a few embers smoldering. Although the night was warm, she stooped and knocked the embers apart until a tiny blaze shot upward.

A little while later, when the blaze had died out, she arose, took up the lamp and went listlessly into the room she had occupied since childhood, and where the other children were sleeping quietly and peacefully. She blew out the lamp and cast herself down upon the bed and lay there gazing up at the ceiling, sleepless and wild-eyed. She was conscious of nothing but a sense of pain, of loneliness and longing. She recalled the few days she had attended school. They were dear days to her.

She remembered well her first day at school—and the old school house. It had looked very large to her. It was

built of rough boards and served both as school and church house for the simple country folk. It was unceiled inside, and Sarah thought it a long way up to the rafters, where the dirt-daubers and wasps built their nests, and buzzed lazily on the hot summer days.

She and Ronald had been classmates from the beginning and lovers eventually. How well did she remember the time when he had first escorted her home from "preaching." It was the beginning of a courtship which found its ending in their betrothal. But Ronald's parents were well-to-do, and had sent him to college. He had come back a man of the world, and Sarah could see that he had grown cold and distant, and she resolved to let him go where he thought he could be happy.

And now as she lay there the memory of the old school house came to her out of the dim shadows of the past, calling her to something better. Its silent walls and empty benches, in their loneliness, spoke to her now in a way they never had before. She arose silently and passed into the room where her father slept. She unbolted the door and stepped out into the night. The stillness seemed as soft as velvet. The long, white road reached out before her; beyond it she could discover the old school house on the hill, bathed in the mist of the night. She hurried on, all the stormy restlessness of her heart and mind reaching out in answer to this undefined call. Now, as she passed through a dense growth of trees, which lined the road on either side, the darkness and mist seemed to shut her in. The great, tall trees that towered toward the clouds stood like ghosts in the shadows. The moonlight sifted dimly through their thick foliage. The odor of vegetation, wet and decayed, came over her unpleasantly. The mournful cry of the whippoorwill rang in her ears,

and far away in the distance the bark of a dog. The wind now wailed softly in the tree tops, and she could hear the murmuring of the brook which ran down the valley.

At last, almost exhausted, she reached the old school house, and, entering, sank down upon one of the benches and pillowed her head upon her arms. Dully she felt the stillness of the great silence which filled the place. Dimly she recalled the days past.

Thus she sat for some time, benumbed with the pain at her heart. Suddenly she started up, conscious of an uncertain sound somewhere within the confines of the building. She listened closely, but there was no sound save the low sobbing of the wind outside. Strangely, this lamenting of the winds roused within her mind a new thought. She threw back her head, and with a great sigh, arose and walked firmly out the door and back toward home. She had made a decision. The old school house had called her to something better. Out of the great silence she sensed the call and she would answer.

As she neared the door of her house she whispered to herself: "He says I am not fashionable, not up to the standard of the women he has met in the city, and so I could not be as he wishes his wife to be in the great city to which he has gone. Well, I will make him regret his words. Yes, he shall know the meaning of his heart-piercing words." Thus communing with herself, she again entered her room and retired to sleep.

"Papa," she said next morning at breakfast, "I have decided to go to school." To her this beginning seemed so abrupt that she could not find words to go on.

Her father looked up in surprise. He did not quite understand.

"But, Sarah, I thought"—

"Oh, I know what you would say, Papa, but it is all right about Ronald. I have changed my mind ever so much."

Her father regarded her some time with a searching gaze, then resumed his meal without another word. When he had finished eating he pushed his plate back and bent upon Sarah a serious, troubled look. Sarah met this unflinchingly, half smilingly.

"Do you think it is best?" he questioned at last.

"I am sure it is," Sarah replied, unhesitatingly.

"But, my daughter, where are the means for your schooling to come from?"

"That I cannot tell, Papa, but where one is determined a way can be found."

Mr. Kenworth relapsed into silence again, and sat drumming on the table with his fingers. Sarah busied herself with clearing the table. Occasionally she cast a sympathetic look toward her father, for she was afraid she had brought troublesome thoughts into his mind. Presently he arose and went about his daily work. At dinner nothing more was said upon the subject, which seemed to cast a silence between Sarah and her father. When the old gentleman came out to supper that evening he bore a bulky package which he unceremoniously placed upon Sarah's plate. Sarah opened it with a little cry, for it proved to be a roll of bills.

"I guess you can pay your way with that," her father announced.

"But, Papa, where did you get so much money? I thought we were ever so poor."

"And so we are, my dear. I obtained the money by mortgaging the farm."

"But, Papa, I did not mean for you to do that," protested Sarah.

"I meant to do it, however, when I learned that Waldron had cast you off."

"But how did you know that he had cast me off?"

"Oh, I read as much from your face this morning. And now, Sarah, you must make a success, as I feel sure you will."

"My dear old Daddy," she exclaimed, and coming around to where he sat, placed her strong young arms about his neck. "I will succeed, never fear."

And succeed she did, beyond her father's greatest hopes. She made rapid progress at school. She won a scholarship from her college, and so was entitled to a year at Oxford. To Oxford she went, where she succeeded in wresting such a degree that she attracted the attention of the professors and was offered a professorship in one of the most famous girls' institutes.

In the years which followed her fame spread gradually until it reached the ears of Ronald. When he began to hear her spoken of in glowing terms by his acquaintances, he wondered if she had forgotten him. A great sigh escaped him as he thought over the past. The woman for whom he had forsaken his old country sweetheart did not prove to be the angel he thought her to be. He loved her as he thought he could never love Sarah. How her words cut him to the heart when she told him plainly, and without hesitation, that she could never be his wife. Her scorn bore upon him many days like a great weight. Finally, remorse smote him, too. Why had he forsaken as pure a girl as ever breathed for this senseless coquette? The answer he could not find, and the regret which now filled him seemed to grow sharper, when he heard of the many accomplishments of his former sweetheart.

It was no wonder, then, that he felt as if his senses were leaving him when, one evening at the house of a friend, he heard himself being introduced to Miss Sarah Kenworth. Mechanically he bowed, and was conscious of a lovely woman bowing in turn. He felt his heart

give one great bound, then it sank down, still, almost to suffocation. He managed, in an incoherent manner, to say something which he was never able to recall. He remembered that she met his fascinated gaze unflinchingly, as in the old days.

When he had recovered himself somewhat, he led her out upon the broad porch, where the cool night air was stirring among the vines which ran along the porch banisters.

"I hope you have forgiven me," he said, almost in a whisper.

"Long ago, Ronald," Sarah answered. "You doubtless remember that I told you that I did not blame you."

"Yes, I remember."

Then there was a long silence between them. Sarah stood with one hand upon the porch rail, looking far out into the moonlight night. Ronald saw her gaze and thought of another night now long past. The old love rushed upon him. It took his mind by storm. Presently he came near to where she stood.

"There is no hope for me now?" he questioned in a husky whisper.

Sarah started as if called from a far-off reverie of the past.

"No, Ronald, there is not the least hope for you now," she answered in a firm, soft voice. "Once you thought me unworthy. If I was not worthy then, I am not now. Besides, I do not love you now as I did then. The old passion I had for you is dead. It cannot be brought to life, and we can be nothing more than friends."

"I would to God I had not been so blind, such a weak, faithless fool," he burst forth, as she turned to leave him, then he checked himself and said more calmly, "but it is only my just desert, Sarah, and I was mad to expect you to care for me still."

Then he followed her humbly into the drawing room.

PAYING THE SCORE.

By *WILDER ANTHONY.*

“**W**ELL, boys,” said Sheriff Harry Bourne, as he raised his glass, “this must be my last one for tonight. I’ve got to start out early tomorrow morning, you know. Here’s how!”

“Now, Harry,” said Shorty Warner, earnestly, “yuh mind what I was tellin’ yuh and keep an eye on Bill Dawson. He’s sure mad over that beatin’ yuh give him up at the dance hall the other night, and yuh know he’s a bad actor.”

“Yes, I know, Shorty,” replied Bourne lightly, “but don’t you worry about me. I can take care of myself all right I reckon. Good night,” and the popular young sheriff turned toward the door.

Threading his way through the crowd which filled the Bumble Bee house, Bourne stepped out into the street. “Bang,” “Bang,” “Bang;” the stillness of the October night was broken by three loud pistol shots. The sheriff staggered, partially recovered himself and made a movement toward his hip; then he fell prostrate in the street. Somewhere in the darkness the clatter of a horse’s hoofs could be heard as it galloped rapidly away.

Instantly the hitherto quiet street was in an uproar. From the neighboring saloons and gambling halls there poured a motley throng of cowboys, miners and professional gamblers, who had been spending the small hours in cards and revelry. Rough, hardened men, and used to scenes of violence though they all were, a hush fell on the crowd when they saw that body lying so still in front of the Bumble Bee. Four of the men tenderly lifted it and carried it into the

bar, where, for lack of a better place, it was laid at full length on the roulette table.

“My God!” exclaimed a bearded miner, as the light fell on the dead man’s face, “its Harry Bourne!”

“It was that skunk, Dawson,” a man shouted, and several of the crowd, drawing their six-shooters, made a rush to the door.

“Stop there, yuh fellers!” cried Shorty Warner sharply.

“Now look here, boys,” he went on as they turned back, “there’s no call to hurry this here job. I reckon most o’ yuh know me pretty well, and yuh know Harry was my best friend. Me and him tarped together, when we was workin’ for the O/X outfit some years ago, and since then we ain’t been apart much. He was the whitest man and the best shot I ever knew, and here he is, wiped out by a darned measly coyote, who ain’t fit to cinch his saddle. Boys, Bill Dawson has got to die, and, as Harry Bourne’s oldest friend, I claim the job o’ killin’ him. If any of yuh fellers has objections to the same, let him make ’em right now.”

Shorty paused, and, straightening his six-feet-two of bone and muscle, looked around the room. Nobody spoke, so he went on:

“This is the way I figure it. Bill Dawson, havin’ rubbed out Harry, as he allowed he would, his next move is to make a good get away. The most likely place for a man in his fix to locate is in Black Gulch. If he’s cached grub there, and Bill probably has, he can hold the place against an army. Now, presumin’ that he’s in the Gulch, that’s where I get

aboard. Six months ago I tracked a mountain lion up there, and it led me into Black Gulch by a different trail than the one yuh know of. If half a dozen o' yuh fellers will ride up there with me, I'll take a chance on gettin' Bill myself. Yuh see, I want some o' yuh to keep him busy in front, while I sneak in by the back way. Savvy? If yuh do, I'll pick my men right now, so we can start at daylight."

He called five men by name.

Slowly the crowd dispersed, until only Shorty and the dead man were left in the saloon. Walking over to where the body lay, Shorty gazed sorrowfully down into his former friend's face.

"Pardner," he said softly, "yuh and me has been friends for a long time. Yuh saved my life two years ago, and I've never had a chance to get even. I owe yuh one for that, old-timer, and I'm gon' to pay back what little I can. Bein's yuh can't do it for yourself, I'm goin' to pay up your score against Bill Dawson for yuh. I'm goin' to kill him and I'm goin' to do with your gun."

Stooping over, the tall cowpuncher unbuckled the dead sheriff's belt and Colt's revolver, which he fastened around his own waist. Then, his face like carved granite, he went out into the night.

Before sunrise the next morning, six fully armed and determined men rode out of Big Horn over the Black Gulch trail. They did little talking, but with Shorty Warner in the lead, they pushed on across the prairie at a tireless trot. All day they traveled with scarcely a pause, and dusk found them in the mountains, only a few miles from their destination. This was as Shorty wished, for the work he had to do could be done better after dark.

About half a mile from the entrance to Black Gulch the six dismounted and

tethered their horses in a small clump of evergreens. Creeping forward on foot, they approached to within a scant hundred yards of the rocky pass which led into the Gulch. Here they were greeted by two quick shots from the depths of the defile, to which Shorty replied in kind.

"Just to show there's no coldness," he remarked dryly. "Now," he continued, after the six men had crawled safely under cover, "yuh boys keep him busy on this side, while I mosey 'round to the other. It's goin' to be dark as the inside of a cow pretty quick, and that's just what we want. If I don't show up in two hours, yuh know what to do. So long, boys," and with a wave of his hand he was gone.

For an hour nothing happened, and the five waiting men were growing a little drowsy, when they were startled by two faint reports away back in the Gulch.

Scrambling to their feet, they listened breathlessly, but no further sound broke the intense stillness.

"Fellers," said their leader after a few moments had elapsed, "I don't like the looks o' this. Let's go in there;" and, stooping, he gathered a handful of dry twigs to use as a torch.

With finger on trigger, the five cowboys cautiously approached the narrow opening in the rocks. Even in broad daylight this would have been a nerve-racking piece of work. Black Gulch was little more than a huge cave, lying in the shape of a horn, with its entrance at the smaller end. This entrance consisted of a narrow, crooked pass between high rocky walls, which could easily have been defended by one resolute, well-armed man against an army. But, as they more than half expected, the five met with no resistance as they noiselessly advanced into the pitchy darkness. Half way up the defile they found the dead body of

Bill Dawson, and a few yards further on lay Shorty Warner, rigid and motionless, but with a smile on his face and holding Bourne's revolver tightly clasped in his right hand. At first they thought he was dead, and with a smothered oath

one of the men bent over him. At the end of a hasty examination he turned joyfully to his companions. Bill Dawson's bullet had merely grazed Shorty's head, stunning him and inflicting a painful, but not dangerous, wound.

INOCULATED WITH THE "LOVE-BUG."

By *ROBERT CARLTON BROWN.*

ATMOSPHERE.
Low-life.
Types.

Plots.

Situations.

Live Stories.

She looked at the list in her note-book again, she checked each one off slowly, thoughtfully; with a little girlish quiver of her lower lip at the daring of a thought which insisted upon scaring her half out of her wits—which were many.

"That's what I lack, and that's all," she burst out decidedly, kicking her hair-brush to the other side of her tiny two-dollar room.

"The Bowery it'll be. You've bluffed about it long enough, Miriam Reeves, and now it's up to you to make good with yourself," hotly taking herself to task in forceful phrasing quite unnatural to her, as she had done an hundred times with less heat and heart.

"It's got to be done, and it's going to be begun today," she gasped, jamming her hat on her head forcibly.

"Other women have done it, and—and I guess you aren't so young and unwise to the ways of the world, and so sweet and innocent, that you can keep on trying to be a little lady and write stories that will sell without getting out into the world and mixing up. It's just got to

be, that's all. You've got to get live stories if you expect to write them."

It wasn't a conscience fight—just a little personal conflict which makes one feel the better for the winning. She had won. She was right then on her way to the Bowery—the cess-pool of life—to see how the tad-poles did under the skummy surface.

She saw—and it sickened her, even while she was walking around the same square for the third time, in a handsome effort to summon up the requisite amount of courage necessary to open the side-door at Pete's. She'd passed that door before—but never before had she realized what a hard thing it was to open that door. It meant the leaving of all girlishness outside, it meant the shattering of ideals—and, then, on the other hand, it meant that she would have a chance—that there she would get material—loads of it—for stories that should astonish the world. She—Miriam Reeves.

And it was this last thought which telegraphed her little hand to open the door—and it did.

Inside it was murky—the afternoon's unlighted chill—stale beer drippings mixed with tobacco-juice were underfoot. Varied stratas of stagnated tobacco-smoke hung heavily overhead, and

the flies did their best for air-circulation and ventilation—which best was very poor, considering both their number and the strenuousness of their efforts.

Miriam sank inoffensively into an offensive corner and told the one-eyed waiter "Lemonade." Evidently he did not understand her, for it was a bottle of wine he brought her, and it was a dollar she took from her little purse with which to pay for it. The dollar just paid for it, and the bottle remained untouched.

So far, the Bowery had been all that she had expected of it.

Yes, there was "types"—but such "types"—how was one going to get acquainted with them when one didn't know how? And when one sickened and grew faint at the unnatural leer of a waiter's lonely eye?

It was Providence that put the How into Miriam's hands, and this was how it did it.

A young fellow, in a sweater, sat at the table next her, slouched over a sloppy beer. His face had lightened with a peculiar expression when she had entered, and he had glowered when the waiter brought her wine.

Suddenly, he pulled his hat over his eyes, jerked his body erect, shoved his chair back and presented himself precipitately before Miriam's startled eyes.

"Scuse me, Miss, did you order de bottle of bubbles?" he enquired, glancing significantly at the bottle on the table.

"If—if you mean this?" stammered Miriam, nodding toward the gaudily labelled bottle, "No—no, I didn't, I—I ordered lemonade—but—but the waiter saw fit to bring me this."

"Jim, Jim," bawled the young fellow in the sweater, "Come here, you cod-fish-eyed sardine."

Jim, the waiter, sidled up to the table and growled, "Well?"

"Did Bright Eyes order de light an' airy?" demanded the young fellow.

"Well, if she didn't, she paid fer it, an' didn't say not'in'," challenged Jim, his eye floating aimlessly and lonesomely about in the direction of the ceiling.

"Take de bot. back, Jim," came the firm command, "She ordered a mixture made of de fruit w'at most of us picks in th' Garden of Love. See dat she gets it. Take de bot. back, an' don't forget to return th' frog-skin, either."

Jim shuffled up to the table, throttled the bottle, and gave Miriam a ghastly leer which made her mouth open unconsciously and, at the same time, produced an impression as though St. Patrick were driving all the cold snakes in Ireland down her back.

"Seein' life as it ain't supposed to be seen?" queried the girl's champion, seating himself easily opposite her.

"Why, why, yes," admitted Miriam, "I wanted to know how you people lived—that is—ah—that is—I—I wanted to see some regular Bowery types, you know. Could you show me any?"

The sweater swelled visibly, its owner cocked his head to one side, put his hand on his chest in a quite melodramatic manner and remarked, with a stagey smile, "You're lookin' at th' Queen Bee now. I'm th' Quill. Born on the Bowery, never been off th' Bowery, an' hopes ter die on th' Bowery. Licked more men than has been licked by their wives, an' pretty well known all over as The Kid Who Won't Stand Fer No Kiddin'."

Having finished his little act, he astonished Miriam by laughing in her face.

"Don't take it so serious, girl. I was just kiddin' then. But—I am a Bowery bum, an' my name's Ned—Ned White," he went on, part proudly and part sadly, "I've lived here most my life, and I likes it. You kin put up wit' most anything you likes, you know, an', after all, leavin' "

stealin' and killin' aside, we ain't so bad. It's just that we has a different set of Ten Commandments, of which there is only one—an' that is, "Do w'at yer damn pleases."

"Oh—Oh," gasped Marion, "What a horrid Commandment. Is that really all that you people have to live up to? Well, no wonder then—"

Another laugh changed her strained, shocked attitude. She dimly began to realize that the man wasn't so bad after all, that he had just said that to see how she would take it.

"No, Miss, while we ain't over-particular about religion, I guess you'll find there's just as many honest men among us as among them as is payin' pew-rent. Our belief is just different, that's all. We don't believe in trying to save a sinner, because we're all sinners."

"Yes—yes, that's true," burst out Miriam, earnestly, "all—all of us are."

"Exactly, exactly," continued the other, "only, you see, Miss, we goes a little further. We've all got Diplomas in crime, an' compared to us, girl—why, compared to us—you people ain't out of Kindergarten yet."

"Oh—Oh," gasped Miriam, "do you people then consider it a distinction to be a criminal?"

"Sure t'ing, sure, de guy w'at's got de ugliest mug in de Rogue's Gallery is de biggest fly in de beer here, an' dat kind of a feller makes such a hit wit' de ladies dat it of'en develops into a home-run. De odder guys gets wise to de hit w'at de ugly phiz makes, so dey gets pinched as many times as dey can, in order for ter make up fer bein' born ugly."

"Why, why, what an awful lot of times you must have been—ah—pinched then to overcome your good—" Miriam caught herself just in time, and blushed embarrassedly.

"Oh, dat's alright, kid," he broke in,

"never mind me phisog. I know it's against me wit' de ladies, but, on de square, even if I ain't got no teeth knocked out, an' even if my eyes is all dere, an' me nose ain't bit off, I've done t'ings an' made me get away what would make a feller as was born lucky wit' an ugly phiz turn yellin' an' crawl backwards into his hole like th' crab. Dat's w'at I've done—See!"

"Oh, mercy," cried Miriam. "Well, I shouldn't brag about it. Really, I shouldn't. Now, our people would, would rather admire your face and—and you—you wouldn't have to do any of those awful things to make up for it."

Again he laughed loudly, and this time Miriam was really embarrassed with her stupidity in being carried away by the novelty of his earnest disclosures.

Her life had been uneventful; she had lived her simple life in the country until an adventurous spirit had brought her alone to the city two months before. She knew there was bad in the world, so, when he told her he was bad, she believed him with all her girlish sincerity, and when he laughed at her for believing him she became suddenly confused and thought what a deep character he was and really—how much of a man.

When he asked her for a "date" tomorrow at the same place, she granted it. Why shouldn't she? He was a "character," and it was to be her life-business to locate "characters" and dislocate them in stories, for the delectation of the ever-ready-to-be-deceived public.

"Regular Owen Kildare slang," she enthused to herself on her way home that afternoon. "Such talk! Why, it's almost like a different language. He IS a character! He lives stories! I must get him to tell me some. But, then, when I asked him to tell me one, he laughed and showed those fine teeth; really, I never knew before that they had tooth-

brushes on the Bowery. He is different, quite different."

Time has ever passed slowly when something was being waited for—and ever will—but, at last, time comes. And so it happened that the time came when Miriam was to have her second "date" with her "type" at Pete's.

Somehow, he was different that second day. A little more polite, and a little more startling in a little more agreeable way—for Miriam had become used to him.

"Say, girl," he broke out, hesitatingly, his eyes fixed on hers, "I like your looks. You're the goods. There's somethin' as refreshin' about you as beer. I'd—I'd kinder like to be seen ahangin' onto your arm. Now, now, if it ain't presumin', our not havin' a knock-down ner nothin' like that, would—would yer be willin' to do th' Merry-Merry wit' me at th' Ice-wagon Drivers' an' Helpers' Ball over Cathert's 'Buy-a-round' house tonight? I know it's askin' a lot—but a feller kinder oughter ask a lot of all dere is in th' world in order to be consistent, you know."

Miriam had exchanged, at a second-hand store, the book "Etiquette," which Aunt Mira, her guardian, had given her at parting, for a copy of "Sappho;" and, therefore, being in a novel situation, and having nothing with which to guide her judgment, after a faltering conflict with the Proprietries, she fell—fell—fell—to the depths of accepting a quite proper invitation which held forth really gaudy prospects.

They went to the ball.

It was grand. Not only that the gaudy red sign on Cathert's saloon so declared it, but because everybody had a bully time and there were no chaperones there to butt in. That was exactly Ned White's, the "type's, verdict.

Miriam was flushed and radiant all of that evening. It was so unlike those "lemonade-in-the-punch-bowl" affairs which she had attended at home. And then, too—she had to confess it—the Boweryites were astonishingly fine dancers—judging from Ned, for she danced with no one else. Indeed, there were many who clamored for a dance and tried all sorts of bribes on Ned's friendliness to obtain their desire. But that was all the good it did. He would not intrust his charge to coarser hands than his own.

The party had worn well on; the dancers had not worn so well. Ned suggested that they should "like" before the bottles flew, but Miriam assured him that there could be nothing she should enjoy more than a flight of bottles.

So they stayed; Ned growing more worried every minute, and Miriam growing more enthusiastic over low-life, the atmosphere (which was, indeed, dense and dusty) and the study of her "type."

Things were growing the more lively, meanwhile. Two couples had collided and rolled about in a fighting mass on the floor. A man with a red tie, and nose to match, had playfully placed an umbrella between a waltzing friend's legs; and it took five husky ice-men to separate them. A watcher in the gallery had spilled some whiskey on a bald-man's tenderest spot, to the great delight of the on-lookers, and the flight of the practical joker.

Suddenly, the man with the red tie—to say nothing of his nose, to avoid repetition—took a notion to dance. Nothing but the prettiest girl in the hall would do for him, he declared. If her man wouldn't give her up, he'd fight for her, he spluttered, drunkenly. The crowd of on-lookers laughed and urged him on his unsteady circuit of the room in search of the prettiest girl. Everyone watched him, everyone smiled, grinned, giggled,

laughed or guffawed—whichever they were most proficient in.

Suddenly, the man who had been too often to the bar and too seldom to the pump stood so still as his wabby legs would allow him and glared with a drunken fixedness before him.

Miriam was before him.

Ned, the "type," was at her side, glowing, glaring back at the tipsy fellow of the tongs.

The drunken boaster's eyes caught a look in Ned's—for a moment he was sobered—it meant business.

A hush fell on the people in the immediate vicinity, everyone gazed at the form swaying on the floor before Miriam.

"She's th' fairy fer me," leered the man in whom Nature had adopted red for a color-scheme, lurching toward Miriam with outstretched arms and a vapid smile.

"Keep back, don't touch her, you fool; you're in no condition to dance," shouted Ned, jumping between them.

"Who'er you?" came the sneering reply. "You don't belong here nohow. shut yer face 'fore I close it fer an indefinite period—See!"

"Come on, Nick, you know me," remonstrated Ned, putting his hand on his shoulder and shaking him slightly.

The eyes of the mob were on Nick—the Drivers' Union was behind him—he'd show the stuff of which he was made—he wouldn't stand no back-talk from dis guy w'at didn't belong here, nohow.

"Oh, g'wan, you wise guy, take yer mit off me 'fore I bite it off," he muttered. "I've seen 'nough of you round here. 'Spose you t'ink this'd look good in a story-book—huh? Well, I ain't no lit'rary gent—but when it comes to fightin'—why—I'm there—see!"

He swelled himself before Ned, then grabbed him quickly and tried to rush

past him and secure the girl who sat white and trembling, gripping frantically the edge of her chair.

Ned grabbed him in turn and shoved him back, tottering.

Regaining a semblance of stability, Nick doubled his fist and drove at Ned. But "The Type's" fist landed first—Nick second—on the floor.

Just then the torturous music called the riotous mob to dance and be gay.

Taking advantage of the sudden noise and surging of people, Ned hurried Miriam out of the hall, his arm around her, sheltering her from the jostling mob at the "Pig Race."

She was faint; he called a cab, and they rode for some distance in silence.

"Do you feel better now, Miriam?" asked Ned, softly.

She whispered that she did.

"I shouldn't have taken you to that place; I might have known something disagreeable would happen," mused the man, half-aloud, talking to himself.

Miriam sat bolt upright suddenly, a wild look in her eyes.

"You're not—you're not a type after all," she gasped. "That—that drunken man spoke of books and said he wasn't a literary gent. Did—did that mean that you are?"

"That's what I am," admitted Ned, with a smile, "an abbreviated literary gentleman."

"And—and all the time I thought you were a—a denizen of the Bowery," Miriam struggled with her confused thoughts. "I wouldn't have acted so if I had known, but I didn't know, you know. I—I didn't know that you were there to get material, too."

"What difference does that make, little girl?" breathed Ned.

"Why, why, you see, you see, it makes lots—I—I can't be so free with you. I—

I—Why, you can't respect me very much for going to such places with you," she burst out, madly.

"Respect you—respect you?" he repeated, wonderingly, and then, emphatically, "Why, Bright Eyes, if you was de

Queen of England an' I was born a cockney I couldn't say 'God save de Queen' wit' more real feelin' an' respect den I do now when I tells you you've inoculated me wit' de Love-bug, an' I'll be blamed if I don't t'ink I'm a gonner."

SLANDERING AN INNOCENT.

By EDGAR WHITE.

THE county seat town of Montrose, Missouri, was ten miles off from the railroad. Five miles north was the populous German village of Bethel, also minus a way for the steam cars. Having endured the situation of marooned navigators for 75 long and weary years, in spite of an annual attempt by eastern gentlemen to promote a line to take them in out of the wet, Montrose and Bethel at last went down in their pockets and pulled out \$150,000 to build the road without the assistance of aliens.

Bonfires and fish-fries celebrated the dawn of the trolley era. The surveyors were getting along fine on their way up from the trunk road when they met strong opposition right in the environs of Montrose. The stumbling-block was Uncle Jerry Hardcastle and his double-barrelled shotgun. Not being armed, the surveyors ducked and started to get into town another way with their line. But it was no use. Jerry was there with his grim two-eyed regulator, and it was loaded with slugs. Truth is, Jerry had a right to be there, for it was his land. He owned nearly all the property surrounding Montrose on the south, and a large slice of real estate in town. Uncle Jerry was unalterably, irreconcilably and everlastingly "agin'" railroads of every

{sort and description whatsoever. He said that they made a noise, threw out soot and sparks and burned up meadows, scared horses, killed cows and did no end of devilment.

The engineers tried to explain that trolley cars didn't throw out any soot; that they would stop for cows, and that they would carry a bucket of water along to put out field fires. Their arguments were like the waves dashing on the rock. Uncle Jerry and his battery were a condition impregnable to optimistic theories.

Jeremiah Hardcastle was born a century or so too late. He belonged to the era when they hung witches and made a man stand a week in the pillory for kissing his wife on Sunday. He was tall, dominating, menacing. His wrinkled features had never vibrated into the ghost of a smile within the memory of living man. The wickedness and the extravagance of the world were responsibilities he unhesitatingly shouldered and did his level best to rectify. He worshiped money, because in early life he had been driven hard by the lash of necessity, and he had learned his lesson. His politics, creed and philosophy of life were all epitomized in the artistic production of Uncle Sam, generally known as "The Almighty Dollar." If he had any kindred ambition it was to see that

his neighbor entertained a like reverence for his idol.

It was as natural for old man Hardcastle to interpose the interurban road as it was for a promissory note to fall due sooner than expected. For 40 years he had fought with teeth and toe-nail every improvement the citizens inaugurated for the betterment of their town. He said that improvements meant taxes, and that taxes was but another name for the pauper asylum. But the improvements were made and nobody went to the poor house, save the decrepit and those unwilling to work.

Now, however, the grim economist held the key to the situation. Every possible way into the town would have to be over his land, and he also owned the lots on which it was proposed to erect the power house, yards and station. Condemnation proceedings would be expensive and promised long litigation. The result might embarrass the road, and those who had subscribed were unwilling to go to law against the determined old obstructionist.

Ben Franklyn was the attorney for the Montrose Valley Road, and he was anxious to have his sphere enlarged by the completion of the enterprise. He had had a number of interviews with the blockader, but had made no progress. As a subject to reason with, your Uncle Jerry was about as promising as one of his own mules, the breed of which was a greater source of pride to him than some of his children.

"You fellers are just frittering away your time and money," said the old man; "dirt roads was good enough for your dad, and they're good enough for you. You can't get across my land with your old steam cars at any price!"

It began to look like one man was going to put the road out of business.

One night a seedy-looking man

mounted a dry goods box on the square of Montrose, and by industrious use of a paper megaphone soon gathered a crowd around him. Then he picked up a banjo and ground out some alleged melody, which added considerably to the size of his audience. When he secured about the proper hearing, he laid aside his music producer and began operations.

"Gentlemen," he said, "that concludes the first part of the entertainment. By and by I'm going to give a select programme of old plantation songs, both classic and comic, and do a clog dance that has never been equaled in this or any other man's town. But for the present—don't move off now—I won't talk but a minute or two—I want to call your attention to a little article I'm practically giving away merely to introduce Doctor Buffkin's World Famous Sure Thing Corn Salve and Pain Eradicator. It don't matter where your pain is, this will do you good. One application before retiring removes corns, bunions, blisters, pimples, round heads, ring worms, birth marks, freckles, tan, moles everything on earth that mars beauty—aid leaves the skin soft and white. All it costs is 10 cents, and there's a silver quarter in every fifth box. Thank you—who'll be the next."

For several minutes the fakir did a land office business. Under the hypnotic spell of his smooth voice dimes flowed into his little tin box by the dozen in exchange for a medicine of such wonderfully diversified mission. An interested auditor, but not a purchaser, was Uncle Jeremiah Hardcastle. He looked with unconcealable contempt on his foolish fellow citizens who were so ruthlessly squandering their money on a stranger.

Pretty soon the market seemed to be supplied and the street merchant reached for his violin. Then, struck by an inspiration of generosity, he said:

"Before beginning the second musical part of the programme, I've a little proposition to make to a few of you who have purchased some of this magic remedy. Doctor Buffkin is extremely anxious to learn personally of the effects of his pain remover, and he has authorized me to make this generous offer. I will give five boxes free to all those who will sign a simple agreement to give the medicine a fair test and report—"

"Don't sign, people! It's a swindle! A rank swindle!"

Uncle Jerry could contain himself no longer. He had read pathetic tales of lightning rod and fence men going through the country like roaring lions, making the farmers sign "agreements," which turned out to be ingeniously worded promissory notes, and now he saw one of the lions face to face.

"It's a bald swindle!" he repeated loudly; "he wants you to sign a promissory note, and you'll be stuck for every cent you've got."

The corn cure man smiled indulgently.

"Our old friend is unduly excited," he said. "Because somebody has held him up somewhere he thinks all men are knaves."

"You're a liar and a fraud!" yelled Uncle Jerry, hot at the easy and somewhat contemptuous manner in which the young man had spoken. "You ought to be in jail!"

"All right, grandpap; bring on your policemen and I'll go," said the corn salve merchant, "but until they come I wish you'd let these people acquire some of Doctor Buffkin's Celebrated Compounds to cure their aches on this unparalleled proposition."

But there was nothing more doing in the corn cure business that night, and at last the dealer gathered up his implements and went to his hotel. Just as soon as he arrived there, Franklyn, the lawyer, came in.

"My name is Franklyn," he said.

"Glad to meet you," returned the corn cure man, genially, extending his hand; "I'm Tommie Sharpe—corn doctor, by profession."

"Yes, I observed you on the street to-night."

"Did you get a box of my salve?"

"No, I—"

"You didn't? Well, I'll make you the present of a box for nothing. It's the finest thing you ever saw for—"

"Never mind, Sharpe," said Franklyn, waving the box aside; "that's not what I want to see you about. You remember the old man who called you names to-night?"

"That old fellow with a rusty hat? What a character he was!"

"He called you a liar and a swindler," said the lawyer, gravely.

"You bet he did, but I don't mind; I'm used to it."

"But you *do* mind!"

At the commanding tone Sharpe looked his astonishment. He began to comprehend something was in the wind.

"All right," he said, agreeably; "I do mind."

"I'm a lawyer," Franklyn explained, "and you've got a dead cinch for a big slander suit. And old Hardcastle is good for the judgment!"

"Oh!"

"Now, I want you to stay over here a few days until I get the papers fixed up and we'll go after him."

The corn merchant became moody.

"I don't believe I care about bothering with it," he said. "Life's too short to go to law over trifles."

"But this ain't a trifle, man!" said Franklyn, vehemently. "That old rascal called you the worst sort of names, and charged you were trying to swindle the people by bogus agreements!"

"Yes, he did that."

"You're an honest man, ain't you?"

"I hope so," said the corn peddler, "but I don't want to lose the time looking after a lawsuit."

"I'll pay you for your time all right. You needn't stay here but two or three days."

"You can't try a suit in that time."

"We'll end this one in that time," said the lawyer, with confidence.

"O, well, go ahead."

By the deal the corn doctor was to receive \$25 a day for his time in Montrose, which amount was to cover all interest in his judgment against the man who had slandered him. No matter what the result of the action, the per diem went to the plaintiff.

It looked like finding money, and yet somehow Sharpe was not enthusiastic. He said he was not a man to hold a grudge, and that he thought Uncle Jerry didn't really mean to slander him.

Franklyn was a busy man next day. He squared up in front of the big table in his office, which he had piled high with books, and wrote up a petition bristling with fire and brimstone. In it he charged that "the said Jeremiah Hardcastle had applied the following false, untrue and slanderous words and epithets: 'Liar, swindler, scoundrel and cheat,' to the said Thomas Sharpe, in the presence of"—here followed a list of 25 citizens—"on a public thoroughfare in the city of Montrose, Missouri, on the day and date aforesaid, the said Jeremiah Hardcastle well knowing at the time that said statements were false, malicious, slanderous and untrue; wherefore plaintiff asks for actual damages in the sum of \$25,000."

There was another count demanding \$10,000 punitive damages. Franklyn also made his client swear to a state warrant against Uncle Jerry, charging criminal slander.

Having laid his bombs, Franklyn contentedly waited developments. One day he received a call from a brother lawyer, Major Elias Tautman, big, slow of movement, excessively dignified. He was the oldest member of the bar, and generally had the best end of the local lawsuits.

"I called to see you, Mr. Franklyn," he said, taking the promptly offered chair, "regarding those actions against Mr. Hardcastle."

"Thank you, Major; that's good of you."

"Mr. Hardcastle and myself are of the opinion that they are unconscionable hold-ups!" said the old lawyer, severely.

"Why, Major!"

"Your client is a rover, a man without a home, and I presume entirely without a character. I feel so certain that you are merely his innocent tool that I thought I would drop around and see if you and I couldn't, as fellow lawyers, settle this thing some way. It's worrying Mr. Hardcastle a little."

"That's too bad. I assure you, Major—"

"Oh, I'm not blaming you," said the older lawyer, kindly. "An attorney has to live, and sometimes he's forced to take cases against his will. Now, after considerable discussion with Mr. Hardcastle, he's agreed to settle this matter. In fact, I've urged him to."

"Thank you, Major."

"Yes, I've advised him to pay this man \$25 and let him be off about his business."

Franklyn was silent.

"What do you say?" asked the Major.

"Why, I—er—I guess I'd better see him first."

"Well, call him up! Where is he?"

"I suppose he's over at the hotel. Excuse me a moment and I'll step over and get him."

When he returned with the corn doctor, Franklyn introduced him to Major Tautman and said:

"Mr. Sharpe, Major Tautman, as the attorney for Mr. Hardcastle, is offering you \$25 to dismiss your suits."

The plaintiff jumped up so quick he knocked his chair over. His eyes fairly popped with rage.

"It's an insult!" he howled. "He's making fun of me! I won't have it!"

"There! There!" said Franklyn, soothingly. "It won't do any good to get mad over it. Sit down and let's discuss this thing like gentlemen."

"Well, he needn't come to me with any fool proposition like that," said the corn cure vender, shaking his head. "He called me a liar, a thief and a swindler before all the people and busted up my business. I'm an honest merchant, I am."

"Of course, you are," said Franklyn, but you must learn to control your temper, my friend. If you act so disrespectfully before Major Tautman I shall feel compelled to drop your case. Now, if you think \$25 is not enough, tell him what you think you ought to have by way of settlement. Take your time now."

The corn man sat in deep study for a long while. Then he got out an old note-book and filled a page full of figures. He pondered over the result until the lawyers became impatient.

"Come! Come! Mr. Sharpe," said the Major; "give me your terms so that I may report to my client, but I warn you: he will not stand for any exorbitant figures."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Major," said Sharpe in a tone implying a full surrender in order to end an embarrassing situation, "if Mr. Hardcastle will pay in full the amount asked in the civil suit I won't appear against him in the criminal case."

"Thirty-five thousand dollars!" gasped the old legal fighter.

"Thirty-five thousand dollars!" repeated Sharpe, calmly.

"You're a blind, blithering idiot, sir!"

"Mr. Franklyn," said the corn salve peddler, "at your leisure you may begin action against the Major here. I never was so insulted in all my life!"

"Tommie, you did that fine," said Franklyn, clapping his client on the back as the Major thundered down the steps, spouting fire and ashes; "you ought to be a barn-stormer."

"I've been thinking of going on the stage," returned Sharpe, musingly, "but Doctor Buffkin says I can win more fame by selling his—"

"Justly celebrated kill-or-cure for human ills," put in the lawyer, "and so you can. You'll be famous before we get through with this case."

Major Tautman went back to his office in a fine rage, but by and by his steam went down and he began to look at his hand. It wasn't very promising. His client had publicly attacked a stranger, accused him of all sorts of criminal intents, and didn't have an iota of proof except the newspaper stories about the way the fly-by-nighters operated. In court such defense as he might offer would look childish. It was like old Hardcastle to express his unreserved opinion on any and all cases, and the wonder was he hadn't got into trouble long before. The Major was satisfied that Franklyn didn't want to be mean about the matter, but he was under the domination of a mercenary and unscrupulous client who was determined to have his blood money to the last farthing. While the Major was sweating over the dreary prospect, his client came in, and he went thoroughly over the law in the case. For the first time Hardcastle appreciated how firmly he was in the grasp

of the Philistines, and he began to hunt a way out. Franklyn was called up and asked to come over without his client. When he appeared the three men went into Tautman's private office. Hardcastle instantly proceeded to business.

"First and foremost," he said, dictatorially, "that scamp of yours don't get any of my money, Franklyn! I'll law you till the crack of doom first!"

Franklyn shrugged his shoulders. He was used to the old man's explosions.

"I don't propose to be held up by a tramp doctor," the old man went on, "but I realize the fact that I spoke a bit hastily the other night, and, of course, it's got me in this box. Now, you've been at me time and again for a right-of-way across my land for your infernal old railroad, and I swore I'd never give it. But it would do me so much good to beat this bleary-eyed salve peddler that I'm going to propose to donate you a free right-of-way wherever you want it, and, in addition, will give you \$100 if you'll relieve me of that fellow's presence."

Franklyn smoked his cigar quietly and looked out of the window. In his heart he was jumping over chairs and things to accept the offer, but big fish require careful handling.

"I think, possibly, as an act of personal friendship, I might make such an arrangement, Mr. Hardcastle," he said, cautiously. "My work in looking up the authorities in the case has been quite extensive, and my client has been unable

to pay me much. But it isn't for him I care so much—the road would appreciate a little financial assistance just at this juncture, and —"

"I'll give your road a thousand dollars and ground for your station to boot if you'll shoot that scoundrel out of town before night!" exclaimed Hardcastle.

"I'll take the proposition," said Franklyn, calmly. "You'll never set eyes on him again."

That night two figures were walking through the twilight to the public highway leading out of town. Finally they stopped and one handed the other a small roll of bills.

"Say, Tommie," he said, "it was good of you to settle with the old man so cheaply; you might have stuck him for five thousand just as well."

"I thought of that," said the man who was leaving town, "but I was afraid they might get on to the paper I had been distributing in other places."

"Paper?"

"Yes—notes, you know."

A sudden gleam of intelligence crossed the lawyer's face.

"Tommie," he said, gravely, "at first I thought you lacked nerve, but I'm here to humbly ask your pardon. Lord! If I'd known the dynamite we were standing over, the legs of a jelly fish would have been chilled steel compared to mine. Next time you come to these parts telephone me and I'll send a special train down to the junction."



A MEMORY.

By MARGARET BROOKS.

THE dim, sweet eyes of long ago
Look sadly into mine,
And dreamily sweet Memory
Pours out her mellow wine.
I drink it to the dregs, and then
See one fair face again.



Lips curved with merry laughter,
Eyes bright with tears unshed,
A dimple in the pointed chin,
Two cheeks like poppies red,
A slender shape, a stately air,
And curling clouds of hair.



Her gown—ah! “quaint” you call it,
But fair and gracious, too;
Hooped skirt and tight-laced bodice,
And petticoat of blue,
Embroidered in pure silk and gold
From countries far and old.



About the sloping shoulders
Droops low in gracious lines
A silken shawl of creamy crepe,
Whose lustrous surface shines
And shimmers on that lovely breast
Like billow, crest on crest.



Ah! lady, sweet and stately,
Still gleam thy sparkling eyes,
And still I watch thy lashes
Curve low in shy surprise,
And hear thy voice, whose mellow note
On lucent air doth float!



Dear lady, gay and gracious,
Whose beauty haunts me still,
Brush from thee, like a cobweb,
Time's sear, remorseless ill!
Step from thy frame, oh, sweetheart mine
And be today my valentine!



A GLIMPSE OF SALT LAKE CITY.

By LEONORA M. LEHMBERG.

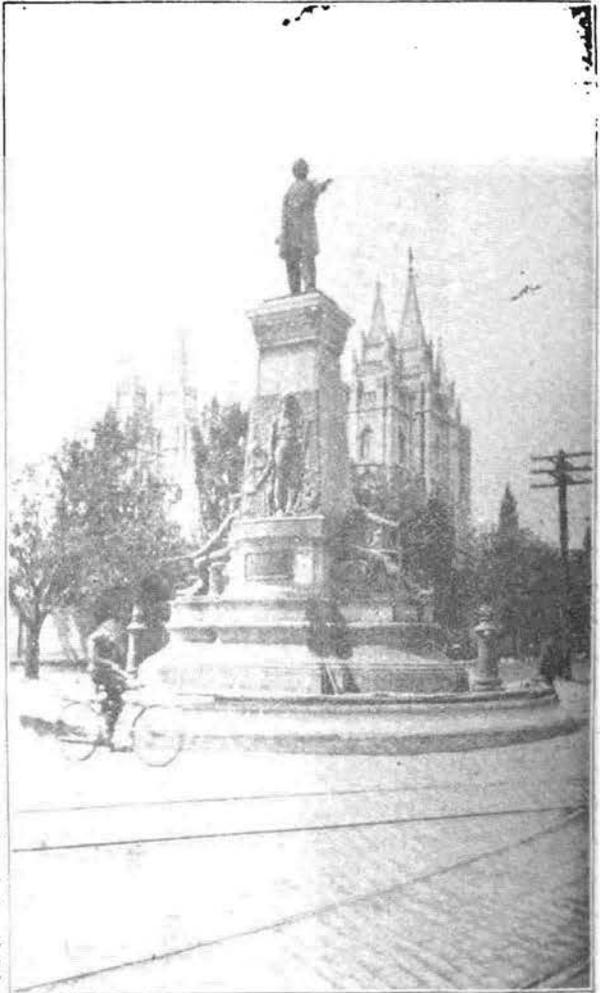
IT was only in the order of things that our Western trip should include this splendid modern city; and early one morning in May we found ourselves within the Mormon gates.

On our way to the hotel we had ample opportunity to notice the breadth of the streets and the immensity of the city blocks, which, I understand, cover ten acres. The first we found at least twice as wide as any we had previously seen, and the telegraph poles ran down their centre. Bordering them are scores of fine trees, preserved from the drought by means of irrigation runnels which run parallel to the roadway.

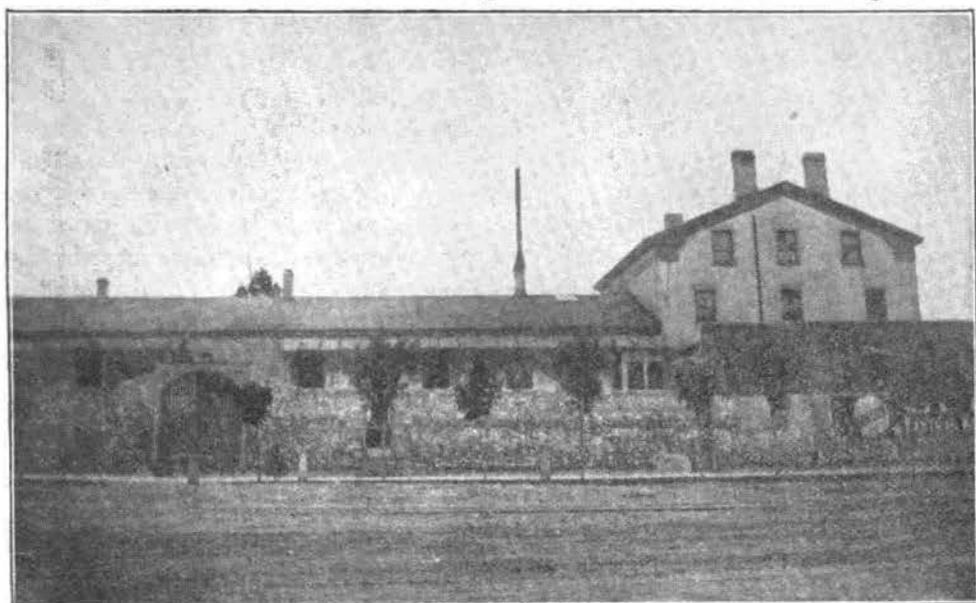
As we had but a few hours to stay, sight seeing at once became the order of the day; and this was greatly facilitated by the generally friendly attitude of the citizens, and more particularly by the guides which are supplied free by the "Bureau of Information"—a Mormon institution—for the especial purpose of escorting strangers through the assembly hall and Tabernacle. These last we wished to recompense with something more substantial than thanks, but the offer was received with a smiling refusal and the assurance that the work was dictated solely by a desire to give the stranger a correct view of themselves and their city.

The Tabernacle, of course, im-

pressed us as it impresses all beholders; but, as this has been done so often better than I could hope to do it, I shall make no attempt to describe its wonders or the perfection of its acoustics. Of the organ, however, which it was my privilege to hear, I must speak. World-



Brigham Young monument and temple.



Tithing house.

Here in the early days, came all good Mormons to pay their tithings; which, assessed at a fixed rate per cent on all earnings, must have aggregated a sum of not inconsiderable proportions.



Brigham Young's "Beehive"

renowned as it is, I had never dreamed of such a mighty volume of winged sound, of a tonality so perfect, of a sensation so wonderful as its music produced. I listened entranced, and only when the music ceased, came back to earth. The Mormon Tabernacle choir of about five hundred and fifty is scarcely less famous than the organ itself.

Temple Block, in which are situated the Temple and the Tabernacle, is a thing of beauty, by reason not only of these buildings, but also of its beautiful lawns, flowers and giant trees.

The statue of Brigham Young—of which a picture is herein furnished—stands at the southeast corner of Temple Block.

Of the other places visited, the old Tithing House was most interesting.

Part of the wall, by which it was formerly surrounded for protection against Indian attack, yet remains, and appealed strongly to our imagination. It is now used as a store where one may purchase curiosities, post cards, and other trifles.

A brief trip through the old Mormon settlement, the business district, and Brigham street, one of the most fashionable thoroughfares of the city, filled out the short space of time which we could devote to sight seeing.

Salt Lake City, in short, besides being splendidly located and unusually healthy, is designed in a scale of magnificence which must be seen to be appreciated; and, whatever we may think of its founder's religious tenets, there can be no two opinions as to his breadth of conception and executive ability.

THE wind of woe sang through my trees—
 O well I love a singing!
 But Peace came by and all is still;
 Sweet silent Peace must have her will
 To stop the light woe's singing.

The hand of woe upon my walls
 Dark shapes was ever tracing.
 Mayhap they were not beautiful,
 But they were strange and wonderful,
 And joy came of his tracing.

But Peace within the chamber came,
 (Peace loveth me too dearly!)
 Now I must smile on bright blank walls,
 And sleep in dreamless tuneless halls
 Where silence rings too clearly.

A little war, a little woe,
 To set the banners flying!
 O rather than the earth were still—
 No song, no sound, no stir, no thrill—
 I'd hear my own voice crying!

The victor is he who can go it alone.—
 Saxe.



1

20,000

By ROBERT CARLTON BROWN.

SHIRLEY JONES scanned the head-lines of the Morning Bow-Wow. There was murder, arson, fratricide, patricide, matricide and suicide. Surely, enough was going on in the world to support a detective modestly in the hall-rooms at Mrs. Hobbs' boarding house. But Jones' support was mostly imaginative, mostly negative. You see, he'd never had a fair show yet. He was a detective in the egg, an unhatched sleuth, and all—all—he needed was for some kind person to crack the egg.

He read about the actress losing her diamonds, and felt certain in his own mind that he could find where the Press Agent had hidden them. He read of the great multi-millionaire being taxed only \$10,000, and wondered mightily why these good United States didn't employ him to locate the remainder of the taxable property.

He read—but right there he didn't read at all, he just gasped and gaped, and strained his eyes. It was in the advertising section—there was the challenge, coming forth to meet him in this startling line:

WANTED—DETECTIVE.

It didn't take long for his nerves to

readjust themselves! Jones always was ready for just such emergency; so, wiping the cold perspiration from his brow, he cleared his throat, threw out his chest, rustled the paper importantly, and composed himself to read the details of the position which was being thrust upon him in this blatant manner.

DETECTIVE WANTED.

Young man, well dressed; no experience necessary. Must be able to spend money freely and naturally. Work light; handsome remuneration. Call at Room 5, Pacific Hotel.

Jones read it again, more attentively, with little condescending comments.

„Young man—well, yes. Well dressed—hum—hah—most assuredly. No experience—well—well—I shouldn't hardly say that. Spend money freely—um—well—I wouldn't mind trying. Work light—good. Handsome remuneration—there's the point.”

Shirley slammed the paper down, strode to the looking glass, manfully planted his legs far apart, and gazed into the fascinating depths of his own likeness.

“Guess you'll do, guess you'll do,” he repeated, approvingly; pinching a pim-

ple, and giving himself a sly nod, signifying that he was a clever old dog.

With the paper under his arm, he paced the room for a few moments, in deep cogitation. Then, slipping his handcuffs and revolver into his pocket, he ascertained that his star was on his vest, and walked toward the door.

Stopping for a moment, he surveyed the tiny room feelingly; then, in a striking, dramatic attitude, he addressed the empty space.

"Old room, old room, that has known me when I was a struggling young detective. Old room, that has been a silent witness to my hours of unremitting, ceaseless toil over my mail-order course in the great science of detection. Dear, faithful, old room, I shall return to you a changed man. Possibly, ah, possibly, I shall ne'er return at all. But when my profession calls it is my duty to go. I shall face my peril like a man, and if it so happens that I should die, have engraven on my tombstone, 'He died doing his duty.'"

Accompanying this appealing oration with a touching waive of adieu, Shirley passed from his room and strode valiantly down the stairs, rushing past his landlady without recognition, at the sudden remembrance that it was another Saturday.

Jones glided up the street, peering at each passer-by from under his slouch hat, and trying to read their crimes in their faces.

At the Pacific Hotel entrance he paused, turned quickly on his heel, to be perfectly sure that he was not followed, and then darted into the lobby.

"Room five," he told a curious bellhop.

With due recognition of his importance, the boy ushered him into the room designated.

A quiet-looking little man in menial

black, with a horrid scar on his cheek, arose from the chair near the door and bowed him in.

"I—I called in answer to this advertisement," explained Jones, pointing to the item in the paper, which he still clung to lovingly.

"Oh, yes, ah, sit down, won't you?" smiled the little man.

"Why, yes, I don't care if I do," remarked Shirley, with an elegant assumption of ease.

"I can doubtless transact this business," offered the man with the scar. "My employer is out at present, but he has left me in full charge of this affair."

"Oh, ah, indeed?" ventured Jones, magnificently, looking at the servant person.

"Have you had experience?" came the abrupt question.

"Why—ah—yes—that is—I haven't been actively engaged often, you see," stammered Jones, "but I, ah, I have studied the profession by mail, and—and, I dare say, I am fairly proficient in the art."

"Well, that's of little importance, really," admitted the man in black. "Experience is not necessary, but *your* experience will be no handicap in this case, I'm sure."

"Not in the least," acquiesced the embryo detective, absently.

"Yes—quite right—as I said," resumed the little man, scanning Jones keenly. "Well, I guess you'll do all right. You're the first one here. You'll do as well as anyone else. I like your looks. You have a certain simplicity about you that ought to prove invaluable in this case."

"Yes, yes," panted the detective, eagerly.

"Now," continued the man with the horrid scar, "my employer has given me full power in this matter, and you may

consider yourself engaged."

Shirley blushed like a girl who had just been proposed to, and accepted the engagement without so much as saying, "This is so sudden."

"The details of the case you will have to wait for until evening, when my employer returns,"

"Oh," said Shirley, disappointed at the delay.

"But," continued the little man, "in order that you may spend the day pleasantly, my employer has instructed me to give you this money and ask you to enjoy yourself on it in every possible way."

Shirley Jones jumped from his seat at the sight of the roll. It would have choked a mule, and the wrapper was a double-X.

With twitching, trembling fingers he seized the bundle, stowed it in his pocket, and clutched it madly there.

"My employer is an eccentric man," explained the servant; "he treats all the people well who work for him; and he will be sorely disappointed if you return tonight with a cent of that money left."

"Will he?" gasped Jones, feebly, holding the money tighter, as though it had shown signs of jumping from his pocket, like a frog.

"You had better go now," the servant advised him. "And be sure to have a good time, and don't forget to be back at six sharp."

Shirley Jones walked out of the second-story room as though it had been on the second thousandth floor. His mind leapt, and continually left great yawning gaps.

"Yes, he'd read, in the Course, of eccentric men hiring detectives and paying them like kings. But nothing like this. This was getting a complete edition de luxe of Luck, bound in gold, and delivered a year ahead of time. He had made his everlasting fortune on this case. He

had gotten his start; he was now on the high road to success in the great business of detection.

Slipping cautiously into a telephone booth, he closed the door tightly, turned his back to the glass, drew out the roll of money gingerly, and looked at it.

It was a roll of twenties, there were exactly fifty in the lot. Jones counted them again, the perspiration dripping from his finger ends, saving him the trouble of moistening them during the count.

"A neat thousand!" he cried, strangely. "For a good time, and I'm to spend it all before six. Say—I'll have to get busy—I'll have to go some."

Controlling himself as best he might, he put the money together and replaced it.

"And it's real money, too," he enthused, becoming calmer.

"But, maybe it isn't, maybe it's counterfeit!" his mind suggested, suddenly.

He grew white around the lips, trembled violently, then shook himself, and burst from the telephone booth.

Walking up to the bar he ordered a glass of ginger ale in a grand voice, and proffered a twenty as a test.

The bar-tender looked at the bill suspiciously, looked at the quacking Jones, turned again to the bill, rang up the charge, and counted out nineteen dollars and ninety-five cents all at once into Jones' clammy hand.

Then it was real money, after all. The realization was over-powering, and yet it gave him new power.

Leaving the hotel, he hurried up the street, looking wildly for a place to spend his money.

Suddenly he spied an automobile sales-room.

There—there at last was a place to spend it.

He rushed in—rented a car, and was

about to pay—even had his whole roll out, and was skinning off a second twenty—when a quiet man, who had been watching his agitation and strange behavior, stepped up behind and looked over his shoulder.

“What have you got there?” queried the quiet man, in a firm voice.

Jones jumped at the sound, dropped the roll in his fright, and faced the questioner.

The quiet man dexterously picked up the roll, looked eagerly at the back of the top bill, gave an inarticulate cry, seized Jones’ hands and snapped a pair of handcuffs on in a flash.

“W-w-what’s this?” trembled the embryo detective.

“Come on, now, don’t try the innocent gag on me,” commanded the quiet man. “I’ve been layin’ for you. Thought I’d catch you around one these places. Didn’t know that last thousand was all marked, did you? Wouldn’t have stole it if you had, would you?”

Jones was too astonished to answer, and his captor continued, looking at him

sharply, “You must be a new man at the business. You’re a pretty poor accomplice. Where’s your boss? The little fellow in black, with that long scar on his cheek? S’pose he found this bunch was marked and sent you out with ’em, so’s you’d get pinched an’ save him the trouble. Never mind. We don’t want him now we-ve got you.”

Poor Shirley Jones gasped, gagged, spluttered, and tried to explain, but he was past all that, and quietly followed to the station.

In his stuffy little cell he thought it all over, sadly.

“I—I didn’t know it was professional courtesy for one detective to arrest another,” he sighed, softly.

Then a lounging, yearning look came into his eyes. “And—and,” he stammered, “I—I had a whole thousand dollars and only spent five cents. That’s—let’s see—that’s one twenty-thousandth of what I had, and it was all real money, too. I’m—I’m not what you call lucky, but—but I’m a sure enough detective, all right.”



The Religion of Nature

By HENRY WAGNER, M. D.

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CHAPTER I, CONTINUED

OUR Earth is now, for the first time in its history, in its present relation to Deity, sufficiently evolved spiritually and mentally to be able to manifest the perfect man, the fruitage of the cycle of the Man upon which the race of mankind have just entered. In all past cycles only a partial development of the *genus homo* could express his admiration, wonder and worship for his Creator, God: hence history but records his imperfect knowledge of himself and his understanding, as well as that by which he was environed in his cycle of evolution of the planet he inhabits, as well as the race to which he belongs. This is the Cycle of the Man, geometrically and astronomically, as well as astrologically and mathematically expressed in science, history, philosophy and religion; the whole of nature is worshiped as only the enlightened mind can reverence and worship, for now man

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones," Etc.

"The vegetable kingdom is Nature's printing-press, each verdant leaf a type that prints a thousand varied impressions upon the tablets of the enlightened mind," compelling his reverence, his adoration and sublime admiration and worship for the creative mind which he beholds in every thing in nature, including himself as the grand culmination in organic form of the Infinite's ideal beauty and completeness

of form and function, the very capstone itself of the temple of God, in which he realizes God's presence as the active intelligence working through his complex organism, the human body, the earthly temple of Deity. "Except ye eat of my flesh and drink of my blood ye have not eternal life!" Certainly not, as there is nothing else to eat or drink; the father and I are one in spiritual essence, we are life, light and love and truth. The way to immortality is to conceive this truth of being here and now while in the flesh, but not of it, as the flesh is only the garment; it must undergo many changes or transformations through evolution to become refined and purified before it can again become conscious of its at-one-ment with its divine source as a ray of Deity. To eat and drink, symbolically, the spiritual flesh and blood we must realize the truth; this alone will make us free and immortal. The flesh and blood are emblems of life as spirit and matter, solids and liquids, astral and solar light, and are the types of the positive and the negative as father and mother, or the two as one,—one life, one law, one truth, one word and one God, Aum, Om, the All in All of all life. This must be comprehended and realized by each one for himself or herself; then they can truthfully say as Jesus did: "I and my father are one;" "he that hath seen me hath seen the father;" "I am the way, the truth and the life." So are we, my brother and sis-

ter, if we consciously realize our relation to Deity as a macrocosmic God, for the same laws that related Jesus to his God as an immortal part relates you and me and every living being that awakes to this consciousness and accepts it for their own inheritance, as their own birthright. "The things that I do, ye shall do likewise; and greater things than these shall ye do, because I go unto the Father." This language, applied to Jesus, is equally applicable to every child of God who awakes his or her soul to the consciousness of its divine origin, as a son or a daughter of God, a ray from the spiritual sun of all life as the deific Ego, the only God to man that expresses the two as man and woman, or male and female of every species, of life, or the positive and negative of every organic form.

Words frequently convey the wrong meaning to different persons because they do not carefully analyze the relation in which they are used; this is the reason so many are deluded by taking the literal instead of the spiritual meaning of spiritual texts. All scriptures, called divine revelations, are occult in their origin, and cannot be interpreted correctly without the key to their symbolic meanings. To those, however, who are versed in symbolism, allegory, metaphor and parable, all divine revelations will reveal themselves, as there is no mystery except to those who lack the key to unlock it. It is the same old story of creation, in its infinite manifestations as Nature, with which we are surrounded in every expression of creation in its infinite variety of functions, as expressed by solar, polar and diurnal motion whether seen in human, animal, bird, fish, reptile, plant and flower, cereal, grass, vegetable and plant-life of every conceivable kind; in short, it is but Nature re-

vealed as she is, was and will be through her cycles of involution and evolution, forever and forever. Jesus said, "greater things than these shall ye do, because I go unto the Father." Certainly is this equally true for every one that is born back into the spirit, for as in Adam all die so in Christ shall all be made alive. Adam symbolizes the material, while Christ symbolizes the spiritual, and as we die to matter we are born to the spirit, evolving through its graded life-forms, —through mineral, vegetable, animal and human into the angelic, or angel of light, back through the cycle of necessity, the zodiac of destiny, the Father's home. As infinite progression is the order of the Deity, so as cycles roll around progress manifests *its greater things* to each succeeding race; they enjoy better advantages, more perfect conditions are evolved; hence "greater things than I do ye shall do." We will know and realize that Jesus was our elder brother, and not in any sense our savior except by example and precept. We have become the life of Deity by living the universal life, the same as Jesus did; hence we have a full understanding of the meaning of all these scriptural texts. They contain either the bread of life or death and darkness for all, just in the way they interpret them. To the spiritually minded, they are the truth, the life and the light; but to the material mind these spiritual truths express darkness which is death. They cannot be interpreted nor understood by the material mind, for nature is both darkness and light upon every cycle, spiritually, mentally and physically expressed; so is every created expression of life symbolically related to the Father and the mother, as the sun and moon, as the two pillars that support the temple of God, this mighty universe of infinite

life in which we live, move and have our being. We can only know these truths by looking upon all life in its dual aspects of matter and spirit, as expressed in male and female, positive and negative, light and darkness upon every plane of being. They are equally necessary, and equally God in His dual aspects as visible and invisible life, objective and subjective. Until the mind can partake of this tree of life and death, immortality is not consciously realized; hence those who are still in nature's matrix, the womb of matter, must evolve into the spirit, in order to know that as they die to Adam they will be born to Christ, as they die to darkness they will be born to the light, as they die to ignorance they will be born to knowledge and wisdom. The truth shall make us free, indeed, to think, to act, to co-operate with the infinite spirit, as one ray of the spiritual sun-personified as a son of God; every perfected Ego becomes a son of God, as expressed by the Christ or the perfect man as God personified, and Adam, or the dual man, as man and woman, symbolized in the allegory of Genesis in the Garden of Eden or cradle of blissful innocence, ignorant of the latent powers of his potential being, eager to partake of the tree of good and evil, as well as every other tree in the garden of God, this material universe,—the knowledge of good and evil, the fruit of which is sure to produce wisdom in all those who partake of it. All history records this fact, and every Naronic Cycle has produced its Messianic *Messenger* in the initiates to this sublime knowledge, the past history of our earth is that of its childhood, the present cycle commences its manhood. The lurid pictures of blood and murder painted by innocence and ignorance will be superceeded by pictures of skill in art and science, beau-

tifully wrought and executed in mechanical inventions by the powers of the spirit and mind over matter, compelling obedience from this medium for the expression of knowledge and wisdom of the God within mankind, subduing the animal or Adam and giving the Christ, or human, free and full play to create to the full extent of his abilities.

Such knowledge compels him to review his past record and examine its defective imperfections. In every department of his relation to his God, he is humiliated and subdued by contemplation of his foolishness and ignorance, as he realizes his childish life of imperfection in everything with which he has been related; his selfishness was natural to his undeveloped nature, his lusts of power, avarice, possessions, his loves and hates, his jealousies and revenge for supposed injuries, and in brief every defect and undeveloped faculty of his being is scientifically explained by his full and complete understanding and comprehension of his relation to his God, as an emanation, undergoing development through involution and evolution of the laws of his being, as a minature expression of the macrocosm in which he finds himself. These laws of nature, and their effects to himself in comforts and blessings, are understood, as well as their opposite effects which result from his ignorance and folly. He is made to know the fruit of immortal life, and to cultivate it to the exclusion of the tree of mortality, or death, which bears disease, sickness, suffering and misery, the fruitage of ignorance of nature's laws and the relation to them and her requirements of him; he has learned, by experience that the cycle of necessity compelled his fall into a material environment and that woman was not the cause of the Fall into matter, as it

could not have taken place while they remained one ego in their spiritual Eden, but that the separation and their descent into matter to gain knowledge and experience was the real reason of this apparent fall. The desire to know both matter and spirit, the desire for more knowledge than the spiritual garden of blissful innocence offered, induced Adam and Eve to partake of this forbidden tree of wisdom. As its fruits were said to make one wise, and as wisdom could not be obtained otherwise the cycle of necessity was undertaken by them that they might experience both matter and spirit in all its relations and inter-relations, and round out experience the latent potentialities of their being. Adam, in laying the blame upon Eve when confronted by his divine Ego, his God, for eating of this forbidden fruit, played the part of the child. It was but natural for him to excuse himself and lay the blame upon Eve. Now that he has become a man, and realizes his mistake, it is equally natural for him to apologize to Eve for his false accusations against her, and to do all that he can to restore her to her rightful throne which he, by reason of his superior physical strength, usurped from her. All truly wise men recognize woman, not only as their equal, physically, and mentally, but their spiritual superiors; they realize her love-nature as the redeeming factor of their brutal, physical natures, and are conscious of their own weakness to rise out of matter and its environments without her aid and assistance, they know she is the spiritual half of their divine Ego, their God, and that to become immortal they must be reunited as one. Their God will remain unknown to them until this reunion takes place. In this way they redeem each from their enthrallment in material conditions that was necessary to complete

the cycle of evolution and develop, educate and round out their soul's nature. Eve is said to have first discovered the nature of this forbidden fruit, and true to her nature she desired Adam also to partake of its virtues. She was first to find her way back out of darkness and death to life immortal, and has in every age of the past a record for fidelity, faithfulness and genuine heroine-redeeming qualities, spiritualizing man's animal nature by feeding him on the sun cooked food of God,—the fruits, nuts, cereals, and vegetables, instead the flesh of animals. Her intuitions and spiritual discernment gave her this knowledge and wisdom as man's savior,—as his redeemer from their fallen condition into matter,—and enables her to aid Adam to his spiritual birthright, their former garden of blissful innocence. But now they have knowledge and wisdom, as the result of their experience in making this descent into matter and their ascent back into spirit,—the ocean of all life, the spiritual sun, or Deity. Their cycle of necessity having been completed, they find themselves restored to each other as angel of life, with conscious knowledge of themselves and of their oneness with the All in All of life. Their love of Deity is no longer limited to self-love; that universal love which embraces all of God's children enables them to look upon each separate man and woman as their brother and sister. This wisdom enables them to aid others back out of matter into spirit, as they know from actual experience that only by obeying the laws of their spiritual natures can they be restored to spiritual communion with their God.

Vicarious eating and drinking and assimilating will not feed, strengthen or nourish the spirits of others, any more so in the spirit than it does in matter; hence each one must eat, drink

and assimilate for himself or herself spiritually, as well as physically, in order to grow and develop their soul's latent powers of spiritual potentialities. It is the greatest delusion possible to believe that any one can restore another to his or her original possession in the spiritual kingdoms. The false Christs, saviors and redeemers are no longer to impose upon mankind as saviors to the children of men, which all past history proves that they have been doing. The child has become the man and demands his inheritance; he will no longer be imposed upon by base deception and misrepresentation regarding his spiritual relation to Nature and Nature's God. He refuses to be robbed of his rightful inheritance, which the tree of the knowledge of good and evil tells him is his. Children can be imposed upon, and it is natural for them to accept the guidance and the teachings of their guardians, but when manhood is attained the guardians are dismissed from their office of administration. The perfect man of to-day refuses to be led or driven, either by Popes, priests and divines, as he knows for himself, having become the man of understanding, with knowledge and wisdom that enable him to steer his own ship into the spiritual waters of the infinite ocean of life. His understanding of the organized systems of religion, science and philosophy was necessary to complete his manhood, but he has now mastered them, and therefore they will be supplanted by deeper knowledge and wisdom, in keeping with his growth of mental development. His spiritual growth was regulated by the spiritual laws governing the spirit's evolution through the cycle of necessity, the Zodiac of Deity, the Central, Spiritual Sun of all life. The man has entered his own cycle, the cycle of the Man, and during this

period, or sub-cycle of the sun, he will shine forth as his own saviour and redeemer from ignorance, from the spiritual bondage in which he finds himself at present environed. He will overthrow his childish creeds and worship the spiritual God in spirit and in truth; he will take possession of himself and of his inheritance, and will oversee its management on his own behalf, thus developing his god-nature to its fullness and completeness, intellectually and spiritually. He will get wisdom and understanding of Nature's laws and their requirements, and will obey them and enjoy the fruits of his obedience, which fruits are health, happiness and heaven.

Virtue is her own rewarder; these blessings are the natural results that flow to all those who relate themselves to their divine ego, consciously. They are rewarded bountifully for their exertions and aspirations; no good thing is withheld from them. They are appreciative and keenly alive to every sensation of color and sound, for music is God's anthem of creative praise and vibration is the law of expression, in an infinite scale attenuated throughout all manifestations of creation, giving an infinite variety of life-forms, from suns and their planets, moons and other cometary bodies to every conceivable and inconceivable expression of life upon the spiritual, mental and physical planes.

Thoughts are the swords of the spirit; they have two edges, and cut both ways. How easily sarcasm, irony and ridicule can be made to wound or even kill the false theories of science, philosophy and religion. How beautifully the same weapons can cut to the heart's core, spilling the blood of every false conception of Nature and Nature's God. We will use these weapons to prune the tree of life of its dead

branches and false beliefs; its idols we will outright, and heal the wounds with the Elixir of Life (the spiritual truth). The wounds are the necessary results and follow our iconoclastic work of destruction and construction, for it is our purpose to keep alive the useful and healthy, the good and the true, of every species, of every race, of every nation, of every system of religious thought the world has produced. This great variety of thought is desirable, useful and necessary to the health, harmony and happiness of the children of Deity. Diversity and variety of organ and organism, physical and mental, shows knowledge and wisdom.

The twenty-six letters of our alphabet comprise the libraries of the world: the way we arrange these letters gives us every idea, every thought, every word. How wonderful it is, but no more so than the ten digits of numbers, which likewise give us all mathematics, all sums of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, all proportions of circles, squares and trines. This mathematical language can measure and weigh the suns and their planets, in their revolutions of cycles and periods of time, even to seconds, and tell their relations to each other, their distances, their diameters and circumferences; this is no less than the mind of their maker manifested in understanding, in knowledge, and in wisdom, to his offspring. He speaks to his children in all these different ways, in all these different languages, so that all may enjoy, understand and know their God for themselves, as the ever living intelligence, animating all creation, in all its infinite variety of life. The downfall of the creeds of christianity is an object-lesson, filled with pathos, as most of its votaries have been deceived by their ignorant, blind leaders of the blind, who assumed a knowledge they

did not possess. They accepted on faith the statements of their mediumistic leaders, not knowing the fact that they were only instruments in the hands of the inversive astral brethren of the dark satellite which governs the animal soul of our earth: these astral adepts of magic on this low, undeveloped plane of universal evolution of our planet and its inhabitants are deceived and are deceiving their dupes by reason of their undeveloped soul-relation to nature upon the interior planes of spiritual life. In their gross ignorance and misconceptions of the real truths of nature, they have fallen into mental darkness, and have been and are leading their numerous followers after them. It is indeed a sad and pathetic picture to look upon and contemplate. Thousands and tens of thousands of earth's innocent, ignorant children are confronted with nature's laws of absolute justice, which requires the payment of every debt of violated law, both spiritual and mental, before we can escape from the debtor. Our debts cannot be paid vicariously, and cannot be paid for each other excepting in so far as each can heal those other's wounds, soothe their suffering, cheer and comfort their lives. To this extent we are our brother's keeper, but all that does not come within this compass; we must pay our debt to Nature, each one for himself. Our innocence and ignorance are no excuse and will not pay the demand exacted by divine law.

The fire will burn, the water drown, the lightning will kill, the poison destroy, the venom of hate, revenge and jealousy will make mad, and disease ravish and destroy, in spite of ignorance. Nature's laws of sequence—of cause and effect—ultimately compels recognition of the just payment of every violated law of Deity; whatsoever

we sow that shall we likewise reap. It can not be vicariously atoned for by the messianic messengers of the Narconic Cycles, who appear regularly about every six hundred years, not to redeem the race but to enlighten it. They come as teachers, and as examples of what is possible for all mankind when their divine possibilities have been evolved by reason of planetary evolution evolving the necessary conditions for their perfect unfoldment, mentally and spiritually. The planet itself must first be evolved, and as it becomes perfected it becomes capable of evolving more perfect expressions of life upon it, man himself being the result of this development of planetary life; the planets are the necessary organs needful to give him an organic expression as a differentiated expression of life, as the microcosm, and in no other sense is he a savior or redeemer of his race. The laws governing his own development and growth belong equally to all, and his ability to teach others the truths of Nature and of Nature's God is the results of the development of his potential nature.

The creeds of christendom have sown to the winds, and are compelled to reap of the whirlwinds which, tornado-like, are shaking them from their false foundations built upon the sands of mere assumption, and ignorant, selfish pretence and self-interest. They already begin to realize that something is wrong, and are trying to mend it by a revision of their creeds, but this prop will not suffice; the just demand for truth will overthrow all patchwork of this kind, as polar motion and its laws of evolution act with perfect indifference to all such childish ignorance. I can call it by no milder terms; to me it is childish ignorance, and is positive proof of the blindness of its votaries and professors, as blind leaders of the

blind. Ministers of the gospels of life and truth should be able to give a reason for every statement they make to their followers. They should know for themselves that what they teach is Nature's divine truths, and susceptible of demonstration by every initiate into the laws that gives this knowledge and wisdom as the fruitage of her cycles of involution and evolution, the perfect man being the evolved product of this one law of life. We are always rewarded or punished by reason of the dual action of every law of nature; it will act either in harmony or discord, producing health or disease, happiness or misery, ignorance or wisdom, owing to the way in which we relate ourselves to it. What can we expect for teaching falsehoods as to Nature's laws;—false doctrines, false creeds and false religions;—certainly not happiness or health, as like follows like and begets like. Nothing but destruction and disease, mental and physical, moral and social, political and religious, will follow as results of this false interpreting of nature's divine laws. The belief in vicarious atonement, so universally taught by all sects and creeds of christianity, is largely responsible for the great discords experienced by the races to-day in their wars, social and religious factions, as well as their political contentions. Vicarious atonement is the greatest delusion of the age, and its overthrow is sure to result in sorrow of heart and brain to millions of its orthodox followers and believers. The downfall of the creeds is an assured fact, absolute and certain; they will be shaken from off their sandy foundations by nature's laws of evolution. The "passover" has come, and they must pass over the river Jordan into the spiritual forces of nature, and move onward and upward; as God is a spirit they must worship Him in spirit and in

truth, and all those who cannot adapt themselves to the changed polarity of our earth in its grand march around the central sun of all life, the spiritual Deity or God of nature, must pass out with the old. Their creeds were only scaffolding to the building of the temple of Solomon, the spiritual temple made without hands, without hammer or saw, —the human temple. The body of man in his three-fold relation to Deity, physical, mental and spiritual, is the only living God to be worshiped in. The scaffolding must be removed; the creeds are not now necessary. They are no longer useful in the construction of this building; therefore they come down as they mar the beauty of God's two truths, matter and spirit, darkness and light. The creeds have served their purpose, and can be desired by no one who understands the law of Nature in her grand march of

eternity. Onward is the watchword to the children of Deity, forever and forever; change, eternal change is forever before us. New worlds, new systems of thought, are created to correspond with the cycle through which we are compelled to pass in our journey around the center of all life; like individuals they are born to die, but sure to live again clothed in new garments, in new expressions of thought, in new robes of ideal beauty spun out of the inspirations and aspirations of the races of men that are forever succeeding each other in regular crops of human souls, born to immortality through the cycles of necessity which comprises eternity, the oneness of all life, thus showing clearly that God is the All of all life, manifesting His will, His love. His knowledge and His wisdom through all life.

(To be Continued.)

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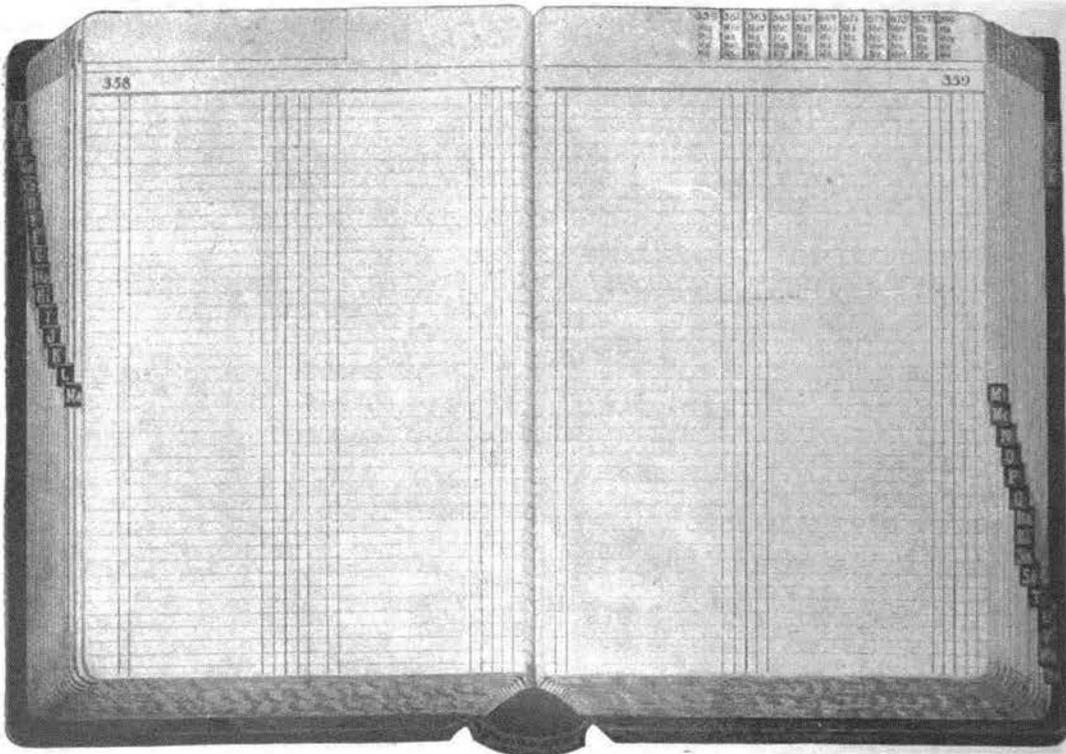
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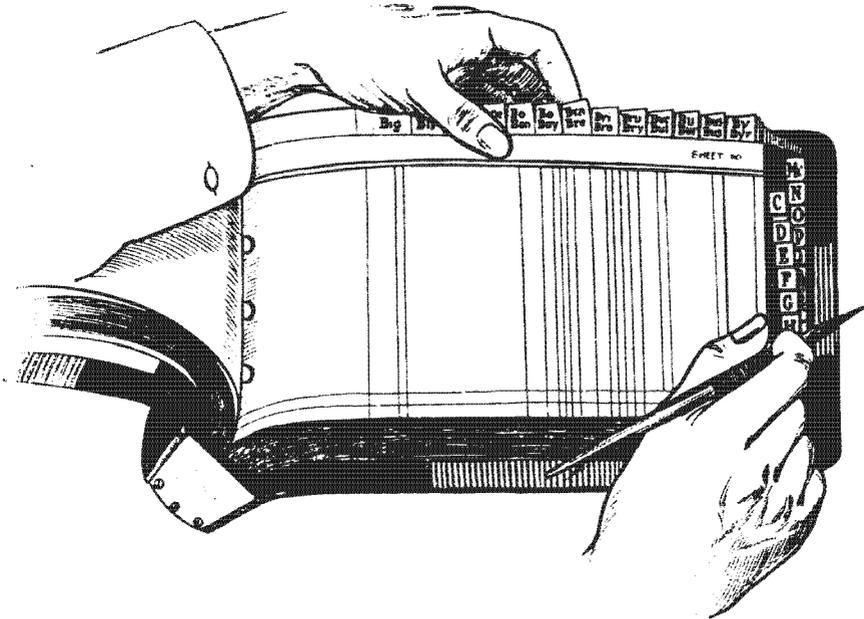
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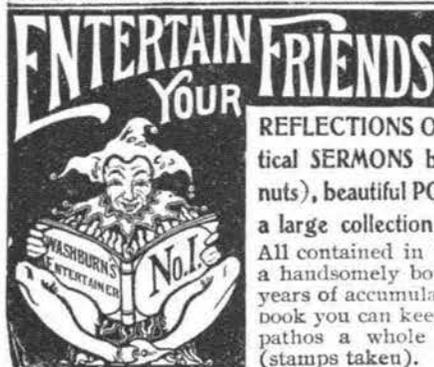
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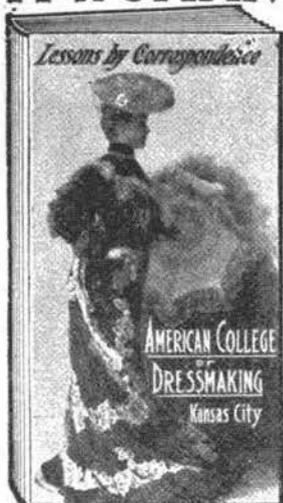
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