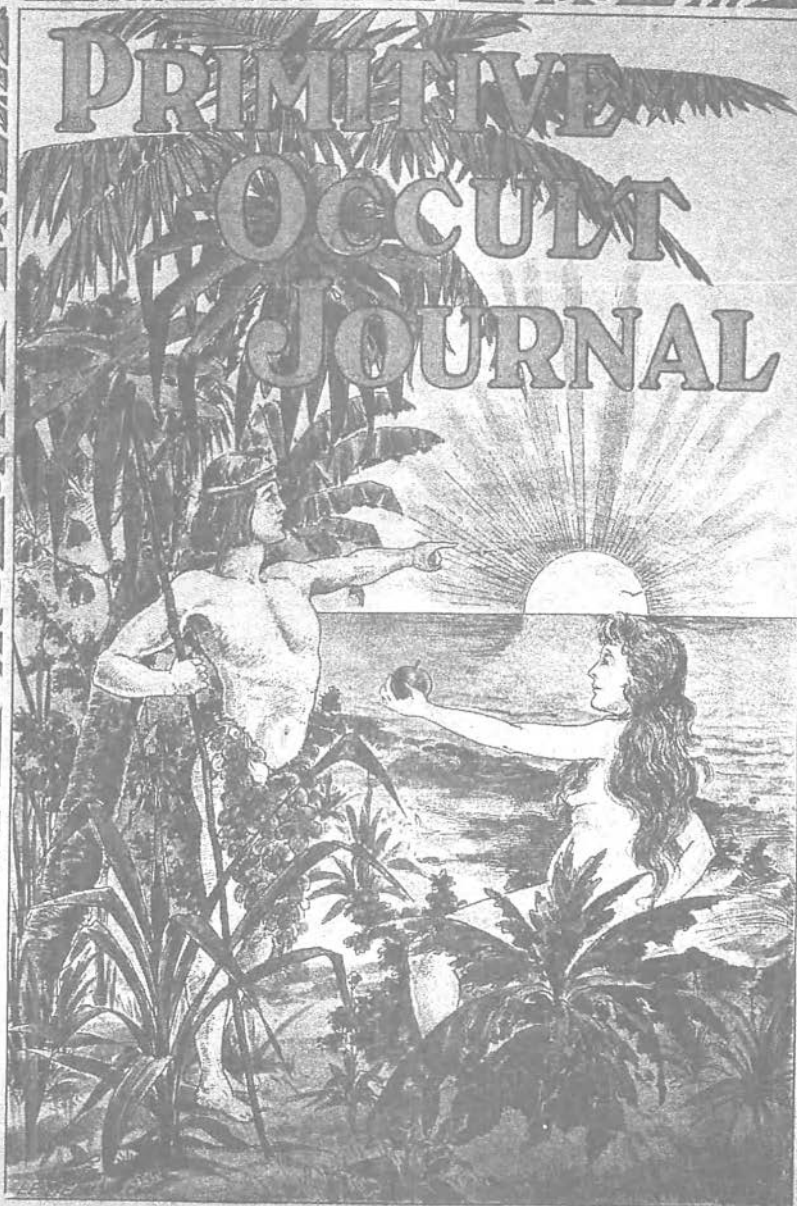


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A SALUTATION.

I come to you from this beautiful, little capital city, which nestles beneath the sheltering wings of the great Mount Helena, four thousand feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by the literal wild flower garden of America. I come to you from this far Northwest, where perpetual sunshine and pure mountain breezes inspire the sick with new life, where the rich metals are buried in the bowels of the earth, sufficient, if extricated, to purchase the entire American possessions.

I come to you with the voice of hope to the sick and sorrowing, with light and optimism. I make my advent into life inspired with the belief that I am needed by those who know little or nothing of the so-called "New Thought Possibilities," which are scarcely tapped, with a hope that in the near future all God's children may awaken to the knowledge of the fact that the heaven is within yourselves, with the hope that the "New Thought," yet old, may throw down the prison bars, sweep clean the prison cells, then may we truly say, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Now I will attempt to tell you what I hope I can prove, that your days may be prolonged upon the land which the Lord, thy God, hath given thee, where the kind Father has provided for the gratification of every one of the senses.

Beautiful landscapes to gratify the sense of sight, music to gratify the sense of hearing, delicious fragrance to gratify the sense of smell, rich productions from the earth to gratify the sense of taste; the electric thrill to gratify the sense of touch, and now we are coming to the understanding of the sixth sense, that of thought can be educated to travel. Electricity is everywhere, man has invented machinery to capture it, thought force seizes it, and emits it, keeps it by giving it away; the more it gives off the more it has left; the human soul is radium; "we are bathed in an ocean of intelligence," says Emerson. Why? Because we have diligently labored to develop the Godly power within us. We have lived largely above the lower animal life; our minds have been greater than our bodies: as a rule great bodies support great parasites, who gnaw and prey, and early consume the ponderous structure. "Radium is activity;" it brings health to the sick; strength to the weak; power to those who are willing to reach out for it; power to the mind that thinks, and warmth to the soul that feels.

Primitive Occult Journal

A Monthly Magazine

Devoted to the Wonderful Possibilities of the
Human Family
and the Godly Powers Within All

Edited by
ANNA BECKWITH HAMEL, V. M. D.
HELENA, MONTANA.

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THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

NEW THOUGHT? So called is as old as creation if creation ever did have a beginning. Some people will say new thought is simply an American fad. Well whether or not this is so we are very much pleased to know that we have fallen in line with this American fad. Many able writers have attempted to explain what this new thought means, but their efforts at explanation have been to the ordinary mind rather mistified. The mass of people who are dissatisfied with their invernments are people who have not made a success in life, because they have been slaves to those influences which have surrounded them, have not fully understood the possibilities within themselves, or have not awakened to the knowledge of the Godly powers within them as God's children. Hence slow to understand what it is. Now I will endeavor to give you new thought in a nutshell, and if you do not comprehend my meaning just question me in the next number of the Occult Journal, and I will cheerfully answer you to the best of my ability. Mine is a primitive work, a work of simplicity. Now suppose you had been for years in some old grove which has brought you neither success or happiness in any way, you want to get out of it and the question you ask yourself is How can I? Now just go to some quiet retreat, where you will be undisturbed, set down quietly and comfortably, compose your mind and concentrate your thoughts upon the thing you most desire and say to yourself positively I am a success, and I will succeed; keep this affirmation up daily, three times daily, if possible. Do not expect immediate success although sometimes it comes, but persevere and success will surely crown your efforts. If you have been in the habit of wasting precious hours throwing dice or playing cards for the drinks, deny away this habit. Say there is nothing in it. I only win a nasty liquid which is destructive to the body and hurtful to the soul. If you lack amusement, go out into the mountains and commune with Nature. Here you will get inspiration, here you will find little crocuses just peeping from the mother earth. It greets you with a smile and says "the cold blasts have put me back a little, but I am struggling for success and come again in a few days and in the fulness of my beauty I will bid you good morning." If it is your desire for your betterment then keep yourself in a sympathetic touch with the infinite power, and its hidden light will make your course clear to the realization of your desires. I know that this will be hard for you at first to realize the possibilities within yourself awaiting your command, within your being are sympathetic chords awaiting which will vibrate in response to all sympathies of nature. As you open your mind and heart to the higher and purer

All around me everywhere eternal strength and wisdom are.

influences, and place yourself in a childlike attitude to receive. You will draw nearer to the more beautiful unseen world. If you have an old and nourished physical or mental ailment you desire to deny the power of that to have a place in your thoughts, supplant it mentally by a strong affirmation of health and happiness. This is new Thought taking the place of the old one which has been nagging at you for a long time. Leave no room for this old cherished thought, and it will flee like the ocean mists, and sunshine and happiness will take its place. New Thought is the putting away of the old environments and supplanting them by higher, more beautiful and bright ones. Is this not very simple? If you are lacking in employment just think of something profitable to do perhaps not in a pecuniary way but something which will benefit someone. Mary Gray Swishelm, a very bright woman who was at one time a writer for the Chicago Tribune in an article on the question of labor said, "If I could not find remunerative labor I would pull the burdocks from the wayside, get up, get out of your old rut, struggle as the little locust has for the fulfillment of your father's image." Develop the Godly power within you. Do not spend precious time hunting out the shadows but try to get hold of the real thing, get down to hard pan, we are in a world of realities. There are shadows enough beyond and we will be with them soon enough.

—Anna Beckwith Hamel.

WHAT I DO BELIEVE AND WHAT I DO NOT BELIEVE.

I believe in universal love; I believe in frankness; I believe in the relationship of true friendship; I believe in treating friends as I would have them treat me; I believe in true old rather than trusting the making of new friends; I believe in constancy to those who trust you.

I do not believe in divorces; I do not believe in men who trespass upon the rights of other men; I do not believe in enjoyments at the expense of pain to others; I do not believe in interfering in other people's business; I do not believe in interfering with other people's religious beliefs; I do not believe in sparing soap and water; I do not believe in high living; I do not believe in slighting anybody because they do not hold as high a social position as you do yourself; I do not believe in shortening one's existence by rich suppers and late hours; I do not believe in physical blows inflicted upon helpless children; I do not believe in severity with animals; I do not believe in base emotions, and wish they could be buried fifty fathoms deep beneath the ocean's waves.

A sense of all my soul is pressed, that I am weak yet noblest.

In a previous number of the Journal, we promised to farther discuss the question of divorcees. We have not the space for a long discussion of the subject and will only give a few practical hints, which we hope will be of some benefit to some people. As a starter we would advise every man and woman contemplating matrimony to look carefully into the moral character of the man and woman with whom you would unite your destiny. Too often men especially are attracted, yes I would venture to say infatuated with pretty faces. They see a pretty looking woman and do not realize that beauty is only skin deep, nor do they consider that it should be a matter of a life time. It has been said whom God joineth together let no man put asunder. Ah, but God has not joined them together. If he had, the sacred tie would grow stronger and stronger as the years go by. Much is being said about the blending of magnetism well I would say that every individual has a certain right to a certain amount of privacy, married couples should have if possible separate sleeping apartments, it is truly said that familiarity breeds contempt, this should not be so with married people, but I am sorry to say that it is so in many cases. Husband ventilate your affections, wife do the same, then again do not be constantly calling attention to each others faults, and so as it were educate the faults of each other, by constantly calling attention to them, but rather call attention to the good qualities, thus the good qualities will grow and develope, cast rays of sunshine in your home; study each others natures, and try to bear lightly on deficiencies and develop the best, do not go to outsiders to complain of your wife or husband, settle your own difficulties between yourselves; kiss and make up.

—Anna Beckwith Hamel.

SOME OF THE FIRST ADVOCATES OF NEW THOUGHT.

When Hiram W. Thomas was tried by the Methodist Conference for heresy, in the eighties and expelled from the Methodist Centenary Church of Chicago, the most profound thinkers of that congregation left the Church with him, and together they founded what is now known as the People's Church, and for these years have worshiped in McVicar's theatre building in Chicago. This broad thinker, dismissed from the pulpit, to him was a great trial at the time, but resulted in great good to the masses, for it sounded the first trumpet in New Thought. He dared to speak the truth, regardless of the opinions of those who would throw the first stone. The Methodist people would gladly have at this day, Hiram W. Thomas in their pulpit again. I had the pleasure of hearing him in the Centenary

Simple manners, pure living, more sympathy with the classes who seem to be below us, lay the foundation of a good character.

Church, also in the People's Church, and a few years since at the Florida Chautauqua. When he stepped from the platform he looked more like an apparition than a human being, but he electrified his audience with every utterance, his discourse was simply soul inspiring, now some of the brightest minds of God's creation have followed his example in the belief of a universal God. Herbert Newton comes out in a broad declaration of his belief in a universal God; some of Mr. Newton's beliefs in the return of departed spirits we cannot wholly endorse, why should we desire that they know our earthly woe, why call them back to this life of toil and struggle, if we believe they have gone to Heaven, then why not let them enjoy their heavenly abode unmolested.

We have had positive proofs of the power of the minds of the living controlling us, but can't positively say this of the departed spirits, because we do not know. Hudson and others who have given the subject of spirit return, do not close their arguments with any positive proof to my mind, but I have met many persons who have in all sincerity, believed and declared that they have talked with departed spirits, and we believe that they were perfectly honest. Having a knowledge of the power of mind, positive proof that the six senses can be made to travel at will thousands of miles in a few seconds; this may be questioned by some minds but I know of what I speak and can prove every utterance.

I can reach the minds of my friends in an instance, because passive dear readers close your eyes, and forcibly think of an object, and you can see it as plain as if your eyes were open. I do not say that everyone can do this without practice, what I know of absent treatment, for sickness and bad habits, few can deny the fact that the methods have accomplished wonderful cures. They are now being practiced by many patients with great success and this success can not be disputed, unless by unfair minds, wherein the old belief of material medica. I take for my foundation the works of the Saviour, he gave no medicine, his methods of conversion was to heal the body, and the results give an article from the pen of John Eifreth Watkins, Jr., a correspondent for the New York Times.

—A. B. Hamel.

So close is glory to our dust, so near is God to man,
When duty whispers low you must give the quiet reply, I can.

Are your children overworked at school? If so, says the United States bureau of education, it should be stopped at once. They are liable, if such mischief is continued, to suffer permanent injury to mind and body.

Are your children obliged to take their books home and study in the evening? If so, it should not be allowed.

Are they taught to memorize things in poll parrot fashion? If so, it is a mistake.

Do they show symptoms of fatigue after learning their lessons? If so, they should be carefully watched, because such signs are a danger signal.

Recently the important discovery has been made that fatigue is a physical poison. More exactly speaking, it engenders in the body a chemical product which acts as a poison. This poison has been made the subject of a special investigation by the Russian chemist Wedensky and by others.

Overstrain at school, says the bureau of education, by producing fatigue, may cause serious and permanent mental defect. As for study in the evenings, it is obviously an overdraft upon the child's energies, and should not be necessary. A properly taught pupil should be able to accomplish all requisite work during the hours spent at school.

During childhood, when mind and body are undergoing development, overstrain of the nervous system, particularly of the brain, should be avoided as much as possible, the vitality being allowed to apply itself as far as practicable to the building and strengthening of the organs upon which the future health and welfare of the individual must depend.

The development of the young human being should be most carefully watched. For man, as compared with the lower animals, there is an extraordinary prolongation of infancy, attributable to the fact that time is required for the growth of the mind and soul. The orphaned or outcast child becomes precociously world wise—so much so that school can scarcely reclaim the gamin of the streets. He has become cunning and self-helpful far beyond his years, but his soul is permanently stunted.

VERY OLD WOMAN.

Mrs. Nancy Kelley Dies at a Great Age in Baltimore.

Mrs. Nancy Kelley, the oldest white woman in Maryland, is dead at the age of 107 years. Her oldest living son is 72 and her youngest daughter is 63.

For nearly half a century Mrs. Kelley resided in the house in which she died. There are ten grandchildren and nineteen great grand children.

Oh, for a man to rise in me, that the man I am may cease to be.

We are pleased to learn of the excellent work done last year by the Helena Improvement Society, the love of nature, the protection of individual rights, the love of home, is akin to the rights of nations where thousands of lives have been sacrificed for the love of freedom.

We can well understand the unceasing labor of these brave men and women who organized this society, not alone for their own interests, but to protect the rights of others as well, and for the beautifying of this city, where there is a collection of homes, and we hope that the city officials will give this society the support that is due them, as loyal citizens. One case in particular has been forcibly called to our attention. It is that of a lady who purchased a piece of property which was much dilapidated, and put all her hard earnings into the repairing of it. A party adjoining it turned loose a lot of poultry upon her, and when objections were made to their scratching and destroying the tender shoots of grass upon the lawn, she was subjected to violent blows from the owner of the chickens. Being a widow and quite alone, has been obliged to completely desert her home, and take up her quarters elsewhere, her life being in danger.

This is a case in which the city authorities should show their authority; complaint had been made, but nothing was done with the violent, disorderly character, and to this lady is still subject to the violence of this great woman who has no respect for herself or others.

How long should these conditions last, where the peaceably abiding citizens are to be assaulted by the vicious and disorderly classes, because of the desire to beautify their homes.

"WHAT IS HOME?"

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world—where you are treated best, and grumble most, a little hollow scooped out of the brow of the mountains, where trespassers are not supposed to rest.

At the threshold of her hundredth year, Mrs. Mary G. Jones of Northboro, Mass., laughed and chatted yesterday with the elation of a girl. In the morning she arrived at the residence of Louis B. Fay, 832 Forty-eighth street, none the worse for a thousand mile trip by rail into this "new and unknown" west.

With her came her brother-in-law, Joseph T. Fay, who, being only 86, is quite a youth when his years are compared with her ninety and nine. But Mrs. Jones endured the trip better than did Mr. Fay.

It is a very good thing to be an optimist, for such a person reflects God's image in his character.

and she walked with little effort up the two flights of stairs to the Fay apartment.

The old people were accompanied from Northboro by Mrs. Fay, Jr., of Chicago, who has cared for the two for six months, preparing them for the trip to her residence, where hereafter they will live. They boarded an electric car at Northboro last Thursday and shortly afterward transferred at Worcester to the through train which was to bring them to Chicago.

Marvels Banish Sleep.

Of the trip, Mrs. Jones—who dimly remembers the war of 1812 and whom all Northboro lovingly has called “Aunt Mary” for half a century—talked only in rapturous words of exclamation, but Mrs. Fay said she slept scarcely a wink for pleasure at looking through the windows of the Pullman at the whizzing panorama of marvels. Mr. Fay was nervous on the journey.

“Aunt Mary, you’ll never catch me in a mouse trap like that again,” he said as he sat on a sofa beside her in a bay window in the house of his son.

“Why, I don’t see why you minded that; I could have gone another day,” she answered. “Such beautiful cars, such wonderful rooms. And the porters—is that what you call them?—were so kind to me.”

“You talk as though you were a youngster,” laughed Mr. Fay. “And you born in the beginning of the century——”

“Hush,” gently chided the daughter-in-law, “for ‘Aunt Mary’ is sensitive about the mention of the year which is inscribed in the family bible she brought among the treasures of her lifetime. ‘You aren’t old, are you, Aunt Mary?’”

The camera was set and Mrs. Jones smoothed her white, wavy hair and settled her shawl in perturbation.

Photograph a Serious Matter.

“I do not like to have my likeness taken when I have made so little preparation,” she said, for she has not in all the long years of sunshine and shadows lost the innate woman’s instinct of coquetry. It is as strong in her as if she were again of the age she is fond of telling her family about, when she was allowed by a careful father to go out to walk with the son of the minister, who invariably “took toll,” as she says, blushing, at the door.

“Ah, how well I remember the sailing ships in the bay, and the trips by boat to Plymouth rock and down into Cape Cod bay. I have lived of late”—a span of fifty years was “of late”—“in Northboro. I was married there and my sons were born there——”

Electric lights and telephones are now being discovered in the African deserts.

The voice ceased a moment and the bright eyes, on which no glasses are worn even for reading, were moist, for the sons lie under headstones in old Northboro beside the husband who left her many years ago.

"Yes, I am glad to be here. But how different traveling is now from the day when I went as a bride to Northboro. We rode in a stage coach and it jolted us badly. But it was just like a dream to ride in that train we came on.

"Mr. Fay wanted more room. He called the car a 'mousetrap,' but I told him he had better go out in front and sit with the driver. He would have plenty of room and plenty of air out there, wouldn't he?

Some Observations on Life.

"A change is such a good thing for anyone. One must let their mind take flight from one thing to another, or they will become crazed. Is it not so? Women need change. And men do, too. It seems as though they gave too much of their thought to making money.

"But money is something we must have. It gives us a great deal of pleasure if we know how to take it. Keeping one's mind on one thing, though, is dangerous. It is rest to let the mind flit from place to place, and from one thing to another."

The photographer's camera was ready now, and Mrs. Fay warned the aged couple that there would be a flash—modern flash-light photography was wholly new to both. "Now, Aunt Mary, don't move your eyelids."

"No, I'll—not—move," came the obedient reply, and the muscles of the old face were set, so "the eyelids would not move."

Encounter Modern "Flashlight."

Pshshshshshsh! the flashlight blazed up.

"O, O!" both the old people ejaculated, and Mr. Fay reached for his bottle of salts.

"Another one like that would finish me," he murmured. "So that is the way you take pictures? Is it all over?"

"Yes; it took but a second."

"Well, well," said Aunt Mary, striving for composure, although the hand that pulled the shawl tighter about her shook a bit. "I am glad to see how it is done. I love to watch the changes there have been since—since I went to Northboro," still dodging the matter of age.

"I read about them, but now I have seen. I love to read. I read anything and everything I can get my hands on. If I do not

Spin cheerfully not tearfully, though wearily you trod in, but leave the thread with God.

like something I see, why I just turn to something else. And that is the way we must do; we must turn our minds from the unpleasant things and think only of the beautiful ones. It is easy; it does not take much will."

There was pathos in the statement in the light of facts, for fate has not been kind and bereavement and sorrow have taught the lesson of "turning the mind from unpleasant things."

The aged Mr. Fay, who had been silent since the flashlight, was now limping about the room, leaning on his stick and talking in a kindly way to the Scotch terrier demanding caresses.

Friendship Brightens Life's Twilight.

"But I want to say that in our old age there are friends to care for us, and my daughter here has not left us night or day for six months." His voice was choking and he evidently feared he would fall to childish weeping, as he has done at times since his illness, so he ceased, patting Mrs. Fay's hand tenderly.

"Yes, I am fond of reading," Aunt Mary continued, unheeding the interruption, "but I do not read the bible as much as I did. I was brought up to love the bible, but one has to be moderate in religion as well as all other things. Moderation is the thing. Too much of anything will craze one."

A message was sent to the family physician who cared for Mrs. Jones for years, and who kissed her at parting, with a cheery injunction to send him her photograph.

"All right," she answered. "You send me yours, too."

We are in receipt of a paper—"Lucifer, the Light Burner." This paper's object seems to be to advocate a sort of an easy social relation between the sexes. We will not attempt to dispute the editor's right to advance whosoever he deems proper—but would suggest that an effort to enlighten mothers how to train their daughters upon this subject would be a good thing; better try to get at the foundation of these evils, and root out the cause rather than harp upon the effect. Again I don't think that the men are wholly to blame in the matter.

Mr. Tudels was supposed to reprimand Mrs. Tudels because she had led him to believe she was wealthy, and the wife was supposed to reply, "well, was it any worse for me to lead you to think I was, than for you to marry me because you thought I was?" I can tell you, Mr. Editor Lucifer, things are very much mixed—and they will be so until we can borne a better race of people—people must suffer in order to learn—experience is the great teacher. —Editor.

One less at home missed from an accustomed place but claimed and purified by grace. One more in heaven.

Subscribe for the Occult Journal and get the fine course called "Vitaology," which will enable you to cure yourself and others of any curable disease. This may save you many a dollar in drugs and doctor bills. No medicine, nor blisters, no poultices.

THE BANNER OF FREEDOM.

When freedom from her mountains high
Unfurled the standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes,
The milky valdrie of the skies,
And striped it pure celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from its mansions in the sun,
She called her bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand,
The symbol of her chosen land.
Majestic Monarch of the clouds,
Who rest aloft they regal form,
To hear the tempest triumphings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strife the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven,
Child of the sun, to thee 'tis given,
To guard the banner of the free.
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blending shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloudy sky
The lights of a heavenly victory.

—Joseph K. Drake.

TO FINDS IN THEOSOPHY.

You would ask me where I was one hundred years ago,
I can only answer, I don't know.
I only know where soon I'll be,
Traveling fast through the ethereal sea,
Approaching eternity.
Hoping soon my soul will rest,
Among the eternal blessed.

—Anna Beckwith Hamel.

Be of good cheer, these things have I spoken unto, that in me you may have peace.

It has more than once happened to me, in Alsatia, when the plain was covered with mist, to recognize by certain signs that there must be sunshine on Saint-Odile or Champ-du-Feu. An hour later I was treading sun warm paths, beneath the cloudless blue. The people of Geneva do the same thing when, saturated with the mists of Lake Lemman, they climb the heights of the Saleve. Nothing could be more beautiful. Slowly you emerge from the gray cloud, which has been growing more and more diaphanous, into the warm brightness of the sun and the spring. At your feet, like a milky sea, rolls the fog making islands of the summits.

This spectacle is symbolical. It offers an image of what happens to man, when leaving behind him the cold plains of reality, as he might leave a wintry scene, he makes for the regions of the ideal, and forgets for a time that he is a prisoner, or, rather, remembers for a time that he is free.

The dream, therefore, is not bad. What is bad is idle dreaming, and spending one's life in that ethereal both. Now there are people for whom the ideal is a perpetual summer holiday, in which contemplation takes the place altogether of action. It is the life of wonder and admiration, the sublime idleness of the heights, coupled with a sensitive shrinking from returning to ordinary conditions. That is frankly dangerous.

To dream is good. We must indulge in dreaming sometimes, call it to our assistance under the whip of brutal difficulties and necessities. It is a good spirit which suggests to us dreams of beauty, of a happier future. It is, on the contrary, an evil spirit which produces that sort of intoxication comparable to the effects of opium or morphine, in which, careless of others, a man seeks a selfish oblivion of the actual world, and that vague cradling of the imagination among its own nerveless creations. That is no longer idealism, but a harmless phantasmagoria.

The ideal, as the word itself informs us, the old word handed down to us from the Greek thinkers, means the vision of that which should be. It is the vision of a superior humanity, contemplated by the eyes of the spirit.

Let us own that, even in that form, it might sometimes be discouraging. We are not unacquainted with an idealism so abstract and exalted that it deprives us of all courage to attempt realizing it. Its champions see so far, and see so fair, they are struck with impotence as far as bringing about any practical result is involved. They are like those painters whose imaginations continually create pictures of fabulous beauty, and whose brushes, despairing of seizing the unseizable, have long lain asleep in the dust. Sometimes

While I view Thee wounded, breathless, grieving, on the tree,
Lord, I feel my heart believing. —Spurgeon.

the beauty, the greatness, the majesty we get a glimpse of, the splendor of the goal we hail from afar, produce in our souls mere prostration. We become infirm of purpose, we do nothing, because the road appears too magnificent to travel on our poor crutches. When real life shows too wholly different from the ideal, we resign ourselves to stagnate where we are. But that is again the result of an error.

The true ideal could never produce such a disastrous effect; the true ideal is encouraging. The sculptor has before him his model, and, surpassing all models, has within him that interior model, of which any exterior one is but a faint copy. When he sets to work to incorporate his idea in the block of granite or marble, the difference between the block and the idea must not so unnerve his hand that he drops the chisel.

The human soul is always equal to itself. The least sign can awaken in it a world. There are days when a simple knot of faded flowers can restore to life the whole past; when a tattered banner calls up the native land complete; when a word, a verse opens a sunny breach into the upper world. That is what we must keep in mind.

One can hardly encourage a man sufficiently to fortify himself with numerous helps to cultivate and increase his provision of ideals. Song, for instance, is an astonishing vehicle. There are songs one must know. Sing one must.

"O," you say, "I have no voice!"

I am not speaking of voice. I am speaking of song. Even if you could not listen to yourself, sing inside. If one's voice refuses, one can repeat beautiful songs, hearing their melody in the mind, while saying over the words. Yes, one must often sing inside, when the life outside would sooner incline one to weep.

Decidedly, there is one salvation only for man in the battle of life—it is to have a soul. Otherwise nothing can be made to work right. If the soul did not exist, we should have to invent it.

You are taking up a profession. You have a vocation. Do you flatter yourself you will succeed. Do not start out like seekers after gold, whose future depends upon a mine. Take a provision of ideal and practical courage. Look for difficulties. Be on your guard against the dangers to the spirit of the routine of vocations. And to prevent a vocation, whatever it may be, from falling into the miry ruts of routine, be careful to renew it incessantly through the power of the ideal. Without it every career terminates in a fishtail, gold turns to lead, beautiful illusions to dead leaves.

Be faithful in little things. When you think there is nothing

But noble souls through dust and heat rise stronger from disaster and defeat.

further you can do for a person beyond saying a kind word, be faithful in that word, and say it consummately, with your whole heart. That word may fall as a blessing upon a distracted life. When life becomes pressing, absorbing, hardly leaving you an hour to breathe or a corner to sit down, remember that the ideal needs but little room. It is like those perennial and indestructible plants which sometimes grow in the cracks of old walls, or high up on the loftiest edifices, and contrive to find sustenance there. Preserve the seed of it as a priceless treasure, and scatter it upon the most barren soils—scatter it broadcast; the desert itself can bloom.

I have still many things to say upon the subject. But when once the mind has been sharpened to perceive certain realities, it can proceed by itself—and now I have started these ideas stirring in your minds, my whole desire is that the movement should continue.

Love the ideal, love with a sincere and ardent heart the high and beautiful image of a life consecrated to the superior good of mankind. Strengthen within yourselves the inner voice, that the bewildering, discordant clamor outside may not lead you to error.

—By Chas. Wagner.

AMERICAN WOMEN WALK LITTLE.

"In three months in New York I never once saw an American woman out for a walk, much less did I ever see one enjoying the air of the public parks. They are always in a bustle, always in a hurry, always have they got something important to do. There is no time to get the air.

"Now, the English woman does not work in this way. She looks after her own children and frequently takes them to school. Then she does her own marketing. An American woman will spend money on telephone messages calling up the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, giving her orders for the day.

"The English woman, on the other hand, will get out and do her own marketing. She will order her meats and her groceries and will go from greengrocer to greengrocer selecting what is to be eaten during the day.

"And the result is obvious. She gets the air and she gets exercise. She gets occupation, and she gets many other things which she needed—namely: food for her brain, as well as something for her body to do.

"The English woman," continued this observant Englishman, never worries. She never wakes up in the night and says to herself, 'I must do this and I must do that.' She never occupies the long watches toward morning in perplexing problems concerning the ways and means of accomplishing this and that. She does the best she can every day and lets the rest go.

They are slaves who dare not be in the right with two or three.

WONDERFUL EXPERIMENTS IN TELEGRAPHY WITHOUT WIRES—MIND FORCE SUBSTITUTED FOR ELECTRICITY.

By John Elfreth Watkins, Jr.

(Special Correspondence of the Times.)

Members of the Society for Psychical Research are experimenting here with wireless telegraphy apparatus, giving results far more phenomenal than any obtained by Marconi and his imitators. These scientists are transmitting and receiving messages over wide areas of territory, and the percentage of error is claimed to be less than that encountered by the Italian inventor during his elementary trials.

They employ transmitting instruments wrought of metal and wood. They dispatch single letters, words or geometric designs. A great economy in their system is realized from the utter substitution of concentrated mind force for electricity. Visionary as this enterprise may appear to the uninitiated, it yet bears out the prediction of that hard-shelled scientist, Sir William Crookes, prince of British chemists, Fellow of the Royal Society, discoverer of thallium, inventor of the radiometer and X-ray tube, and former president of the Society for Psychic Research. Sir William, in a recent interview, prophesied that it would soon be found practicable to telegraph without wires by simply transferring thought from mind to mind, at the will of the thinker.

Transmitted Over Two Hundred Miles.

In experiments where sentences have been dispatched over distances as great as 200 miles, not only the exact thought intended for transmission, but others incidentally occurring in the mind of the dispatcher have escaped to the receiver, together with the intended message. Sentences thus transmitted have been received audibly, as if spoken in the room of the receiver.

Another class of experiments is made with a single receiver, and a plurality of transmitters, all of the latter arranging themselves about a table, and concentrating their minds upon some object placed in the center thereof. In one experiment of this nature, a small folding magnifying glass was produced, opened. The receiver said: "It is black. It is round. Transparent." The glass was then held to the light, and the receiver said, "It is bright." In other experiments with a plurality of transmitters, bits of salt, sugar, vinegar, etc., have been simultaneously held in the mouths of the transmitters. It is claimed that the taste of salt has thus been made so vivid in the mind of the receiver, that he has craved for water.

Look to the light and all will be right;
Morning is ever the daughter of night.

—M. C. Neil.

We made mention in our last number of an incident or reference to the narrowness of some minds, namely the burning of "Fradius Nemesis" of Faith by the bishops of Oxford. Since that issue we have had a similar experience, only in this case it was not a Bishop, but a minister's wife, who tore down and disfigured a sign containing the following inscription: "Occult Journal." The poor little woman was immediately seized with violent cramps in the stomach. These dreadful cramps were not caused by the consumption of spring chicken previously eaten at the Editor's table, but by the extreme efforts in the tearing down of the poor little "Occult Sign." No doubt but some of my readers know where the Solar Plexus lies in the hog, along the spinal column and called "tenderloins," well it is similarly situated in some human bodies and this was the matter with the minister's wife, her solar plexus was injured in the extreme efforts in tearing down the sign.

YOUR THIRTY FEET OF DIGESTERS.

You have thirty feet of intestines!

What makes Food travel through them?

A set of Muscles that line the walls of these intestines or Bowels. These Bowel Muscles are sensitive to touch.

When a piece of Food rubs the walls of the intestines these Muscles tighten behind it, and thus drive the Food onward, to its finish.

In this way a swallow of food starts a Muscle-wave which follows the Food, and which drives it through the whole length of the Bowels and Intestines.

It should take about 12 hours to do this properly, so that nutritious parts of the food may have time to be digested and absorbed.

But,—if it takes twice or three times that period you can see plainly that the food spoils in passing, and becomes as poisonous as if it had decayed before being eaten.

* * *

Now, the cause of delay (Constipation) is simply Weakness, or Laziness, of the Bowel Muscles.—These are the Muscles that tighten the Intestines, and thus propel Food along them.

Want of Exercise, indoor Employment, weakens these Bowel Muscles, just as it weakens Arm and Leg Muscles.

They lose tone, tension, strength to force the food onward.

And, the longer they stay in that state the weaker they become because the less exercise they get, through the slow passage of Food.

We pluck at roses and in counter thorns;

We clutch at thorns and fill our hands with roses.

TO MY MORNING STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 How I regret you're away so very, very far.
 But when from this mortal coil I'm freed,
 And to my eternal home proceed,
 Upon the golden paven street,
 In the new Jerusalem we'll meet;
 Where no shadow, ice nor snow,
 There each other we shall know.
 And your jeweled sparks shall light my way,
 And with you in the new Jerusalem, I will ever stay.

—A. B. H.

We promised in our last number to give you an account of the wonderful success of John Alexander Dowie. This article was written by a correspondent of the Chicago Register, and I verify every word of it. I visited Zion City in 1903, in company with friends from Chicago and was charmed with the place, regardless of who founded it. Read the article carefully through and form your own opinion.

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE'S WONDERFUL CITY OF ZION.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 21, 1903.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and "give the devil his due," are homely, but trite sayings, even though they be common place and considered vulgar. "Seeing is believing" is another expression that frequently comes to one's ear-drums.

"Well, I have looked, seen, enquired and reflected and I am constrained to admit that what I have beheld and heard about John Alexander Dowie's work has surprised—no, that is not the word—astonished me. Let the man be whatever he may be, what one sees if Zion City is visited, will satisfy him of two things, viz: first, that Dowie, this now so much talked of man, is far from being a romantic religious drone on society; second, that he is eminently practical as an organizer and far-seeing business man; one full of earnest energy, push, determination and pluck, and one who does not lack full confidence and is fully capable to defend and take care of himself.

I do not know his exact age, but his hair would place him somewhere in the sixties. He is the picture of health and vigor, active, but not spasmodically so. He works hard, is wide awake 15 out of every 24 hours and carries with him a magnetism or hypnotic force greater than that of any man now living in this twentieth century. I care nothing about his religious views, nor do I know, or pretend

Courage is a love of the marvelous beautiful more than life.—
 Plato.

to know, whether he is or is not sincere in his moral work. I will write of only what I have seen of this man's doings in a business way. But before I speak of Zion City, of which he is the founder and general overseer, I will but say that I have never known any person who has heard his "sermons," "lectures," or "talks," that condemned the doctrine he dilated upon. His religious idea as to the punishment hereafter for sins committed or reward given for what of good done, are just about the same as are entertained and preached by ministers of the gospel who expiate from Bible texts, the only observable difference being, that he is more earnest and sensational than are the majority of pulpit orators. And now for Zion City.

Zion City, which is located on the west shore of Lake Michigan, is 42 miles north of Chicago. It has been established as a religious capital, where people can live a clean life, receive a full reward for labor performed, and build up and maintain happy, beautiful and prosperous homes, where God shall rule in every department—social, industrial, commercial, ecclesiastical and political—a place where children will be given the very best educational advantages, founded upon God's word. That is what is said as to the object of building up Zion City.

After spreading his views as to the sinfulness and immorality of the past, present and what is likely to come in the future, Dowie planned and founded "Zion Land and Improvement Association."

On New Years' Day, 1900, in his "Central Zion Tabernacle," in Chicago, he announced that he had secured 6,000 acres (more than ten square miles) of land lying on the west shore of Lake Michigan. Whether he had bought and paid for it, or whether he leased it with the privilege of purchase later on, he did not disclose. At all events, his "Land and Investment Association" have possession of it.

It is a beautiful and rich tract of earth, lying in Benton Township, Lake County, Illinois. Its water frontage is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. On July 14, 1900, the great "Zion Temple," which stands in Shiloh Park, was opened and consecrated to the worship of God. There were 10,000 people present at the opening of this edifice, which had been built in such a brief time. Just one year after this imposing event (July 15, 1901) the "Gates of Zion" were opened and the lots in the now mapped out city were offered for sale. They were nearly all disposed of within a week, most of the purchasers being people who intended to build homes and become residents of the new city.

The first residence was finished August 2d, 1901, but before the snow began to fly, hundreds of houses, mostly of wood, but very many of them pretty, had been put up. The population then was between 2,000 and 3,000. Now it is between 6,000 and 7,000. Building continued all through the winter, the population increasing daily.

Beyond the sacred page, I see thee, God.

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By Little Strokes Men Fall Great Oaks.—SPURGUS.