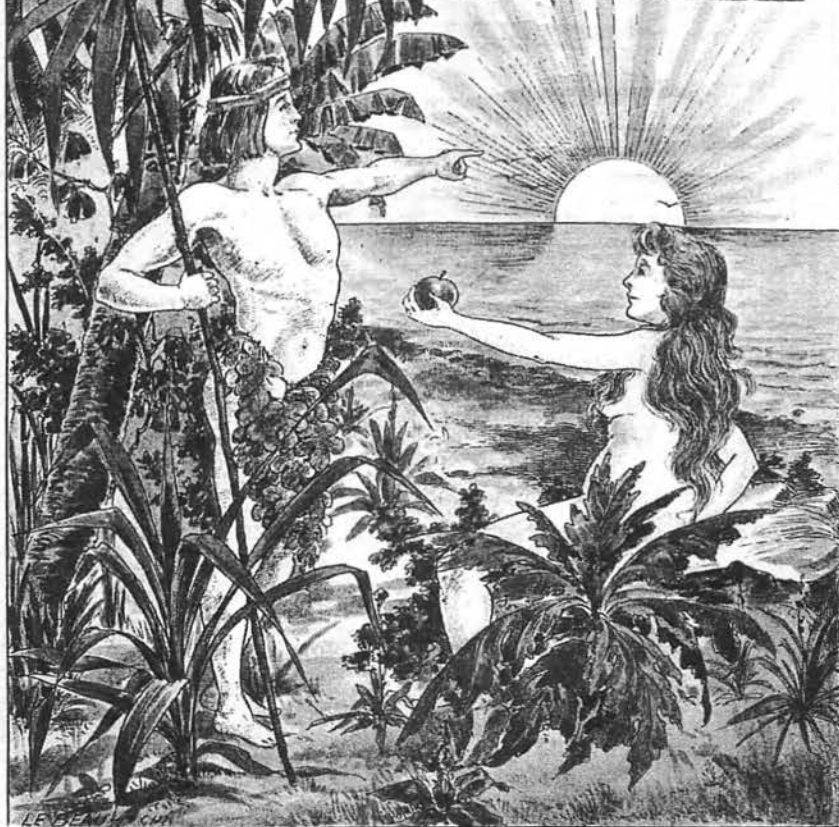


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# PRIMITIVE OCCULT JOURNAL



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Human Family  
and the Godly Powers Within All

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ANNA BECKWITH HAMEL, V. M. D.  
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*By Little Strokes Men Fall Great Oaks.—SPURGUS.*

**DIES WEARING SKIN OF 50 AFTER 18 MONTHS' TORTURE.****Young Man Burned in Iron Mill Succumbs After Strenuous Efforts  
to Save Life by Cuticle Grafting.**

Conshohocken, Pa., April 15.—A sufferer whose case has been of world-wide human interest has just died here. Notwithstanding over 150 skin grafts were made upon his legs, young Elbridge Vaughan has succumbed after a struggle covering more than eighteen months.

The skin grafts finally failed to "take" upon a section between the right knee and ankle, where the ligaments had been entirely burned out by hot irons, and he expired after undergoing the utmost torture, though numerous friends had given portions of their own skin to heal over, if possible, the frightful wounds.

Yet it was a fascinating case, rich in promise for a time, and Dr. G. H. Highley for months entertained the hope that the patient's burns could be healed.

Vaughan, while at work in the Longmead iron mills, on Oct. 19, 1903, was pushing from the skelp to the tube departments a buggy of hot metal, when 4,280 pounds thereof toppled over upon him. In six minutes he was frightfully burned, his legs being seared to a crisp.

Skin grafting was manifestly the only remedy, and his father was first to give up cuticle in his behalf. Then Elbridge's sisters, May and Elsie, submitted in turn to the scalpel that lifted quarter inch sections from their skin, to take root anew upon the raw legs of the young man. Then Mary McGuigan, a neighbor, and Ethel Baker of Philadelphia, Helen Cooke, a cousin from Colorado Springs, and nearly fifty masculine friends took their turn at the transmuted torture, and the doctor and patient took heart. But it was all no use at last, for those burned ligaments were gone.

The young man's father instituted suit for \$25,000 damages against the Longmead Iron company, alleging that the fatal truck was faulty.

---

**THE WEAK BORN.**

---

Give ye those heed whose faltering poor feet  
So timidly set on life's slippery ways  
That the foot takes no hold and scarcely stays,  
And slipping, falling, soon is doomed to meet  
The lapping waters of despair.

They came with the strength to climb alone,  
 Their faith is weak, but shall this be their blame?  
 'Twas not at their own wishing that they came.  
 The Master made, shall those He made atone  
 For what their borning gave them not?

You at your hold secure, won as your due,  
 Safe from the waters waiting there below,  
 Reach underneath and call, and waiting so,  
 Will you find fingers weakly clutching you,  
 And voices weakly calling, "Help!"

From you one word of simple hope to these,  
 Courage, to send them stronger on their way,  
 Shall light the dark as comes the light of day,  
 And dark despair flits as an evening breeze,  
 And you have helped to make a brother Man.  
 —Henry Oyer.

---

### FROM EXPERIENCE.

"But why do you want to get married?" asks the neighboring woman of the bachelor maid who has been doing her own house-keeping for five or six years. "You have gotten along famously with one or two servants, and now you want to tie yourself up to a man for life."

"But he is so persistent," argues the bachelor maid. "He calls afternoon and evening and insists upon an answer."

"They all do," grimly asserts the neighbor.

"And then," weakly, "I thought it would be wise to have a man about the house."

"Well, if that's what you want, don't you ever marry him."

---

In the dark days of 1862 when the desperate struggle of the Civil War clouded our nation, or, as the darkies down South would express it, "In Rebt'mes", President Lincoln issued a proclamation asking for three hundred thousand volunteers to fill the stricken ranks of the army, and to make the cry "On to Richmond!" an accomplished fact. Immediately after this Mr. James Sloan Gibson, a native of Wilmington, Delaware, living in New York City, wrote "We are coming Father Abraham, Six Hundred Thousand Strong." The stanzas were first published in the New York Evening Post of July 16, 1862. Owing to this its authorship was first credited to William C. Bryant. As these lines will be appropriate at this season, we herein publish them.

We're coming Father Abraham,  
Six hundred thousand strong,  
From Mississippi's winding stream  
And from New England's shore.  
We leave our plows and workshops,  
Our wives and children dear,  
With hearts too full of utterance,  
With one silent tear.  
We do not look behind us,  
But steadfastly before.  
We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Six hundred thousand more.

Then look across the hill top  
That meets the northern sky,  
Long moving lines of rising dust  
Your vision may descry;  
And now the wind an instant tears  
The cloudy veil aside  
And floats aloft our splendid flag  
In glory and in pride;  
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam,  
And bands brave music pour.  
We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Six hundred thousand more.

Then look all up our valleys,  
Where growing harvests shine,  
And see our sturdy farmer boys  
Fast forming into line;  
And children from their mother's knees  
Are pulling at the weeds,  
And learning how to reap and sow  
Against their country's needs;  
And farewell groups stand weeping  
At every cottage door.  
We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Six hundred thousand more.

You have called us and we are coming,  
By Richmond's bloody tide,  
To lay us down for freedom's sake  
Our brothers' bones beside;  
Or from foul treason's savage grasp  
To wrench the murderous blade,  
And o'er the face of foreign foes

Its fragments to parade  
Six hundred thousand loyal men,  
And true have gone before.  
We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Six hundred thousand more.

We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Strong heads and ready hands,  
From river, lake and mountain  
We're mustering our bands;  
From boundless western prairies  
To old Atlantic shore,  
We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Six hundred thousand more.  
From boundless western prairies  
To the old Atlantic shores  
We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Six hundred thousand more.

—From the World's Best Music, University Society, New York

---

### MY MOTHER'S VACANT CHAIR.

---

I lift my latch and enter,  
The home once bright and cheer.  
I listen; no sound doth meet my ear,  
No cloth is laid, no light is there.  
I wonder why this all can be,  
Until I look and then I see  
My mother's vacant chair.

No clean linen on my bed  
No loving hand hath smoothed  
The pillow upon which I lay my head;  
The buttons they are off my coat,  
My clothes they need repair;  
I wonder why this all can be  
Until I look and see  
My mother's vacant chair.

No loving voice to greet me as of yore,  
No one to meet me at the door.  
From childhood's early dawn  
She soothed my every sorrow.  
My boy the clouds are passing,  
It'll be brighter on the morrow;



But no longer this can be,  
For when I look I still can see,  
My mother's vacant chair.

Wealth and honor may come to me,  
Brothers and sisters there may be,  
Dame Fate a loving wife may bring to me,  
With morning dawn night's shadow  
May pass away;  
But another mother never more,  
For when I look I'll ever see  
My mother's vacant chair.

—Anna Beckwith Hamel.

---

### THE LEGITIMACY OF OFFSPRINGS.

At a time when much is being written relative to marriage and improvements of offsprings, a word upon the subject from one who was the founder of an Institution for the care and protection of deserted wives and children in one of our great American cities, may be well put. And at the outset I will say that writers who advocate the putting aside of the legal relations between man and woman are, in my opinion, monsters in society. We have at this time and for ages in the past only too many illegitimate children. In my earlier experience with the human family I attributed, as many do, this sort of thing to the will of God. But as I became more intelligent I learned that God is only collectively responsible for those things. He has given us the law and if we knowingly and wilfully break it we ourselves will not only suffer, but our offspring also. "The sins of the parents shall be visited upon the children until the third and fourth generation."

No woman who has any delicacy or womanly instincts can bear an illegitimate child without feeling the stigma of remorse. Her whole soul is wrapped in the one idea, "How shall I conceal my crime?" The child born in wedlock has, to say the least, a legal right to the protection of its parents, has a legal right to support and education. In the city of Chicago there is and always has been since my recollection an institution largely endowed and with an income from the public. Its beautiful work is to receive illegitimate children who come into life crippled physically and weak mentally. They are brought there by whom no one knows, placed in a basket provided for their reception outside the door. If they survive the cold wintry blasts they may live for a time. If they die, they are placed upon shelves in a cellar and once a week the poor wagon comes and places them beneath the mother earth.

Who, I ask, is responsible for the coming into life of these infant souls. Is it persons who act from the love of motherhood or fatherhood? I answer emphatically, NO. But persons who for the gratification of their low animal instincts, perhaps for the love of money for the gratification of vanity. Ah, reader, if these lines come home to you and you believe in the immortality of the soul, think what you may have to meet in the eternal life to come.

—Anna Beckwith Hamel.

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### A WORD ABOUT NEW THOUGHT.

In a brief way we will give a small space to the subject. Give you, only dear reader, what you can mentally digest in a few moments this month, and in our next issue we will give you another lesson. I am so often asked what is this **New Thought**? Now, if the questioner is prepared to receive it, it will give him a glimpse into the comprehensiveness of this great spiritual wave which is passing over the world, sweeping away martyrdom, bigotry, superstition, unfaith, intolerance, persecution, selfishness, fear, hate, tyranny, narrowness, disease, and perhaps death. It is the wave that is bringing us liberty, freedom, self-help, brotherly love, fearlessness, courage, confidence, advancement, development of latent powers, success, health, happiness and longevity. It stands for all that makes for man and woman's betterment, freedom and success. It carries the banner of brotherhood, sisterhood, love and charity. It teaches each of God's children to stand upon their own feet, work out their own salvation, how to develop the latent powers within them, to assist his manhood to rise above the common and inferior callings, to be merciful and kind, unselfish in his every transactions, it calls upon him to cease his lamenting and repining and urges him to stand erect and assert his right to live and be happy. It teaches him to be brave, as there is nothing to fear; it teaches him to abolish negative thoughts, such as hate, jealousy, and uncharitableness, which has been keeping him on a lower animal plane. It teaches him these things and much more. It teaches you how to use this godly power which is your rightful inheritance as one of God's children.

We will open a department in the **Primitive Occult Journal** for questions and answers and will be pleased to hear from any and all who are ready for this new thought or any one who is desirous of learning more about it. All persons making inquiries will please enclose stamp for reply. This is a small matter to each individual, but as we are receiving hundreds of such letters it is quite an item. Yours for the development of truth,

—Anna Beckwith Hamel.

**MRS. EDDY'S GOODBY.****Leader of Christian Scientists Delivers Last Public Utterances—  
Principles Are Set Forth—Poverty, Disease and Use of  
Surgery Discussed Through Boston Publication.**

Boston, June 11.—The Boston Herald today publishes under its copyright a series of questions and answers, the latter by Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, in which she sets forth her principles regarding poverty, disease, the use of surgery, etc.

Mrs. Eddy speaks of these as her last public utterances, and expressed to the correspondent the desire that she now be permitted uninterrupted opportunity "to assimilate myself to God." The questions and answers follow:

Is Christian Science a new religion?

Yes, a new old religion and Christianity.

Does it stand in relation to Christianity as Christianity did to Judaism?

Somewhat.

Are you, Mrs. Eddy, an interpreter of Jesus' teaching, or have you presented that which is new to His teaching?

An interpreter thereof.

Is the text-book of Christian Science the word of God in the same sense as the Bible is?

All truth is of God, and Christian Science is eternal truth, demonstrable, based on fixed principle and rules susceptible of proof.

**Latter-Day Revelation.**

Is "Science and Health," with "Key to the Scriptures," a fulfillment of the New Testament promises of a latter-day revelation?

It is

Is Christian Science in antagonism to natural science?

No, not to natural spiritual science. There is no material science.

Does it (Christian Science) discourage the study of it or any portion of it?

It is gained by study and rightness.

Does it (Christian Science) discourage the study of anatomy, physiology and hygiene?

Not of spiritual hygiene.

Does it (Christian Science) deny the existence of disease germs, or merely assert man's superiority over such forces?

Denies the existence thereof.

Does Christian Science expect its followers to live immediately as though entirely spiritualized beings?

No.

Is it proper for the Christian Scientist to disregard the laws of hygiene, or merely to disregard them if circumstances make it necessary?

To disregard all that denies the allness of God, spirit and His laws.

May the Christian Scientist make use of physical culture, use especially nutritive foods, or make use of the fresh-air treatment as aids to physical well-being?

No, not necessarily.

### As Regards Surgery.

Under any conceivable circumstances would the Christian Scientist make use of surgery?

Yes and no.

In case of infectious disease would the Christian Scientist yield himself to the customary treatment of isolation and disinfection?

If the law demands it, yes.

Does Christian Science regard poverty as a manifestation of disease?

No.

Is poverty a disease of society or the individual?

Of both.

Can the individual, by use of Christian Science, overcome worldly defeat?

Yes.

Is there a doctrine taught by Christian Science that evil can be willed against another as well as good?

This doctrine is hypnotism. Christian Science can only produce good effects.

Has an evil mind power against a spiritual life?

Evil works against all good, if it works at all.

Do you regard death as the great world fear which the human race wills against itself?

Yes.

If the world would abandon the study of disease and crime and devote itself to the study of wealth, health and love, would criminals, cripples and poverty cease to exist?

They would.

Does Christian Science advocate the abolishment of philanthropic institutions as well as hospitals?

No.

Could society exist without jails and almshouses?

Not at present.

### Service at Mother Church.

Without the usual immense gathering from all parts of the world the annual communion services of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, the "mother church" of the denomination, were held today. Some time ago it was decided that on account of the incomplete condition of the new building there would be no pilgrimages from afar, and those who had intended to make the trip were asked to contribute the sums they would have devoted to the journey to the church building fund. Notwithstanding this announcement, several hundred Christian Scientists from a distance came to the services.

Edward A. Kimball of Chicago read a dispatch to Mrs. Eddy, which was adopted by a rising vote.

The following telegram has been received by the executive members of the church in response to a dispatch to Mrs. Eddy on Saturday:

"Concord, N. H., June 10, 1905.—Committee of Executive Members of the Mother Church: In response to your greeting, I thank you. I rejoice with you. I love you. Have one mind—love thy neighbor as thyself.

—Mary Baker Eddy."

(Record Herald, June 12, 1905.)

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### WHAT MEN DISLIKE IN WOMEN.

It is told of a great American financier, now dead, a man of affairs, president and builder of a great railroad, that his chief assistant, who understood him as no one else, once said of him: "Sometimes, maybe, he is not quite certain what he wants, but he always knows exactly what he doesn't want."

The remark applies, almost without exception, to every Coelebs in search of a wife. It often happens that a lover makes a mistake in his choice; he fails to understand his own needs. The proverbial glamour of love dazzles his vision, and he exchanges his heart's treasure for fairy gold, which loses its glitter in the clear light of after days.

Women are many, and as diverse as are flowers and plants; neither may any one classify them and arrange the species. In walking through the meadows of life, one is liable at any moment to happen upon some new specimen, beautiful and attractive, which may be wholesome, may be poisonous; but if it pleases him the man gathers it, if he is able so to do, and reaps the consequences, even though he occasionally refuses to abide them. Few and far between, however, are the men who are not absolutely positive as to what it is they do not desire nor admire in women; neither do most of them hesitate to express their opinions frankly, in private

and in public life, some of them in print, that she who runs may read, and, if she so chooses, govern her conduct thereby.

Perhaps the most generally expressed aversion is for ill-temper. Men, however disagreeable their own dispositions, are anxious that their wives should possess angelic sweetness of temper, to say nothing of "the patience which was Job's." The requirement is a wise one; good humor, upon at least one side of the house, is indispensable to the happiness of any home. It is almost as hard for one person to quarrel, alone, as it is for the famous bird to flock by himself. In a recent consensus of masculine opinion taken by a popular journal, as to what is most desirable in a wife, sweetness of disposition carried the day by many votes. Almost any man will readily agree that a wife can possess no more desirable quality. All the same, some of these men who are most emphatic in praise of sweet temper have been known to marry beautiful vixens and viragoes. One is apt to wonder how it can be, with the open verdict so strongly opposed to ill-humor, that there are so many peevish and ill-contrived women who have, from a worldly point of view, married exceedingly well. Is it that the women skillfully conceal their natural dispositions until after the knot is tied, or can it be possible that the men are themselves in fault, that the effect of matrimony has been to turn the milk of human kindness into bonny clabber? It is an ancient and a true saying that no man or woman ever truly knows another until the two have lived together. Not always then:

"We live together years and years,  
And leave unmeasured still  
Each other's sum of hopes and fears,  
Each other's strength of will."

Marriage is a sort of chemical analysis for character, a test which resolves it into its component parts as well as develops its latent possibilities; which separates it into its factors, bringing all its virtues and its vices into evidence. During courtship the lovers see only the best side of each other; each is upon his or her good behavior, on dress parade, so to speak, and it is this which makes marriage truly a lottery, in which one takes heavy chances. Not even the enfant terrible of newspaper jokes is likely to inform the lover, who regards his beloved as an angel of sweetness and light, that she is really a most ordinary girl, spoiled and selfish, who can fight for her own way if necessary, whose principle it is to take all she can get and give as little as possible in return. Neither, if he received such information, would he credit it; the sole effect of the tale would be to prejudice him against the teller. If he found his darling at loggerheads with her whole family, he would unhesitatingly conclude them collectively and individually in the wrong, and

long the most earnestly for the time when he should be able to deliver her from her uncongenial surroundings.

Another objection, frequently expressed by men of all sorts and conditions, is to opinionated women. Not that they have any serious disapprobation of a woman who has an opinion of her own. Indeed, there are many men who dislike insipidity upon the part of women, and who regard the woman who agrees with them upon every subject as silly and a bore. The clever woman, who desires to please a man, will set up an opinion of her own and sustain it in position while he demolishes it, graciously professing conversion under his clear and cogent reasoning. There are few things which so tend to convince a man of a woman's good sense as deference on her part to his own superior judgment. "It is easier to turn a man's head than to touch his heart," and the royal road to the good opinion of most men and women lies through their vanity.

Another trait to which men object in women is lack of tenderness, "want of heart"—a characteristic which they not infrequently suspect where it does not exist. They are ready to forgive much to the woman who loves much, which is well, did they possess divine insight wherewith to measure love. Girls who can gush prettily, and just enough, who understand how to permit glimpses of a wealth of affection waiting for the fortunate winner of their warm hearts, the sort of girls whom they imagine will make tender and sympathetic wives, never fail to captivate the masculine fancy, they possess beautiful faces as well as warm hearts.

One must drill through stone to reach the purest water, and it is frequently excess of feeling, carefully kept in check, which renders women cold to frigidity, stiff to the point of repulsion. Theoretically all men have a dislike for the masculine woman, and there are few who care to marry her. The young woman whose manners are "loud," who is "up" in the latest slang, who keeps informed as to the sporting news, who smokes, and who can manage a gun better than a sewing machine, may have plenty of chums, but she will have few suitors, unless her bank account is large enough to cover all eccentricities. Men may laugh, and joke, and smoke, and bet with her; may seek her as a partner in the athletic games which she plays so well; as the English phrase goes, they may think her "great fun," and tell her so; but when it comes to choosing a wife, they pass her by in favor of her pretty, feminine sister, who shuts her eyes at the sight of firearms, whose clinging dependence upon others pleases their virile fancy.

Even among the worst of men there is a strong feeling against irreverency and flippancy with regard to religion upon the part of women. A man may be vile, and yet exact goodness of women. The wardens of state prisons tell us of notorious criminals who take



pride in the fact that their mothers were good women. A man may treat sacred matters lightly, may profess open unbelief, but he seldom, if ever, fails to admit that "religion is a good thing for women," and he recoils from those who think to please him by following his example in making mock of holiness.—Helen Oldfield.

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Three hundred and fifty men in love with one girl; nearly 200 of them openly professing their love; 14 of them declaring that she shall marry them—that is the record of a Chicago girl—a shopgirl, who stands each day behind a certain counter, on the third aisle from the main entrance of one of the great State street department stores.

She refuses to wed—not because she does not believe in marriage, but because she declares that, in all her army of suitors, she has not found the right man. There are wealthy men, poor men, workingmen, and professional men among her admirers; clerks and floor walkers, department heads and errand boys, and many of them are "right men," but not THE right man.

She will not let her name be told, but if you go in the main entrance, turn just a bit to the right, walk down that aisle three counters, and see a sweet faced, brown haired, brown eyed, slender girl, with beautiful hands, smiling as she shows her wares—that is the girl. Half the men on State street know her, and, strange to say, although she would not be classed as beautiful, everybody refers to her as "the beauty at —'s." There are scores of prettier girls on the floor, dozens whose clothes cost more, many whose hair is better, many with finer figures, some with prettier eyes—but there is something about her that makes her THE beauty, something of her sweetness of character and loveliness of life that distinguishes her from the others and causes men to bow down and worship. Or, perhaps, because she won't wed men want her all the more.

#### **Nothing Extraordinary in Detail.**

"Why is she called a beauty?" asked a woman who had heard of the conquests of the slender, brown eyed girl. "There is nothing extraordinary about her hair, or her eyes, or her forehead, or her mouth, or her complexion."

"That's true," admitted the floor walker, "but her team work is great."

This girl has been at the counter five years, going there just after she graduated from high school, and she works hard to earn the \$9 or so a week which she needs to help support the family and provide little pleasures for her younger sisters. Yet, when a rich man—who will some day be a member of the great firm—tenderly pleaded with her to wed him she said no, gently but firmly, and



when pressed for a reason she said she did not love him. Every girl in the department declared she was old fashioned.

"I don't know how she wins 'em, do you, Jen?" said the girl at the fifth counter. "She must have men hypnotized. Her shape ain't in it with Hat's, an' her pompadour ain't a marker to Sue's, an' she ain't half as pretty as Annie—but the men all swarm to her. She was on the handkerchief counter last Christmas time, an' a dozen men stood around an' just bought handkerchiefs to get to talk with her. All the men in the store are daffy over her."

#### **Began Proposing Five Years Ago.**

"It is embarrassing to talk about," said the Girl, "but it is true that men do insist upon marrying me. I don't know why it is. I came into the store five years ago, almost, and the week after I started to work the young man who was working with me at the counter proposed to me. I had been friendly with him, but never imagined such a thing until one afternoon, when the customers were few, he came to my end of the counter—I was selling linens then—and proposed to me. It startled me. I didn't know what to do or say. I had hardly even noticed him except to say 'good morning,' and I never imagined that he was in love.

"I finally told him that I was not in love with him, but he went away cheerful and told me to think it over. I did. The more I thought the more indignant I got. I thought he was cheapening love by imagining that on one week's acquaintance I would marry him. He asked me twice after that, and then he grew discouraged and was transferred to another department. As I thought, he was not really in love, but just imagined he was.

"That was my first experience, but less than a month later a floor walker, one of the handsomest men in the store, asked me to be his wife. All the girls were smitten with him, but he was too self-satisfied. He proposed as if he expected me to feel grateful. I didn't love him a bit—hardly knew him, in fact—and even if I had loved him I never would have consented to marry a man who expected a girl to fall into his arms for the mere asking. He wasn't in love either. He proved that by being nasty to me after I refused him.

"I can't imagine why they thought they were in love with me. I never gave any one of them the slightest encouragement, or flirted with any of them, or went out with them like some of the other girls did, but they seemed to like that all the more. My third proposal was from a messenger boy—the dearest little fellow in the store. He came one day, leaned against the counter, and talked big and brave about what he was going to do in the world. Then he asked me to marry him when he got older, and I came nearer accepting him than I ever did any of the others. He was just like a happy, innocent small brother—and I almost loved him.

"I had been working about two months when I began to notice a fairhaired, plump young man, with brown eyes, who came every day and bought something. He always waited until I was at leisure and then came to me. We got so that we greeted each other when he came to buy, and once in giving an order he directed that it be sent to his address, so I learned his name and place of residence. One afternoon he came in and purchased several things which it seemed strange for a man to buy, and while I was waiting for the package and the change to come back he proposed. He told me that he had loved me from the first time I waited on him. He wanted me to give my address so he could call and meet my family. Of course I refused. But he kept on coming to the counter and buying things for which he had no possible use for months. I didn't see him after that for nearly a year, and one day he came along with a pretty, stylish, and well dressed young woman, and he stopped and told me proudly that she was his wife. He didn't offer to introduce her, but when they started on he whispered that I might have been in her place. And I was glad I wasn't.

#### **At First Annoyed; Now Used to It.**

"For a time the constant attendance of men and their insistence on marrying me annoyed me. I never gave them any encouragement. But there were half a dozen who kept coming to my counter just to talk to me, and almost every one of them asked me to marry him. The way in which they asked, as if they were doing me a great honor, annoyed me more than their attentions. In the first year that I was at work ninety-two different men, over half of them employees of the store, proposed marriage to me, either half jokingly or wholly seriously. The other girls got to twitting me about it and I began to dodge men. I don't believe more than one of those ninety-two—if that many—was in love with me. The others simply liked me and had an idea that they would like to get married. Several men insulted me during the same time—two, I believe—but the others were all perfectly honorable in their offers of marriage. I began to think that Chicago men were either poorly supplied with girl acquaintances or that they were so anxious to marry that they would marry any one. The consideration of true love seemed to count for little with them. They simply felt the desire for a home and were ready to marry any nice girl who pleased them.

"The funniest proposal I ever had was after I had been working in the store about two years. One day I received a notice to call at the office. Now, when a girl is late to work in the morning she is summoned to the office, but I had not been late, so I was puzzled. I reported at the office at once and one of the department managers was waiting. He asked me to be seated. Then—in cold blood—he proposed marriage to me. He proceeded to tell me about his salary and

prospects, quite business like. When he had finished I said: 'Mr. ———, I am not for sale.' "

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### **WORTH OF EDUCATION TO THE MANUAL WORKER.**

**By Charles F. Thwing.**

The first advantage which a man working with his hands receives from education is that the work thus done will be better work. Mind and body are closely related. The more wise the mind the more efficient is the guidance which it will give the body, and the stronger the body the more efficient should be the intellectual product. A former Harvard student who held a high rank in his class broke down in health in his college career. His physical health has been recovered, and to a degree the mental. He has, however, become a hard working farmer. This man tells me that he is able to dig a ditch better because he read Greek and knows Calculus. The physical strength he uses more efficiently because of the intellectual discrimination.

A second advantage lies in the fact that the educated man has resources for his own pleasure which the uneducated lacks. The resources of the ordinary workingman are few and slight. These few are in peril of not being of the highest character. In this hazard he turns for satisfaction to low pleasures. Hugh Miller, in his "My Schools and Schoolmasters," says:

"A life of toil has, however, its peculiar temptations. When overwrought and in my depressed moods I learned to regard the ardent spirits of the dramshop as high luxuries. They gave lightness and energy to both body and mind, and substituted for a state of dullness and gloom one of exhilaration and enjoyment. Usequebaugh was simply happiness doled out by the glass and sold by the gill. The drinking usages of the profession in which I labored were at this time many. When a foundation was laid the workmen were treated to drink; they were treated to drink when the walls were leveled for laying the joists; they were treated to drink when the building was finished; they were treated to drink when an apprentice joined the squad; treated to drink when his 'apron was washed;' treated to drink when his time was out; and occasionally they learned to treat one another to drink."

From such permanent degradation as is thus outlined Hugh Miller was saved. Education likewise saves men today.

#### **Teaches How to Spend.**

A third element of worth is found in the fact that education would teach the workingman how to spend money most effectively. Wisdom in spending is quite as valuable as strength in earning money. The training of the judgment aids the workingman to make the most

of his \$2 or more a day. Foolishness in spending money for the man who has much to spend is blameworthy, but foolishness in spending money in the man who has little to spend is disastrous.

A further advantage is found in the fact that education aids the workingman to appreciate the condition and limitations of the man who is not working with his hands. Every calling has its own special, narrowing influences. It is hard for the man who sits at his desk several hours a day solving problems to appreciate the weariness of the man digging ditches or driving nails. It is also hard for the man digging ditches and driving nails to appreciate the exhaustion of the one who is using his brains in solving problems. The getting of an education is, for most, a hard process. The brain does not easily yield to intellectual stimuli. The manual laborer, therefore, having an education, is able to appreciate the difficulty belonging to the constant use of the intellect. He is able to put himself in the place of his coworker laboring in another field.

The workingman, moreover, finds in education an advantage for his children. He is able to guide them with a finer wisdom and to inspire them to a larger outlook upon life. Children respect a parent the more, other things being equal, as he is the more educated. Education lifts the family into a higher social place. Wider opportunities, richer advantages, belong to the family of the educated than of the uneducated.

The last advantage which is derived from education for the benefit of the workingman relates to the better service which he is thus able to give to the community. For every man wishes to serve the community of which he is a part. He himself is a debtor. The past has struggled and has labored to confer upon him certain advantages. He is the inheritor of all that which has been saved out of the wreckage of former centuries. In turn he himself wishes to become a creditor. What is now the future, becoming the past, should find itself in debt to him. Therefore, as his knowledge is more, his power of thinking larger, his discrimination keener, the greater is the value of the offering which he is able to make to the community.

The advantages, therefore, which education confers upon the man who works with his hands are so numerous, so diverse, and so rich that he himself should seek to give himself an education. If he is not able to make use of the public schools—as he probably is not able—he should read the best books upon the most important subjects. He should read the best papers which convey to him large interpretations of large life, and which are not concerned primarily with the ephemeral doings of an hour. He should, above all else, seek to interpret every event in the light of general principles. He should, even if he be unable to be a scholar, be at least what is far better than being a scholar—a thinker.

### **Weariness of Body Hinders.**

A serious difficulty in the way of the man who works his hands giving himself an education lies in the exhaustion in which he finds himself at the close of his day's work. So weary has he become that he seems to have no strength left for intellectual or other effort. Weariness of the body is not weariness of the mind, but weariness of the body may prevent the mind from doing its best or indeed any work.

This objection, however, is of less force than it would have been a few years ago. The shortening of the hours of manual labor gives not only time but also strength for pursuits other than manual. The question might be asked, What is the workingman doing with the four hours of free time which his grandfather would have used up in manual toil? What is he doing with the two hours of free time which his father would have used up also in manual toil? Is he spending this free time in the best way? Is he making the largest and noblest use of it? Is the family happier because of it? Is the husband more helpful to his wife, or the father to his children, by reason of its opportunities? At all events, it would be difficult to find a better use for this free time than in the reading of the best books about the most important subjects.

The difficulty, therefore, of the man working with his hands giving himself a better education is not slight. But every workingman should be encouraged in this endeavor. The worth of the result which he can thus secure is great. Every item of knowledge and of power added to his education is of value in and of itself. If he be unable to accomplish all he desires to accomplish, yet he is able to accomplish somewhat. He is encouraged by the example of such men as Hugh Miller, from whom I have quoted, and also of Elihu Burritt. He finds among his own acquaintances those who, in the teeth of hard difficulties, have improved their condition through education. Every endeavor he should make.

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### **By Chr. Brunner.**

Is it still possible for the man who is handicapped from the start by a humble position in life to win success? Well, read my story and then answer that question for yourself. I have answered it to my entire satisfaction by myself, and I here put down my story so that others may draw whatever conclusions they wish as to the possibility of a poor man winning success and they may have new light on the subject of what success really is.

In the first place, no one could start with less advantage and with apparently poorer prospects in life than I did. The average young American has at least a good common school education to start

him on the way. I had nothing. Born of peasant families in the southern part of Germany, I lived through boyhood and youth learning only to read and do simple sums of addition and subtraction. Coming to this country at the age of 21, I was simply an ignorant, undeveloped German immigrant, knowing not even the language of the country where I was going to try to build a fortune for myself. Now I am a good, solid American citizen. I own my own home and a grocery store.

Not successful? Listen. The home is mine to live in as long as I am allowed to stay on this earth. I have a wife and a family. I am in the fullness of health myself and my family is the same. The store yields just a little more than we need to live in good fashion. I am satisfied. If this is not success, then I have a wrong idea of the meaning of the word.

### **Many Men Too Ambitious.**

The great trouble with many people is that they are too ambitious. You find men all the time who are pretty well fixed with this world's goods and otherwise, who are eating their hearts away because they have not got the \$1,000,000 that they set out to get. This is all wrong. Moderation is the proper tune for many a young man to step to who begins the march of life. There is nothing beyond satisfaction in this world, and everybody can't have a million. The really satisfied man, be he farmer, storekeeper, teamster, or millionaire, is the one who has made a success out of life.

Even at the time when I arrived in Chicago I had firmly decided to work with a view of eventually getting a business for myself, something where I would be my own boss and where I might work always to my own advantage. It was not a big business that I had in mind for the future, and it is not a big business that I have today. so I am satisfied.

I began life in Chicago well enough, everything considered. My first money was earned in working as a day laborer in Lincoln park. They were planting trees all over the park when I arrived in the city and many of the elms that line the walks out there could testify to my early proficiency with the shovel, if they could talk. I was paid \$1 a day then. One dollar per day is \$6 a week and \$6 a week doesn't allow for much saving on the part of a stranger in a strange land. And I had no reserve capital at all. Work was not steady in the park either, and in the weeks when days off occurred it was a problem for me to figure out how I was going to satisfy a healthy young German appetite and have sleeping quarters at the same time.



## FOURTH OF JULY.

It is approaching, and a word of reminder of past accidents may be a good suggestion to parents and children and the public in general.

In 1903 the records show 466 deaths and 3,983 injured; in 1904 they show 183 deaths and 3,986 injured. The first year the reported cases of tetanus were 415, while last year there were but 105. Within one year the deaths from tetanus were 75 per cent. This was owing to the vigorous measures adopted by the journals, both medical and lay, against the use of firearms on the Fourth of July. We earnestly appeal to the better judgment of all sensible people to refrain from the use of firearms the coming Fourth of July, not only for the safety of human life but in behalf of the peace of the public in general. Parents encourage your children to spend their savings in some more profitable way.

—EDITOR.

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We regret to learn of the death of Mr. William Mormon of Grand Rapids, Mich. Mr. and Mrs. Mormon were old and well tried friends. Mr. Mormon has passed his 90th year, a man of sterling qualities, moral and moderate in all things. His longevity was largely owing to the tender care of a faithful and loving wife. Our sympathy goes out to the bereaved widow with all the fullness of a sympathetic heart and we can only say that there is no death, but the time is short when we all hope to meet in that yet unknown land.

“All around us, tho’ unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
All is life, there is no dead.”