

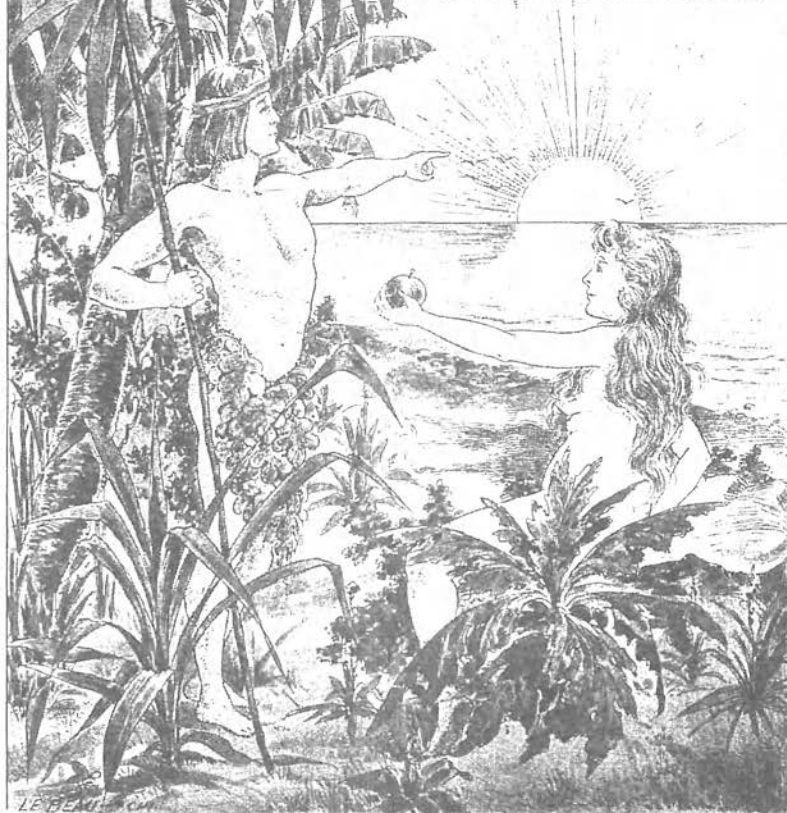
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By Little Strokes Men Fall Great Oaks.—SPURGUS.

Primitive Occult Journal

A Monthly Magazine

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and the Godly Powers Within All

Edited by
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NEW THOUGHT.

(Continued from June Number.)

New Thought has no creeds, no churches, no dogmas. It is composed of individualists, each reserving the right to look at things from his own standpoint to see the light as it presents itself; to interpret that light in the light of his reason and spiritual discernment. Such a man care little for creeds, for he finds within that which he needs. He does his own thinking and recognizes no man or woman as a recognized teacher for his convictions come from his own soul.

New Thought people differ from each other in manner and words of expression, but underneath they understand each other and a close analysis shows that they all stand upon the one solid rock of truth. They all have a part of the fundamental principles but none has got it all; each is working to the center in his own way. Like all other classes or masses of people they differ in a small way. Some see God in everything and think he has no special location. I myself see only his reflection. The sun gives out its heat and light but yet it has a location, it is the sun, always the sun. While it lights and illuminates the universe it still is the sun. And so all the beauties of the universe is God's reflection, all emanates from him. A party of people may determine to travel to the north pole; each may take a different path or road, but if they continue to travel directly north long enough they will surely reach the north pole, and when they reach their destination they will realize that their paths have not been very much apart as they all at the end merge into one.

New Thought teaches that there is a Supreme Power infinite, illimitable, eternal and unchangeable. It is, has always been, and always will be. It is omnipresent, everywhere, omniscient, all knowing, all seeing, all the power that is. This Supreme Power, universal presence, all mind spirit, law, the absolute fact, or whatever you choose to call it.

I think that there is little in a name.

—Anna Beckwith Hamel.

(Continued in next issue.)

GOD.

Written for the Primitive Occult Journal by Rev. John Perrin, B. C.

The question of what is God has excited the attention of mankind in all ages. Opinions concerning the Great Supreme Being are greatly diversified. In all things too superstitious, some have multiplied gods to themselves without number; while others have reached the daring impiety of denying God altogether. Between these extremes, there are many varieties. Chief among those being the Agnostics (Greek Ignoramus) who say that God is so infinitely great that he cannot be known at all by our feeble and finite capacities; and the Pantheist, who holds that God is all, and all is God, thus robbing Him of His personality and regarding Him only as a principle of matter. If the Agnostics could only see that while it is perfectly true we are unable with our finite capacities to fully comprehend the Infinite Majesty and Greatness of Almighty God, yet, it has been found by experience, that to the extent of their intelligence, men can know Him, as revealed in the works of Nature and in His Revealed Word. In a word or two, we find that all nature, our own consciences, and revealed religion demonstrates that we can know God to the extent of our capacity.

With respect to Pantheism, which is, unfortunately, held in some of its more modified forms by many professing Christians, did the idea of seeing God in everything mean that in the works of creation the hand of the Great Being who made them was seen and acknowledged, it would be worthy of the highest commendation, seeing, "The heavens declare God's glory, and the firmament sheweth His handywork", and that "the work of His fingers" being great in counsel and mighty, are sought out of all them that take pleasure in them". When, however, to see God in everything and everything God, it is to rob Him of His personality and to utterly destroy the happiness of mankind. A very cursory examination of the countries, such as China and India, where this dishonoring form has had full sway for centuries, ought to settle this question for all right minded persons. Professing to see God in everything in their abominable actions they deny Him and are unto every good work reprobate. The man, however, who, instead of regarding the works of Nature as God, look at them as the work of a Divine Intelligence, and, in the light of a sound philosophy aided by the declarations of Scripture, will have little difficulty in steering his way between the Scylla of Agnosticism, and the Charybdis of Pantheism; for, while in considering the idea of God, there is little need of examining whence it has been obtained. Whether it be natural, or whether it be acquired. Whether we owe it to those who gave us birth, or to those who cared for our education. Whether it came direct from the

Author of our being, or has been formed in our minds by a chain of principles and consequences. We know, that we have an idea of a Perfect Sovereign Being from whom we are not able to take a single attribute without destroying His Essence. We know that there is something within ourselves which answers to that idea. We know that we think, and, that at the same time, we are not the creators of that which thinks within us. Thus we are of necessity forced to conclude that the cause of our being able to think is **outside** ourselves. If this cause outside ourselves draws its existence from another outside cause, we must go back step by step until we find Him who draws His existence from the depths of His own Being. He who does this is the Great Infinite Being we call God. In this way we attain the idea of an Infinite Person who is God. This is no chimera of the imagination. It is the portrait of the original which exists independently of our reflections. From this conception of an Infinite being who is outside ourselves, and to whom we owe whatever we have of separate existence, is opened to our view an ocean so vast that our minds are confounded and paralyzed at the prospect of its immensity. This Infinite Being is God, who has subsisted for infinite revolutions of ages, and with whom, there is no past, and no future. All the past ages which have run their course with the rapidity of time, are as much before His eyes, as the present moment. The most remote future has no veil to hide from Him the things "yet to come." In one glance, He unites all things past, present, and future. He is in the highest and best degree "I AM THAT I AM." (Exod. III, 14.) He neither loses nor decays by the years which have passed; and He can acquire nothing by those which shall succeed. This Great Being whom we call God, without having place, fills all. "If we ascend into heaven, He is there. If we make our bed in hell he is there. If we take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even, there, shall His hand lead us and His right hand hold us. If we say, Surely, the darkness shall cover us; even, the night shall be light about us". (Psal. CXXXIX, 8-12.) Thus we see, that God has no place; for that quality by which our bodies can be enclosed within walls and adjusted to the particles of air which surround them, could not, by any means, agree with Him as a Spirit. Yet, in respect to His movement, He is everywhere. The speed of the lightning's flash, as it passes in an instant from east to west, is not able to equal the swiftness with which His Infinite Intelligence mounts to the highest heavens; descends to the lowest depths of the abyss; and visits, in a moment of time, the innermost recesses of all parts of the universe. While found in one place, He is present in every other, and dwells with His people on earth, while, at the same time, He is present in heaven, the center of happiness and glory. His Will constitutes His

power, and His power is not distinct from His Will. To a single act of His Will every creature in the universe owes its existence; and a thousand new worlds only require a similar act to leap forth from the bosom of nothing and to appear in all the glory of Him who created them. God is above all; All being under His power. He is within all; All being the course of His Will. He is before all. He is after all. It will be seen that to attempt, even, to comprehend these attributes of the Almighty we require, feeble and yet proud creatures that we are, to raise our imaginations to the utmost of our ability; to make efforts of the greatest genius; to elevate our minds; and to concentrate our thoughts, in order to see, if we can attain in some degree to the comprehension of an existence without commencement; of a duration without succession; of a presence without bounds; of an immovability without situation; of a swiftness without movement; and of so many other attributes, where the tongue, less able to explain than the soul to conceive, is unable to find expression. Consider, O Man! Weigh and Calculate. "They are high as heaven, what canst Thou do? They are deeper than hell, what canst Thou know?" (Job, XI, 8.)

Dr. Perrin is a Presbyterian minister, really an orthodox, and while this, the following, which is really not in the New Thought line, we think it a subject of great interest to the masses, and hope it may interest some of our readers.—Editor.

DAILY AFFIRMATIONS.

I believe there is an abundance of wealth in the world for everyone of God's children. All wealth is controlled by intelligent minds that can be influenced by intelligent thought to use their wealth for the good of all.

My faith, which is intelligent thought force, can influence the Mind of God in which all individual minds live and bring from this bountiful storehouse all that I need.

I will no longer interfere with the influx of prosperity by hating or condemning any of God's children.

I will feel generous good will toward everyone.

I bless all the members of God's family with health, joy and prosperity.

I bless the whole world with loving thoughts and I desire that every one may realize an abundance of health, joy and prosperity.

Omnipotent Goodness is blessing the whole world now.

This page is open to questions and answers. We will also be pleased to hear from all or any who will favor us with short articles on New Thought.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A. H.—I have a very handsome English Ivy. It is attacked with scales.

Ans.—Take off the scale and burn it. Wash the plant with a mild suds then rinse with clear water. Add one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor to one gallon of water. Shower the plants with the camphor water, and on the second day shower with clear water. Eternal vigilance.

When a carnation looks sickly look for a small spider. Shower two or three times a week with water; this is death to the spider.—A. F.

A word to those who want to go into the chicken business. Unless you can buy enough chicken wire to keep your chickens fenced in don't go into the chicken business. If you value peace and quiet with your neighbors don't go into it. People do not like the disgusting habit of chickens always scratching where one doesn't want them, ruining flower beds, setting on walks, etc.—“Suburban.”

Large vegetables are easier pared if first sliced. Milk preparations should be allowed to stand a few minutes after boiling, as the injury takes place when being poured out of a hot vessel.—Y. E. D.

I eat apples morning, noon and night, between, for lunch and at night; the same with grapes. A breakfast of home made gems, or bread made from graham flour with sour milk. Soda, no baking powder. Try a breakfast of apples and graham bread for a while. No danger of growing weak, and you will get rid of your stomach trouble.—Apple Crank.

Little James found it difficult to commit to memory the golden text of his next Sunday's lesson, and so he was sent upstairs to the solitude of his own room, where he could apply his mind to his subject without interruption. After diligent application for about ten minutes, he came down beaming. “Mamma, I know the golden text now”, he exclaimed.

“I am very glad,” replied mamma. “Let me hear you repeat it.”

“The Lord loveth a cheerful sinner.”—Harper's Bazaar.



TO THE CHILDREN WHO LOVE THE BIRDS.

The birds of the day are singing away,
The birds of the night are warbling their delight,
While they frolic from tree to tree,
Spreading their wings that their beauties we see.

The Gold Finch,
On the thistle top, sipping the honey,
To look for the thorns they never will stop.

The Greenlits
More curious will be;
They turn their heads upwards
To the leaf's underside,
While in the bushes their bodies will hide.

The Mocking Bird
On the house top bobs;
They build their nests near
So the crows cannot rob.

The Woodpecker
He seeks under bark his breakfast to find,
The peck, peck you must never mind.

The Cheewink
His outer feathers are striped with white;
Conspicuous indeed, are they for their rapid flight.
In the winter his home in the South he will make.
To the North in the summer he travels an untrodden path
Without a mistake.

The Red Breasted Grossbeak,
Only six days old, sitting on a log
Like a rusty toad; mouth wide open,
Waiting the coming of mother with food.

The Rusty Gray Pewee

She builds her nest on the branch of a tree.
In that nest there are eggs only three.
Dirty gray wings has she,
A white ring around her eyes you will see,
Wings longer than tail said to be.

Little King Fisher,

On the tree top, over the water,
With a long bill
And a great black top-not.

Bobalink;

In the spring his coat of many colors is very gay,
But later on it turns to sober gray.
But still he continues to say:
"Spink, Spink, listen to the "Bobawink".

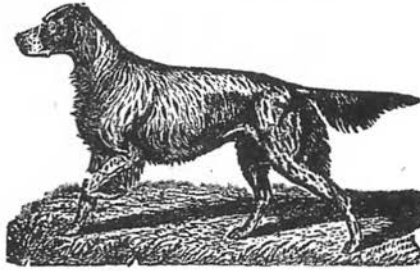
—Anna Beckwith Hamel.

EULOGY BY JUDGE GROSSCUP.

McKinley as orator, statesman, leader and man of the family hearth was eulogized by Judge Grosseup in an eloquent address, in which he said in part:

"We cannot think of McKinley without thinking of him as an orator—a real instructor of the people. We cannot think of him without thinking of him as a man, a high example to the people. By orator I do not mean the mere word painter—the tongue that, out of the somber walls of some great hall, evokes the vision of a sky in sunset or an ocean in storm; builds up domes, and parapets, and spires; awakens pictures in the mind as real and vivid as pictures impressed upon the eye, but, the performance ceasing, leaves the mind of the hearer as it was before—a blank plate on which no permanent impress remains.

"By orator, I do not mean the sonorous voice, that, like the peal of a great organ, soothes and fascinates. By orator I do not mean simply those occasional trumpet bursts that, like the speech of Patrick Henry to the Virginia house of delegates, stir the blood to battle. The last of these may be true oratory. But the oratory that plays its part in the affairs of mankind from day to day—true oratory as a constant force—is something different, vastly different."



IS MAN ONLY, IMMORTAL.

When Robert Buchanan, the millionaire, lost his dog through death he wrote the following letter to a friend; it speaks for itself and shows the grand Soul that had its home in the body of this great man. He writes:

"I am just now heart-broken. I have lost my best friend, who loved me faithfully for nine years—a little dog. He died, after months of patient suffering, on Friday last, just as I had finished a letter to you, and I have not rested or worked since. He lies close by me now, but I must bury him tomorrow, and it tears my heart-strings. He was born just nine years ago, when my father was dying, and in the same house. I don't know if you ever learned to fathom a dog's living soul, but if you ever did, you'll know my grief is not the mere trifle some would think it. I have not cried for nine years, but since Friday my eyes have never been dry. I bury him tomorrow close to the door, in a spot they call 'Fairies' Knoll'. It will be a miserable day for me. My household Fairy will lie there."

Here was a man who could know the Soul of a dog and whose Love was far in advance of that known to by far the greater majority of man. Who is there that dares to say that such Love is not binding even beyond the grave and that such friends shall not meet again? If Love is the key to Immortality, then these two, master and dog, surely had it.

It is but fit to close this paper by a poem by Julian S. Cutler, which appeared in the *Animals' Defender*, entitled "Roger and I":

"Well, Roger, my dear old doggie, they say that your race is run;
And our jolly tramps together up and down the world are done;
You're only a dog, old fellow; a dog, and you've had your day,
But never a friend of all my friends has been truer than you, away.
We've had glorious times together in the fields and pastures fair;
In storm and sunny weather we have romped without a care;
And however men have treated me, though foul or fair their deal—
However many the friends that failed, I've found you true as steel.

That's right, my dear old fellow, look up with your knowing eye
 And lick my hand with your loving tongue that never has told a lie;
 And don't be afraid, old doggie, if your time has come to go,
 For somewhere out in the great Unknown there's a place for you, I
 know.

Then don't you worry, old comrade, and don't you fear to die,
 For out in that fairer country I will find you by and by;
 And I'll stand by you, old fellow, and our love will surely win,
 For never a heaven shall harbor me where they won't let Roger in.

When I reach that city glorious, behind the waiting dark,
 Just come and stand outside the gate and wag your tail and bark.
 I'll hear your voice, and I'll know it, and I'll come to the gate and
 say:

'St. Peter, that's my dog out there, you must let him come this way.

And then if the saint refuses, I'll go to the One above
 And say: 'Old Roger is at the gate, with his heart brimful of Love;
 And there isn't a shining angel of all the heavenly band
 Who ever lived a nobler life than he, in the Earthly land.'

Then I know the gate will open and you will come frisking in,
 And we'll roam fair fields together, in that country free from sin.
 So never you mind, old Roger, if your time has come to go;
 You've been true to me, I'll be true to you—and the Lord is good, we
 know.

You are only a dog, old fellow, a dog, and you've had your day—
 Well I'm getting there myself, old boy, and I haven't long to stay.
 But you've stood by me, old comrade, and I'm bound to stand by
 you;

So don't you worry, old Roger, for our Love will pull us through."

Love is the key to Immortality and binds all things together. He
 that has the most of love has the most of God, and there is no
 difference whether it is man or dog. For in body we are all but
 animals, while Love can only be of God, Divine.—R. Swinburne Cly-
 mer, Ph. D.

STINGY.

"There goes old Scrimpem. Did you hear what he did last
 fourth of July?"

"No," says the person who has to ask the necessary question.
 "What did he do last fourth of July?"

"Got some firecrackers for his children and made them shoot
 them off in a soundproof box in the cellar. Said he wasn't going to
 be so extravagant as to buy noise for all the neighbors."

WOMEN WHO KNEEL TO THEIR HUSBANDS.

By Delia Austrian.

Men in Africa, and especially in East Central Africa, believe that their women are their inferiors and many centuries ago they made a law that has worn itself into a custom that women must acknowledge this inferiority by always kneeling when they meet a man.

Duff Macdonald, who spent many years as a missionary in this country, says that African women hold a most degraded position, and are looked upon pretty generally as beasts of burden capable of doing all the hard work. When a woman meets any man, be it her husband or a stranger, at home or on the road, she is expected to "taidiwala"—that is, to kneel and clap her hands to the lord of creation as he passes. Although a woman may have slaves of her own, she observes this custom whenever she meets them on the highway.

Macdonald adds: "Whenever we saw a woman go out of her way with the intention of kneeling before us, though she carried a hundredweight on her head, knowing that she would have to get up with it, we shouted, 'you are losing your way, this is the path,' and she took it, glad that she might dispense with this custom."

Certain it is that if the African woman kneels before a stranger or slave she prostrates herself most humbly before her husband—her lord and master. He is her father and she is his child; he commands and she obeys; he may inflict punishment and she accepts it.

The title of "father" is given to all old people; a man of 30 will say: "I am only a child; ask the old man."

The woman must submit, of course. She is her husband's chattel; he has bought her for two skins of a buck, and this is a fair price for one wife. He often gets them in payment for debts.

If a girl is not a first wife she counts for little, as these Africans usually have one chief wife and three or four minor wives. A man who is married a few years is expected to have junior wives. The chief wife has the superintendence of the others and looking after the household. The punishment she inflicts for laziness is to banish the junior wife from her meals until hunger brings her to her senses. If a junior wife is obstreperous she is put in a slave stock.

The authority of a chief wife is not a matter to jest with. If a junior wife gets unruly the whipping post is made use of. This does not annoy her lord; for African men have little sentiment for their wives and feel none for their junior wives. They are his chattels, having the same value as his cattle, perhaps less; when a man is pressed for money he usually sells his wife and not his cattle. He expects them to cultivate the soil and cut down the trees, and when he finds time or has the inclination he helps them.

Mrs. Macdonald says that she amused herself by taking the loads of wood cut down by the women and placing them next to those of the men, explaining that civilized men try to relieve women of hardships, but they shook their heads and answered that their lords would never submit to this humility.

THE CLIFF BUILDERS OF MEXICO AND ARIZONA.

Ruskin, among his reasons for not wanting to visit America, was that there were no old Corlets, but had he searched in America he would have found old Corlets in abundance, more spacious and grander than in his own country.

The attractions which drew the conquerors of Mexico forty-five days' journey away into the northwest was the fame which had reached them of the seven cities of Cibola, great in wealth and population, living in the valley of the Rio de Grande, but to the grief of the wanderers they found not cities, but rather villages, peaceful agricultural tribes, dwelling in great Pueblos, three and four stories high, and they searched in vain for rumored stores of gold. At that time they cultivated broad acres of land, wove fabrics of cotton and produced grand patterns in pottery. Their stone masonry was admirable, but even three hundred years ago it seems that the people were but a remnant of what they once had been.

Take the Egyptians, for instance, even now with the advancing of science and art, the explorers wonder at their skill, and how they are decreasing in number and also in skill. In remote ages the ancestors of those Pueblo tribes, or a race of kindred habits, filled most of that vast region which is drained by the Colorado river and its affluents, and spread beyond into the Valley of the Rio Grande. The explorers of a great extent of country in Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado have found everywhere evidences of the wide distribution and wonderful industry of these ancient people. On the lowlands which they used to till lie the remains of their village buildings of great dimensions, with hall for counsel and worship. Above the entrance of the canons evidence of prehistoric life begins. A mile farther down the stream there is a most interesting group of houses. Eight hundred feet above the valley there is a shelf in the cliff sixty feet long. This is quite covered by a house. This house contains four rooms, a circular sacred apartment and smaller rooms of different shapes. This house was called by the discoverers "the House of the Sixteen Widows". These prehistoric widows must have had milder dispositions than our modern "widows". We would like to tell you more about these strange unknown people if space permitted, but will do so in next issue.—From the World's Great Masters.

MARRIAGE PERMITS ARE REFUSED TO MEN RECENTLY SEPARATED FROM THEIR WIVES.

About 5,000 persons in Cook county, Illinois, are awaiting with anxiety the settlement of the question: "Does the new section of the state divorce law forbidding the remarriage of divorcees within one year after the decree has been procured go into effect at once—i. e.: does it militate against new marital ventures of those who have been legally separated since July 1, 1904, or does it refer only to the divorcees of the future?"

Upon the advice of County Attorney Lewis, License Clerk Salmonson yesterday refused legal permits for matrimonial contracts to prospective grooms whose brides recently have been divorced. One after another, as their requests were met with the announcement that the new law, approved by Governor Deneen May 13, went into effect at midnight the night before, they stamped up and down before the desk swearing—swearing that they would secure judicial action which would necessitate the issuance of the desired documents.

In the meantime, while disappointed lovers and their attorneys are preparing evidence for the test cases of the initial ruling on the new law, he is in a quandary. The law states plainly that "neither party shall marry within one year from the time the decree was granted", but Judges Kavanaugh and Tuley of the Superior and Circuit courts have stated that they disagree with Attorney Lewis in construing the wording. In addition, Judges Mack and Brentano and Judge Thompson of Danville declare that the law cannot be made retroactive, so that it can influence only those persons who are divorced after the law goes into effect.

A TIP.

The person with the long hair and the flowing necktie sits at the table and reads and rereads a typewritten note.

Finally he turns to the waiter who has brought his luncheon and says

"Can't help feeling happy today, my man. Just got a note from an editor accepting the first poem I have ever sold."

"Yes, sir," says the deferential waiter.

"Makes a man feel joyful—more than joyful. I can't describe the strange thrill of exultation that possesses me."

"Yes, sir? Something, I should presume to say, like a pusson feels when he gets his first tip."

Optimism, reduced to first principles—having your right leg cut off and glad it was not both.

OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Enrico Hernandez, aged 141 years, is declared to be the oldest man in the world, and his neighbors in Rosario, in Lower California, a few miles back from the gulf and under the shadows of the great Volcano de las Virgenes, declare that he has prolonged his life by magic and by witchcraft.

Hernandez was born March 9, 1764, the figures being proved by the parish records at Nazas, in Mexico, where he was born. That the man should live two lifetimes is strange of itself, but that for over fifty years he has appeared to grow no older, and that he uses a strange and secret diet and lives in an extraordinary manner in a yet more extraordinary house make him even more the object of interest that he is. And his queer actions, his agility, his monthly climbs up the side of the volcano of the Virgin have added to his renown as a sorcerer, and the Spanish and Aztecs, and even more the Yaquis, fear and revere him, declaring he is deathless and in league with Tezcopopl—the god of the volcano.

Hernandez's grandfather followed the conqueror Cortez into Mexico, and he lived to a great age, according to the story of his grandson. He married an Aztec woman, and lived at the City of Mexico, being attached to the personal staff of one of the viceroys up to the time of his death. He left, according to Enrico, nine sons and five daughters, and one of these, Ricordo, who claimed to be "gachupine" (Spanish by birth), although he was a half breed, married an Aztec woman, who, according to legend, he stole from one of the temples where she served the sacred undying fires.

From this union of the son of a Spanish buccaneer and the vestal stolen from the temple but one child resulted—and he was Enrico Hernandez.

That, briefly, is the account of the origin of the oldest man in the world, and the natives believe that it was from his priestess mother that Enrico derives his uncanny powers.

He was born at Nezas, where his birth is recorded and where death records of his father and mother are preserved. That he is the same man who was born then he proves by documents and by his personal stories of his boyhood in the Mexican town. He remembers well the reign of Don Juan V. G. Palmo, one of the viceroys, whose term expired in 1780, or thereabouts.

Enrico Hernandez inherited the wild blood of his forefathers mingled with the resentfulness of his Aztec relatives, and in his early manhood, or what would have been middle age for the ordinary man, he was fighting the battles of Mexico against Spain. He has records to prove that he was an officer under Miguel Hidalgo in the revolution of 1810, and after that overthrow of the patriots he went to

Lower California, fleeing from the vengeful Spaniards, and he reached La Paz when it was but an Indian village. He lived there, according to his story, nearly ten years; then hearing of a new uprising he made his way across the gulf and the mountains to join Iturbide's army, and he gives a thrilling account of the overthrow and surrender of O'Donoju, the last of the viceroys, and the establishment of the Mexican republic after the formation of the empire and the crowning of Iturbide.

The old man speaks no English, and his Spanish is a mixture of stately Castilian and curious Aztec. He can read and write in Spanish. Several Americans, interested in the man because of his extreme age and the curious superstitions of his neighbors regarding him, have tried to talk with him. He has sold them curiously wrought pieces of gold, trinkets carved with his own hands out of pure nuggets of gold.

Despite the superstitions regarding him the Americans say they believe the seven bars of iron are merely magnetized by some process known to the old man, and that he has some curious idea of prolonging his life through the use of electricity. They declare his entire life is ordered so as to prolong his existence, and that his walks to the mountain are merely to get sulphur and cuttings of the vine, although they admit he may have found deposits of gold on the mountain side. They say the drink he brews is merely another form of treacle—sulphur and molasses of our forefathers mixed with the juices of the strange mountain vine that he cultivates so assiduously. His sleeping in the open air they declare is part of his system for prolonging life.

Whatever the oldest man's system may be he tells no one, and nothing will drag his secret from him, if he has one. Recently two Americans who had heard the story crossed the gulf of California from Guaymas and held a long talk with the old man about himself, and, while he told them in his strange old time language of his career, he only smiled when asked about the means employed.

THE CONFESSION OF ELI DIDDUNT.

To my neighbors and my family I am a mechanical genius of the highest class. To myself I am a bald and arrant fake of the first water. It all came of the new window screens.

Ever since the warm weather began I have been reminded each day by the wife and the flies that we must have the windows properly screened. To this proposition I agreed. Yet when a low browed pandit with a stubby pencil and a deep yearning for wealth came and said something that he called "estimating", I began to feel that

after all window screens were not the only essentials to happiness in this life. About all the man estimated was the probable amount of my wealth, making no allowances for the iceman and the pirate who cuts my grass. At any rate I astounded all who know of my marked antipathy to physical effort by announcing that I would construct my own window screens from the raw material. I argued that I had plenty of spare time, which I was frittering away by sitting on the front porch and resting, to build all the window screens we should need for years to come. There are but twenty-four windows in the house, anyhow. Until I counted them I had no idea that there were more than six. The best way to surprise yourself with the amount of lighting and ventilating facilities in your residence is to decide to make your own screens.

I procured the frames, ready to be cut to the proper sizes and joined together, and a roll of wire netting. The dealer also sent along a few boxes of tacks of the right size to get stuck under finger nails, and some cast iron brackets to clamp the corners of the frames. The day they arrived I got a copy of a magazine that excels in hints for householders. I also hunted up the hammer and saw and a tape line, and began work, surrounded by sympathetic friends and advisers. I took the necessary strips of wood and carefully measured them against the window that was to be the first monument to my skill. With airy grace I sawed the strips to the right length and nailed them together. The process of stretching on the wire screen was not unattended by unpleasant incidents. But what is to be expected of a man with the back of his neck at forty horse power, perspiration running into his eyes, and strands of wire impaling his finger tips? Is it reasonable to think that he will respond lightly to the merry badinage of the innocent bystanders when, under such circumstances, he whacks his thumb with the hammer? Not unless he keeps his thumb in his mouth for a sufficient length of time to permit the hot flow of language to cool off. My thumb was not held in my mouth that long, and half of my audience left before the show was fairly on. Then, when the first screen was finished, it would not fit the window for which it was designed. Here was an embarrassing state of affairs. One of the onlookers suggested that I remodel the window to fit the screen. He got a hard look. Then I discovered that I really had meant that screen as the lower panel for a new form of screen door. Also that I had an important business engagement and the screen manufacturing must be discontinued for the day.

Next day was circus day. I buried all my religious scruples against circuses, and induced my family to take all the neighbors and the servants with them to see that great educational exhibit of trained dogs and trapeze artists. After all had gone I dragged my

window screen plant to the back yard once more. Just at that moment Mr. Nailer, the local carpenter, happened along. He wanted to know what I was doing. A happy thought struck me. I said I was looking for him. It took but a few moments to arrange details of the plan, although he had to be paid extra to insure secrecy on his part. Nothing shall be divulged here, but long before the circus party had returned all the screens but one were finished and in place. I waited until the crowd rounded the corner, then busily began fastening the corner clamps on the last screen. It required all my modesty to prevent my swelling visibly under the shower of compliments that greeted the work. The neighbors vied with each other in praising the screens and me. They had never, they said, seen such perfectly built screens to be the handiwork of a man whose proud boast had been that he had never driven a nail in his life. Tomorrow I am going down to Neighbor Long's to advise him about constructing his own window screens. I know just how it should be done, having seen every part of the work. Still, I am worried at times because it is now too late for an open confession on my part to be of much good.

The Fourth of July seems to be incurably insane. Throughout the country on the fourth of this month, Young America—the grizzled as well as the beardless type—celebrated the nation's natal day with the same old casualty accompaniment. It was an inconsequential hamist that did not furnish its fair quota of killed, maimed or powder-burned victims.

Chicago, where the authorities set out to make the celebration of Independence day the sanest in the city's history, beat its casualty record of one year ago before midnight, with the returns still far from complete. No fatality had been reported, however, which was just one under the 1904 record.

In one respect only the city showed signs of approaching sanity: the number of fire alarms for the full twenty-four hours on that day fell far short of the record of one year ago.

The real death list, however, cannot be compiled until the germ of the toy pistol and kindred afflictions has had time to work. Tetanus, commonly known as lockjaw, is the agency that makes the Fourth of July casualties appalling, and it takes from a week to ten days for the disease to develop and carry its victim to the grave.

Two years ago, according to statistics recently gathered, 406 persons injured by explosives on Independence day succumbed to the dread lockjaw. In 1904 the victims decreased to ninety-one. The total number of deaths resulting from 1903 accidents was 466,

and from accidents of last year 183. The fatalities already reported indicate a long list to follow this year.

Of necessity the list of injuries reported from over the country also is incomplete at this time, although it exceeds in number of wounded the list obtainable on the morning after the Fourth a year ago. In 1903 the combined list of dead and injured numbered 4,449 and one year ago 4,169.

Here and there, in spite of the keeping up of the general average of accidents, there were signs that recent legislation regulating Independence day celebration has had a salutary effect. In Wisconsin, for instance, where the legislature at its last session enacted a law prohibiting the sale of giant firecrackers, the casualties were notably less than in previous years.

The torpedo cane was the omnipresent instrument through which Chicago patriots gave noisiest relief to their exuberance over the Declaration of Independence. Persons with nerves that didn't tingle with the same manifestation of patriotism found the canes a ceaseless torture, and voted those who carried them public nuisances.

All ages and conditions reveled in the cane obsession. Middle-aged men promenaded the downtown streets for hours and took grim delight in startling caneless pedestrians by exploding torpedoes at their feet.

INGENIOUS.

"Yes," says the narrator of the story, "we got into the boat and rowed out to the island, eight miles away, and then we climbed up the hill to get the view. Along about noon we went back to the beach, and to our consternation discovered that the boat become loose from its moorings and had drifted across the bay to the other side."

"Wasn't that awful!" exclaimed the girl with the sympathetic eyes.

"Yes. There we were, eight miles from the mainland, with no means of communicating with our friends."

"Terrible!" said the girl with the drop-stitch waist.

"What were we to do?"

"What, indeed?" echoed the girl with the fluffy psyche knot.

"Eight miles from the mainland, the day drawing to a close, no food, no shelter, and no way of getting word to our friends. How were we to get that boat over the yawning waste of water that separated us from shelter and comfort?"

"But you are here now, so you must have got the boat at last," said the girl with the calm, self-controlled expression.

"Well, after sizing up the situation we sat down and talked it over."

Sunday, at 3 P. M. the hailstones, as large as beans, were pelting us. Then followed a drenching rain, and at 15 minutes to 4 the sun was shining brilliantly over this beautiful valley surrounded by the mountain range. Where I now sit I can have a grand view of the whole of this little capital city, and the mountains surrounding it. It very forcibly reminds me of the panorama of the crucifixion as shown on Wabash avenue, Chicago, some years since. I see the paths leading down from the distant field reminding me of the paths trodden by the camels on that memorable day when our dear savior gave up his life on Kalkoli. We see here the shepherd with a large flock of sheep being driven to the slaughter house, their blood to be shed to appease the appetite of man. This beautiful valley of fertile land could well be utilized for agricultural purposes if only we had a supply of water. This water question in Montana is a serious one; and it is to be hoped that the projected canal from the Madison river may overcome this difficulty.—Editor.

We are in receipt of leaflets called "The Perfect Life", edited by Adolphine Charlotte Hingest, New York, 119 E. 15th St. The following extracts are taken from her work:

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

"Of all beautiful things youth is the most beautiful. Youth can reach out, aspire to everything. To eternal youth we may attain, for in heaven there are no old people; and to draw heaven down to earth is the mission of the first citizens of the New Jerusalem of the Kingdom of God on this earth. You can aspire to no more beautiful art than to learn how to keep young, not only in looks but also in acts."

How to Keep Mushrooms Temporarily—Cleanse, remove the parts to be rejected and rinse in cold water the parts to be used. Dry with a cloth, then put in boiling water and keep boiling for five minutes. Drain and wipe dry.

To Prepare the Edible Agarice for Cooking—Cleanse, cut off the stems and throw them away. Rinse the cups in cold water; drain and leave in cold water acidulated with lemon or vinegar until just before using.

To Toast Agarice—Dry with a cloth; dust with flour; put a little butter, pepper and salt on the gills. Lay the cups, gills upward, on a wire net toaster over a moderate fire and cook from 5 to 10 minutes. Serve hot.

No. patient inquirer. When we refer to "the good old songs" we do not mean the ones that were written two months ago and became old two weeks since.

One of the most popular conversationalists we know hardly ever says much more than "You're looking mighty well today."

If a girl delights in driving nails, painting fences, and doing other work which usually is done by a man, we say she is unconventional; if a boy shows a tendency to do embroidery, or even plain sewing, we talk about sending him to a sanitarium.

In the hands of a man entirely great the pen is mightier than the sword; and in the hands of a war correspondent the typewriter is busier than a whole army.

Ever notice that when you go somewhere to see the natural scenic wonders of the place you find that the natives have gone elsewhere to see something that is not half so attractive?

There are two varieties of unhappy married women. The first marries a man for his money; the second for his looks.

When we want to let our whole heart surge out in sympathy, we turn the tide of our feelings toward the child who has discovered that its parents expect it to say bright things all the time.

Funny, isn't it, that a man with big muscles in his arms can't even write a letter without taking off his coat?

If the men who put in so much time writing the Declaration of Independence had had their eyes open to the possibilities of this country they would have pooled issues and organized a fireworks trust.

It is just as patriotic to pay taxes as to shoot firecrackers, but burning money in fireworks makes more smoke.

COMPLETE.

"What have you there?" we ask of our neighbor when we see him bringing home a new piece of machinery.

"Another labor saving contrivance for the house," he tells us.

"Another? What can you possibly need? Already you have self-winding clocks, self-lighting and feeding stoves, self-dusting furniture, self-making beds, and self-playing instruments, and goodness only knows how many other self-operating things, from a self-swinging hammock to a self-locking cellar door."

"Yes, but this is an automatic, self-regulating phonograph which will swear fluently for me whenever any of the other self-operating machines get out of order."

HISTORICAL.

"And what other great event of the past happened on the fourth of July?" asks the teacher.

The freckled boy in the rear seat lifts his hand.

"You may tell us, Freddie."

"De New Yorks beat de Phillies nine to nuttin'."

"The poets have sung the praises or dispraises of almost every bird and beast," stated the professor of literature, "with the exception of the humble mule. It is strange, is it not, that this faithful, patient, long suffering beast of burden has not been used as a theme? The horse is the central thought in many—"

"But the mule has been used as the inspiration for one of the best known poems in the English language," interrupted the new member of the class.

"Indeed?" asked the professor. "May I request you to inform us of that poem?"

"Yes, sir. It is Annie Laurie."

"Yes, sir. The first line says that Maxwellton's braes are bonny. I presume Maxwellton is the name of Annie's mule."

A. D. GRANT

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