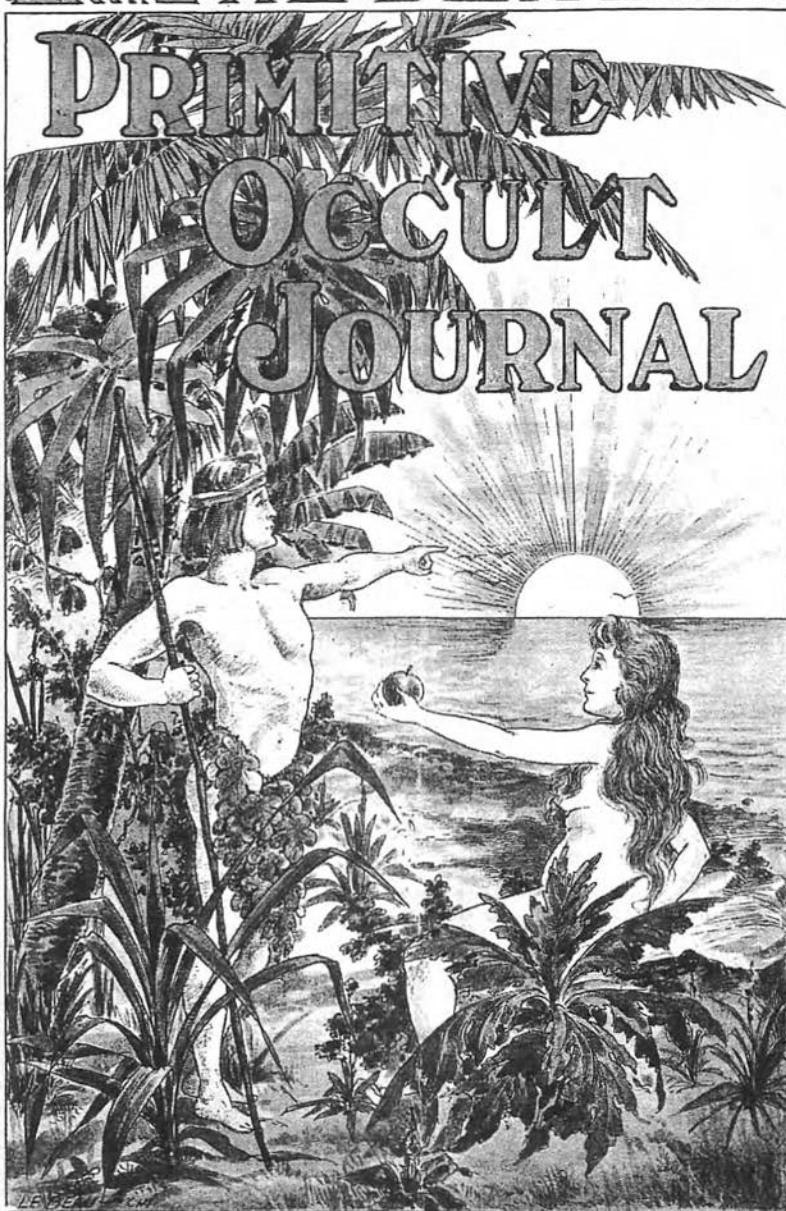


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By Little Strokes Men Fall Great Oaks.—SPURGUS.



WRITTEN FOR THE PRIMITIVE OCCULT JOURNAL.

How calm and still the day,
Thou hast driven the tumult of years away,
For in the still and silent hour,
Hath fled the shadows of sorrows power,
And upon the brow of love's great might
Turned seeming wrong to right,
And strong truth stands boldly out
While base error strives to cloud light.
Noble purpose shines afar, with the light of Bethelm, star
Whose white brow base error fails to mar.

...ANNA BECKWITH HAMMEL,

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.
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DIPPED FROM THE STREAM.

A Rustic Song.

I.

What Cheer! What cheer! What cheer for me.
A good time's coming pretty soon,
When to the country I shall flee,
Far from the city's hustling boom;
From forms and fashions I'll cut loose
And go, by jing, tho' wife may jaw,
Where gooseberries grow on the goose
And strawberries grow in the straw.

II.

Oh, how delighted I shall be
To see the clear old saffron cow
And the cat in the catnip tree,
And the dog on the dogwood bough!
To watch again the guileless rat
On the rattan a-playing rude,
And list while Katydid calls the bat
In the primitive solitude!

III.

To eat the foods the gods might eat,
The red pineapple from the pine
(So big and round and luscious sweet),
And the mush from the mushroom vine!

* * * * *

IV.

To see again the milkmaid neat
In the whitwashed dairy nigh,
A-churning milk from milkweed sweet
And a making the butter fly!
To rise at morn at 4 o'clock
With eyes as bright as a lass,
And watch while Reuben turns his flock
Of grasshoppers out to grass!

AMERICAN GIRL RESCUES LOVER.

BUDAPEST Aug. 23.—A romance that belongs to the middle ages has been enacted in Hungary the last few weeks. It involves the love affairs of a youthful count of high lineage and an American Jewess of humble birth, a kidnapping of the young man by his father, and a rescue from the tower of a castle by the young woman, who acted the bold knight in a fashion that equals anything told in novels.

The hero of this romance is Count Sigismund Zendovsky, aged 23, heir to one of the foremost aristocratic positions in Hungary. The wonderful doings of his warlike ancestors were first chronicled by the monks of the eleventh century, and ever since that remote period the Zendovsky family has occupied a prominent place in Hungarian history. During the later middle ages they possessed and governed large territory in Transylvania, over which they ruled as independent sovereigns. Count Sigismund can trace his direct line of descent back to a knight who performed deeds of valor in 1020. During the intervening 900 years every one of his male ancestors has married a woman of noble blood, so that his descent is perhaps the purest in Europe.

Heroine an American Jewess.

It was in the vicinity of his father's estate of Kesmetecetsy, on the borders of Transylvania, that he met the heroine, Miss Irene Nanson. A greater contrast than that between Count Sigismund Zendovsky and Miss Irene Nanson can hardly be conceived. Miss Nanson's parents were Gallician Jews, who emigrated to America. Her father began life as a street peddler at Lemberg, and her mother was the daughter of a Jewish grave digger. Her parents emigrated and settled in New York, and Miss Irene Nanson was born in Hoboken twenty-five years ago. Her father never rose higher than to a petty storekeeper.

Irene, however, was a pushing and ambitious girl, and neglected no opportunity of educating herself for a higher sphere of activity. She was the only child, and after her parents' death, two or three years ago, there were no ties to bind her to America, so she came over to Europe to earn her living as an English governess. After holding one position in Germany and another in Austria she came, nearly a year ago, to act as governess in the house of Zoltan Nakosci, near Kesmetecetsy.

Count Meets and Loves Governess.

Count Sigismund Zendovsky met Miss Nanson for the first time while on a visit to the Nakosci family and immediately became interested. Miss Nanson is a typical oriental beauty with prominent

features, dark complexion, black flashing eyes, jet black hair, and a full rounded imposing figure. The young count fell in love with her at first sight and soon contrived to convey to her an intimation of his feelings. The penniless governess was pleased and flattered by his attention and secret communication was soon established between the two lovers.

Their clandestine communication and correspondence was continued for several months before either family had the slightest idea of what was going on. The young count sent his letters to the post-office of the nearest village and Miss Nanson utilized her free afternoons to fetch them. Often the young lovers would arrange a meeting in the dense forest of Kesmetecetcsy.

Girl Is Driven Away.

One day they were seen together and the inevitable consequences ensued. Miss Nanson was ejected from her situation and Count Sigismund Zendovsky informed his father that he intended to marry her. The effect of this declaration may be well imagined. Count Zendovsky Sr. was enraged beyond measure and took energetic measures to prevent his son from committing what he considered to be a colossal act of folly, if not a crime. Miss Nanson took up her quarters in a peasant cottage. Finally she was forced to leave the vicinity and go to Budapest.

Count Sigismund left his home and proceeded to Budapest with the declared object of making the necessary arrangements for his marriage. Count Zendovsky Sr. cut off his allowance, so that Count Sigismund was reduced to absolute penury. His position and expectations, however, enabled him to borrow almost any amount of money from the usurers at Budapest, for the Zendovsky estates are all entailed and must one day pass to the eldest son irrespective of the father's likes and dislikes.

Lover Kidnapped, Locked in Tower.

As Count Sigismund was of age there was no way of legally preventing his marriage, and in these circumstances Count Zendovsky Sr. resolved to resort to forcible measures.

On the eve of the wedding Count Sigismund was walking home towards midnight when he was waylaid in a quiet street and quickly gagged. He was then bound tightly and pitched into a closed carriage. This carriage was driven out to a small country railway station, where Count Sigismund was removed to a stretcher, to which he was closely bound. As he was still gagged and covered with rugs it was thought that he was a patient suffering from a severe illness, and no one interfered with the movements of his kidnappers, who had reserved a compartment in the outgoing express

train for the transport of the sick friend. In this way Count Sigismund was conveyed to the northeast of Hungary, and removed in the same way from the railway train to the ancestral castle of his family, situated in the Carpathians.

On arrival at the castle he was imprisoned in a chamber at the top of one of the round towers which adorn the building. Here he was 120 feet above the ground, so there was no apparent outlet in that direction. The round chamber was well lighted by five windows, all of which were guarded by thick iron bars firmly imbedded in the masonry. The only access to the chamber was by means of a circular staircase not wide enough for two persons to stand abreast.

Father Would Give Girl \$15,000.

The count was told his father would not be content with a promise not to marry Miss Nanson, but that he would be required to marry a lady his father had chosen for him. The marriage would have to be celebrated within the castle in which he was imprisoned, and not until the wedding was over would he regain his liberty. If he agreed to these terms his father was willing to pay Miss Nanson's fare across the Atlantic and a sum of \$15,000.

Count Sigismund promptly rejected these propositions. The steward of the estate supervised the arrangements for guarding him, and trusted retainers whose fathers and grandfathers had been in the service of the Zendovskys carried out the orders of the head of the family.

Among these retainers, however, was a man who, although he was proof against any offer of bribes, could not withhold his sympathy for the young lovers and allowed himself to be enticed by Count Sigismund into forwarding a letter to Miss Nanson at Budapest.

Girl Plans Romantic Rescue.

Miss Nanson began to plan the rescue of her incarcerated lover. She went about it in a highly romantic way. She journeyed down to the Carpathians, disguised herself as a peasant woman, and took quarters in the house of the retainer who had communicated with her. It appeared impossible for Count Sigismund to escape by way of the staircase, because various doors which were kept barred and bolted would have to be passed, and he could never emerge from the castle without being captured. Accordingly Miss Nanson, acting on knowledge derived from various novels, sent through the friendly retainer, first of all the implements with which the count could loosen the bars over the windows. Subsequently she sent a long rope. These preparations took a fortnight, for the rope had to be obtained from Budapest.

Saw, Rope, Fleet Horses.

The escape was planned for a night on which the friendly re-tainer was on duty at the foot of the turret. Count Sigismund, in the meantime, had contrived to loosen sufficient bars of one window to allow him to pass through. Beneath him was a bare wall and 120 feet to the ground. The count attached one end of the rope to the bars of another window and then took the coil and dropped it through the window so that the lower end touched the ground. Clambering on to the window sill, he swung himself over and let himself down, hand over hand.

Miss Nanson, who had planned all the details of the escape, was waiting outside the Zendovsky estate with two fleet horses. The count mounted one and Miss Nanson the other, and together they rode off to the railway station.

Father Raises New Obstacle.

They are now in Budapest, and the count is endeavoring to overcome the new legal objections to his marriage raised by his father, which makes it doubtful whether the wedding can be solemnized in Hungary. It appears that Count Zendovsky Sr. has advanced a claim on the basis of ancient records that his son cannot marry without his assent, and if his claim be legally sound the wedding cannot take place in Hungary. In this case the young couple are determined to proceed to some other country where no such obstacle can be raised. Meanwhile, they are taking great precautions to prevent a repetition of the act of violence which led to the count's capture and abduction.

AGE 107; CROSSES OCEAN—CENTENARIAN VISITS SONS IN CANADA AND ENJOYS TRIP.

Layor Poplegir, Who Has Lived in Three Centuries, Now Is on His Way to Jerusalem to Spend His Last Days on Earth—Is Still Vigorous in Mind and Body—Regards His Sixty-six Year Old Companion as a Young Woman.

London, Aug. 19.—A remarkable personage has arrived from Canada. He is Layor Poplegir by name, a Roumanian Jew, who has reached the patriarchal age of 107 years. Poplegir has the distinction of having lived in three centuries. His extraordinary vitality is shown by the fact that some time ago he determined to go to Canada to see his three sons, who settled there many years ago.

Patriarch's Oldest "Boy" is 88.

The oldest of the three has passed his eighty-eighth year. This old father, who shows wonderful mental and physical vigor, was ac-

accompanied from Canada by David Groiff, who, although 66, is looked upon by the centenarian as quite a young man.

Stood Voyage Remarkably Well.

Groiff states that the patriarch stood the voyage remarkably well, enjoying his meals and taking an interest in what was passing on the liner.

Every day he appeared on deck, where he lay dozing in the sun. After a short stay in London the old man will proceed to Jaffa and thence to Jerusalem, in fulfillment of an ambition he long has cherished to end his days there.

OIL KING IS 66 YEARS OLD.

Rockefeller Spends Birthday in Much Same Manner as Any Other Saturday—Says he Feels Well.

Cleveland, O., July 8.—(Special)—John D. Rockefeller was 66 years old today, and the day was passed in the same manner as any other day—business in the morning, with relaxation either on the links or otherwise in the afternoon.

Mr. Rockefeller said that, notwithstanding the fact that he was on the farther side of the sixty-sixth mile post, he never felt better in his life.

In the afternoon a number of friends called, and, although congratulations were given him on his good health, the oil king referred to his birthday but slightly. At dinner a slightly more pronounced celebration took place.

MANY IMITATION SEALSKINS WILL APPEAR THIS SEASON.

Increased Price of Real Furs Forces the London Dealers to Make Cheaper Garments, Which Are Bought.

LONDON, Sept. 9.—Should the customs inspectors at the port of New York be alarmed by the influx at what may seem to be rich sables, ermines, and sealskins among the personal baggage of the returning Americans this autumn, they may be reassured that not all such are as they appear to be. Prices for real sable, seal, and chinchilla are higher than ever, and at the last great sale of pelts in London, sable and mink, its nearest imitation, had increased in price from 50 to 80 percent. The best and most expert furriers, in consequence, are now dressing less costly skins in such a way that they resemble the premier pelts of the market and sell them, of course, for what they are not. The muskrat is to be sold as a muskrat, though only the eye of an expert can distinguish it from a real seal.

A finished coat of excellent quality will cost \$100, whereas, if it were made of real seal the price would be at least \$200.

Furs as white as snow are the moment's novelty at the smartest centers. White fox is the most in demand, even for the all enveloping auto mantle. The genuine snow white fox ranks among the most precious furs, and the best quality of silver fox costs from \$450 to \$1,000. Two skins are required to make one stole, for a faultless black skin is a great rarity, and as much as \$4,000 has been paid.

Furriers are now selling mainly big raps of waist length, and coats of Eton shape, trimmed with velvet or leather vests with collars and cuffs overlaid with silver and gold bronze toolings and embroideries. Round boas are more modish than flat one, and graduate in size from a great bulk round the throat to tapering ends.

LOAN USED TO IMPORT DANCERS.

Sultan of Morocco Borrows Money in Germany and at Once Orders a Consignment of Girls.

PARIS, Sept. 9.—The first installment of the much discussed loan which the Sultan of Morocco raised from German bankers has been put to ludicrous uses. The Sultan has spent \$3,000 on importing a party of Egyptian dancers, which he proposes to install in his palace at Fez. He sent a telegram to Alexandria on Saturday, asking that the dancers should be sent by the first boat, and wired \$3,000 to cover their expenses.

FRENCH CAPITAL CITY OF STATUES.

Paris Full of Fountains, Columns, and Arches to Mark Historic Events.

PARIS, May 25.—As one walks through the streets of Paris today it is impossible not to be deeply impressed by the innumerable fountains, statues, arches, and memorial columns commemorative of historic events and prominent in the history of France. They are found but short distances apart, in intersecting streets, open squares, and in the innumerable small parks scattered throughout the city, not to omit the larger gardens, as the public parks are here called.

The impression is more marked owing to the fact that these attractive features are not confined to any one district, but no matter what direction is taken there may be found a display of artistic taste

To talk of taste in connection with Paris is not unlike the old adage of carrying coals to Newcastle, and yet it is its presence every-

where that perpetually surprises those from less privileged places.

Whatever the Parisians do, whatever they make, whatever they wear, the result is always pleasing to the eye, though picturesqueness is not always attained.

This general uniformity in the appearance of Paris is more marked than in most cities of its size. This is partly owing to the mixture of classes after the revolution, but principally due to the great scheme of improvement carried out within the last fifty years.

Where Modern Paris Lies.

Modern Paris lies on the right bank of the river. It is here its greatest growth has been. Here are located the principal theaters, the most famous streets, the principal palaces, and the homes of wealth, the island of the city governs; and that portion lying on the left bank thinks and studies.

If the past can be connected with any one period through its memorials, it is with that of Napoleon. Foremost in prominence is the beautiful arch, covered with the names of his generals and famous battles. Again the Vendôme column perpetuates Napoleon, it towers above the buildings, for Paris possesses no skyscrapers. This column rivals that other, some distance away, which overlooks the right of the bastille, known as the column of July, which commemorates the overthrow of the monarchy in 1830, when the Gaelic cock went down for the last time. There is a venerable story which goes the rounds periodically, when a particularly tough chicken is served at table, it being referred to as the one that fell in 1830.

Near this column is the Place de la République, ornamented with an immense bronze statue representing the republic. Surrounding it are seated figures of women, symbolizing the watchwords, liberty, equality, and fraternity. On the sides of the pedestals are bas-reliefs representing historic scenes from the various revolutions through which France has passed since that of 1789.

Vistas of Monuments.

The open spaces and broad streets of modern Paris make for the monuments vistas or approaches of admirable balance. They lead the way to fitting climaxes, either to something out of the past or something in the way of modern structure, and the effect is invariably good. Take that world's famous thoroughfare, the Champs Elysees, commencing at the Arch of Triumph, extending down through the gardens of the Champs of Elysees, which is no more than a promenade copiously planted with trees, and which makes a delightful place for observing Parisian life. This is joined to the Tuileries gardens by the Place de la Concorde, one of the most imposing squares in the world, and which marks one of the most celebrated

spot in French history. In the center rises an Egyptian obelisk, flanked by two enormous bronze fountains of great beauty, consisting of two large circular basins, the smaller being upheld by figures of women, those of one symbolizing the seas, the other the rivers. In the outer basins are dolphins spouting water.

On the outer edge of the great square are eight stone figures, on huge pedestals, which represent the chief towns of France. True to French sentimentality, that of Strassburg is usually draped with crape and strewn with mourning wreaths, commemorative of lost Alsace.

As one turns to look about, the sight is incomparable. In one direction may be had an unobstructed view of the Madeleine, a gem of Grecian architecture; across the river stands the chamber of deputies, a massive pile, also of Grecian design; in another direction, through a long vista of chestnut trees, rises the Arch of Triumph, and the entire stretch from the distant arch is one long approach to that marvelous accumulation of generations of creative architectural genius, the Louvre.

Past Glory of the Tuileries.

The palace of the Tuileries is a thing of the past, but there still remain the beautiful gardens. Always free to the public, and situated, as they are, in the center of the city, they afford constant pleasure. Here have been placed many famous pieces of statuary, both in marble and bronze, never seen at so great an advantage as out of doors in their natural environment.

One of the most charming breathing spots on the left bank of the river, situated in nearly the center of the Latin quarter, that famous palace and garden, the Luxembourg. The building itself is not particularly imposing, and one scarcely notes it. The beauty of the garden is so absorbing, with its great trees, stately rows of chestnuts, now in the glory of their bloom and the trim hedges of box outlining the innumerable winding paths. Here one is not warned to keep off the grass; it is not criminal offense to step aside from the path. This is one of the privileges that the republic acquired—that the people own the parks, and they make good use of them.

Statistics show a material falling off in the birth rate of France. One could scarcely believe it on walking through the Luxembourg on a Sunday afternoon. The place is so filled with children. There are swarms of them around the great fountain, where the little people are privileged to sail their own or rented toy boats; on the commons, playing ball and other sports; babies in go-carts, in goat wagons, or driving the ever patient donkey.

Gleaming of Statuary.

Through the green of the foliage, in every direction, is seen gleaming white sculpture. Encircling the terrace of which the fountain is a center are life sized statues of women prominent in French history. On each pedestal is the name and period in which each one lived.

Then again one comes across a laughing faun, or a wood nymph; Pan with his lute, so life like, so full of grace, that one could readily believe, Pygmalion like, that they might come to life amid such ideal surroundings. And all this in the heart of Paris—and there are those who say that the city is a kill joy!

The garden is not large, but distance is lent by a long avenue of trees, the street leading to the garden being made into a park of itself. The same plan is followed in leading up to the Invalides; a grand esplanade gives an unbroken view from the river, a distance of several blocks. Again the approach to the tomb of Napoleon is through an avenue of three roadways. In such details the French display their artistic skill— it is art par excellence—carefully studied out.

IT IS AN OLD—

Saying that the body will thrive if the extremities be kept warm, perhaps it will also read the other way round, and warm extremities may testify to good general health.

Above everything, tight gloves must be avoided, and rings should be worn comfortably loose; sleeves also must allow free circulation. Nobody can ever be really healthy unless circulation is perfect, and, therefore, anything which impedes circulation in any part must be avoided.

With regard to hand exercises, here are a few taught by a clever specialist:

1. Hold hands upwards, with palms outwards, and move them rapidly backwards and forwards from the wrists.

2. Same position, move hands outwards from wrist, from left to right.

3. Same position, move hands from wrist in circular movements.

4. Clasp fingers together, turn out right wrist with a quick movement, then the left wrist, but keeping the fingers intertwined.

5. Same position, move hands from wrists outwards and inwards quickly, keeping the finger tips firmly on the hand so as to massage the knuckles.

6. Place the hands together, throw them outwards and back-

wards, keeping the wrists together, give a firm clapping movement.

7. Close each hand firmly, with fingers well clenched, then throw them open quickly, the fingers as widely spread as possible.

8. Stretch the arm out at full length at right angles to the shoulder and make the figure 8 with the hand, working it from the wrist without moving the arm. This last remark is applicable to all the exercises, which should be practiced at least once a day. They will make the hands supple and shapely and improve the circulation greatly.

The Hand Beautiful.

Contrary to popular belief, is not the smallest hand. The ideal size is that which a 6 1-4 glove will fit, and a well shaped hand in this size is always pretty. The ideal hand must be fairly plump, with tapering fingers, and such a hand as this will show off a glove to the best advantage, filling out every part of it so that there is not a crease or a line to be seen. The measurement round the wrist at the first button should be 5 3-4 inches; round the knuckles at the base of the fingers, 6 3-4 inches; round the hand at the ball of the thumb, 7 1-2 inches; from the base to the top of the thumb, 4 3-8 inches; and from the top of the second finger to the fork, 3 1-8 inches, and the other fingers in proportion. The woman who can show these measurements may safely lay claim to an ideal hand, which will compare favorably with any other.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TRIBUNE.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—If environment counts for anything with him, Augill Castle, now the English home of Paul Kester, the American playwright, should inspire him to produce something better than he has heretofore done. excellent though his achievements have been. Although he purchased the place before he had ever clapped eyes on it, he might have searched far and wide before he could have found a place better suited to the requirements of a man who seeks seclusion, romantic associations, and picturesque surroundings.

To describe Augill castle and give its whole history would be much in the nature of a lecture upon medieval England. The castle itself is romantically situated in the forest of Mallerstrang, in the county of Westmoreland, where so much of England's early border history was made. Here the Romans, Normans, Saxons, Franks and Scots decided many disputes. Bloody battles were fought and famous love matches bargained for between the greatest lords and barons of the times upon the manorial property of which Augill castle is a part.

It was here also that Lord Thomas Wharton, the renowned

Quaker, lived, and was buried under a tombstone which bears the following inscription:

"Here I, Thomas Wharton, do lie
With Lucifer under my head;
And Nelly, my wife, hard by,
And Nancy, as cold as lead;
O! how can I speak without dread!
Who could my sad fortune abide,
With one devil under my head,
And another laid close on each side?"

INFORMATION WANTED.

Is there any harm in kissing
One you're not supposed to kiss
If you get an opportunity
That seems too good to miss?
Would you feel ashamed thereafter,
Would your conscience at you hiss
If you should indulge in kissing
One you're not supposed to kiss?
Is there any harm in kissing
When red lips demand a kiss?
When each gives to the other
Something neither one will miss,
Each one gaining, neither losing
In the momentary bliss?
Is there any harm in kissing
When red lips demand a kiss?

TEN YEARS FOR MRS. CHADWICK.

Appeals Because Judge Sentenced on Each Count Separately.

Cleveland, O., March.—Mrs. Cassie I. Chadwick, convicted on seven counts of conspiracy to defraud the government through illegal deals with the Oberlin National bank, was sentenced by Judge Robert W. Tayler at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon to serve ten years in the state penitentiary at Columbus.

On four of the counts a penalty of two years each was imposed. Upon two counts a sentence of one year each was given and on the seventh no penalty was imposed. By good behavior Mrs. Chadwick can reduce the penalty to eight years and four months.

Attorney J. P. Dawley took exceptions to the penalty upon each count except the first. The defense will contend the court can-

not impose a separate sentence for each count; that the law applied to the general charge instead of each incident of a general charge. This will be contested in higher court, as will be the other points which resulted in the conviction.

If by any remote possibility the woman wins the appeal six other indictments are hanging over her.

"RICH QUICK" CONCERNS CLOSE.

Three More Quit in Philadelphia—Their Dupes Number Thousands.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 28.—Leslie, Morris & Co., F. Norton Phillips and Ormison Scott & Co., three of the "get-rich-quick" concerns affiliated with Storey Cotton company and the Provident Investment bureau, closed their doors yesterday. By this millions are added to the total of losses sustained by the public in this enormous bubble.

All offered dividends of 48 per cent per month for money invested with them. The way the profits were made, according to literature issued, was through dealings in futures on the market. The customers extend over the same territory as the Storey Cotton company and the Provident Investment bureau, and each concern exchanged a list of dupes with the others. Thousands of persons are involved in the new crash.

AGREEMENT.

Mrs. Nextdore—"Do you and your busband always agree?"

Mrs. N. Pick—"It isn't necessary—he always agrees"—Cleveland Leader.

Nerve thy spirit to the duties which lie before thee,
 Heed not the belching of scandals lot
 For the timid good will stand aloof,
 The jealous may frown but find thee not.
 Heed not the vile remarks so idly cast
 Nor the hissing bolts of scorn
 For soon shall dwell with thee
 The vistory of indurance born.

Magazines on New Thought, all of which can be had through
 Primitive Occult Journal.

"Madam," said he, "you are the brightest woman in the world. You have said more in the last ten minutes than any other woman could have said in a whole day."

"What did you say to him?" asked a relative afterward.

"I said nothing at all," said the smiling madame, "I only listened."

Listening is a Marvelous Art.

To listen well is a marvelous art. One of the best listeners in the world is Helen Gould. Nobody ever quotes her; nobody knows just exactly what she says. Yet she is rated as a fine and even brilliant conversationalist. She holds her audience well. People talk to her as long as possible. She is never a bore. She listens well.

It was a much confused debutante who, during her first Washington season, suffered agonies of torture from self-consciousness. One day she met the late Secretary Hay at a reception. Her embarrassment was evident and in striking contrast to the ease of the secretary and his two daughters.

"Tell me what to say and how to say it," she whispered to the secretary as he shook hands with her.

With ready wit he responded: "Say the same things that people say to you. Then listen closely."

The girl did as she was bidden. When people said "How do you do?" she replied "How do you do?" When they said "So glad to see you," she simply repeated the formula. One after another of the sentences she managed to stumble through. And as she went along ease began to come to her and she noticed that people conversed with her. She said so little—and listened so much. At the close of the evening she had the satisfaction of hearing some one say, "What a brilliant girl is Miss X. She is such a fine conversationalist."

Of course the art of listening can be carried to extreme. The person who stands and stares into your eyes and says not a word is embarrassing. The woman who sits mum while you talk yourself coarse is never popular.

Things That Must Be Learned.

In proper conversation there are several things to be learned.

First, what to say.

Second, how to say it.

Third, what not to say.

Fourth, how to act.

Fifth, how to look while you are talking.

Sixth, the polite nothings which are the life of a good conversation.

The good listener knows what to do with her eyes.

If my conclusions and those of the scientists who have examined them are correct, they fit in exactly with the definition of life which Herbert Spencer framed: "The continuous adjustment of internal to external relations and the consistent emphasis on the need of adapting the organism to its environment." That is the broadest definition of life. there is.

I have always taken a profound interest in the theological aspect of the question. We must leave it, however, to theologists to decide. To me it seems to add further evidence for the continuity of nature. We cannot attempt to discuss the original cause—that is beyond the scope of science altogether. But to explain things on the principle of continuity of nature seems to me to reveal the harmony of the universe in the works of the Almighty. Should my experiments prove the possibility of spontaneous generation, it is a principle not in the least destructive of the deistic conception of the universe. In fact, if it can be shown that dust and earth can produce life on account of radio-activity, it would only confirm the truth of biblical teaching.

But is there really any less inspiration in the thought of an ultimate first cause who so constituted dead matter that it might under certain circumstances of its own innate idea awaken into vitality? Would it have been more wonderful to have created a full grown pigeon, to paint his plumage, to hollow its bones, to instruct him in the paths of the air, than to pack all the perfection of the bird, his powers, his beauty, his singular instincts into the tiny compass of an egg? Was the tradition of yesterday which ascribed the existence of this inhabited and furnished globe and its sisters in space to the labors of a Thor or a Jahveh—was this half so provocative of religious awe as is the truth that all this vast and marvelous scene was wrapped up in the apparent chaos of primordial atoms floating in emptiness, but destined to unfold into that universe of order and beauty which we know?

Some men think themselves such big guns, that if they should discharge their loads, they could blow up the entire female army. We would advise such men to discharge their load in some other direction, for sometime they may find a female fort so well fortified that they will be glad to retreat to the ambush.

"Now following the march
Of progress is a mighty power,
We see the rose of might,
Bursting from bud to flower,
It is New Thought's coming hour.

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."

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