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No. 3

You Can Never Tell

You can never tell, when you send a word—
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind,
Just where it will chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm;
To a stranger's heart, in life's great mart,
It may carry its pain or its calm.

You can never tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves;
They follow the law of the Universe,
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back,
Whatever went out from your mind.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

THE SEGNOGRAM

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Los Angeles California

A Victor Segno - Editor

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HOW TO STRENGTHEN THE MEMORY

To think is necessary, but of what value are thoughts if they are not remembered? A few things remembered are better than a thousand forgotten. Memory means the ability to retain and recall in mental pictures those things which we have previously become conscious of through some of our senses. The length of time a fact is retained or remembered by the brain depends upon the depth of the impression it made in the memory.

The things that come to us suddenly, or with great force, and thereby monopolize our thoughts for the time to the exclusion of all other conditions, make an impression on the memory that can seldom if ever be eradicated. The events in which we evince little or no interest are soon forgotten, because they do not become a part of us.

One cannot tell the value of remembering a thought until the opportunity comes to use it. Many people have had thoughts at some time during their lives that if remembered and acted upon at the right time would have made them rich or famous. Almost everyone can recall a time when he had a thought that was valuable; one that filled him with enthusiasm and great expectations for the time, but he entrusted it to an imperfect memory, and when eventually discovered it was too late to make use of it.

Every thought registered in the brain makes a proportionate change in the matter of which the body is composed. The deeper and more lasting the thought, the greater is the change made by it. Therefore, the thoughts that help or harm us are those which we remember. They did not call forth from him a strong responsive thought.

The memory is weakened or strengthened according to the attitude displayed towards the events of life, and also by the conditions and environments that surround the person. If he is indifferent and pays little or no serious attention to the things that occur around him, these things will make but a faint impression upon his memory, and will have little or no influence upon his life. Who ever heard of a gay, frivolous creature having a retentive memory? On the other hand, do we not find that people of serious thoughts—those who study and analyze science, art, etc.—have good memories?

They take note of every little occurrence, every detail, and nothing is too insignificant to command their attention. They think over all they see and hear and thereby impress it indelibly upon their memories. People having poor memories have only a partial grasp upon life; they but drift through and never realize the beauties with which they are surrounded.

Fortunately, memory can be cultivated. To develop any faculty, we must use it. Exercise gives strength. Determination and concentration combined with exercise will produce marvelous results. One thought or fact carefully recorded up-

on the memory is more potent than a dozen faint impressions. To strengthen the memory, one must direct his attention to one subject and concentrate his whole thought upon it, to the exclusion of all other sounds or attractions. He must shut out all but the picture he desires to record in memory. To do this means that he must listen intently when people are talking, and must look carefully at the scene he wishes to remember. Then he should close his eyes, look within, and carefully review every detail, analyze the meaning, recall the points that seem indistinct, and live them over again in the brain until they become perfectly clear. By the time this has been done, a change will have taken place within, that has made those thoughts a part of himself. He will then be unable to separate himself from them, for they will be recorded in his memory.

Where do great thinkers go to improve their memories and record thoughts and events? Where do they do their studying and memorizing? They go where they can be alone; where they can live with their thoughts and make companions of them; they seek solitude and quiet. If they can gain and retain a strong memory in this way, it must be a good example to emulate. Every man is owned by the thoughts he thinks, because the thought becomes a part of the man, and the man in turn becomes a part of the recorded thought.

All who will practice the following exercises, and be guided by the instructions, will in a short time observe an improvement in their memory, and if they persevere will acquire a memory that will be satisfactory in every respect. Bear in mind that a strong Will Power assists one to persevere and concentrate, and thus helps to strengthen the memory.

Let the person decide upon an hour or even a half hour that he can devote to these exercises. They should be taken at the same time each day, the evening being preferable. He should go to his own room where he can be alone. Then take his thoughts back to the hour he awakened, and commence from that point to carefully and thoughtfully trace every action through which he has passed during the entire day. He should try to take each in its respective order, and he must not be in a hurry to pass to another event until he has carefully analyzed and lived over every little detail of the scene he is reviewing. The ability to trace one scene or act to another, in con-

secutive order, will be a test of the memory. After having followed this exercise for a few days he will find himself taking a keener interest in the events of the day, and in his own actions. He will unconsciously do this so that he can recall them more easily in his mental review. In fact, he will soon begin to observe little details that previously he would have passed unnoticed. As he perseveres, he will learn to enjoy this closer observation, for his experiences of yesterday will be remembered, and they will guide him in his actions today, and thus the sense of reasoning will also improve. The increase in knowledge and the facts he will store up will make the exercise fascinating.

It is not what a man earns but what he saves that makes him rich. It is not what a man observes but what he retains that makes him wise.

Another exercise that will invigorate the memory along another line of thought is to be carried out as follows:—

The person should take a book, of his own selection, and decide that he will memorize all the facts and truths it contains so that he can repeat in detail the contents without referring to it. He will then begin with the first sentence and read it carefully and thoughtfully, analyzing each word until he understands its full meaning. A dictionary should be kept at hand so that he can look up the definition of any word about which he may have the slightest doubt. We cannot remember words unless they convey to us some thought we can understand, for words are but a means of expressing thought. We remember all things by the image or picture they make in the brain. If we do not understand the meaning of a word, we can have no mental picture of its import, therefore, it can leave no impression on the memory.

One new sentence each day, if thoroughly analyzed will be a sufficient exercise. Each day before the lesson is taken up, the person should go over a number of the previous sentences again to see if he still retains them.

The third exercise to be taken is by means of solitary concentration in which Mentalism is to be used. The person will first concentrate his thoughts on some particular person or subject for at least ten minutes, then relax the Will and wait for the mental messages. As the thoughts come to him, he should make a brief note of them on paper, but must not attempt to write them out in detail, for in the concentration necessary to do this, other thoughts will be kept out that he should receive. After receiving these messages for from fifteen to thirty minutes he should then cease and begin to write them all out in detail just as he saw and felt them. His ability to do this will be a test of his memory. He must read them over after having finished writing them out, and keep them until the next day at the same hour, and then make a mental review and see how well he has remembered them. When assured that they are all recorded in his memory, he may again concentrate for the purpose of receiving new messages. Either or all of these exercises may be repeated once a day or at least every second day. If elevating subjects are selected as lessons, they will elevate and beautify the life, for a man is owned by the thoughts he thinks. The thoughts which are recorded during these exercises will play an important part in shaping the person's future life. It is always much easier to learn to remember than it is to forget. Then be advised and do not record thoughts that you might afterwards wish to forget.

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GAMBLING ANALYZED

To use his own words, Elbert Hubbard is not "a member of the Christian Endeavor Society, the Epworth League, the Baptist Union, the Knights of Columbus, or the Society for the Suppression of Vice;" but he is a man who does a "heap o' thinking" of the right kind. In the *Philistine* for July, he gives this heart-to-heart talk on gambling: "As a cold business proposition, let me give you this: I would not trust an amateur gambler as far as you could fling Taurus by the tail. I will not do business with a man who plays cards for money if I can help it. No individual in my employ—or anybody else's—who plays cards for money can ever hope for promotion.

"A professional gambler may be honest, but your clerk or business man who indulges in a quiet game of draw, is a rogue, a liar and a cheat.

"And the man he cheats most is himself. And the only man he really deceives is himself.

"And the man who deceives himself and cheats himself will get no chance to cheat me if the matter can be avoided. Beware of the white face, the soft hands and the impassive smile of the poker player?

"The amateur gambler is not necessarily a bad man—primarily his intents are honest. He plays first simply for recreation; then to add interest, the game transforms itself into pennyante. From this to betting all the money he has, is a very easy evolution when the fever is on.

"He wins. But to quit when you have won, and not give your opponents a chance to win their money back, is more or less of a disgrace.

"He plays again—and loses. Then he wants a chance to get his money back. He plays first only in the evening—an hour after supper. Then if he can get away from work at four o'clock and play until supper time, he will do so, just as scores of government clerks do at Washington. In the evening he plays again—excitement is in the air—challenge is abroad—he will come out even, and then quit. Men who have work to do cannot play all night and do business the next day, so midnight may end the game. But Saturday night the game goes on until daylight.

"Of the 'morality' of gambling, not anything need be said—all I affirm is, that it is simply absurd to enter on a habit where success is defeat, and to win is a calamity.

"The successful amateur gambler graduates into a professional; he has to, for business men shun him.

"No man who plays cards for money can keep his position long. The fact is, none of us have a surplus of brains, and if you are going to succeed in business, all the power you have to your credit is demanded. The man who can play cards at night and do business in the daytime, hasn't yet been born.

"Life is a bank account, with so much divine energy at your disposal. What are you going to do with it? If you draw your checks for this, you cannot for that—take your choice. And above all, do not draw on the Bank of Futurity by breathing bad air, keeping bad hours and bad company.

"The man who succeeds in business is the one who goes to bed before ten o'clock at night; and only one thing is he jealous of, and that is outdoor exercise.

"Gambling robs a man of rest; and the keen edge of his life is lost in shuffling the pasteboards. All he gives to his employer or the world is the discard. Outside of his play he is a weak, inefficient person, and his weakness is very apt to manifest itself in burdening his friends. The curse of gambling does not fall on the gambler alone, any more than does the drunkard alone suffer for his fault. Suffering falls upon every one within the radius of the gambler.

"If your gambler is on a salary, he very often comes around for his wages before pay day; then he gets to discounting his salary to the money shark; then, if he can, he will 'borrow' his pay before he earns it, without first consulting you. He intends to pay it back—oh yes!

"He wins and pays it back. This encourages him to borrow more the next time. He takes more in order to win more. He is now obliged to play heavily because his debts are accumulating. It is an old story, and dozens of men in prison can tell you all about it.

"One bad feature of the poker game is the poker-face—the impassive, white face with its cold smile. It reveals nothing—nothing but untruth. And the principal reason it reveals nothing is because there is nothing back of it to reveal; it does not token truth, talent, sympathy, kindness, love, nor intellect.

"Our actions and thoughts are building brain cells, and the gambler is building cells of folly. His face is as astute as the face of David Harum. It gives nothing away. In time, the habit of the man becomes fixed—he is a living lie. He lies to friends, family, employer, and business associates. He forever plays a part. Life to him is a game of bluff. And get it out of your head that the liar does not look you squarely in the eye. The poker-player is a scientific liar, running on the low gear, and his eyes look calmly into yours. He is astute. Astuteness is only valuable in protecting us from astute people. It adds nothing of value to the community. Astuteness adds no beauty to the world, nor does it make life for any man happier.

"In strict scientific economics the gambler is a parasite and a thief. He consumes but does not produce."

The Young Man's Side

There died recently in Chicago a successful merchant, who in the long course of a busy life never forgot that he had been a boy.

"In the whole world," he often said, "there is no one else equal to a fine, strong, clean young man—except a fine, strong, clean young woman."

He not only believed that, but he acted on his belief. So it happened that no business was ever so pressing that he had not time, when he found a youth of the kind described, to seek employment for him in his own office or with some acquaintance.

"Business is a little slack just now," the acquaintance would sometimes say. "I'm afraid I can't find room for another man—one who has no experience."

"Don't tell me you are going to let this opportunity go by," the other would interrupt. "Why, you can't afford to. Room for him? Who asked you to make room for him? Give him a chance. He'll make his

own room. Here's a young man—do you realize what that means? One of the noblest creatures in the world. Not only a man like you and me, but young, with all the world before him. He offers to give you his whole power, to come into your business and use his God-given intelligence in mastering and improving it. You are asked to accept a favor—and if you don't, some more enterprising rival will. Take him while you can get him; you may not have another chance."

Boys who deserve such introductions are not so rare as is sometimes thought. This man had a faculty for finding them and for bringing out by stimulating words the very best in them. And he brought home to many employers besides himself the fact that a boy seeking work, if he be the right kind of a boy, is offering in his manly ambition something for which the money paid is in no sense a return.—*Youth's Companion*.

Vest and His Dog

"Vest, as I have said at some time in the past, had a great admiration for a dog. I have often heard him say there was no human being on earth that had the fidelity of a dog. The more you kicked and starved it the more it loved you, and its owner never could become so poor that it did not give him recognition by a wag of the tail. At one time I remember he pointed out his favorite hunting dog and said: 'Crittenden, you see that dog? I'm going to tell you a story that you won't believe. But it is true. One day I was going to Tipton on business of some sort (Tipton is about thirty miles from Sedalia), and the dog followed me to the train. I saw it on the station platform when the train left. I know it didn't get on the train—at least such is my belief—and yet, when I got out at Tipton there was the dog on the platform wagging its tail and giving me loving greeting.'

"I said: 'Vest, do you think that dog ran as fast as the train and got to Tipton as soon as it, or ahead of it?'

"'I don't know,' he replied seriously. 'I can only tell you that I left the dog on the platform of the station when I left Sedalia. I saw the animal standing there, looking wistfully at the train as it pulled away, and the conductor said that no dog got aboard at Sedalia. Now, you may draw your own conclusions. I love that dog, Crittenden, because it loved me and it has been more to me than I have ever been to it.'"—*Kansas City Star*.

Try Loving

Scowling and growling will make a man old; Money and fame at the best are beguiling; Don't be suspicious and selfish and cold—

Try smiling.

Happiness stands like a maid at your gate;

Why should you think you will find her by roving?

Never was greater mistake than to hate—

Try loving.

Didn't Know

President Eliot, of Harvard, dined recently at a New York hotel, where the man who takes care of the hats at the dining room door is celebrated for his memory about the ownership of headgear. "How do you know that is my hat?" the collegian asked, as his silk tile was presented to him. "I don't know it, suh," said the doorman. "Then why do you give it to me?" insisted President Eliot. "Because you gave it to me, suh," replied the darkey.

A cruel boy will grow up to be a cruel man.

Good Morning Smith

When we come to think of it we can find nothing in particular in the whole category of Good-Morning Smith's achievements. His career, as we know it, is distressingly commonplace, and yet we like to dwell upon it and convince ourselves that our zeal just after his funeral was not unworthy or misdirected.

Smith appeared in our little village on the hill a dozen years ago. Whence he came, his previous life, his family, the source of his income and his purpose in settling in Salem were all mysteries.

At the time of his arrival Salem was deep in the dumps. Half the population was not speaking to the other half. We had personal politics, two church quarrels, factions in all our lodges, cut-rate competition in the stores, and in addition to all that, the editors of our two newspapers were calling each other more names every week than they honestly deserved. Oh, Salem was a nice community of unhappiness, and the man, woman or child who was caught smiling felt strangely guilty!

In the midst of it Smith happened—a plain, round sort of a man, placid as a mill pond in summer, and with a kind of smile on his countenance that appeared as if it had been caught there at his birth and could not get away. From the minute he landed at the railroad station he greeted everybody with: "Good-morning."

We thought him daft at first, and told him that "Good-morning" in the middle of the afternoon was hardly respectful to the almanac; but that did not disturb him.

So it came to pass that he was known to everyone in Salem as "Good-Morning Smith."

Well, the Bible tells us that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, and surely Smith's repetition began to work a most amazing change in Salem's atmosphere. Smith would make his way down the street, meeting scowling men, frowning women, sad-faced children.

"Good-morning," he would call as cheerily as a robin sings before breakfast.

Then the man would forget his scowl; the woman's face would lose its frown; and the child would smile and say joyously: "Good-morning, Mr. Smith."

Inside of a year we had the preachers calling one another brothers, and even the editors forgot their anathemas and began to refer to esteemed contemporaries. We had more courting, more marriages, more business, more enterprise, more of all sorts of good things than anybody ever dreamed of.

We had been considering Salem a one-horse place on the down-grade; but we formed a local improvement association, and collected money to advertise it as a health resort and the best and finest manufacturing center in the State. We were progressing so finely that we forgot about Smith—until he died. Then we began to think, and we traced the things that had happened since his coming to the town, and as we were doing that our hearts ran away with our heads, and we felt within them a sense of personal loss that our heads could not understand. It seemed that Smith had put into our lives the note of hope and philosophy which had wrought the change.

And when his funeral took place the biggest church could not hold the crowds. All the ministers were there—in the same pulpit. The two editors sat side by side. Old enemies were speaking and smiling, and somehow everybody was saying to everybody else: "Good-morning," just as though they wanted it to be known that while Smith's body rested in an eternal sleep his message was immortal. The Rev. Dr. Parker was chosen, to make the remarks.

"Good-morning," he began, with an excel-

lent imitation of Smith's voice, and then went on telling us what an influence this humble man's cheerfulness had been in our lives, our homes and our business. "He converted a community by two words," he declared, "converted it from self and selfishness to sunshine and courtesy, and where," he asked, "can you find a happier hope than: 'There's always good-morning, and it will be along soon?'" We preachers preach righteousness day in and day out—I wish we could live our religion one-half as well as this man did by simply saying a cheery word to everyone he met. He has left an example that if followed generally would overturn the world, a mark that may well be looked up to by adults, as well as children."

Within a week we held a special meeting of the local improvement association and collected funds for a monument. You will find it on the top of the hill in the cemetery, facing the sun, and on it you will read this inscription: "SMITH—Died June 6. GOOD-MORNING."

As a Man Thinketh

Thoughts are the mothers of deeds. A man's own desires are the worst tempters he has to fear. Whatever is most inside him, he will live out sooner or later. The only way to reform him is to eradicate the evil from his heart. This can be done by supplanting the ignoble thought by a higher ideal.

We are just beginning to realize that the ruling world is the interior world. The social inharmony we see is but an indication of the mental inharmony we do not see. The greed everywhere apparent is the result of the love of money inculcated in the minds of the children for generations.

The fear of the law does not permanently reform men. If a man has it in his heart to steal and is deterred by dread of punishment, he will usually scheme around to overreach and cheat his neighbors in less hazardous ways. In other words, actions are ruled by internals, not externals.

Whatever the ideals of a people are will be shown in the national life. If they are greedy and covetous they will want conquest. If their chief aim is material wealth they will reverence and enthrone the man who has most of it. If they have little regard for the rights and liberties of others they will be less liable to resist oppression themselves. If they are corrupt in their own hearts they will wink at corruption in others. In fact, they are more lenient toward a wrong that they would commit if they had the opportunity.

The roots of governmental wrongs are in the people themselves. The reform of the nation begins at the fireside. The man who would get society right must get right himself and teach others to get right. If we would have cleaner politics we must have cleaner hearts.

The world is just beginning to understand the power of thought and suggestion. Many a jailbird would do better if everybody did not regard and treat him as a thief. Many a woman who has gone wrong would get back into the right path if she had the help of a little love and confidence. Let everybody constantly suggest to a man that he is a rascal, and after a while he may get to thinking so himself, and then he will become one.

Find out what a man thinks of most and you will be able to tell what kind of a man he is. His actions are only the outward expressions of his dreams. If his mind is full of carousing, of lewdness, of greed, of murder, and he does not get rid of these thoughts,

his actions finally will get in line with his desires.

The need is not only to guard the deeds and the words, but the thoughts. In them is the fountain-head of evil. Set a warder on your mind. Quit thinking of the unworthy thing. Drive the unclean concept from you. For therein is the root of sin. You do not carry your exterior through the gates of death. You take only the interior; and that will make your heaven or your hell.

The man is not sinless who keeps his mind on the plane of wrong, uncharitableness. Do you say you cannot control your thoughts? O, but you can. Use your will, That is sovereign. You are master, not your appetite, Your body is only a machine to obey you. It will rule you, it is true, if you are weak enough to let it. But, like a dog, it will be submissive if you assert and maintain your mastery.

Think of the good, the pure, the sweet, the beautiful. Every time you catch yourself thinking of something unworthy turn to nobler things. After a time the higher thinking will become a habit.

The Christ explained all these things perfectly, and it has taken us nineteen hundred years to begin to realize them. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Solomon expressed it also: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Someone else has put it: "To the pure, all things are pure." And still another: "Evil to him who evil thinks."

Ideals are the dynamic force that rule the world. Keep your mind upon the true, the lofty and the loving, and your life will become as beautiful as the things you contemplate.

The Mental Realm

The mother of the conductor of a freight train predicted that the cars would be the death of him before the month was out and it came true enough. A few mornings later, hearing a knock at the door she instantly remarked, "I know what it is, Al has been killed," before she inquired who it was. This is only one of many instances of persons becoming aware of future happenings. It is usually termed premonition. Whence comes this knowledge and how. It is not received by any of the five senses. There is evidently a sixth sense and of which very little is known yet, but which has been the subject of much study and investigation. There are people, called psychometrists, who can sense facts and happenings by impressions they receive. Some of these people who have intelligently developed this power are very reliable in their statements. At present this faculty belongs to the realm of psychic phenomena. We may take it for granted, however, that it is common to all human beings, but in a latent state. Only those of peculiar constitutions and temperaments and who have encouraged and developed the expression of it are able to utilize the sense, or faculty or whatever we may call it. Broadly it may be explained by the fact that "nothing ever happens." Everything is according to law, cause and effect; certain conditions through the operation of law resulting in certain eventualities. On the plane of existence we are now on we ordinarily cannot sense what may be termed supernatural processes or operation of higher laws so called. When, in the course of evolution, mankind reaches a planet where there is closer relationship established with the universal life or principle, then will the results of environment, poverty, disease, crime, etc., be overcome. The potentialities of the human mind are beginning to be recognized by those in advance.—Albert Whitehouse.

Why Some People Fail

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The following letter came from a young woman, who assures me she has lived the optimistic creed which she has often found preached in this column, without the promised results of success. She says:

I have had the courage to attempt anything that comes up before me that seems in any way reasonable, am not easily discouraged, and when I have made failures have attributed the same to accident, and cheerfully tried it again, and I simply cannot understand why every effort will continue to meet with failure.

As I look frankly into the face of things that have and do continue to occur, I realize that I have struggled through more discouragement with an optimistic mind than any other woman I have ever known. I have a reputation among my friends of always being happy, and the one to help them to see the bright side of life, and at the same time their slightest effort is crowned with greater success than my greatest effort.

This, of course, will sound to you like a pessimistic view, but it is from recounted facts that have and do come up from day to day, and I have struggled along not realizing that I was really unfortunate, but when there is nothing left undone and then there is not success, what must one do? With each additional effort the object seems to be driven farther away from me.

I should have to know this correspondent personally before being able to judge fairly or give a just estimate of the causes of her failure to succeed in life.

I have no doubt, however, that the cause lies in an unfocused mind. She is optimistic, but she does not turn her optimism into practical use. She scatters her hopes in too many directions. She does not unite will with hope. She expects good things to happen, but she does not direct her spiritual, mental and practical powers toward a certain unchanging goal.

Again, she may have chosen the *wrong* goal. Thousands of people do that, and bend all their energies to achievements for which they are not fitted.

There was a woman who had decided talent with the pen, but the dream of her life was to lecture. She was full of hope and optimism and she was industrious. The first failure did not discourage her, nor the second nor third. She persisted year after year with unwise hope and faith in a career for which nature had not fitted her.

Meanwhile she allowed her real talent to run to waste, and when she finally turned her attention to literature her enthusiasm had died out and her courage had lessened. Therefore her life was virtually a failure, in spite of her optimism and industry and hope, because she did not unite good sense with her other qualities.

Wonderful and gifted Anna Dickenson pursued a similar course. A born orator, with the magnetic voice and presence to hold the interest of her audience as few women speakers ever held it, this child of genius, after making a place for herself in the hearts of her countrymen, and after accumulating a competence, was seized with the ambition to become an actress.

She, too, was optimistic and overflowing with hope and confidence. She invested all her savings—a sum sufficient to have maintained her for life in comfort—in organizing a company in which she was to star, and not until the last penny disappeared and her health broke down under the useless effort to

make the public believe she was an actress did she give up the struggle.

Still another case. A woman endowed with the qualities to make her a success as a speaker and lecturer was determined to write, and while she possessed a certain modicum of talent, it lacked the spontaneous and electric quality of her conversation.

She never made the success she hoped for, and wondered at the niggardly benefits fate bestowed upon one of her industry and talents and ideals.

Had she turned her efforts into the field for which she was peculiarly adapted by nature, she might have had world-wide fame and independent fortune.

We need only look to right or left to find such illustrations of mistaken vocations.

Of one thing I am sure, the hopeful and determined spirit is the one which brings the best results in life, and the one which conquers adverse fate and wins success in the long run. It sets the invisible mechanism of the looms of fate in motion. But the measure of our success of course depends upon the amount of material our own natures can supply the loom with.

Somebody has said, "Be sure you are right and then go ahead." That is very good advice. Most people, go ahead first, and find out later they were wrong.

Incapacitating Oneself for Success

Before two prize-fighters face each other in the ring, they spend months in training for the purpose of storing up the greatest possible amount of physical reserve. Their trainers will not allow them to under-exercise or to over-exercise. They must eat just the kind of food that will build up muscular tissue without increasing their weight. They are not allowed to take stimulants, and must rest a great deal, retire early, and sleep much. In other words, the object of their whole training is to store up the largest possible amount of force for the great struggle.

They would not think of entering the ring for the fray in an exhausted condition, when they had been without food or sleep for a long time, or when they had been over-feeding.

But a success-candidate seems to think that, somehow, he will get to the success-goal, no matter what his physical, mental, or moral condition may be. He starts off in the morning, worn and haggard, perhaps after a night's debauch or the loss of sleep; he enters the arena with jaded energies and flabby, exhausted muscles, and then wonders that he is knocked out of the ring.

Half the secret of a successful career is in keeping oneself in constant trim by systematic and careful training.

We know some business men who are not naturally very strong or able, and yet, by systematic self-training, regular diet, and plenty of sleep, they manage to accomplish infinitely more than many men who are much more brainy and much stronger.

They always manage to come to their business fresh, vigorous, and strong for the day's routine. They will not allow anything to break into their hours for sleep, or interfere with the regularity of their meals or daily exercise. I know of a wealthy man who had a dinner party in his mansion which was attended by millionaires and "swell society" people. When the clock struck ten, he arose from the table, bade his friends good night, and, according to his custom, went to his room, and slept until six the next morning. Nothing could induce him to interfere with his programme or schedule. His life-engine must run on schedule time in order to avoid collision with nature's locomotive. He must

not overfeed his engine, he must not let it run out of steam; he must regulate it and keep its horse-power down to an average speed all along his journey.

Regularity in living accounts for one's power of achievement. You must try to come to each day's work as the prize fighter enters the ring, in superb condition.

Nature makes no exceptions in your case. She does not take into consideration your loss of sleep, lack of exercise, or wretched diet; she demands that you shall ever be at the top of your condition. No excuses or apologies will go with her. If you have violated her law, you must pay the penalty.

Many a man would not think of starting out on a day's journey unless his carriage wheels were well oiled; he would not think of starting his complicated machinery in the factory, in the morning, until the bearings were in good condition, and all possible friction guarded against; but he thinks nothing of starting up the greatest piece of machinery the Creator has made, with ten thousand complications and conditions, without proper lubrication, without a sufficient supply of fuel, of rest, or of motive power. In the first place, delicate machinery, when improperly lubricated, will soon wear out. The man knows that his intricate mechanism will not only do poor work when out of order, but that it will also soon be completely ruined beyond repair. But still he thinks he can start the cells of his brain into action without proper recuperation by sleep, recreation, or rest, and crowds through the day with heated bearings, with friction in the journals, and still hopes to do perfect work.

He expects to start his complicated, delicate digestive apparatus in the morning in perfect condition, when it was insulted, the night before, by a conglomerate banquet composed of all sorts of indigestible, incompatible dishes; and, if it fails to take care of this hideous mass without a groan or a quibble, he resorts to his physician and expects that, without removing the cause, a drug will set him right. He might as well administer castor oil to a thief, expecting it to cure him of dishonesty.

The Same Old Difference

Two flies stood close together on a screen. "It's pleasant weather," said the first fly. "I'm glad you think so," buzzed the second fly. "It's well enough, I suppose, but it looks like rain."

"Let her rain," said the first fly. "Who cares? I believe in making the best of things. What's the use of kicking all the time?"

"I admit," said the second fly, "that there's no use in kicking, but if you don't kick there's little else to do. I tell you this is a hard world. I see mighty little in it. I'm disgusted with the whole affair."

"The trouble with you is," said the first fly, "that you are a pessimist and I'm an optimist. I naturally look on the bright side of things and you look on the dark. It's a question of temperament. I can't help being happy and you can't help being unhappy. We were born so. It's fate, pure and simple. That, my friend, is the difference between us."

The second fly buzzed satirically.

"That's where you're 'way off,'" he replied. "As a matter of fact, the difference between us is simply this: I'm on the outside, and you're on the inside, of this screen."

"There's a lot of things that never go by rule; There's an awful lot of knowledge That you never get at college, There's a lot of things you never learn at school."

Where Revenge was Sweet

BY "KARL"

John Bagley got his feet very wet the other day during a downpour in the city; but as the weather was still warm he recked little of colds. All day he trotted about his office, and when night came he went sniffing home to Mrs. Bagley.

He took some quinine and two glasses of whiskey, and then grew nervous. Then Mrs. Bagley told him—or he thought so—when they were in the dining-room, to put a few grains of chloral in a tumbler of water and, after he had drunk the contents of that tumbler, he'd sleep like a top.

"My head's spinning like one now," he said, plaintively.

"For real babiness," snorted Mrs. Bagley, "recommend me to a man. Here you've got a tiny little cold in your head and chest, and you imagine that you've got consumption. Never in my life did I see such a baby."

"I suppose," said Bagley, meekly, as he carefully measured out the chloral into a tumbler—"I suppose this chloral won't hurt me!"

"Who told you to take chloral?" demanded Mrs. Bagley, imperiously.

"Why, you did."

"For heaven's sake, man!—that whisky has gone to your head. I never opened my mouth about chloral."

Bagley's eyes were starting from his head. He was looking at Mrs. Bagley in sheer astonishment. He couldn't make head nor tail of it; and he reasoned that he must have been intoxicated or dreaming, and had unmistakably been mistaken when he thought she recommended chloral.

"Put that glass back in the closet," said Mrs. Bagley.

And, still wondering in his befuddled brain, he put the glass back into the closet, spilling more chloral out of the vial into it as he did so.

When they had reached the top of the stairs, Bagley bethought him of a mustard plaster.

"I think I'll get the two small mustard plasters in the bathroom," he said, "and put 'em on for a few minutes."

"They're good and strong," was Mrs. Bagley's sole comment, as her spouse carried the two tiny excitement-creators gingerly into the bedroom.

He put one on either side of his chest and then—

Those plasters took hold. There was no timidity, no indecision, no lack of promptitude in their work. The very rapidity of their attack almost dazed him, and he looked out of the window with a set, silly look on his face.

Then he felt a great thirst came upon him. So much whisky parches the throat, he thought; and how nice and cool, how deliciously comforting, how tremendously soothing would a carafe of water taste, irrigating the dried-up desert of his throat! Then, too, water to quench the raging fire beneath those mustard plasters!

So he opened the bedroom door, and was groping his way along the hall, when a pair of muscular arms caught him round the waist, banged him to the floor and a burly form sat astride him.

"Burglars," he thought, and a perspiration began anew.

"John, is that you?" called a voice from the bedroom.

"Tell her," whispered the burglar, "that you were going for a drink of water and fell down."

"Why that's just what I was going for," whispered back Bagley, in a surprised tone.

"Well, tell her the truth, you old fool," hissed the other. "What's the use of lying about it to your own wife?"

So Bagley called back to Mrs. Bagley as he was directed, and a petulently muttered "Idiot!" followed by a huge bouncing of the bed springs told the unhappy Bagley that his wife had changed sides and was now off to dreamland again.

"Where do you keep your money?" asked the burglar, when Mrs. Bagley snored once more.

"Man, you're sitting plump down with all your might on two of the hottest mustard plasters that ever deviled a human being," gasped Bagley.

"Wear mustard plasters, do you?" asked the Burly One, sympathetically. "I used to wear 'em once. Once a fellow pal of mine—but I'll begin at the beginning—"

"For pity's sake," wailed Bagley, "let me take these plasters off. They're burning my flesh; they're cooking my chest—sizzling it—broiling it. I'll open the safe for you, tie up the silver, do anything, only let me take the mustard plasters off."

"Not so fast, my boy," muttered the burglar. "I'll get off your chest, turn my bull's-eye on you, and then you put your hands above your head and pilot me to the safe. I'll tell you what to do then."

The Burly One rose to his feet and poor Bagley followed suit. Then writhing with pain, his hands straight up in the air, and the bull's-eye lantern throwing its powerful rays on his head (a fit halo for a tortured martyr), Bagley led the procession of two into the sitting-room, and stopped before the safe.

"Now, man, by all you hold dear in this world let me take the mustard plaster off," and Bagley dropped to his knees in front of the safe, the tears of agony rolling down his face.

"Open the safe," grinned his persecutor, "and you can take one plaster off."

The fires of an unquenched Etna, of a river of boiling oil, of a never-ceasing Hades, were devouring Bagley's breast. Almost blinded by the tears that would come, whether he willed or not, he tried the lock. Twice his haste reacted against him, and he was forced to begin anew. The third attempt, and the safe door opened.

With a glad cry Bagley's hands went to his chest, but a grip of strong fingers about his throat and the gleaming barrel of a pistol pointing within a wink of his eye caused the hands to drop nervously beside him.

"Keep cool," said his guest. "I'll take the plasters off myself," and suiting the action to the word, the Burly One pulled one of the plasters from Bagley's quivering chest. The chest was carnation and horribly puffy.

"Stand with your back to me and your hands above your head. A little to the left, please. There, that will do very nicely, thank you. Now, I'll see what you have of value."

"But the other plaster?" gasped Bagley.

"Dash the other plaster!" said the burglar. "I'll put this one in my pocket, and in case you feel chilly in your night gown I'll clap

it on your back. You don't feel cold, do you?" he added, solicitously.

"I never felt warmer in my life," quickly responded Bagley.

The burglar took his time, and nearly everything else worth taking.

"Now," he said, in a crisp business tone, "let's see what we have downstairs."

"Anything I have in the world I'll give," said Bagley hoarsely, "If you'll only take this other plaster off. I'm dying, man—this is killing me. I'm being burnt to a crisp before your very eyes. Come downstairs quickly. Let me give you the cut glass and silver—anything, everything is yours if you'll only take this other plaster off."

"Shut up," rudely said the guest. "I don't want every one within a mile to hear you. Come downstairs, tie up the hoodle, and I'll take the other blister-maker off of you."

Downstairs they went. "Take it off! Take it off!" wailed Bagley.

The Burly One, very slowly, and as if enjoying hugely the torment of his victim pulled off the remaining plaster. Then Bagley collapsed in a little heap on the floor.

Meanwhile the burglar was getting his plunder in shape. When he was ready to depart he bent over the unconscious Bagley and held a mustard plaster to the sufferer's nose. The effect was magical. Bagley was on his feet in an instant, dazed, but thoroughly alive to the fact that his unwelcome guest was asking for something.

"What do you want now?" queried Bagley.

"Something to eat and something to drink," calmly responded the Burly One. "I'm hungry and thirsty. Hurry it up, too, or I'll clap these on you again," and he threw down the mustard plasters on the dining table.

Bagley needed no second bidding. He was beginning to feel better. He was quite sure his cold was cured, and he and the burglar fetched the cold meat from the pantry, and brought it into the dining-room. The burglar showed himself a master at carving. "Used to be carver in a sixpenny restaurant," he said. "I carved the boss one day because he cheeked me."

And Bagley, instead of shuddering, laughed heartily.

"Let's have some beer, too," said Bagley, gleefully.

"Now you're talking!" said the guest. "Get your glasses and I'm with you."

The beer was in the pantry, but the glasses were in the china closet, and to the china closet Bagley went. He picked up the two glasses nearest him, and then—then he fell most to the floor as a mighty thought went crashing and crunching and hurtling through his little brain. One of the glasses in his hand had chloral!—a big, big dose of chloral!

"I'll get the beer now," he said.

"All right," responded the Burly One; "but hurry it up, for I've got a ten-bob thirst on."

It was the work of a minute for Bagley to pour a bottle of beer into the two glasses and to bring in two extra bottles besides. The chloral beer he handed to the burglar.

"Here's to the mustard plasters," said the burglar, lifting his glass and grinning.

"And here's to a good sleep to you after your night's work," said Bagley, also grinning. And they both drank.

A scowl flashed across the Burly One's face. "Your beer's been kept too long. Tastes mouldy," he said.

"Yes," said Bagley, turning up his nose disdainfully; "tastes overripe. Better than nothing, though."

"A mighty sight better," assented his companion. "Have a slice of meat?"

"Don't care if I do," said Bagley; and the Burly One skimmed a shaving of cold beef skillfully across the table. Then he yawned.

Bagley's house coat was hanging on the back of the Burly One's chair. "You'll find cigars in there if you care to smoke," he said.

The burglar fished in the coat pocket in a sleepy sort of fashion, and found a cigar. He took it out slowly and gazed on it in a solemn sort of way. Then he bit off the end and tapped the cigar on the table aimlessly, as if he didn't know exactly what to do with it. He rubbed his chin meditatively with his hand, then his hand fell listlessly to his side, and his feet slipped, and his body sunk lower into the chair. He opened his eyes heavily and gazed blankly at Bagley. Then he closed his eyes, and they stayed closed.

Bagley was on his feet in an instant and out into the kitchen. He found the clothes line and with it hurried into the dining-room. He pulled back the chair on which the Burly One was sleeping, pulled it back very gently, and his guest slipped to the floor. Quickly Bagley tied those huge legs together, not once, nor twice, but three times. He rolled the sleeper as one would a log. Then, the legs securely bound, Bagley took off the burglar's coat, waistcoat, and flannel shirt. Moistening each of the mustard plasters he clapped them on the massive chest, and then, as the ancients swathed a mummy, so did Bagley swathe, with clothes line the inanimate form of that burglar. Perspiring, though happy, Bagley, by way of celebrating the event, lit every gas jet in the room, put on his house coat, lit a cigar, and watched with glistening eyes the unequal fight between chloral and mustard plasters.

It was an unequal fight. The Burly One gave a slight shudder, then a bigger one, then a bigger yet—then opened his eyes.

"Those plasters are mighty powerful," ventured Bagley, sympathetically.

The burglar vouchsafed not a word. Once or twice he struggled, but soon saw that a thousand years of endeavor could not loosen one strand of the cord. Then the perspiration began to roll down his face.

"Wonderful isn't it?" said Bagley. "Do you notice how the feeling of warmth spreads from the chest to the feet and from thence to the hips?"

The Burly One kept his peace. Three o'clock struck.

"Pardon me," said Bagley, "if I don't treat you with the courtesy due to a guest from his host, but I must go upstairs and get a wink of sleep. I'll be down about five o'clock, because I'm afraid the servant might be frightened if she saw you here in this undignified attitude on the floor. Allow me to gag you a bit; so, ah, not too tight—I want you to breathe easily but not call out. Now I'll leave the things you took from the safe and the silver, besides the beer and meat. Help yourself and be perfectly comfortable. You'll find your unsmoked cigar on the table here, and matches on the mantel shelf. Be perfectly at home and don't hesitate to ring for me if you want anything. Hope the mustard plasters are not chilling you. Good night and pleasant dreams."

And Bagley turned out the gas, made a low bow in the dark in the direction of his guest and went up stairs to bed.



SMILES



Push

"It is not often," said a broker, that James R. Keene answers strangers' letters. The other day, though, he broke his rule of silence.

"A country lad out in Indiana wrote to him. The lad wanted to come to New York and make his fortune, and he asked Mr. Keene to tell him how to go about the matter.

"As I stand in the broad avenue of life," said the boy, 'I find so many closed doors before me that I don't know which of them to open. How can I distinguish the door that will lead me to success?'

"There is only one door for you to take," Mr. Keene answered. 'It is the one labeled push.'

Mistake

Mrs. Upptowne—"And you say your grandfather is over eighty? Why, he's an octogenarian!"

Norah—"Sure, an' he ain't anything iv th' koinid. He ates mate an' things jist th' same as we does."

Did as He was Told

"Always," said the astute news-editor to the new reporter—"always be on the look-out for any little touch of humor that may brighten up the columns."

That evening the new reporter handed in an account of a burglary in a butcher's shop, which commenced: Mr. Jeremiah Cleaver, the well known butcher, has been losing flesh rapidly of late."

The Way They Do in Russia

"Petroff!"

"Yes, lieutenant."

"The countersign for to-night is Alexandrovitchkopfstovskydragovitch. Let no man pass without it."

"Yes, lieutenant. But it is a bitter cold night."

"What of that?"

"The man who gives the pass word is likely to freeze to death before he finishes it."

"It is for the glory of the Czar, Petroff."

"Yes, lieutenant."



CHILD LIFE—Advantages of a California Winter

A Safe Offer

Advertising plays such a great part in business today that originality counts for more than extensiveness. A shopkeeper recently announced that he would give \$5,000 to anyone who was perfectly contented with his lot. Of course, many people applied for the prize, and each one met with the reply:

"You are not content, for if you were you would not wish for the \$5,000."

To Steep

"What's the price of your best tea?" asked the woman with the market basket.

"Two dollars a pound," replied the clerk.

"Isn't that too steep?" asked the bargain chaser.

"Yes, ma'am" answered the youth. "That's what my folks buy tea for."

Is Life Worth Living

"Yes, I consider my life a failure," "Oh Henry, how sad! Why should you say that?" "I spend all my time making money enough to buy food and clothes, and the food disagrees with me and the clothes don't fit."

A Fair Bibliomaniac

"Here in this dimly lighted room"

(Thus spake a winsome lass),

"Enwrapped in solitude and gloom,

The happy hours I pass

In sweet communion all the day

With these old books—my friends!

And while the golden time away

With dreams each volume lends."

"Ah!" quoth her smiling auditor,

As carelessly he took

(This devotee—a bachelor!)

Down from the shelves each book,

"These leaves are all uncut, I see;

I cannot comprehend

How you—" "Oh, sir, you know," saith she

I never cut a friend!"

A Work of Fiction

"But," the publisher complained, "the chief characters in your story are a man and a woman who go on making love to each other for years and years after they are married."

"Well," the young novelist replied, "you must remember this is a work of fiction."

Ways to Make a Living

Work

So stern she seemed, so grave and soberwise,
This friend of serious mien and patient eyes,
I teased her oftentimes by jest and smile,
That she should be so earnest all the while,
She did but serve to pass the time away
When I became weary of my play.

Yet now that Life grows harsh and sad and drear,
Behold my friend of friends, most staunch and dear,
My sanctuary sweet, upon that day
When Sorrow presseth hard upon my way!
With her alone I find my blest release
From Care, in deep forgetfulness and peace.

Necessity

A young Englishman who, as he now admits, had "nothing left but a camera," was walking through a suburban churchyard when his attention was arrested by two new and artistic monuments. It struck him that friends of the persons they commemorated might like to have pictures of these stones. He made the photographs, called on the people to whom the sexton directed him, sold his pictures and took orders for more, and has continued to support himself by this odd specialty in photography.

A Massachusetts woman, whose husband was trying to introduce an American invention, found herself left alone in London by her husband's sudden death. She had \$250 after the funeral expenses were paid, and rather than go home to be dependent, she resolved to seek fortune on the spot. For a time she cast about for a promising opening—some occupation for which she was personally fitted, and which would pay her enough to live on. At length the chance remark of a fellow countryman gave her an idea. She sent most of her money to the United States to pay for a supply of beans and cranberries, set up a cook stove in her room, and mailed cards to American residents in London, stating that after a certain date she would supply them with baked beans and brown bread on Wednesday and Saturdays, and cranberry pies every day.

Orders came before she was fairly ready. She supplied food that "tasted like home." In three months she moved to larger quarters and employed five assistants, and at the end of a year she opened a regular shop, where she sold not only beans and cranberry pies, but every American thing the exile longs for, from shoes to confectionery, not omitting ice cream soda, which had been unknown in London. She is now a rich woman.

"Nothing but a camera" sounds like a slim stock in trade, and the average person, woman or man, would want more than \$250 to begin business in a strange city, 3000 miles from home. But a new idea itself is capital, and in the right hands it is likely to yield large interest.

A Class in Plain Sewing

Many a woman unable to leave home may earn a comfortable sum by teaching plain sewing, as mothers, nowadays, frequently find little time to instruct their daughters in this very essential accomplishment. The first thing necessary is to make an outline of the work to be taught, then arrange for pupils of

equal ability to begin a course of twelve lessons.

Commence with teaching the use of scissors, thimble, and properly knotting the thread. On strips of muslin about twelve inches long, mark dots with red ink where stitches are to be made. Begin with five stitches an inch, and increase the number till twenty or more can be run in that space. Then, with overhanding, hemming, and filling, make short marks instead of dots to give the proper slant.

Continue with binding, facing, ruffling, darning, buttonhole-making, hemstitching, cat-stitching, and graduate, if possible, in teaching how to run the sewing machine. Keep specimens of each lesson's work in a sewing book made of leaves of any strong paper. Review each lesson, and give only one subject at a lesson. Give practice work to be done at home. Enliven the lesson hour by a five-minute recitation, and with some good physical culture exercise to rest the muscles.

A class of ten is a good size. Each one must receive individual attention. One lesson a week is often enough for girls under ten; older ones may take two. The course should bring five dollars (\$5.00) a pupil. A good teacher of plain sewing may feel that while she is doing something to help herself she is conferring a blessing upon the rising generation, in that they are learning usefulness in a form that has become rare in these strenuous times.

A Newsboy and His Dog Team

One of the most enterprising newsboys in the United States is Ivor W. Gordon of Marysville, Cal., and he has what is probably the most unique delivery wagon and team to be found in the world.

Owing to physical disability, he cannot run about as do other boys. So he trained two dogs to draw a little wagon that his father made for him. It took a long time and much perseverance to educate them to work together well, but now they take him everywhere, and he occasionally travels seven or eight miles at a stretch with their aid. Their names are prince and Box-car Bill.

The wagon has ball-bearing wheels and cushion tires, with a regular automobile steering gear. It is so nicely constructed, that a two-pound pull is sufficient to start it, with the boy and his load of papers in place.

One of the dogs is a trotter and the other a single-footer, but they are well matched in speed if not in gait. In addition to this pair, young Gordon is training two pointer pups that he believes will make a finely-matched team when fully grown.

The harness on the dogs is much like that used for horses, save that the reins are attached to the collars instead of to bits. The dogs move as desired at the word of command, and show much intelligence in their work.

The boy is a route agent for a Sacramento paper, and in a recent educational contest he won a prize offered by that journal for obtaining the greatest number of new subscribers within a given period, and also a special prize. Thus by pluck, perseverance and industry he has become entitled to attend college for a year, with all his expenses paid.

Girl Mail Carrier

Lena McBride, 17 years old, who makes a

sixty mile drive three times a week, carrying the mail from Colby to the Oak Ranch post-office, is Kansas's youngest girl mail carrier. She uses two horses on the long journey, driving one fifteen miles out from Colby and then changing for another, which she drives the remainder of the distance. She eats dinner at the ranch, then returns over the thirty-mile course, changing horses again at the half-way station. Her buggy has become one of the familiar sights along the way, and cattle herders and farmers all know her.

A few days ago she found that the owner of a big ranch had run a barbed wire fence across the trail over which she usually drove. To go around the ranch was out of the question, and she did not intend to go back to her starting point. She took from her buggy a pair of wire cutters and clipped the four barbed strands that barred her progress. The next trip she found the fence repaired, and again cut the wires and left the gap open. The owner of the ranch demanded to know why she did it.

"I am carrying the United States mail," was the smiling reply, "and I am going through if I can get through."

The owner threatened arrest, but she was not frightened. On the next trip a new gate was found across the road, and she still uses the familiar trail on her tri-weekly journey.

Taught Around the World

Miss Lena Boegli, a Swiss girl, has the distinction of having taught school in nearly every civilized country in the world, although she is barely 27 years of age. She began teaching when she was 18, and a year later decided to take a trip around the world, making her expenses by teaching in the lands through which she passed. With \$150 and a large stock of pluck and courage as her capital, she started out, and it has taken her eight years to accomplish her purpose. During the entire tour of the world she never met with an accident. She was treated with courtesy everywhere, and had plenty of pupils in each country where she chose to stop. She reports that she found Australia the most liberal in paying teachers for their services.

Her Tongue Her Fortune

When Elizabeth Tyree, the actress, was thrown upon her own resources at the time of her father's death, some ten years ago, she had a longing to enter the newspaper field. In Washington a good friend of the Tyree family was the editor of one of the leading papers, and Miss Tyree confided to him her ambition.

"Very well," said the editor, "send me some material, and if it's all right I'll accept it and give you a place on the staff."

A few days later Miss Tyree took a roll of manuscript to the editor's sanctum.

Then she waited.

Finally a summons came, and she ventured to the newspaper office anxiously. The editor looked at her for a moment and then said brusquely:

Um—it won't do. Talk, Elizabeth, talk! Do something where you can talk. You'll make your fortune with your tongue; but never with your pen."

Miss Tyree went on the stage a short time afterward.

Uncle Sam's Boys

Uncle Sam has on his pay roll about 10,000 boys from 14 to 19 years old, who are employed as special delivery messengers. Each boy gets 8 cents out of the 12 cents paid the government for a special delivery stamp.



FENCING

Health Culture Girl No. 3

Health-Giving Food

By
Mrs. A.V. Segno

HOW TO SERVE IT

MENU NO. 10

FIRST MEAL

Rice Omelet Oranges
 Apples Toast

TO PREPARE:

RICE OMELET. To the beaten yolks of six eggs add one cup of cooked rice, one cup of milk, stir well together and add the well beaten whites of the eggs last. Season slightly, oil the omelet pan with olive oil, bake a delicate brown, or for about fifteen minutes.

A perfect way of cooking rice is to put one cup of thoroughly washed rice into five cups of boiling water, cook for about fifteen minutes in a covered dish, then set the saucepan uncovered in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes or until the water is completely evaporated.

SECOND MEAL

SECOND MEAL.

Cream of Cauliflower Soup
Almond Sticks Olives Salted Peanuts
Cheese Custard Cranberry Punch Grape Salad
Fig Cream Grape Juice

TO PREPARE:

CREAM OF CAULIFLOWER SOUP.—Break apart the flowerets of one head of Cauliflower, wash thoroughly, lay in cold salted water for twenty minutes. Place in a sauce pan with the stalks down to prevent the water from covering the top of the plant, pour boiling water over and cook until done. Drain, mash through a colander, add one quart of milk, return to the stove and thicken with three tablespoonfuls of finely rolled cracker crumbs, moistened with a tablespoonful of butter, season, serve hot.

ALMOND STICKS.—Blanch sufficient almonds to make two-thirds of a cup when pounded fine, add one and one-half cups of flour and yolks of three eggs and a little grated lemon rind. When smoothly blended add the whites of the eggs, roll into sticks one-half inch in diameter and fry to a delicate brown in sufficient olive oil to keep them floating.

SALTED PEANUTS.—Remove all the inner skin from the nuts and add just enough olive oil to moisten the outside, sprinkle lightly with salt and place in the oven until thoroughly heated.

CHEESE CUSTARD.—Oil a baking dish with olive oil and fill with alternate layers of cheese cut fine and bread crumbs. Season each layer with salt and a slight dash of cayenne pepper. Beat three eggs slightly and mix thoroughly with one pint of milk, pour over the dish and bake one-half hour or until a delicate brown.

CRANBERRY PUNCH.—Stew one quart of berries until soft then press through a sieve, add the juice of three oranges and two tablespoonfuls of pine apple juice, sugar to sweeten, cook twenty minutes, cool and freeze. Serve in sherbert cups and garnish with a small spoonful of whipped cream, a couple of mint leaves and a candied cherry.

GRAPE SALAD.—One small cup each of blanched almonds, apples cut in dice and chopped celery, one heaping cupful of white grapes, cut the grapes in two, remove the seeds, dress with mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce leaves.

FIG CREAM.—Remove the center from an angel cake leaving a wall one inch thick. Scald one and a half pints of rich milk, thicken with one table spoonful of corn starch, add a pinch of salt and sweeten to taste; when cooling stir in the beaten whites of four eggs, a little grated orange rind, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and two table-spoonfuls of finely chopped citron. Moisten one cup of chopped figs with orange juice, mix the figs and cream, stir together gently but thoroughly, freeze and fill the cake, when ready to serve, cover the entire cake with whipped cream.

MENU NO. 11

FIRST MEAL

Hot Lemonade
Prunes
Steamed Oats Baked Apples

TO PREPARE:

PRUNES.—Soak prunes over night in cold water, do not cook.

SECOND MEAL

SECOND MEAL

Vegetable Soup
Baked Beans Cabbage Salad Corn Bread
Date Sandwiches

TO PREPARE:

VEGETABLE SOUP WITHOUT MEAT.—Chop or grind very fine one cup each of carrots and turnips, one large onion, one potato and half a cup of celery, add two quarts of cold water, cook slowly one hour. Remove from the stove and let stand for two or three hours, when ready to use add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil and cook a half hour. Do not season until ready to serve then season slightly with salt.

BAKED BEANS WITHOUT PORK.—Look over and wash thoroughly one pint of Navy beans, soak over night in cold water. Drain and add two quarts of cold water, boil two hours, drain again and place in the bean kettle or baking dish. Season slightly with salt and add one-half cup of olive oil, one tablespoonful of molasses and sufficient water to just cover the beans. Bake two or three hours, watch carefully and add a little water if necessary to give the proper moisture. One half hour before removing from the oven add one half cup of sweet cream.

CABBAGE SALAD.—One small head of cabbage and one small onion chopped very fine, mix thoroughly with cream dressing, serve on lettuce leaves.

CREAM DRESSING.—To the juice of one and one-half lemons add one tablespoonful of water, let it come to a boil and add two well beaten eggs. When thoroughly cool season with a small half teaspoonful of mustard, one-half teaspoonful of sugar, a little salt and a dash of cayenne pepper, stir in two-thirds of a cup of sour milk or cream.

DATE SANDWICHES.—Chop or grind the dates fine and moisten with orange juice, spread between thin slices of whole wheat bread or Triscuit.

NOTE: I wish to correct the error in the instructions for preparing the Celery Soup given in the November number. The directions for preparing Banana Sandwiches were also omitted. I will give them here.

CELERY SOUP.—One cup of celery and one small onion chopped very fine, desert spoonful of ground wheat, one and one-half pints of milk. Let stand for one hour, season slightly with salt, add butter the size of a walnut, make very hot but do not boil.

BANANA SANDWICHES.—Heat shredded wheat biscuit thoroughly by placing in a hot oven for a few minutes, cut in halves with a sharp knife, fill the hollow with mashed banana, serve with cream.

The Old-Fashioned Doughnuts

How dear to my heart was that bright, sunny kitchen,
What joys have I known in its homely retreat!

The nook by the ingle, the jam-closet rich in
The coveted treasures of childhood so sweet,
That quaint little room with its low studded ceiling

Held peace and contentment that wealth cannot buy;

But sweetest it seemed when 'twas plainly revealing

The odor of doughnuts that mother would fry.

The old-fashioned doughnuts, the wholesome, sweet doughnuts,

The golden-brown doughnuts that mother would fry.

The sunshine of youth shed its glory around us,

On life's flowery pathway its glamour was thrown.

The home was a refuge where care never found us,

And cooking-day carried a charm all its own.

No oft-varied menu our appetites pampered,
No strength-giving tonic we needed to take,

For never a pang our digestion had hampered
When eating the doughnuts, that mother would make.

The puffy, raised doughnuts, the nourishing doughnuts,

The real, home-made doughnuts that mother would make.

Upon the worn hearthstone are strangers now treading,

The hallways will echo my footsteps no more;

To see the dear roof-tree I'm longing, yet dreading

The spell may be broken that held me of yore.

Vainly I taste every dainty confection,
Of newfangled crullers I sadly partake;
None, none can aspire to that toothsome perfection

That crowned every doughnut that mother would make.

The flawless, fresh doughnuts, the tempting, round doughnuts,

The sadly-missed doughnuts that mother would make.

How the American is Changing His Food

The other day, at a meeting of the life insurance experts of New York, we were told that the span of life in America is growing longer, that the average American of today lives to be about five years older than the American of fifty years ago. That is, we have been gaining a year in every ten. Statistics also show that the race is producing larger stronger, finer men and women. We are taller, weigh more, do more work than our grandfathers.

Why? Many influences are, of course, at work in producing these interesting changes; advanced medical science has practically conquered the contagious diseases and has largely decreased infant mortality; improved sanitary and hygienic science has saved the lives of thousands of city dwellers; but, after all, no single influence is so important to the welfare of our physical being as the food we take into our bodies. "As the coal is, so is the engine."

No study, then, could be more interesting

and important, as bearing on this question, than an investigation of the changes in our food fashions. Do we eat the same things that our grandfathers did? If not, what is the trend of our diet—toward the food of the vegetarian which includes the much advertised modern food products, the "cereals," or toward the old diet of the meat eater?

Upon this point the last census gives us striking and conclusive information. It shows, indeed, the most extraordinary changes in our diet, and changes that point to a single, consistent tendency.

In short, we are becoming more and more a nation of vegetarians.

In the matter of mutton, for instance, every 100 Americans in 1850 consumed 94 sheep, nearly a sheep to each man, woman and child; in 1900 the consumption had been reduced to 50 sheep to every 100 persons—a reduction of almost half. More remarkable still has been our turning from pork; 118 hogs to every 100 persons in 1850—more than one hog for each man, woman and child—to 43 hogs in 1900. We are still large eaters of beef, however, though here, too, there is a reduction of 20 per cent. from 25 beeves to 100 persons in 1850, to 20 beeves in 1900.

But what of milk, butter, cheese, eggs and poultry, which must be considered as meat foods in contradistinction to those which are strictly vegetarian. Here, too, though the statistics do not cover the whole period of 50 years, we find interesting changes; mostly large increases. For example: In 1880 the supply of eggs was 920 dozen for each 100 persons, and in 1900 it reached 1700 dozen. In the same period the supply of dairy products increased by more than threefold. The only dairy product showing a decrease is cheese; 50 years ago each person ate 4½ pounds annually; in 1900 the amount had dropped to one-half pound.

Reducing all these various meat products to a common denomination—dollars and cents—we find that our meat diet as a nation has decreased in 50 years by about 36 per cent.

Despite the fact that the census reports show Americans are steadily drifting toward vegetarianism, we are still the greatest meat eaters in the world. Our meat still costs us every year \$100,000,000 more than our vegetables (including imported vegetable foods). In the aggregate we Americans pay every year about \$2,250,000,000 for food, or about \$30 a year (for the raw food) for each person.

In addition to the foregoing it may interest you to know that among the meat foods the egg bill (\$143,300,000) is greater than that for any other item except cattle, (\$432,600,000;) and sheep (\$170,000,000,) and that the bill for milk, butter and cheese (\$122,000,000) is nearly four times as large as that for fish, oysters, and all other sea foods.

Fruits and Nuts—Their Great Food Value

Dietary studies among fruitarians in California are published by the Agricultural Department in a special bulletin. The studies were made by M. E. Jaffa, assistant professor of agriculture, University of California. Fruit and nuts comprised practically all of the thirty-nine experiments studied. The conclusions drawn by Prof. Jaffa from his studies are that fruits and nuts have a much higher nutritive value than is usually attributed to them. It is an error to consider nuts merely as an accessory to a heavy meal, or to regard fruit solely for its flavor or medicinal virtues. Fruits and nuts supply carbo-hydrates, protein and fat in favorable comparison with

other foods. Ten cents will buy more nutrition in the form of dried fruits than in lean meat, while the same sum will secure in the form of peanuts six times the energy that is given in porterhouse steak of the same cost. The net result of the studies proves, however, that fruits and nuts soon become unpalatable when consumed without other food, with resulting loss of beneficial effects.

Vigorous Vegetarians

A correspondent sends a clipping from an English paper telling of a vegetarian who has abstained from meat for twenty-seven years and enjoys health and strength. Although 57 years of age, he recently walked 100 miles in thirty hours without resting.

This is in line with the experience of vegetarians in Germany, where they have almost invariably come in ahead of flesh eaters whenever it has been a question of endurance. And yet some people claim that they cannot "keep up their strength" unless they eat meat twice a day. What nonsense!

"The Aristocracy of Health"

Mrs. Henderson's study of physical culture "began with the problem of tobacco, the so-called solace of mankind, and this led to a study of alcohol, opium, tea, coffee and our favorite poisons generally."

The author begins with the premise that the human race is ill and that "the world, which is a paradise, but by man converted into a hospital, is seen and judged through the eyes of the invalid." Then the so-called poisons, tea, tobacco, coffee, alcohol, etc., are held responsible for the ills that afflict humanity. Even pepper and like condiments are anathema. "Man has persisted in cultivating death rather than life."

There is something—much—in the theory. Only a few days ago the doctors discovered that the arteries, tissues and membranes of a certain young man of 20 were in the condition usually found in a man of 60. He was prematurely worn out.

On the other hand, Sir Duncan Gibb's examination of six centenarians showed that the organs of circulation and respiration were like those in the prime of life. In nearly every one the special senses were unimpaired and respiration like that in the prime of life. "We are as old as our arteries," says Virchow.

"Why are the processes of waste and nutrition impaired in the ordinary individual?" asks the author. "Instead of pure water, that nature designed as a medium through which to carry on the functions of repair and waste in a most perfect and admirable manner, man has substituted other beverages more or less pernicious. This has been one great and fatal mistake."

There is no doubt that the principal factor in the degeneration of human life is the almost universal use of poisons of one kind and another, taken as luxuries or as a medicine."

Enough has been quoted to show the great scope and purpose of the book. Hundreds of pages are given over to a discussion of the various "poisons" and their effect on the human system, accompanied by much statistical information of a national and international league for the advancement of physical culture along the lines indicated.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF HEALTH. By Mary Foote Henderson. Cloth, 772 pages. Washington; Colton Publishing company.

Each number of the Segnogram is worth the price of a year's subscription.

T. L. H., Nashville, Tenn.

How Crowd Poison Destroys Public Health

It was one of the greatest of living physicians who referred to the body as "a factory of poisons."

This startling statement means, in other words, that the human system, in the processes which constitute its life, forms products which are themselves injurious to it.

The retention within the body, or the reabsorption into the body, of poisons manufactured by itself is one of the principal, according to some the only, cause of disease.

The poisons made by the body are numerous. To mention them all would not be here practicable. There is one, however, so much more insidious and far reaching than the others in its injurious effects that it deserves special attention. This is the poisonous gas exhaled from the lungs and known as carbonic acid gas, or carbon dioxid. Life of all organized bodies is, in reality, a kind of combustion; and in all combustion we have the destruction of oxygen and the production of carbon dioxid.

If one takes a stub of candle one inch long, lights it and places over it an inverted tumbler the latter will burn brightly for a few moments, then will become more dim and finally go out. What has happened? Simply this: The combustible elements of the candle in the change producing the flame use up the oxygen in the tumbler and produce in its stead carbon dioxid. After a time the proportion of carbon dioxid becomes so great that the air can no longer support the combustion—that is to say, there is no more oxygen to burn—and so the flame goes out.

This is chemically very much what happens to the man who is drowned. The flame of life goes out because it is choked by the carbon dioxid of its own producing.

It is easy to accept the statement that the human body makes poison. But it is a surprise to many people to realize how much poison the body produces. It is a surprise to realize, for instance, that every year a ton and a half of material passes through the human body; that a large proportion of the ton and a half so passing out of the body is matter which was once the body; that the human body is not a fixed, solid thing, but a flowing thing; that it is not like a lake, but like a cataract.

And it is equally surprising to realize that each day there passes in and out of the lungs as much air as would fill a room of moderate size, and that each breath which leaves the lungs contains two cubic inches of carbonic acid gas and contaminates 5000 cubic inches, or nearly half a barrel, of air. A mouse or guinea pig is placed in a small air-tight glass receptacle. For a while he is quite comfortable; then his life flame, like that of the candle, begins to flicker.

Still the animal body is so complex and resourceful that in spite of some embarrassment the life processes go on. In medical terms we would say that special toleration had been established. If at this stage of the experiment we introduce into the receptacle another small animal it will promptly die, while the one first placed therein continues to live for some time. The first animal lives on because during the gradual increase in the carbon dioxid in the air it was breathing it became accustomed, "tolerant" of the poison. The second animal, having had no such preparation and being unprepared to withstand the poison, promptly succumbs.

So one re-entering a crowded theatre on a cold night is very apt to be momentarily oppressed, perhaps sickened, by the heavy, dense

atmosphere. In a short time, however, toleration is established and he ceases to feel any inconvenience. The vital organs, however, are suffering, and the subsequent headache, nausea, depression or "cold" are the direct results of the tonic action of "crowd poison."

This carbonic gas is "crowd poison." It is a tasteless, odorless, evil influence that haunts both the crowded sweatshop and the air-exhausted drawing-room. The average schoolroom, theatres, churches, shops, offices, public conveyances are all infested by this deadly vapor.

We can avoid other poisons. We can see, taste, smell them. We can keep away from the places in which they are to be found.

But how avoid crowd poison? It is everywhere. Anyone meeting others of his kind in social or professional intercourse faces this hydra-headed foe.

There's a peculiar fact which adds to the danger of this malevolent influence. I mean the fact that we so soon become accustomed to it. When this point is reached it ceases to be an inconvenience, although the deadly effect is quite the same.

Let us then recognize the plain facts and cope with them.

"Crowd poison" confronts us at all turns. In our own homes, in places of employment, in public buildings and in conveyances we are constantly breathing impure air and being poisoned by it, the only part of the day, perhaps, when we breathe pure air being the few minutes which are spent in walking to work or in waiting for the trolley which will carry us thither.

So insidiously does "crowd poison," which is the poison of impure air produced by a vast population in a small area, enter the system that it is hard to persuade people of its existence. The occupants of a work room, entering it in the morning and remaining all day, or of a sleeping room, do not notice the gradual withdrawal of the oxygen from the air and its substitution by "crowd poison" thrown off by their own lungs. The sleepiness, lassitude and headache that follow it they ascribe to the fatigue of long continued labor.

The inability to rise brisk and fresh in the morning, after a night spent in a close room the lack of appetite for the morning meal, the pallor and muddy complexion that ensue after a while, they do not recognize as the results of days and nights spent in impure air. They seek relief from their ailments in taking medicines, rather than in the simpler method of cure by exercise in the open air.

One of the diseases, for example, that results from the breathing of impure air is the so-called anaemia, or poverty of blood, with its symptoms of pallor, dizziness and shortness of breath on exertion.

Another of the enemies permitted to enter the system by lack of pure air is the dread consumption. Lungs unaccustomed to breathe free, full breaths of pure air are never fully expanded, and the upper, unused portions of them are thus rendered a suitable soil for the germs of this disease to find lodgment in.

Once lodged, poor blood, lacking in proper nourishment, will not enable the enfeebled lungs to resist the germs and destroy them. Send a patient away from the city, give these lungs a chance to expand in a pure country air or a mountain climate, and the germs are destroyed and the patient gradually returns to a normal state of health.

Every copy of the Segnogram is worth the fifty cents you ask for it for a year. Most every one has paid much more for a great deal less information.

W. T. A., Los Angeles, Cal.

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703 N. Belmont Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Fool Killer Discouraged

"What's that?" asked the Fool-killer.
 "That's an unemployed man in a vacant lot," said I.

"Why don't you have him work on the lot and produce something?" asked the Fool-killer.

"Because," I said, "we suffer from over-production already; and, besides, the owner of the lot won't let him work on it."

"I must get my club," said the Fool-killer.

"Hold on!" I said. "Pretty soon we will arrest the man, because he does not do anything; then the judge will fine him, because he has no money; and we will keep him idle in jail because he was idle out of jail; and the workers will tax themselves to pay for all that."

The Fool-killer gasped, "I must order a Gatling gun."

"Don't go on half-cocked," I said. "Those are our laws."

"Who made those fool laws?"

"Everybody, civilized men," said I.

"The men that pay the taxes?" asked the Fool-killer.

"Why, yes."

"I must swear in some deputies," said the Fool-killer.

"Stop," I said; "no one speaks like that about the laws; they are the accumulated wisdom of the ages, and must be treated with respect."

"Why don't some one tell the truth, and say the laws are stupid and wicked?" asked the Fool-killer.

"We kill such fools as speak the truth about such things," said I.

"Come," said the Fool-killer, "I will go and poison the water-supply."

On the way the Fool-killer asked again:

"What are those places?"

"That is a tobacconist's," I said, "and the other is a gin-mill. You see we poison our own drinking supply—oh, the next is a drug-store, and beyond is a hospital—"

"I will go home," said the Fool-killer. "These fools are doing my work themselves."
 —BOLTON HALL in the "Game of Life."

Happy Doctor is Remembered in Will of Wealthy Old Woman

A remarkable will was opened recently at Medicine Springs, Indian Territory, left by a wealthy old woman who had died at the above-named place. Liberal provision was made for members of the family and other relatives, but her family doctor, who had attended the woman for more than twenty years, was remembered in a striking way. In the generous bequest to him, the words read:

"I bequeath to Dr. Blank, my old family physician, who has prescribed for me continually for twenty years, my old leather trunk and its contents. The key is kept between the two pillows I sleep upon, and when I am dead he shall take the key and open the trunk. It is my last will and testament. I want the doctor to have the trunk and everything it contains."

The trunk was opened after the reading of the will. The doctor was in great spirits during the process, grinning and rubbing his hands together in high glee, so it is said. He even went so far as to inform the president of the bank that he guessed he would require the trunk to be placed in the vault for a time at least, but upon opening the trunk he was horrified to find it full of pill boxes and every conceivable kind of medicine he had prescribed for her during the past twenty years.

A girl who doesn't like dolls is seldom kind to her brothers and sisters.

Fruit Fasts

A Fruit Fast consists in living solely on fruit for a stated period. This may consist of any fruit which is fancied. Apples and grapes, however, are particularly valuable for their medicinal effects, and also tomatoes, which, to me, come nearer being fruit vegetables. The result of such a diet for a few days, is in the highest degree beneficial, the system is given a thorough rest and at the same time derives the benefits of the healing and purifying effect of the fruit juices.

I believe that many serious cases of kidney trouble might be cured by the adoption of this fruit-fasting alternately with a light diet.

Winter Chill

The mechanism of a chill is a complicated matter, and when it is understood one is the better able to appreciate the precautions to be taken to avoid such an attack.

I shall explain the matter in plain, if not scientifically accurate, language. On the surface of the body, i. e., on the skin, there are millions of little openings. These are the mouths of tiny canals or tubes running from the tissues immediately underneath the skin, and through them there is always running a fluid, containing the impurities and waste matters of the system, which pours out on the surface of the skin.

Ordinarily this fluid is invisible to the naked eye, because it evaporates so quickly, and we are unaware of its presence. But under the influence of exercise or of a rise in temperature this fluid becomes more profuse, and makes its presence felt by the senses in the form of perspiration.

This fluid, like murder, "will out," or else we die of self-poisoning.

If it cannot escape by the surface of the body, it must find an internal outlet.

Now, as I dare say you are aware, heat distends these little mouths on the surface of the skin, and excites an increase in their output; cold, on the other hand contracts them, and the outflow of the fluid is arrested.

This sudden arrest of the stream of fluid from millions of outlets, due to the chilling effect of cold air, produces a shock to the system, which is suddenly called upon to find a new outlet for its waste products.

And not only is the perspiration checked; the circulation in the minute blood vessels of the skin is also checked, and the blood, too, is, to use a popular rough and ready phrase, "driven inwards."

If all this closing of pores and diminution in calibre of blood vessels took place slowly the system would have time to adapt itself to the altered circumstances, by diverting her streams into the great internal channels of elimination, and all would be well.

Hence the safety of "cooling off" slowly after being overheated, and the danger of rapid cooling.

According to the direction the shock takes, the closing of the pores has various results.

As a rule, the weakest part of the body suffers most.

In the child we may have croup; in the adult pneumonia or pleurisy; or, perhaps, only a cold in the head; or the intestinal canal may be affected; and the result is profuse and sudden diarrhoea; if the liver is prone to disorder, bilious fever, sick headache or obstinate constipation.

I enjoy reading The Segnogram. It is full of healthful uplifting reading matter. It is a satisfaction to receive a magazine that is not largely made up of quack, whiskey and beer advertisements.

C. B. R. Newton, N. J.

New Thought Philosophy**Some New Features of this Up-building Science Explained by Dr.**

G. A. Mann

From the large number of books written on the New Thought Philosophy—the most important science to all who wish to better themselves—one would naturally infer that every detail of this very fascinating subject had been treated thoroughly; and yet, as the ardent seeker for real knowledge goes carefully over this literature, he is disappointed. Like a child who expects to catch a bird, but finds it has placed its hands on an empty nest, he gropes for the real substance of the matter, but the end in view is never reached.

In reading a book that is very promising at the start, that holds out great possibilities of knowledge, whose author professes to show you the way to both temporal and spiritual power, whose pages are supposed to unlock all the secrets of Self Mastery and Right Living, there is nothing so unpleasant as to find in the last pages that the long looked for secrets are withheld.

I have been thinking for a long time of putting these facts before the readers of The Segnogram, of giving them my experience in the search for knowledge, for, like many others, I have wondered if there were a reason for keeping the earnest seeker after truth in ignorance, or whether the average writer on this great subject was not himself in possession of the facts.

There is a Sacred Promise to all who wish to learn that they shall possess the promised power, the greatest of all powers, that of successful living, and yet so far as the ordinary mind can see few possess it. There are, however, some great masters who are able and willing to initiate those prepared to find the truth. In the past few years a great deal has been said on the wonders performed by the students of the rudimentary sciences known as Hypnotism, Personal Magnetism, Magnetic Healing and the like. Hindoo fakirs have been looked upon as supernatural beings, and yet the things which they do, and which surprise us so much, are childish when compared with the possibilities of the higher knowledge of the Hidden Forces. Once this knowledge is acquired, we have at our command the most vital energy, the most magnetic power to attract and to compel, to make ourselves masters, to conquer fate; in short, we have at our command the wildest elements known to mankind. That these things are possible is obvious, for we have the direct promise "And greater things shall ye do as I go to the Father."

Believing that all the readers of this Magazine are earnest seekers after the truth, I want to call their attention to a book of infinite wisdom which recently came to my attention. It is called "Self Development and the Hidden Forces," and is published by the Brooks Library of Science, 93 R Building, Rochester, N. Y. Any reader of The Segnogram can obtain a copy of this book, free of all charge, providing he sends at once and mentions the fact that he read this article in this publication.

If you follow its teachings it will do you infinite good. It will put you beyond the pale of failure, and will enable you to make life what you wish. If you wish a copy, a letter addressed to the Brooks Library of Science, 93 R Building, Rochester, N. Y., will bring it to you without charge.



GRAPHOLOGY

CHARACTER AS REVEALED BY HANDWRITING

By Mrs. Franklin Hall



In your attempts to read character do not make mistakes by judging from a few characteristics displayed. You must learn to blend certain qualities by studying your friends, seeing what traits they display and what the resultant combination is with them. Again you must note what characteristics predominate. A person may show temper, but he may also have the will that enables him to control it and so would never speak hastily or cruelly unless under great force of circumstance, but without this firmness and self-control he would lose his head over any trifle that displeased him.

Note also the quality of paper used, whether it is like blotting paper, so absorbent that it causes the ink to spread making the writing look heavy even with a slight stroke of the pen, or whether it is a smooth surface. Where the surface is smooth and the writing leaves a deep impress upon the paper we have a very intense nature, but where the writing is lightly traced, naturally, the loops well rounded and the letters slightly slanting we have a nature that borders upon the spiritual and that is deeply influenced by those things which appeal to the senses, especially if some of the letters are shaded.

The more upright the writing the less the person is influenced by sentiment, the colder the nature is inclined to be, and this is intensified if the writing is very angular. This is made a selfish coldness if the beginning of the letters are high and shaped like a triangle.

Genius is always displayed where the writing is odd but intellectual in its appearance, whether it is genius of an artistic or a practical nature depends of course upon the characteristics displayed. The more spiritual and rounded the writing the more this genius will tend toward the fine arts. The more symmetrical and square its appearance, the more toward the mechanical. The more running the hand, the words tapering toward the ends, the tops of the letters sharply pointed, the more the genius is of a scientific or professional nature. When the writing possesses all of these characteristics in a small way, and yet displays much of the copy hand, the more imitative the person, liking to pattern after those who have achieved success in certain lines, and if the loops of the letters are large giving inventive talent, they will strive to outdo or improve upon the ideas of others. If they conceive new lines, these lines are virtually builded upon the ideas of others, not upon their own.

*All my early instruction
Lyrical, & Religious, is in
the Religious beliefs are wrong, no
difference what shape the doctrine.*

upon the ideas of others, not upon their own.

In the specimen above there are many marked characteristics that will well repay the close attention of the student. Note first the ensemble of the writing which is awkward, and shows lack of training; some of the letters

slope to the right and some to the left indicating a dual nature, and as there are many sensuous strokes, one who is strongly influenced by the emotions. There is the appearance of age in the peculiar formation of many of the letters; a morbid imagination in the many loops that overlap the other letters. The crossings of the "t's" are high above showing idealism or theoretical ideas, but the crossings are also long and hooked showing that this person would be very tenacious in opinion. Poor health is indicated by the pressure of the pen upon the paper and this has caused morbidness and an ill-balanced mind that borders upon insanity. It is the writing of one who is now under the care of an alienist before being committed to an asylum.

*Abomination made of some sort
of metal by courtesy called
"Steel"*

Contrast the specimen above with the first that is given and we will find a marked difference. Here we have the keen analytical mind and concentration of thought portrayed in the precise writing, the pointed letters, the joining of the widely spaced letters. The crossings indicate firmness and positiveness with good powers of expression enabling him to explain thoroughly to others those things which he understands. One who would note even the most minute details of a subject in which he was interested. There is great secretiveness in the closely looped "o's" and determination in the finals of the "y's" and "g's". The upward turn of some of the finals of the words indicates a keen sense of humor and aptness of repartee, but combined with so analytical a mind it can also become mocking sarcasm. This man would excel in literature, science or medicine. He is a scientist and lecturer of note and has written a large amount of scientific matter.

READINGS FOR SUBSCRIBERS

Princess.—Prague, Austria. You have a nervous mental temperament that is as sensitive to surroundings as the delicate strings of a harp highly attuned. You have a good intellect and keen penetration that ought to make you a very good judge of human nature. You are deductive in your reasoning and while not always patient you do not like to

The diseases from which you are most liable to suffer are those of the nerves and stomach. Could have excelled in scientific pursuits.

F. R. San Francisco. You have a good intellect but a very sensitive nature that is easily wounded by criticism and which will do its best work under the influence of affection. You are observant but not always entirely free from prejudice. Are largely intuitive and sometimes almost clairvoyant in your impressions which are generally very accurate. Are at times slightly inclined to melancholy and to brood over the disappointments that may come into your life but this is not lasting. You love the beautiful and display good taste liking to have everything in harmony.

Would do best in something of a scientific or literary nature. Do not allow sentiment to influence your life too strongly.

W. R. C. Dayton, Ohio. You have a sanguine nature that is not easily discouraged no matter what obstacles you may have to overcome before you can gain those things which you seek. You have a keen sense of humor and are quick to see the amusing side of things and you generally have a ready answer for jest or sarcasm. You have very good executive and mathematical ability and would do well in commercial or official pursuits or as a business manager. While you enjoy the good things of life you are not particularly pretentious and are very well satisfied if you have the comforts of life. You may never gain great wealth but you will always have enough for the comforts and many of the luxuries of life if you are discreet and do not undertake too much.

D. S. W. Huntington, N. Y. You are a trifle obstinate and headstrong and like to argue a question before you are willing to admit that you may be in the wrong. You have a very large imagination that colors much that you do and say. You are a fluent talker expressing yourself freely upon the subjects that are of interest to you and you have the analytical mind that makes you curious and inquisitive and gives you a desire to learn all that there is to know regarding the things which are of interest to you. You have an exceptionally good intellect and the originality that would give you a desire to be something more than a mere fac-simile of others. You would have made a good physician or civil or mining engineer or would do well in the higher lines of mechanics.

H. L. K., St. Louis, Mo. You have a buoyant nature so that while there may be times when you are slightly despondent the general tendency is to look upon the bright side of life. You have high ideals with your head sometimes in the clouds but you can get down to practical work when need be. You can keep a secret well, especially if it is your own, but you are a great talker and do not hesitate

decide too hastily upon matters of importance. You have a good memory and rarely forget a lesson that is once learned. Are observant and critical and can be sarcastic when you are displeased. You possess a large amount of originality with ambition and hopefulness.

to express your mind freely when you are aroused or interested in any pet theme. Are sometimes changeable in your moods and not quite sure what it would be best for you to do. You would do well in commercial or manufacturing pursuits, although you may never gain great wealth. Would also be successful in certain journalistic lines. You have the temperament that more often belongs to the blonde than the brunette.

Mrs. M. F. Bessell, Ill. You are very neat and systematic in your work liking to have things in perfect order around you and sometimes you wear yourself out in the effort. It is well to keep things neat and clean but not to overtax your strength by becoming a slave in this line. Are affectionate and true and more ambitious for those whom you love than for yourself and if you had children you would make a great many sacrifices of personal pleasures, even comforts for them if need be. You have a good memory and anything once impressed upon your mind is not soon forgotten. You are thrifty and a clever manager although you will not deny yourself the things which you feel that you can afford to have. You love the beautiful and music appeals to you strongly. Should have prosperity. Would do best in things pertaining to the home.

F. B., Del Rio, Texas. You are largely intuitive sometimes forming your conclusions too hastily. Are positive in your opinions and do not readily yield when you have once made up your mind that you are right. You are forceful and energetic and if you have anything to do you like to get at it at once and get it off your hands as soon as possible so to be ready for the next things. You are intense in your likes and dislikes and if you do not like a person you do not care to have anything to do with him only as necessity may require it and you would be very slow to forget a wrong, your first inclination being to give blow for blow. You have a good intellect, the money making faculty is quite strongly marked and your life ought to be a successful one, especially from a financial standpoint. You are very loyal in your friendships and when you love it is with a watchful and jealous devotion. Your life will be in some respects an eventful one.

J. D. H. San Francisco. You have a nature that is strongly influenced by sentiment and those things which appeal to the senses, by your surroundings and those with whom you are associated, but you also have ideas of your own upon certain subjects and do not hesitate to express yourself freely in regard to them. You have considerable of the artistic in your nature and would do best in some vocation that is a combination of the artistic and the practical. Would have made a very good photographer or decorator. You have some self-confidence and are apt to think your own way of doing things about as good as any. Are to some extent imitative liking to pattern after those whom you admire. Are somewhat susceptible to the charms of the opposite sex.

The Segnogram is certainly of the highest standard. Every article is a sermon. Your article "opportunity" is most inspiring.

G. G., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Segnogram is a gem of refinement and helpfulness. One cannot help being better for having read it.

C. L. H., Dayton Ohio.

A Communication

Editor The Segnogram.

Dear Sir: Noting in your issue of November the article under the Caption of "Telepathic Message from a dog to its Master," also "Sunburnt in a Dream," the two articles being designed to illustrate the wonderful power of the mind over matter, prompts me to relate for your columns the following wonderful incident viz:

Mr. Walter Cayce, an employe of the City Grain and Feed Co., of Columbia, Tennessee, a worthy young man who is held in high esteem by all who know him, some nights ago, dreamed that he saw a fellow-workman get an arm caught in the machinery of the plant and clearly saw the arm torn from the body and mangled by the heavy wheels. Last Monday Mr. Cayce got his left hand caught in the machinery and was badly lacerated and injured, so that amputation of the hand was necessary.

The dream preceding the accident was certainly an unusual incident, but was doubtless a warning of the danger pending, by some form of telepathy.

JOE FOUTE, Harriman, Tenn.

Success

One man supposes that success

Is having money piled away,
Is owning ships and bonds and stocks
And busy mills and grazing flocks,
And making all he touches pay,
But such a man may be as far
From what is true success as they
Who beg for bread and butter are.

Another thinks success is his

Whose fame has traveled everywhere,
Whose picture hangs on every wall,
But he may be as far from all

That they who are successful share
As is the man who sits alone

In tattered garments and despair
And dies unenvied and unknown.

Success is not for him who gains

His wealth, his power, or his fame
By overthrowing others who
Have rights and who aspire, too—

Success is not mere strength to claim
Whatever Greed would have and hold;
'Tis more than just another name
For getting high and winning gold.

—S. E. Kiser, in *Chicago Record-Herald*.

HOW CLARA DONER DOUBLED HER SALARY

A Story of Business Success Full of Inspiration for Others.

Limerick, N. Y. (Special Correspondence)—Miss Clara E. Doner, who is here on a visit to her parents, is receiving the congratulations of her friends on her success in business life. She is now head bookkeeper in a business house in Rochester, N. Y., and the story how she rose to her present position, and how she qualified herself for it, is one that is full of encouragement to others. In the course of a conversation with your correspondent, Miss Doner said:



"I left my home in Limerick because it was necessary that I should earn my own living, and as you know, there is absolutely no way to do that in this small place. I first succeeded in getting a position as saleswoman in a city store, but the most I could earn was \$6 a week. I decided to study and prepare myself for a better position, and after reading an advertisement of the Commercial Correspondence Schools of Rochester, N. Y., I answered it. I received a copy of their booklet 'How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper,' and an offer to teach me bookkeeping free and their assurance that they would use their endeavor to place me in a position when I was qualified to keep a set of books. Every promise they made me was carried out to the letter. I owe my present position entirely to the school, and I never shall be able to repay the Commercial Correspondence Schools what they have done for

me. When I decided to take a course in bookkeeping, I knew absolutely nothing about the subject, yet by the time I had finished my eighteenth lesson, Professor Robert J. Shoemaker, the Vice-President and General Manager of the Schools, procured for me my present position as head bookkeeper with a large manufacturing concern at exactly double the salary I was formerly earning. The knowledge I received through the course has given me every confidence in myself, and in my ability to keep any set of books. In fact, I cannot say too much in favor of the most thorough, practical and yet simple course of instruction which is contained in the bookkeeping course as taught by correspondence by the Commercial Correspondence Schools. I could not have learned what I did in a business college in 6 months. Besides, if I had taken a business college course, it would not only have cost me \$60, but I should have had to give up my daily employment in order to attend school. As it was, I was able to study in the evenings and earn my living during the day, and I did not pay one cent for the instruction until I was placed in my present position. I have said all this for the Commercial Correspondence Schools out of pure gratitude for what that institution has done for me, and entirely without solicitation on their part. I am going to tell others what the schools have done for me, and I shall be glad to answer the letters of any one who may be interested in taking the course I did. They will never regret doing so. I have just induced a friend of mine to take the bookkeeping course, and I expect her to succeed just as I have done."

Miss Doner started on the road to success after reading the Commercial Correspondence School's free book, "How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper." A limited number of these books will be sent absolutely free to ambitious persons who sincerely desire to better their position and add to their income. Send your name and address on a postal card today to the Commercial Correspondence Schools, 171 P. Commercial Bldg., Rochester, N. Y., and receive the book by return mail. It tells you how you can learn bookkeeping and pay your tuition after a position has been secured for you. If you are without employment, or if you are engaged in uncongenial or unremunerative employment, you should send for a copy of this book. Miss Doner studied less than two months, yet in that short time qualified herself for a responsible position, and doubled her income. Any ambitious young man or woman can do as well as she did.

THE EDITOR'S TALK

AN INVITATION

We expect that by the first of December we shall be located in our new building on the corner of North Belmont Ave., and Kane St., overlooking Echo Lake Park.

When we are settled in our new quarters, we shall be pleased to have our subscribers call and see the new home of The Segnogram. As so many people come to our "land of sunshine and flowers," especially during the winter months, scarcely a day passes that we are not favored with a call from at least one of our readers. We are glad to know that they take so much interest in the work we are doing for them. While we are all very busy people yet we manage to spare a moment now and then to give a handshake of welcome and a word of good cheer. When you come to Los Angeles don't forget to call on us.

We are editing this magazine for the benefit of its readers. We are trying to supply the information that is needed by each in his effort to better his physical, mental, domestic and financial condition. The letters of encouragement we receive daily leads us to believe that we are accomplishing this purpose. Letters from our readers are always welcome and especially if they contain candid expressions of their likes and dislikes. They give us an increased impetus to make each succeeding issue better than the last.

We know that there is no magazine giving so much for the money as The Segnogram. In fact there are few that give as much valuable advice at any price. That is one reason why you should do your friends a favor by telling them of the merits of this publication. Another reason and one that I have mentioned before is that the more subscriptions you secure for us the better magazine we shall be able to give you. Do you see how you help yourself when you help us and how you deprive yourself of knowledge when you deprive us of subscribers? I want to work in harmony with our readers and I want them to co-operate with me in making The Segnogram the very best magazine on the market. Are you willing? Then begin right now and see how many subscribers you can send us before December 31st. Let us start the New Year with lots of new friends.

One good turn deserves another therefore I ask you and all of the readers of this magazine to each send us a Christmas present of one new subscriber. We will appreciate your kindness.

The enlargement of this magazine has made it necessary to add to our staff several new people. We still have one position vacant and we desire to fill it at once. We need a man with experience and a thorough knowledge along the lines dealt with by this magazine. A man with a love for his fellowmen who would take a pleasure in the work we are doing. A man who can write what he feels, clearly, briefly and intelligently. If you know of such a man tell him I am looking for him—that The Segnogram needs his services.

In the January issue I will print a picture of our unique building exactly as it looks now it is completed.

Permit me to compliment you upon the increased size and general make up of The Segnogram. I intend to have my copies bound as I consider your articles worthy of preservation.

P. S. Hancock, Mich.

As a reader of the Segnogram, I am delighted with its contents. I feel much benefited from reading it.

R. L. Summerset, Eng., Nov. 3, 1904.

The Segnogram

Pure Air as a Cure

Hundreds of cases of consumption are cured every year by living in the open air, while very few recover in the confinement of cities. Physicians have learned that all diseases are more successfully treated in the open air, or in well ventilated rooms, but they find it hard to make the public realize this.

The first method of securing fresh air is by ventilating our own houses by day and night. Night air is thought by many to be injurious. This is an error. Only in malarious countries is night air injurious. In most cities the night air is as good as the day air, perhaps better, as it is then free from the smoke and the gases of factories.

In our own houses we should obtain a fresh supply daily, after getting the workers off to business and the children off to school, by throwing open the beds and opening the windows and letting in the outdoor air. By night we should allow pure air to enter our rooms and give outlet to the impure air by opening the windows a little at the top and bottom; the cold air on entering is warmed by the heat, which rises to the ceiling, and the bad air falling to the floor, passes out below.

Ventilation is especially needed in sick rooms. Illness renders the air more impure at the same time that it increases the sufferer's need of fresh air. To think that a free supply of fresh air will injure a child ill with a contagious disease, such as measles or scarlet fever, or one suffering from pneumonia, is an error that cannot be too much emphasized.

The second way of obtaining fresh air is by going out after it; that is, by means of exercise in the open air. Muscular exercise increases the amount of air drawn into the lungs, at the same time that it adds to the strength and tone of the body. Exercise should be regular and systematic to attain the best results.

Babies and young children need fresh air even more than the older ones. They need to get growing material from the air. They should be taken out daily in all suitable weather, and, if possible, in the hours of sunshine. The more play-grounds and parks our cities gives us, the healthier and better will our children be, for healthy people are bound to be better morally than those that are physically weak.

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