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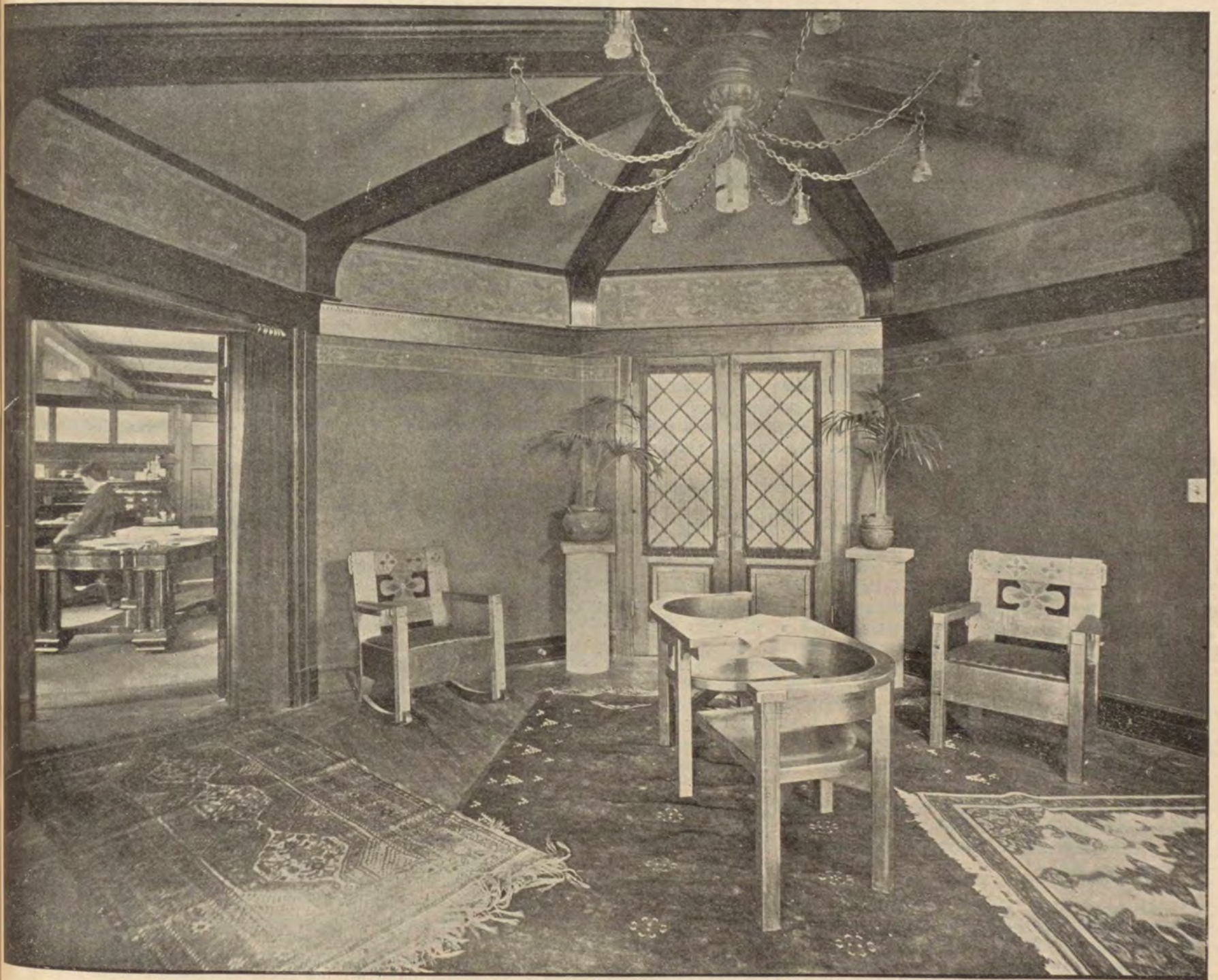
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# THE SEGNORAM

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Los Angeles, Calif., March, 1905

No. 6



A Section of the Reception Hall in The Home of the Segnogram

THE  
  
**SEGNOGRAM**  
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 Los Angeles, California  
 A. Victor Segno - Editor

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Special rates on advertising will be accepted or printed in this magazine when they are advertised with this application.

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Notice of change of address should be sent to us at once so the postal rules forbid the forwarding of magazines without the payment of additional postage.

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When this letter is mailed with a five cent stamp it signifies that your subscription has expired and that you should renew it at once.

If you are not a subscriber to this magazine and are not already a subscriber, it is an invitation to subscribe. Send the enclosed.

**The Votes Have Been Counted**

The votes have been counted, and to my surprise and I might also add to my disappointment they were found to be almost entirely in favor of the smaller magazine. From our thousands of subscribers only 25 voted for the present large size. When I asked our subscribers to vote for the future size of the pages of the magazine I was of the opinion that the majority would vote in favor of the present size, but it has not been so. In my opinion a large page is more attractive because it permits of more artistic arrangement and the use of large illustrations. On a small page of course such illustrations as we used must be reduced in size thus often robbing them of their beauty. On a small page the view of the back which appears in the issue could not have been printed.

The following are some of the reasons given by our readers for preferring the smaller page:

- "I consider the present size too large to carry in the pocket."
- "I consider the smaller size more convenient for transportation, for being easy, for reading and certainly more attractive in appearance."
- "I was disappointed when you changed from the smaller size."
- "The smaller size is more convenient to hold."
- "You should not wait a thirteen month volume the first year of the Segnogram issue. It is really good of it. It is too bad you should not repeat the second year with such a large size."
- "The small size would be more convenient to take care of, for a page in the Segnogram can serve for future reference."
- "The small size is better as both while reading, especially, if holding a stack of many papers here to do."
- "The large size has the appearance of a crude, refined appearance."
- "The small size was funny and elegant and much more convenient to handle."
- "I liked the smaller size so much better, they did not get the same value in coming through the mail while the larger size does."
- "The large size is inconvenient to have around and I wish to prevent my waste."

However, as I am not publishing the magazine for myself, but for the benefit and to please its readers, I bow to your wishes and beginning with the April issue will change the size of the pages. I will not reduce it to quite as small as its former size, but will use the present size folded over, making it just half its present size. By doing this way once you will see the size of pages are those for the future. The same size type will be used as that it will be very readable. In fact we will try as heretofore to make it as attractive as possible—by making it a magazine full of interest for every reader of the hour.

In this issue we print additional pictures of the interior of our building and a view of the side and park on which the building stands. The location is considered by all who see it to be the finest in California. Many visiting a party of people from Chicago called and were shown over the building and grounds and they stated that they had been traveling for three years all over Europe and America and had never seen anything so complete with the location, view and

arrangement of the building. That those of our readers who cannot come to California may gain some idea of how we are situated and how, where and under what conditions we prepare and handle this magazine we have printed this series of pictures of the interior and exterior of the building. This month we show you a partial view of the octagonal reception hall, the clerical department where letters are written on the typewriters, your orders recorded and your letters filed for future reference; also a view of the wrapping and mailing department of this magazine.

We trust these pictures will serve to bring you closer to us in mind and thought. You will know what we are doing and appreciate the amount of detail and work necessary to handle a magazine like the Segnogram. Do you realize that all the people you see in these pictures and many more in other departments must each do certain work that you may receive a complete magazine. Then think of the small price charged you for a year's service. A magazine of this quality can only be kept up by a constantly increasing circulation, therefore while we do not ask you much for a subscription, we do ask that you help to promote its success, and the good work it is doing, by encouraging others to subscribe for it. Have you missed an opportunity to advise a friend to join with us by subscribing for this magazine? If so don't let it occur again. We want you to work with us and through us help humanity to a better way of living.

In the last issue I mentioned an opportunity by which 100 of our readers could by co-operating with me invest a small amount monthly and own a building lot in Los Angeles, for a home or an investment. Many inquiries are already coming in. If you are interested in making a good profit on an investment of fifteen dollars a month, write to me before these one hundred lots are all taken and I will tell you of my plan. None but subscribers to The Segnogram will be permitted to share in this investment. Remember I will guarantee you at least 6 per cent. on your money if you wish to withdraw from the investment. You cannot lose for you are assured of 6 per cent. profit, while if you stay with us, you are sure of from fifty to one hundred per cent. profit. Do not delay in writing me for only one hundred of our readers can share with me in this opportunity.

A. VICTOR SEGO.

**The Art of Winning People's Confidence**

The art of gaining people's confidence quickly and retaining it is of inestimable value to a youth who would get on in the world. Very few people possess it. The majority of us throw barriers in the way of its acquirement. By having a disagreeable manner, lack of tact, or, perhaps, an unpleasant personality, we frequently antagonize or repel those whom we are anxious to please.

Many people have to work hard to overcome the prejudice created by first impressions, while others, without effort, charm everyone they meet.

Success is often due more to engaging manners and an attractive personality than to great ability.

It is not the teacher who knows most, for instance, who is successful beyond others, but it is the one who pleases and interests by means of her tact and winning ways. Neither is it always the salesman who knows his business from A to Z, but whose manners are repellent, who is most valuable to his employer, but the one who has learned the art of pleasing.

While the art of winning people's favor and confidence is, in many instances, a natural gift, like most of the good things in life, it may be acquired by those who earnestly seek it.

The first step to be taken is to cultivate—if you do not already possess it,—a uniformly cheerful disposition. A bright, smiling face will do more to incline a man's heart toward you, and to gain his ear, than all the virtues in the calendar, handicapped by a gloomy visage.

Be generous with your sympathy, and try to be at least as much interested in the joys and sorrows of others as you would wish them to be in yours.

When you meet friends or acquaintances, do not "bottle" them and pour into their unwilling ears a history of your affairs. Listen, rather, to what they have to say, and try to enter as cordially as possible into their feelings, their hopes and fears and plans. This does not mean, of course, that you are to be victimized by every bore who wishes to secure a listener.—It does not matter what—but it means to give hungry hearts that generous measure of sympathy which we all crave.

Treat men as brothers and, though your kindness may, in some instances, be abused, your soul will be enriched, your life in the healthy, happy atmosphere you will create, and in the friendly sentiments you will attract to yourself.

Above all things else, be consistent and persistent in your efforts, or you will accomplish little. It will not do us to be kind and cheery, today, and gruff and stubborn tomorrow, to take pains to please, one day, and to be wholly indifferent the next. An even disposition is indispensable to the formation of a strong, reliable character. No one will give his confidence to a man who has the reputation of being fickle or uncertain.

# HEART THROBS

By H. M. WALKER.

## Don't Forget Mother

Let us go tonight to the old home and spend an hour with Mother. She's waiting there to greet us as only Mother can. Supper is over; the dishes are washed, and Mother has picked up the piece of work laid down when she was called to the table. Adjusting her glasses she bends low to see that the stitch is right and proceeds in silence. There is brother and sister; they have taken up their books to read, and lay back for a lazy evening. They have had a busy day in the city office, and want to be quiet. Mother has been alone all day, with nobody about to talk to. She wants to talk now. She asks a question or two, but receiving a disinterested grunt for an answer, concludes that Brother and Sister do not wish to be disturbed. Silently she works on.

A sigh comes from the heart, but she chokes it back and bends closer to her work. Her thoughts turn to the Son or Daughter out West—you and me. Green fields are far away. So are angelic daughters and affectionate sons. If you were only there! The word of love, of confidence, that her dear-eld ears want to hear to carry joy to her lonesome heart, would not then be withheld. Her Mother Love ignores distance and starts out upon space like a Marconi ray, to be picked up by the sympathetic heart away out west tuned in harmony with her's. Into the hills through the lumber camps, up and down the village streets, and into the heights and depths of the city's dives of manlessness, the vibration of love from the signal tower of Mother's heart flits here and there. She calls and signals for the boy and girl away from home; she wants to get in touch with the one who can bring joy to her lonely heart. Perhaps that one is you!

See! There she sits, lonely, and listening with the ears of the heart, ears so delicate that the faintest wave of love flowing from you will be recorded in that heart of hearts. There is something so tender in Mother's love, something that is almost divine. There isn't a manly man that breathes who does not feel it,—and honor it. Just now, get in touch! Every thought of her flies home! It brings joy to her heart and ennobles you; and, think of it! All it costs is a thought—just a thought.

## Look Deeper

It is dangerous to nurse a wrong—dangerous, because if we allow our minds to dwell on the evil our neighbor has done us, we become like him. We never can rise higher than our thoughts. No man is perfect; all have faults. No man can think so much of another after discovering in him some hidden sin; but true worth is shown when we can draw the curtain on the scene of weakness, and, looking deeper, discover the good that lies beneath,—for as sure as God made man, there is goodness in every one. It is our fault if we fail to find it. And isn't it better to seek to discover what we know ought to be there, though we do not know just where, than to jump at the fault that everyone can see and repeat what everybody knows?

Take a lesson from the life of the pros-

pector. He starts work in a doubtful field. He sees the formation is right; knows the precious metal ought to be there, and starts in to find it. Others have been over the ground, and found nothing. Perhaps they have discovered a piece of float, and after searching for days and maybe weeks and not finding another piece, conclude that the good piece was carried there from some other locality by a glacier or landslide, and give up the search. But the man who knows will not give up. The wash is deep, and the float comes only now and then. For days he can not find anything to give encouragement. But he keeps digging. Over and over the ground he goes. It ought to be there; the formation is true. For weeks and months and sometimes years he seeks on; then one day he sticks his pick into the heart of an ore-body, that has been hidden for ages by only a few inches of surface wash—and he is rich indeed!

I think the heart of every man has a pay-shoot of rich ore that would be a blessing to humanity if discovered and developed. The wash may not be so deep as the surface indicates. Perhaps you have missed it; or it may be you will have to go a few inches or feet deeper. Know this; the formation is good—it ought to be there!

## The Power of a Thought

How good it makes one feel to get a word or a thought from someone, somehow, somewhere to make one think! What a blessed thing thought is! How much pleasure it gives!

It seems to me that thought is the God in man. As we develop it our capacity for it grows, and each new thought adds something to character. Like love, thought grows as we exercise it. Day by day we think and unthink and rethink. Our growth depends upon each individual thought; not so much on how much we think, as how well. We may give all our time to thoughts of evil and folly, or sorrow and selfishness, and when our day is ended we find that we have not grown since infancy in anything but stature.

The ability to think is not given at birth. It is at the command of every man who has the will to think. Solitude is a good berth for the man who wants to exercise his thinker. But solitude does not lead always to good thinking. Once I had a friend who lived a solitary life, whose thoughts led him to a suicide's grave. He was an exemplary young man of more than ordinary intellect and training; manly in all things but his attitude toward God. His mind dwelt upon thoughts that did him no good. He was not master of Inclination. He spent today brooding over yesterday's misdoings, instead of using today in developing today's blessings and duties.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," applies to thoughts as well as to actions—secular and spiritual. It is not difficult to tell what a man's thoughts are when we look into his eye, or can see his daily life. How many times we see a man who can think and work all around a thing and never touch it! The great question is, do our thoughts "knock the persimmons?"

## MULTUM IN PARVO

We clarify our thoughts by explaining them to others.

Nobody is altogether bad, nor can be altogether good.

There can be no triumph where there is no willingness to bear the trial.

Nothing can be accomplished if we content ourselves with ever "going to do" things.

Our capacity to enjoy heaven there will depend on our development of heaven here.

A ton of post mortem kindness is not worth so much as an ounce of practical love now.

The mistakes of our friends may cause us greater distress than the malignity of our foes.

Truth may not hang well to some people, but most of us can profit by hanging on to truth.

Praise is a better incentive than criticism. No man can help another that does not help himself.

"More like Jesus I would be," is often sung by one whose heart is filled with bigotry, guile and deceit.

Perhaps I cannot think of holy things as thou dost, but who gave thee to say to me, thou art wrong'?"

Better to be a barnyard wolf and go hungry to bed, than to live in luxury and not experience the joys of service.

If we lack the wisdom to take things as we find them, we can scarcely hope to have wisdom to take them any other way.

Bring out the alabaster box today. Do not lay it away. The saddened heart can be refreshed today—tomorrow may be too late.

The world is one big family. We get from it what we give to it. A smile for a smile, a frown for a frown; good for good, evil for evil.

The brightest jewel in the crown of life is that of service, for service means sacrifice, and no character can reach its best without sacrifice.

We may die today, but our thoughts live on. Years after we are buried our thoughts may inspire others to rise higher than we can ever rise.

How much we like to be parlor soldiers! How we shun doing anything that is not according to custom, or that will engender strife of thought!

There is more religion in doing your duty today, as well as you can, than there is in pulling a long face and getting upon your knees to tell the Lord how to run things.

When we suspect another of being less holy than we, even though he be picked from the gutter or occupy a felon's cell, we play the part of the Pharisee and tread upon dangerous ground.

Before we can accomplish much for any cause, we must get rid of self. Until we can realize that we are simply vessels in the service of mankind to an end, our work will not be worth a great deal.

**Mental Science in Business Life**

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

A few years ago the philosophy of "Mind Over Matter" was talked and believed only by advanced thinkers usually and dreamers, the spiritual-minded and the visionary.

Practical, every-day people laughed at or ignored all phases of the new version of a very old science.

It is gratifying and surprising to find how the law is today being understood and employed in the business world.

his prosperity was entirely due to the fact that for five years he had been a patient student of Mental Science, and was applying its laws to his daily affairs.

"When things go at all wrong with me," he said, "and I feel nervous or out of sorts, I go at once to my room and sit alone and take a half hour of concentration, until I grow peaceful. I know I have no right to mix with my employees or guests until I have harmonious conditions within myself. I am my own heaven and hell, my own failure or success. It is not always my own fault if

It is in the business world and with the business people that the Science of Right Thinking is needed.

The earth has too many churches and too much Sunday religion. What it wants is a religion that is applied every hour of the day in the street, and mart, and office, and home—a religion which helps men to be happy in their work and make their employees and associates happy, to keep health of body and mind and harmony and hope in the mental atmosphere and to create a little heaven right here on earth.

**The Segnogram Mailing and Wrapping Department**

Not long since a successful manager of two very large hotels was complimented upon the harmony and happiness which pervaded his hotels. Employees and associates all seemed to regard the employer as a personal friend, and work was a recreation. The proprietor was a handsome, florid man, of middle age, alert and active, and a casual observer would have considered him a man particularly fond of the luxuries of life; and if his ideas of enjoyment had been under discussion one would have said that the racetrack and bridge whist took the lead in all probability, and religious matters were left to the women of his family.

Instead, this man, in a conversation regarding his hotel success, remarked that he felt

things go wrong; but it is my fault if they do not become righted. It is my own fault if I do not make a success of whatever I undertake.

Until five years ago I had no success in anything. I blamed Fate, and conditions, and everybody and thing but myself. Then I went into the study of Mental Laws and began to learn what a limitless field the mind has and what wonderful powers are contained in the spirit of man, and since then everything has turned my way. Whatever I undertake succeeds, and I have no trouble with help or business associates. Any passing disturbance I can trace to its source and allay."

These words from a practical business man were especially interesting.

Although there are hundreds of magazines published in England I have never seen one that for brightness and help to living a useful, happy life, can compare with the Segnogram. I want to be a life subscriber.

MISS B. JONES,  
60 Clifton Road, Rugby, England.

As to the merits of The Segnogram, they are "too numerous to mention." Hence, impossible to particularize. I enjoy every page immensely. It is imply unique, and fills a place that no other publication does.

With earnest thoughts for your continued usefulness and prosperity,

Sincerely your friend,  
Sandersville, Miss. MRS. S. R. RAMSEY.

### Solomon Oaks

A queer old fellow is Solomon Oaks;  
He belongs to the good-natured order of  
folks;

He sings and whistles about the work  
And nobody has ever known him to shirk.  
And he makes you think, with his blithe  
good cheer,  
Of the merry blackbirds when spring is here.

If they come to him with a doleful tale  
Of a neighbor's faults, they always fail  
To rouse attention to what they tell.  
At such a time he can't hear very well;  
But if they praise up a neighbor—then  
He can hear as well as the best of men.

He always indorses the good things said  
By his friends of the living as well as the  
dead.

If he's asked what he thinks of a man gone  
wrong,

He'll pause, perhaps, in his cheerful song,  
And say: "I'm sorry, but there must be  
Some good to his credit, it seems to me."

"I haven't time to keep track," says he,  
"Of the sad things and bad things that I  
might see

If I was to look for them; so I try  
To shut my eyes as I pass them by,  
And see only good things along the way—  
And I find a lot of them every day.

"By always having something to do  
I keep out of trouble and mischief, too.  
I stick to my business, as best I can,  
And keep on good terms with my fellowman—  
And the better I treat him, it seems to me,  
The better my fellow-man treats me."

A queer old fellow, this Solomon Oaks,  
With his merry laugh and his pleasant jokes,  
And his faith in his fellows, said or sung.  
He's a host of friends among old and young.  
He makes them and keeps them by smile and  
song,

And the word that helps us when things go  
wrong.

His life holds a lesson 'twere well to learn;  
Shut your eyes to the bad; all the good dis-  
cern:

Keep busy; be cheerful; and aim to make  
This old world better for love's sweet sake.  
Queer? Well, it may be, but this I say:  
More of such queerness we need today.

### The Dignity of Silence

There is great force and value in silence.  
The little brook rages and murmurs and talks  
on its way. The great, deep river is still.

The really great men of the world have all  
been relatively silent men. They have talked  
when they really had something to say—  
which means that even the greatest said very  
little.

Success in this world comes from mental  
concentration, from the power to center all  
the forces of the mind for a long period on  
the problem to be solved.

A man constantly talking, like a rattly,  
noisy machine, is an inferior product. The  
greater the development, the less noise and  
friction, in man or machine.

The greatest men are the silent men, be-  
cause, no matter how great a man may be  
naturally, he must use all the power that is in  
him to get ahead of others and develop him-  
self to the full. If he had the shallow, gos-  
sipy character which our national life does  
so much to develop he would be one of the  
talkers, instead of being one of the doers.

How many men do you know with excellent  
ideas able to talk intelligently and convinc-  
ingly on a dozen different schemes, yet unable  
to make a success of any one?

If the energy they use up in talking were

diverted to concentrated mental work they  
might make a success of at least one scheme,  
and in the course of their lives achieve some-  
thing more useful than merely adding to the  
great volume of talk.

It is not necessary in this country to pre-  
sent the other side of the question. It is not  
necessary to point out that talk is essential to  
mental companionship, that truth and origi-  
nal discovery are born of an interchange of  
ideas. Nobody in this country is in any dan-  
ger of not appreciating talk at its full value.  
But we are all of us in danger of forgetting  
the value and the beauty of silence, the  
strength that it gives to character, the balance  
that earnest, silent effort gives to the mind.

Digest this text, written by one who was a  
thinker and not a talker—the great Carlyle.

Silence and secrecy! Altars might still be  
raised to them (were this an altar-building  
time) for universal worship. Silence is the  
element in which great things fashion them-  
selves together that at length they may  
emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the  
daylight of life, which they are henceforth to  
rule. Not William the Silent only, but all  
the considerable men I have known, and the  
most undiplomatic and unstrategic of these,  
forebore to babble of what they were creating  
or projecting. Nay, in thy own mean perplexi-  
ties, do thou thyself but hold thy tongue for  
one day; on the morrow how much clearer are  
thy purposes and duties; what wreck and  
rubbish have these mute workmen within thee  
swept away, when intrusive noises were shut  
out! Speech is too often not, as the French-  
man defined it, the art of concealing Thought,  
but of quite stifling and suspending Thought,  
so that there is none to conceal. Speech, too,  
is great, but not the greatest. As the Swiss  
inscription says: Sprechen ist Silber, Schweigen ist Golden (Speech is silver, Silence is golden); or, as I might rather express it, speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity.

Bees will not work except in darkness;  
Thought will not work except in silence;  
neither will virtue work except in secrecy.

### Advice to a Business Girl

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward gives some  
good advice to the girl who is just entering  
business life. Strange to say, there still seems  
to be some need of such instructions from  
authority.

Don't fancy that your employer is always  
thinking about you and your special line of  
work, she says. He hasn't time. He wants  
women who can seize his ideas and follow  
them out without asking him a thousand and  
one questions. If you fail to give satisfaction  
you will speedily hear of it. Laborers in any  
field are rapidly "sized up" in this age of  
breathless competition.

Don't thirst for continual praise. If you  
know that you are doing your very best, even  
in the smallest details, you will have the re-  
ward of a quiet conscience, and a kindly em-  
ployer will not forget to give you a word of  
encouragement voluntarily from time to time.

Don't be "flirtatious," whether you are  
old or young. The writer once knew a type-  
writer in a magazine office who flirted with  
every male employe, married or single, about  
the establishment, from the office boy up to  
manager—even with the proprietor himself;  
but that girl was the laughing stock of the  
office.

Don't "dawdle" about the store or office  
after your work is done.

Don't be afraid, however, to work "over-  
time," or to take work home when occasion  
demands it. You will lose nothing by it in  
the long run. Too many women are "penny  
wise and pound foolish," forgetting that  
whatever furthers the interests of the house  
that employs them will eventually further

their own, provided they are faithful, energetic and industrious.

Don't fail to put your best and most con-  
scientious effort into whatever you do, if it is  
only the addressing of an envelope or maga-  
zine wrapper. Promotion is swiftest from  
the ranks, and your overseer is on the lookout  
for the best recruits.

Don't hesitate an instant at any order. A  
well-organized business must be run by mili-  
tary discipline to achieve and maintain suc-  
cess. If you are a stenographer, take down  
implicitly every word dictated, even if it  
sounds like a plot to poison or assassinate your  
bosom friend. There is, no doubt, a satisfac-  
tory explanation awaiting you. If you are a  
clerk behind the counter, be patient and cour-  
teous. It is to the interest of your employ-  
ers. Remember they want their customers to  
come back again, and discourtesy has been the  
cause of driving many a one away from a  
business. Be watchful for everything that  
will benefit your employers. Let them learn  
that the only difference in the work of a  
woman and of a man is that the woman is  
rather more to be depended upon.

### An Intuitive Knowledge of Danger

"Hermie!"

How Herman did hate to go! He was set-  
ting up a little water-wheel in the ditch and  
it was the greatest trial to leave it.

"Hermie!"

Hermie's face drew up into a scowl! Then  
he remembered what father had said to him.  
"Take good care of your mother, Herman, for  
she is sick and nervous and any excitement  
may upset her."

He dropped the water-wheel and ran to the  
porch where mother was calling.

"Hermie," said mother in a worried tone,  
"look off there toward the railroad track. Do  
you see that smoke? That ought not to be  
there."

Herman looked. Mother was so apt to be  
worried.

"It's only a little grass burning along the  
track. That's all right," he urged, eager to  
get back to the water-wheel. "Oh, but, Her-  
mie, please go down and see that there isn't  
anything wrong," begged mother. "And  
Hermie, don't you get hurt," she added, in  
fresh terror.

"All right, mother. I'll see to it," he an-  
swered, and started off towards the track.

First he ran to please mother. Then he  
walked, for really it was foolish to make such  
a fuss over a common thing. Then as the  
flames came in sight he began to run again.  
What was it? No grass fire along the track  
could look like that. The long wooden bridge  
was burning. And in five minutes the train  
would be due!

"What shall I do?" panted poor Hermie,  
as he hurried up the steep railroad grade.  
"I must wave a red flag."

But he had nothing to flag the train with,  
and it was too far to run home. He stood a  
moment helplessly. Then the boy who could  
make water-wheels had ingenuity enough to  
think of a way out of worse difficulties. He  
pulled off his red blouse and waved it vigor-  
ously at the speck which approached in the  
distance. The engineer caught sight of the  
dancing little figure that waved the red  
blouse so frantically and brought the train  
to a standstill. The trainmen came clamber-  
ing down to fight the fire. The passengers  
followed after, and the very first to come out  
of the coach was Herman's father.

"Oh, what would have happened if I had  
not come quick when mamma called!"  
thought Herman, with a shudder, as happy in  
the possession of enough money to buy a  
steam engine that would really run, he went  
back to his water wheel.

### Talks to Our Girls

One of the most serious problems that confronts the young girl who wishes to be, or who must be, self-supporting, is the choice of a trade or profession. Ours is an age of specialization, and to be successful you must have a thorough training in whatever line of work you determine on.

The girl who has the shelter of a good home in which she may remain while making her choice, should think well and carefully before deciding. She should make a thorough and unbiased inventory of her abilities, and her decision should be governed by her capabili-

ties. She should take up what she is best fitted for, not what seems pleasantest or easiest.

must find work immediately and that is a difficult task. But the way to cross a river, is—to cross it. Take a morning paper, one that has a number of want advertisements, and answer every one that you can possibly make your abilities fit. No matter what it is, if it be legitimate, honest work, and you have the faintest idea you can fill the position, apply for it.

You will possibly have to answer a good many advertisements before you get a position, but do not allow yourself to feel or express discouragement. If you are really in earnest in your desire to get work you will get it. It is bound to come. The work may

and never get into debt, whatever the temptation may be.

### She's a Misery Hunter

Every one knows her. She has two deep lines between her eyes and a plaintive droop to the corners of her mouth and to her eyebrows.

If anyone speaks harshly he means "Her." If anyone criticizes a fault he means "Her."

Whatever is said she applies it to "Self." Every coat seems to fit her and she puts it on. She wears all the boots that pinch.



Stenographic, Recording and Letter Filing Departments

If you can sew well, and have good taste, millinery or dressmaking would probably enable you to make a better living than stenography or newspaper work. But whatever occupation you choose, go to work diligently and systematically to fit yourself for it in the best possible manner. There are so many girls struggling for a foothold in this big bustling world of ours and the good positions have to be earned by hard work—by perseverance and faithfulness and accuracy.

The problem assumes a more serious aspect for the girl who is left to battle with the world, entirely dependent on her own resources. If she has no reserve fund, she

be hard and uncongenial, perhaps ill-paid. But it will be a beginning at any rate, and it is better than being idle and running into debt, while you wait for a good position to turn up.

When you have obtained work, if after patient endeavor you still find it irksome, with no possible chance for advancement, keep answering advertisements—although the promotion does come sometimes in the most unexpected way. But do not give up a position, no matter how uncongenial, until you have obtained another as good or better. You will always find it easier to get work while you are holding a position, for employers seem to go on the supposition that applicants who are out of work are incompetent.

Always conform your expenses to your income. Spend less than you earn if possible,

She carries a chip on her shoulder from morning until night, and whenever any one comes near her she expects it to be knocked off. The result is the same—she is offended, grieved, hurt, she is so sensitive.

She is losing all the healthy enjoyment that comes her way.

She is missing half her life, because she is looking for snubs.

She says she can't help it. She can.

It is a very easy matter to let those slights, imagined or real, roll off one like water off a duck's back. It takes a little bravery for the first three or four weeks, but after that it comes natural enough.

The sensitive woman is one of the most miserable in the world. It doesn't pay to be miserable, especially when a healthy effort will bring happiness.



## MUSINGS

By Charlotte Bright Ritch

Before you retire at night, smooth out your conscience as well as your garments.

You will rest better, and be ready to start the new day right.

You may have had a rough voyage of life, but never mind old issues—forget all things in the past which are not pleasant to remember.

If you are in harmony with the good, if you have reached the plane of human advancement where you are doing what you can to enlighten and uplift the deluded and down-trodden, if you help the human race by sending thoughts of good to all mankind to vibrate throughout the universe, you will be more happy than though you conquer the world, and your peace of mind will be greater than wealth could buy.

"My life has grown so narrow," said a sick friend to me recently. "That little of pleasure or happiness finds its way to me any more, so I do feel grateful for the love which brought you to me with the assurance that the world is still beautiful and fair."

To all discouraged and disheartened ones, I would say, not only that the world is fair, but that the unlimited power in each and every soul is wonderful and rare.

There is no space on this bright earth for discouragement or sickness, for the wisdom of nature is great. She has amply provided for all our needs and expects us only to be wise enough to avail ourselves of her stores.

It is love we need to make things right. Today the world cries out for love—more love—until it seems that tenderness is a lost art, and the cries of the starving soul are almost lost in the loud clamor of cries for knowledge or for gold. Where will it all end?

**I Rays are the Very Latest.**

After X rays, N rays; after N rays, I rays. I rays proceed from the brain. They are thought rays. They were discovered by M. di Brazza, student at Liege, when repeating the N ray experiments of Prof. Charpentier. Charpentier found that the phosphorescence of certain substances is increased when they are brought close to a nerve or to a contracting muscle. When some one talks variations are produced in the luminosity of calcium phosphate, says the Chicago "Tribune." In another experiment Charpentier saw the phosphorescent substance shine all down the line of its application to the spinal cord. Charpentier concluded that the emission of rays goes pari passu with activity of function, which puts us in possession of a new method of studying nerves and muscles.

Di Brazza now claims to demonstrate what Charpentier surmised, to-wit: that the "brain is the seat of active radiation." The I rays differ from the N rays in that they can pass through moist substances and are not bent, not refracted. Di Brazza observes them directly and indirectly. In direct observation he applies a phosphorescing screen treated with platinumcyanide of barium or other phosphorescent substances to the patient's head. The screen is faintly illuminated by a radiographic tube inclosed in a wooden box.

When the subject concentrates his will, curious oscillations appear in the luminosity of the screen in relation with the patient's psychical activity. When his attention is not concentrated the light does no flicker. The rays are not emitted equally from all parts of the head. They are nil at the forehead, increase at the temple and eyes, and are at their maximum behind the ears. The I rays are named for Italy.

## The Industrial Future of Los Angeles

There was a day, not very far gone, when the name of Los Angeles city was to the average American merely synonymous with perpetual sunshine and midwinter roses and other climatic amenities to which the less favored East, North, and Middle West were strangers. When the blizzard swept over the Dakotas, when Chicago felt the iron grip of the ice king, when New York was knee-deep in snow slush, when even Florida saw her orange groves withered by the deadly kiss of hoar frost, folks in all those places knew that things were different in the sunland of the southwest. Those who could afford the time and the money packed their grips and came along, to return to their homes in the spring blessing and praising the climate which knows no driving snowstorms, no pinching drops to zero, no chilling damp that saps the health and sicks both happiness and courage out of men's souls. And so the fame of this winter-sunned city spread far and wide.

But with the great majority of individuals only longing eyes could be cast in the direction of the favored Southwest. Life is toil; men must work even though women and children weep, the daily wage must be bravely earned while stormy winds do blow through long months of desolation, hardships and discomforts must be endured until the balmy breath of the eastern and northern spring comes again to reawaken nature into gladness. For these stalwart breadwinners Los Angeles was but a fairy land, to be dreamed of and sighed for, but to be reluctantly placed beyond the pale of possible attainment. The tourist, the pleasure-seeker, the wealthy invalid, the leisured lover of "dolee far niente," might come here, but the toiling multitude was barred from entry. There were no openings for their industry, no avenues for their enterprise, no wages to meet the stern necessity of earning the daily bread for wife and little ones.

That day, however, is happily past and gone. Los Angeles can now with confidence open wide her arms, and welcome within her gates the toilers of America, the men who are the very life-blood of our nation. This change has been wrought mainly by the discovery of oil fuel right here beneath our feet. The discovery was made a few years ago, but only now are we beginning adequately to appreciate the value of this crowning gift of a bountiful Providence. Dame Nature had filled her cornucopia with a right liberal measure of good things for the golden Southwest, but she seemed to have forgotten just one thing, and one very indispensable thing—cheap fuel. Without cheap fuel we were stranded amid the shoals of incomplete development. We could grow oranges and lemons, olives and walnuts, grapes and sugar beets for all the world. But a great modern community cannot live by farms and orchards alone. All men's tastes do not lead to husbandry, and men's needs in these days of high civilization go far beyond the products of the soil. For the making of a prosperous people there must be manufactures as well. And for long manufactures on any large scale seemed to be denied to Southern California, all because fuel,

having to be imported, stood at a price that was well-nigh prohibitive.

But, lo! the well-sinker struck the soil, and forth there gushed oil. Black and evil-smelling stuff! Yet what a priceless boon for California, and for all the world as well. For where the furnace roars, the fly-wheel hums, and the piston throbs, all the world may come and win a wage. So Los Angeles is no longer merely the Mecca of the valetudinarian. The stalwart and strong, the young and vigorous, the enterprising and ambitious—all may come to drink the joys of perpetual sunshine. We shall continue to afford a haven to the health-seekers, but the captains of industry have now their place in our midst as well.

With the utilization of oil fuel there has concurrently been a wonderful advance in the development of electric energy from water power. Almost every canon stream within many miles of Los Angeles has been pressed into the service of that modern magician, the dynamo, and now even Kern River has been compelled to transmute her tumbling waters into the subtle fluid that makes tramway cars to glide and steel-cutting saws to spit fire in the great busy city over 100 miles away. Oil and electricity—these be the two talismanic words that are conjuring for the metropolis of the Southwest the manufacturing prosperity that will mean happy homes for tens of thousands of workers. Four years ago the manufactured products of Los Angeles were valued by the census authorities at only \$21,297,537. Today the annual output is estimated at more than \$40,000,000. Such has already been the growth within this short space of time under the double influence of cheap oil fuel and electric power.

Capital has flowed into a land where factories have not to be built tornado-proof, and costly furnace heating during many months of each year is unnecessary. Every week we have fresh evidences that the outside world is now awake to the advantages of Los Angeles as a manufacturing center. Let the stranger, or for that matter the townsman, visit the industrial quarters in the Eighth and Sixth wards of the city, and he will be surprised at the scores of large factories going up all around. And these factories are new—that is to say, they are laid out on plans which experience elsewhere has proved to be the best and most efficient, and are equipped with all the finest and latest machinery. With the money of the capitalist has come skilled labor in every department of enterprise, not only the skilled hand labor that gets the best results out of a complicated piece of machinery, but the skilled brain labor that plans great industries and organizes them on a vast scale. Niagara has her electric power, Pennsylvania her oil fields; but we of Southern California have both electric power and oil fields, with the third great asset of climate thrown in to make the balance kick the beam. And with the Panama Canal in process of making, and the great untapped markets of the Orient on the eve of opening, opportunity looms big ahead. Only now breaks the full day of the Golden Southwest.—Los Angeles Times.

## The HAUNTED HOUSE

AN OCCULT EXPERIENCE By Dorothy Gordon

*The following account is claimed by the writer to be a true statement of her personal experience. Being unable to explain the cause of the phenomena, she is desirous of having the opinions of our readers. If you can explain these or similar experiences, send your explanation to me and if found to be of interest to our readers I will publish it in a future issue of this magazine.—EDITOR.*

In the Autumn of 1898, a widow Mrs. D. with her two sons, one, an attractive fearless youth just entering manhood; the other, a delicate affectionate boy of eight, sought a new home, in a fashionable suburb of the town of L. in Pennsylvania.

Being a stranger, she selected a house for its beauty of structure, without enquiry into its past history or traditions.

doors, and windows, thus preventing any sudden draughts, to which could be attributed, the events which I am about to relate.

The first night for occupancy, arrived. The elder son, having business which would delay him until late, saw that all fastenings were secure, then turned on the electric light.

The widow and her child, started alone from the hotel, for the new home, reaching the head of the Terrace just at twilight, where they lingered awhile to reconnoitre their picturesque surroundings.

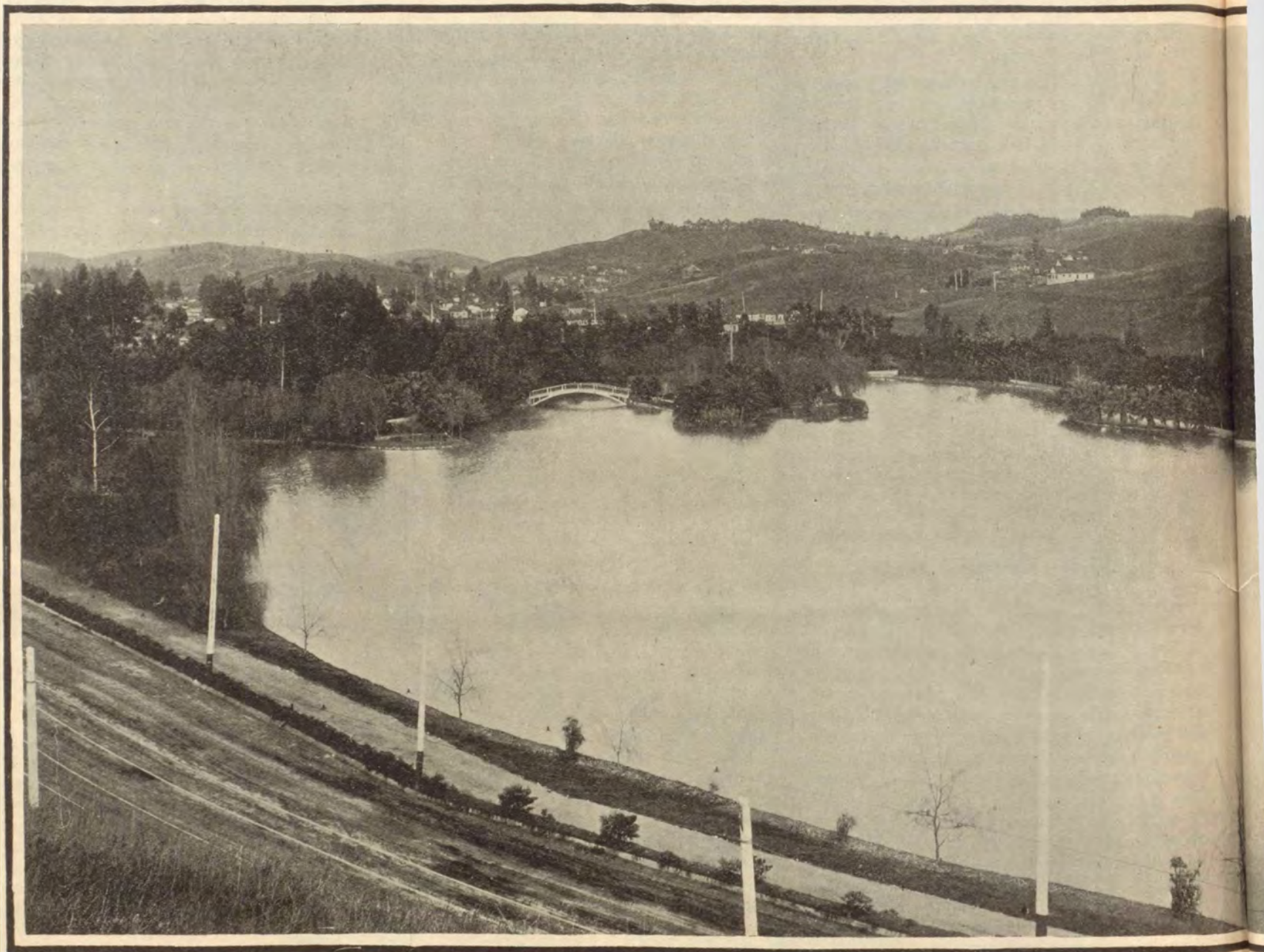
Suddenly, Mrs. D's attention seemed magnetically drawn towards the window in the Reception Hall, which commanded a view of the large open fire-place opposite, with its high mantel and mirror.

Mrs. D. stood like one encased in stone, against the outer walls of which, shrieked a wild cry, "Beware!"

Like a sigh from some far distance, came the little voice at her side, "Mother, I am cold—can we not go in?"

The mother's love gained mastery over fear. Taking the little hand in hers, they reached the entrance. Only once, as she touched the cold knob, did her heart cry out, "Oh! God! can I enter! but the child knew it not.

Deciding quickly, not to linger in the hall, and still guarding her thoughts from the child, she said, "Come, Dearie, let us see, who will get up to our bed-room first." The child's glee lent speed to its movements the mother started to follow—and—*was followed!*



Echo Park as Viewed from Hill

She sang with happiness as she decorated each room, with some dear treasure, of a beautiful Past; and, thought of a Peace, which must surely come, in so quiet and restful a spot, little dreaming of the conflict ahead with unseen forces, over which she could have no control.

The house stood in the center of an extensive lawn, on a hillside; approached in front by a flight of stone steps, adown the terrace, from the drive. At the back, the lawn sloped to the water's edge. The stillness of night was seldom broken, except by the lapping of the waves against the boat house.

The place built in modern style, possessed no outside shutters, to which could be ascribed sudden slams or jars—the intensity of the cold necessitated the closing of all

Slowly she became aware, that in front of the mantel stood in grave repose, the tall gray figure of a man, as if in deep reverie—his head buried in his thin white hand, his elbow resting on the mantel.

The mother's first instinct was to shield her child. Fearing he might perceive, and become alarmed, she hastily drew his attention away, by admiring the glimmer of the rising moon, as it peeped through the dancing leaves in the tree tops.

Then she looked again. The silent figure held her gaze in fascinated horror, for what seemed hours! then—quietly raising its head, and turning towards her, its ghastly spectral face, looked deep in her eyes—then—slowly began to disappear, turning neither towards the right, nor yet towards the left, but seeming simply to dissolve.

Step by step, some one, ascended behind her—madly she rushed onward, and into the room—the key was on the outside!—it seemed an eternity to wrench it loose—the step was drawing nearer—one more desperate wrench—she had succeeded—was safely in her room, the door locked—only, to remember, that if it was a ghost that pursued, bolts or bars, were no obstruction.

Again came the child's voice, "Mother, why do you look so strange?" the mother's love was again supreme; "Dearie, I fear I ran up those steps too fast—I must be more careful eh! Come let me get you to bed now."

Then, when the little eyes were kissed to slumber, and the curly head quiet in sleep, the mother sat down to think.

Unwilling to surrender to fear, she soon sought diversion in books. All nature seem-

ed wrapt in a deep repose. Why should she fear! Her life from childhood had been one long sweet Dream of Love. She had been carefully shielded from e'en the knowledge of evil. God was her Father, He would surely protect His own—but, the reverie was broken—again came the steps, slowly ascending the stair-way, now in the hall—*now*, up to her very door—the latch was turned!—"oh! God! she *must* surely now scream out her agony"—but, no, the steps are receding, going down again.

Again they come—again they go.

The night wears on—

Eleven o'clock, and her son returns. Coming up, as usual, to his mother's door to say good night before retiring—Mrs. D. unlocked

Four nights passed in peace. On the fifth, at midnight, all were suddenly aroused by a most appalling crash, as of a thousand mirrors, shattered.

Getting up hastily, Mr. D. came to the mother's door, and called excitedly, "mother did you hear that?" "Yes, my son, what is it?" "Well, mother, I am going to see."

Everything *now*, was as still as death—vainly he searched each room—each closet. Silence and order alone prevailed. He raised a window and looked out. The night was still. Calm and serene stood the stately trees, their foliage unruffled by a passing zephyr. He returned to his room, but was stunned with amazement, at its entrance, to find, the heavy oaken panel of his door, split from top to

ed as it received its added fuel—the furnace door swung uneasily on its rusty hinges, and was then violently banged in and out.

With a deep oath Mr. D. sprang forward, and extending his weapon, shouted "In the name of God *speak*—or I shoot."

No voice replied—and darkness folded her mantle around him, while the unseen swept by.

A short time elapsed. Then a woman, appeared on the scene—gliding through the halls, sighing and groaning—or, listening at the keyholes, only to scurry away amid the rustle of her silken skirts, if one opened the door suddenly.

Her presence was *felt* and *heard*, but remained unseen until one night, Mrs. D's child



ing. Photo taken Feb. 9th, 1905

her door, only to fall in a deep swoon into his arms. He gently placed her on the bed, and lovingly used all means to restore consciousness.

He was a man, a brave true man, tender and gentle to women, but, like many other men apt to attribute all they cannot clearly explain to some freak of the imagination, which always appeals to them, as an indisputable argument!

Full of courage, and ill suppressed skepticism, the man started on a tour of investigation.

Everything stood precisely as he had left it—no bolt or bar withdrawn—no visible sign of intrusion.

Treating the occurrence as only a joke, he soothed the mother to sleep, and sought forgetfulness himself.

bottom, wide enough for one to quite see through; and, in the center, the deep impress of a man's shoe, sunken in the wood!

"Imagination" here took on the form of "reality"—here was the impress of the shoe—where was the force that impelled it!

Still, the man remained skeptical—the woman tried to be brave.

A few nights after, again they were all aroused, by some one shoveling coal into the furnace, in a noisy boisterous fashion. Again came Mr. D. to the door, "Mother do you *hear that?*" and received the now usual response "Yes, my son, who *can* it be." "Well" said Mr. D. I am getting tired of these nightly annoyances," and seizing his pistol, he crept stealthily down to the cellar—the noise continued—the shovel grated harshly against the reluctant coal—the fire sizzled and crack-

being ill, she went to the bath room cabinet for some medicine; her mind engrossed on her errand she was startled, as she passed in, by a light touch on her shoulder; turning hastily, she beheld, in horror, at her very side, a pale fair woman, with hollow sunken eyes, and her arm out stretched to strike.

Mrs. D's first impulse was to rush frantically out, but *she*, the ethereal—the intangible—the unknown, she barred the passage!

Reason tottered, and fear held undisputed sway. From hot and parched lips Mrs. D. gave one wild cry. The ghostly friend (?) seemed strangely moved. Daintily drew her silken skirts around her,—shrank back crouching into a corner, and amid sighs and groans, became visibly smaller and smaller, until only space was left, amid a stillness that oppressed.

The prostrate form of Mrs. D. was tenderly lifted from the floor in a state of complete collapse.

The disturbances now became more continuous, each night developed some new freak.

In the billiard room, unearthly visitors indulged in nightly contests of skill—the ivory balls rattled fiercely over the table—men chuckled merrily in their glee, or told each other whispered stories of former glory.

But, from their festivities, Mr. D. was studiously excluded. Should he stealthily appear, and try to surprise them by a sudden influx of light, turned on from the button outside the balls, the cues, the table, the pictures the very floor itself maintained a dignified silence, and left the man still guessing!

About this time a rather amusing event transpired. One evening, at the Christmas tide, many guests being present, it was proposed to carry out an old Yule time tradition of sitting around the blazing wood fire that sparkled on the open hearth and cast its ruddy glow of warmth into each face, and there, by its light alone, tell, what the children call "Ghost Stories."

Up to this time, Mrs. D. or family had not spoken of their extraordinary experiences, desiring first to communicate with the Society for Psychological Research, and await one of their agents to investigate, as the disturbances had quite passed the limit usually ascribable to mice or bad acoustics.

The electric bulb in the hall, was held in the extended hand of a tall bronze statue, at the foot of the broad stairway. Each lady promised, that under no circumstances, would she turn on the light—each man, protested against the necessity of promise from them!

The first story was thrillingly told, with all the usual blood curdling accessories—producing, only the usual results—a little closer huddling in, of the women—a little extra teasing from the men.

The stories were resumed amid a denser stillness broken only, by an occasional timid glance over one's shoulder.

The climax was nearing—the bloody hand of the story, was supposed to be slowly creeping adown the wall, when, each heart, with a tremendous choking thump began to realize, *the unseen listened also!*—but—each was reluctant to speak first, and only shuddered, as they heard the almost inaudible rustle of the silken skirt, trailed around the outer circle; but,—when followed, with grim determined tread, her companion, clanging and clanking his heavy chains across the polished floors—a fierce wild panic seized the stoutest heart—women shrieked in wild discord, a fright they could not name—men shouted a courage they did not feel, into ears which heard them not. One mad, wild universal impulse swayed them all—to reach the statue, to gain the light.

A familiarity with the surroundings, gave Mrs. D. an advantage in her flight—rushing over all obstacles, and up the stairway, she bent over and pressed the button.

As the brilliant glare of light flooded the hall, from her point of vantage, Mrs. D. looked down on a perfect sea of outstretched arms each man, each woman, regardless of promise, vainly clutching at the tall bronze statue, in an insane desire for light.

A button communicating with every room in the house, was now pressed.

The women snuggled up in the Turkish den, and hugged each other in speechless dread. Each man, vied with the other, to prove himself a new and revised edition of a Sherlock Holmes. The entire house and grounds were searched. The newly fallen snow revealed no outward trace—the up-torn house no inward clue.

In subdued and wondering awe the guests

departed to their homes. The women to tremble and weep—the men, to think. But, it was only when safely ensconced in their own snug beds, that the men began to wish, they had allowed the women to hold a free and undisputed "Trust" on that "Light" business!!

By this time, the nervous strain on Mrs. D. was becoming unbearable—especially, as her servants had signified their intent to leave; declaring, that on some nights the noises were of so startling a character, they often sprang up, and excitedly rolled their trunks, or furniture against their door, and in breathless suspense sat out the lonely watches of the night, or at other times, buried their trembling forms beneath the folds of bedding or blanket, in imaginary security, as they beheld some phantom form come gliding in.

But, the last act of the drama was approaching. Mrs. D. was entertaining some companions of her child in a farewell party. Little voices rang merrily through the hall; lithe and winsome forms swayed daintily through the dance—joyous laughter kept time with the patter of little feet, in one long sweet rhythmic strain of harmony.

Flushed and happy, Mrs. D. ran up stairs to procure the prizes she had prepared for the anticipated cake walk contest, now beginning—her thoughts entirely centered on the festive scene below.

When Mrs. D. was but half way up, she distinctly saw the ethereal lady with the silken skirts arise hastily from a sitting posture on the step, her manner indicating chagrin, at being caught in the act of listening—rudely she brushed ahead and reaching the upper hall first, faced around, and with a sudden over whelming force, felled Mrs. D. to the floor.

How long she remained there, she never knew. Bewildered consciousness, at last, slowly returned. She knew she was not *dead*, for she was surely breathing—but—why did she lie there so still why could she not scream aloud for aid.

Like the chime of some distant bell, pealing at mid-night, weird, yet sweet, came the echo of childish voices; among them, one more dear than all, was calling, "Mother?"

Why she had known that voice once—her life's duty had been to answer its faintest call—she must go to it now—*now!*

Feebly stretching forth her hand, she grasped the railing, and by its help, drew herself up, into a sitting posture.

Slowly the curtain of darkness was withdrawn, and the poor tired brain received the light of returning reason—and *with* it, that prevailing impulse of her life, to give to her child, only the sunshine.

He must never know.

With a heroic courage, born of a mother's love, Mrs. D. arose, and by sheer force of will, gave no sign of inward rack of pain, until the last little guest had kissed her adieux.

A physician was then hastily summoned who found, Mrs. D.'s knee so seriously injured by the fall, it was necessary to convey her to a hospital where she was compelled to remain on her back, three weary months before health was restored.

In the mean while, the property was sold. Mr. D. having learned from many sources, that the house had long possessed the unique reputation of being haunted, every tenant having removed in precipitous haste. Not only had it been declared that the "Ghosts" had been seen, but they had been named, by the community, respectively Mamie and Harry.

Six months elapsed, and the house remained unoccupied.

Mrs. D. ensconced amidst the luxuries of a new home, enjoying complete restoration to robust health, was fast forgetting her occult

experiences, when one night she had a dream.

She seemed to be wandering aimlessly through the other home. As she entered the library, again she heard the familiar rustle of the silken skirts, but now, somehow, as it often happens in dreams, she seemed not afraid—she stood and waited.

From a Turkish couch in a far corner arose two figures, a man, and a woman. Holding each other's hands they advanced, bowing low before their guest—then with a sudden impulse, seized her wrist and wailed aloud, "Remove the curse, and set us free."

"How" gasped Mrs. D.

"Listen" they answered, as if in union.

"Once we were human—we loved and were beloved. Life seemed one long dream of heaven—but, one there was who wished us evil, because the joy was not his own—he swore to be avenged.

At twilight in the long ago, we once sat then, as now, hand in each other's hand, upon that Turkish couch drinking the Elixir of Life, quaffed deep from burning lips of love. The air seemed redolent with the perfume of violets, fresh from the treasure house of nature—little noted we, the intermingling vapor of a subtle noxious weed, which smouldered on the hearth, and pervaded the whole room with its poisonous breath. Locked in each others arms, we sank into unconsciousness.

When we awoke, we found ourselves chained in a shallow enclosure beside this fire place, which was being slowly bricked in. "Remain here forever" snarled the one who wished us evil. "Your task to haunt and terrify, until some one, more brave than others are, shall sit alone through all the quiet watches, and at the mystic hour of mid-night, as the first bell tolls forth its warning note, repeat the words that *free* you" and placing his lips to the last unfilled crevice, hissed in the magic words."

Then, as if in unwilling haste, the two seemed turned for flight: "The Words—the words" screamed Mrs. D. give me the words, and so help me God, I'll set you free."

A quick flush of joy spread a fantastic shadow over the ghastly spectral faces. Pressing their bony hands against their shrunken breasts, they slowly returned and bending forward pressed their icy lips against the warm soft cheek of Mrs. D. and whispered, "The curse is ended. Requiescat in Pace."

With a violent shock Mrs. D. partially awoke—her cheek felt cold and moist. Rubbing her eyes, she peered into the darkness. The tinkling of a tiny silver bell, on the tall old-fashioned bed post, caused her to look up, when for an instant flashed forth, as if on a lightning streak, the word "Remember," in tongues of living flame.

Mrs. D. now thoroughly aroused, sprang up, struck a light, opened her desk, and calmly wrote down the words "The curse is ended. Requiescat in Pace."

The next evening at dinner while entertaining some guests Mrs. D. narrated her dream. The young men present, became quite merry over it and after considerable hilarity, they threw lots to decide, which one of those present, should become the champion of the unhappy pair!

The lot fell to Mr. D.

At ten o'clock, the party of men started for the desolate house, armed with a small table, a chair, some candles and matches, and a revolver.

Forcing a rear door they entered, and after rather a boisterous frolic through the empty halls and stairway, they left Mr. D. alone, seated in the center of the Library, a lighted candle on the table beside him.

As the clank of the last boot resounded through the hall, a solemn quietude settled over everything within.

The first hour passed rapidly, so engrossed was Mr. D. in the novel he had provided himself with, for the occasion.

At half after eleven, he placed his open watch upon the table, steadied his revolver beside it, lit a cigar and began to smoke.

At a quarter of twelve, he heard an uncertain scratching sound in the cellar, a door banged open, and something fell heavily.

"Harry is coming to shovel in some coal," laughed Mr. D.—then all was still again.

Ten minutes of twelve—a tiny creak from a distant corner, caused Mr. D. to turn sharply around—a shadowy mist seemed slowly rising from the bare polished floor, assuming weird fantastic shapes.

Puzzled at first, he soon reasoned, it could only be, the tobacco fumes from his own cigar, caught between two conflicting draughts.

Five minutes yet remained—he roused himself for action—examined his revolver clicked it once—replaced it, and arose—keeping his eyes now steadily fixed upon his watch—the hands of which slowly crept towards the fateful number. Then they reached it—Mr. D. swept the room with one swift single glance, arose fearlessly, and in a loud voice called forth "The curse is ended. Requiescat in Pace."

No sooner were the words uttered than with a deafening crash, the further corner of the room sank into a yawning abyss,—a lurid flame shot up and licked the painted walls, as if in glee a million sparks dashed in, as if set free from burning depths, a scorching heat fresh from some furnace blast, encompassed all.

With one wild leap Mr. D. bounded forth, blinded with smoke and dust—stunned and uncertain. He reached the cool night air, and stood to wipe his heated brow.

The cry of some stray urchin passing, caused him to look backwards. The house was ablaze.

The usual crowd collected, but it was only after many hours had expired, that the following facts were ascertained:

At 11:45 a watchman on his beat had seen the faint flicker of the candle from the Library window—supposing some one within intent on robbery, he had crept quietly in with his dark lantern, through an open cellar window. Meeting considerable resistance from an inside door, he had flung his whole force against it, and when it had yielded unexpectedly, he was cast forward, precipitately to the ground. While he lay there, unconscious from a deep gash in his forehead, the lantern, which had been dashed from his hand quite a distance poured its deadly burning fluid over an adjacent pile of rubbish.

Later the watchman was discovered and dragged forth only slightly injured—the draught from the open window having carried the flames away from him, and towards the upper floor.

When the first gray streak of dawn came peeping over the hilltops, naught remained but a smouldering mass of ruins, from the centre of which, gaunt and alone, stood forth, in bold relief, the heavy, massive chimneys. These being deemed unsafe the Fire Chief gave orders to have them razed.

The firemen were proceeding to carry out his instructions, when the Chief shouted excitedly "Look out men—the northern wall is bulging near the top."—with a rumbling crushing noise, a dense mass of brick and mortar came rattling down.

When the crowd, which had fallen back none too soon, resumed their gaze at the remaining portions, there, thirty feet above the ground, locked in each others embrace stood, in dazzling whiteness, two ghastly grinning skeletons, the one a man—the other a woman.

## HEALTH-GIVING FOOD

HOW TO PREPARE IT By MRS. A. V. SEGNO

### MENU No. 16

#### FIRST MEAL.

Hot Lemonade

Bananas dipped in milk and sprinkled with chopped peanuts.

Fruit Bread

Raisins

Walnuts

Oranges

#### SECOND MEAL.

Bean Turtle Soup

Bread Bars

Olives

Macaroni Italienne

Lemon Salad

Entire Wheat Bread

Graham Wafers

Grape Juice

#### TO PREPARE.

**BEAN TURTLE SOUP.**—To 1 quart of black beans which have soaked over night, add 4 quarts of cold water; a little savory and parsley. Boil slowly 3 hours. Press beans through a sieve. Return to liquor they have been cooking in. Add 1 tablespoonful of olive oil, 1 doz. ripe olives chopped fine, then add boiled yolks of 4 eggs, and a few slices of lemon. Season to taste.

**BREAD BARS.**—Cut slices of bread into bars an inch wide and about 3 inches long. Toast very dry.

**MACARONI ITALIENNE.**—Cook the large sized Macaroni in salted water until thoroughly done. Drain thoroughly. Grind or slice fine 2 medium sized onions and cook to a light brown in olive oil. Cook 1 can of tomatoes a few minutes and add the onions. Pour this mixture over the Macaroni and cook again for a few minutes.

**LEMON SALAD.**—Pare 3 juicy apples. Cut into dice. Peel 2 lemons and cut into smaller dice; chop 1 stock of celery rather fine. Mix altogether with Mayonnaise dressing. Serve on lettuce leaves.

### MENU No. 17

#### FIRST MEAL.

Apples sliced, mixed with broken nuts and cream

Omelet

Toast

Cocoa

#### SECOND MEAL.

Olive Boullion

Celery

Olive Croquettes

Carrot Salad

Entire Wheat Bread

Custard

#### TO PREPARE.

**OLIVE BOULLION.**—Stone and chop fine 2 dozen ripe olives. This amount should make one cup of meat. Grind or chop very fine ½ cup of walnuts, 1 good sized onion, a couple of good sized pieces of celery, and a little parsley. Add 2 quarts of cold water; cook 1 hour and a half. Season to taste, and if necessary add a little more water, then let cook another ½ hour. Strain through a sieve. This makes a delicious Boullion. Serve with bread bars.

**OLIVE CROQUETTES.**—Use the ingredients which you strained from the boullion. Mix with 1 cup of entire wheat bread crumbs and 3 spoonfuls of cracker crumbs; 1 well beaten egg. Make in small patties about the size of an oyster, sprinkle lightly with very fine cracker crumbs and fry in pure olive oil. These are delicious.

**CARROT SALAD.**—Scrape the carrots well. Slice to wafer thinness and let them stand for 20 minutes in 1 pint of ice-cold water in which the juice of 1 lemon has been squeezed. Drain and mix with Mayonnaise dressing. Serve on small crisp cabbage leaves.

**OMELETTE.**—Three eggs—whites and yolks beaten separately. Two or three tablespoonfuls of bread or cracker crumbs. (I prefer cracker crumbs), with milk enough to cover. Let stand a few minutes or until the crumbs have become softened. Put some Olive Oil in frying pan and have quite hot. Add beaten whites, yolks and crumbs together, salt to taste and pour into frying pan. When well set and brown enough, turn one half over the other and serve immediately.

## You Are Too Short



If you are short, you will appreciate the unpleasant and humiliating position of the little man in the above illustration. But you are probably unaware that it is no longer necessary to be short and uncomfortable.

The Cartilage Company, of Rochester, N. Y., is the owner of a method whereby it is possible to add from two three inches to the stature. It is called the "Cartilage System" because it is based upon a scientific and physiological method of expanding the cartilage, all of which is clearly and fully explained in a booklet entitled "How to Grow Tall," which is yours for the asking.

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171 T. Unity Bldg., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## Food Value and Medicinal Properties of the Olive

By John F. Morgan, in Physical Culture

As time advances the people are being educated to use more olive oil daily, both internally and externally. The races of the north for several centuries before the Christian era; the races in the eastern lands and in the tropical countries; the ancient Egyptians and Phoenicians used oil for nutrition and as a substitute for butter and animal fats. The Romans considered it the only natural oleaginous fluid and in their domestic economy it ranked next to breadstuffs for culinary purposes and for the anointing of the body. Athletic Greece achieved her greatest culture on maize and vegetables steeped in olive oil.

The ripe olive contains just what fruit lacks and with it makes up a perfect diet, as it is a wholesome source of fat.

The ancients ate the ripe olive, and to those who live in the Orient the olive is still one of the most important and valuable sources of food. It is the poor man's tree and his daily food.

A handful of ripe olives and some unfermented whole wheat bread, or an olive sandwich and mayonnaise dressing, and a glass of unfermented grape juice makes a nice meal.

Olive oil is the best form of grease. The taste of the average person has not been educated up to appreciating the fine, delicate, rich fruity flavor of the ripe olive, which will keep for years if pickled properly.

Fruits offer acids, sugar and fluids in abundance, while the olive supplies fat, albumen and a very little sugar, containing practically no starch. It is a good diet for those who are suffering with diabetes and Bright's disease, and all those who have lost their ability to digest starch—from rheumatism, liver complaints, etc.

The use of the green olive is a modern invention. The green olives imported from Spain are indigestible because they are made from unripe fruit and in no way superior to unripe apples or peaches. There is as much difference between the wholesomeness of a ripe pickled olive and a green one as between ripe and green apricots.

The olive or olive oil takes the place of meat. One can obtain an abundance of the best beefsteak in pure olive oil, which in chemical composition, in nutritive value and its uses in the body corresponds almost exactly with meat. It has the advantage over animal carcass in that it is in a state of natural emulsion ready to be digested promptly without the possibility of interfering with the digestion of any other food.

It has been observed long that those who change from meat to olive oil as a common article of food and take it as such become healthier and stronger and in much better condition.

Olive oil contains more proteids and albumen than beefsteak, two tablespoonfuls containing more nourishment than a pound of meat or a cup of butter. That quantity should be used daily by every person, and it can be done without giving the digestive organs, heart or alimentary canal the great tax which meat gives. It is a highly digested fat. Albumen makes blood. Fat makes weight. All other fats when entering the stomach float upon the surface of its contents, hindering the action of the digestive fluids. They also contain germs which cause fermentation and decomposition, so that the stomach becomes rancid and conditions are favorable for gastric catarrh. I cured myself of catarrh of the stomach (after fifteen years of suffering) by using hot water twice a day, a tablespoonful of pure olive oil and a

tablespoonful of strained honey to each glass of water. Pure olive oil passes through the stomach and mingles with the food just as cream will mingle with water. It will strengthen the digestion of the chronic dyspeptic.

If pure, it is the choicest and most palatable of all foods. It contains the largest amount of nutriment of any other food, the total amount being nearly one hundred per cent., while the best grains and legumes contain less than ninety per cent.; animal meat from twenty-two to twenty-eight per cent.; fruits and vegetables contain less still. One ounce of oil per diem facilitates intestinal digestion, encourages the action of the bowels and aids digestion in a remarkable way.

The vegetarian diet is generally too poor in fats.

Pure olive oil improves with age, but must be kept in a dark place and in a cool, even temperature to retain that rich fruity flavor. If exposed it is very easily contaminated. It quickly takes up all foreign odors. Its manufacture should be under the best sanitary conditions.

The highest analysis of the olive of Southern Europe is only 9 4-10 per cent. of oil, while in a test by the State University of California it has been shown that California olives average from 24 per cent. to 32 per cent., according to variety and location of ground.

Pure olive oil is a fat producer. It now has also valuable dietetic uses, at one time never thought of. It adds fragrance and deliciousness by its rich, nutty flavor, and is more healthful than lard, butter or other greases. For roasting turkey, chicken, baking beans, broiling, frying eggs and omelettes, for cooking peas, beans, tomatoes, cauliflower, spinach greens, soups and gravies, baking cakes, and shortening of all kinds.

It is a perfect substitute, with its delicate, nutty aroma, for creamery butter, or commercial nut butter.

Olive oil is readily accepted by the most sensitive stomach.

Eminent authorities have experimented with it and found it a potent agent for many defects of the excretory ducts for eczema and especially for skin-erofulous patients.

Its beneficial results when used in conjunction with a fruit diet and grains have been marked upon the scalp, ridding the hair of dandruff, preventing the hair from falling

out, keeping it from turning gray and curing the itching.

It can be used after shaving and for facial massage. It supplies to the sebaceous glands the only substance which they secrete when in a healthy condition, and the absence of which is the cause of baldness.

The new-born baby should be anointed all over with warm olive oil to retain the natural oil of its body. Soap and water before the second day causes too great a shock to the child. Then anoint the naval and spinal cord with it. Puny children of backward growth if bathed in warm olive oil rubbed in with the hands will gain wonderfully. Or such children as cannot retain food on the stomach can be given the same treatment to advantage. It is good for stomach pains, colic, measles, a vermifuge for tapeworm and diseases of children in general.

Olive oil can be used for burns, bruises, corns, etc.

The chief value of olive oil in malarial, typhoid and scarlet fevers lies in its ability to be rapidly absorbed through the skin and reduce the temperature of the body.

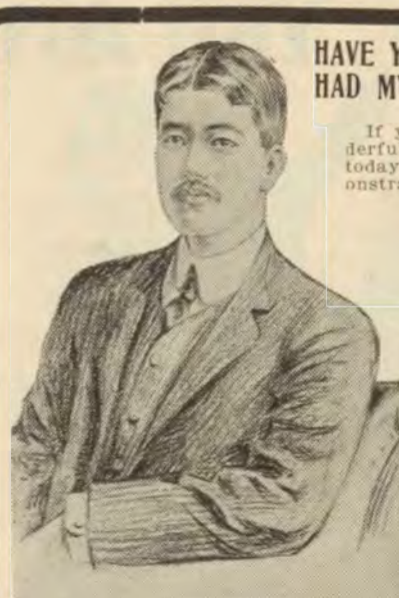
It is a solvent for gall stones and sedative for gastric catarrh and cancer.

The therapeutic properties of olive oil are well known to medical men. It is destructive to certain forms of micro-organic life. It possesses a lubricatory quality when used for the intestinal canal. A tablespoonful daily restores to the worn-out or diseased tissues just those elements of repair that its reconstruction demands.

It stimulates intestinal activity, being slightly laxative in its effect, which stimulates the liver and stomach and encourages the process of digestion. In nervous exhaustion and diseases where the system demands to be fed rather than drugged it is indispensable. It should take the place of pernicious codliver oil for the feeding of consumptives, for colds on the lungs or sore throat. For cold in the head rub the nose with it.

It is a fine diet for pregnant women. It can be made use of in rubbing cases of labor; for poulticing all kinds of swelling of the legs, old sores, inflammation of the bowels and for caked breast.

In purchasing olive oil be sure you get it pure. Have it analyzed if possible. Or else you had better not make use of it at all as a food or medicine, since indigestible cottonseed oil contains a gum which will not digest in the stomach, and overtaxes the heart and digestive organs.



YAE KICHI YABE  
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It is to the persistent practice of Jiu-Jitsu that the Japanese owe their courage and success in battle, their almost superhuman strength and power of endurance, their low death rate, and their material progress. Surely a system of physical training which has done so much for the Island Nation will interest you. Jiu-Jitsu not only embodies the ideal principles of attaining perfect health and perfect physical development, but, as a means of self-defense it is as potent at short range as the deadliest weapon. A knowledge of its self-preserving principles renders a man or woman impregnable to every form of vicious attack.

### JEALOUSLY GUARDED SECRETS REVEALED.

For over two thousand years the principles of Jiu-Jitsu have been religiously guarded. By an imperial edict, the teaching of the system was forbidden outside of Japan. The friendly feeling, however, existing between Japan and the United States has been instrumental in releasing Jiu-Jitsu from its oath-bound secrecy, and I have been delegated to teach, without reserve, all the secrets of this ancient art to Americans.

I have just written an intensely interesting book, which explains and makes clear the principles of Jiu-Jitsu in a manner which will never be approached by any American writer. So long as the edition lasts, this book, together with my first lesson in Jiu-Jitsu, will be sent free to interested persons. The lesson is fully illustrated and teaches one of the most effective methods known for disposing of a dangerous antagonist.

**The Proper Way to Wash the Face**

"Nine out of every ten girls who suffer from bad complexions ruin their faces through not washing and cleansing them in a proper manner."

The face should be carefully washed morning and night and at least once or twice during the day. Before touching the face in the morning, wash the hands and having changed the water in the bowl take the hands and rub well over the face. For morning and daytime ablutions have the water cold. But the face bath at night should, in order to remove all impurities from the skin, be a little more thorough than this. For it use warm water and pure soap and scrub the skin thoroughly with a soft complexion brush, always using this in an upward direction. Rinse off the soap thoroughly and then fill the bowl with very cold water. Dash this over the face with the hands to promote the circulation and dry thoroughly with a soft towel.

But soap and water alone no matter how often it is employed will neither prevent nor heal blemishes of the skin or remove the waste matter in the pores. So once a week try the following method which is followed by one of the most famous specialists in the treatment of the skin.

In the first place provide yourself with one very soft towel and two ordinary ones, a basin full of water nearly boiling hot, another supply of water nearly ice cold, and a good cold cream. It makes little difference what kind of cream you use, if you know it is good for your skin, and has not animal fat or vaseline for its base.

Doubling one of the harder towels several times, so that it will hold the heat, dip it into the hot water, and cover the face with it. Repeat until the face feels almost as if it were parboiled, and then sop off the water, but do not wipe the face dry. Now take a little of the cold cream on the tips of the fingers, and work it over and into every bit of the face, close to the ears where the lines come, up and around the eyes, and between the brows. In doing this, use tips of fingers and occasionally the fleshy part at the base of hand.

Work lightly but firmly, and always toward the top, for rubbing the face downwards accentuates the tendency to sagging which begins when one is thirty. This part of the process should take ten minutes. As much cream must be worked into the skin as it will absorb. Now take the soft towel, and wipe the face with this, using no water at all. You will be astonished at the amount of dirt which appears on the towel, and which has really come from the pores of your skin. The explanation is easy.

The hot water softened all the grime that lay in the tiny pores, and it opened these so that the rubbing brought all the waste matter out. Only with oil or cold cream can this be washed away. Again dip the folded towel in the hot water, and use it once or twice until the face feels warm and glows; then as quickly as possible apply a towel which has been dipped in the cold water. It must be so cold that the shock closes the pores. Repeat this until the skin tingles, for without the cold, the hot water is deadening to the skin. Every particle of elasticity can be taken from the muscles of the skin by the constant use of rather warm water, but changing to cold makes the flesh firm and keeps wrinkles away.

When a girl has finished with the water her face is washed, strictly speaking, but she has two other steps to take. As the skin is very tender now, she must protect it from cold or hot air, and from the wind. This can be done by rubbing the face lightly over with a little cold cream, and then wipe off all that

will come. There will remain enough to serve the purpose. Then dust the face with a fine powder, which will both keep it from shining and from ill atmospheric effects.

The result of all this washing operation will be a delightful surprise. The eyes will be brighter, and shine as if they had been treated with belladonna. The white of the face will be clear, and the blood will come into the cheeks, reddening them in a most charming manner.

"Beauty is the gift of the gods," but there is at least a good deal of consolation to be obtained by the plain woman, or the woman who has only a modicum of good looks, in the knowledge that the art of attractiveness may be possessed by all who take the trouble to acquire it. The dainty woman pays special attention to small matters which make for sweetness and cleanliness of person. It is no longer considered egregiously vain to make one's self as beautiful as possible, always supposing that object does not become the first and only one in life. To be spotlessly clean and dainty goes a long way towards making over real ugliness, and the term well groomed expresses just what this care of the body does for it. It is strange that so many people neglect their personal appearance.

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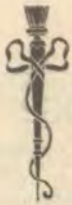
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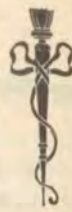
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# GRAPHOLOGY

CHARACTER AS REVEALED BY HANDWRITING

By Mrs. Franklin Hall



## CHOOSING A WIFE

It is a waste of time, temper and opportunity to be unmethodical in your work. I do not mean by this that everything should be done by rule or measure, for there is sometimes wonderful system in what may seem to the chance onlooker, disorder, but the woman who comes in and throws her hat one place, gloves and coat some other and then forgets what she did with them, rarely makes a good wife, for she lacks method, and wastes precious minutes in hunting up her belongings, saying nothing of the detriment of the garments by allowing them to come in contact with dust and be crushed down in a mass of wrinkles.

*like to know them all if possible so as to cultivate them  
I know most of my bad ones make not all*

There is some excuse for the old, old story of the untidy top bureau drawer, unless a woman thoughtfully has it divided into different compartments for her belongings, for unless laces are put away in boxes and ribbons ditto they will be pushed out of order and perhaps at a time when one has not a moment to spare to rearrange them. Personally I have a great deal of sympathy for the long maligned woman who does not always keep this top drawer in order, for my experience has been that the women who make this a fad are outrageously careless in other things or else so fastidious that they are hard for the ordinary mortal to live with. It is such women that follow their husbands with a dust pan and broom to sweep up the particles of sand from their shoes, or else make them leave these articles outside and don slippers when they enter the sacred portals of home. It is difficult which would quickest "drive a man to drink," the immaculate woman with a place for everything and everything in its place, or the careless, disorderly one who piles up the dishes until all in the house are dirty then has a general washing up; who comes down to breakfast with unkept hair, possibly done up in paper horns, soiled wrapper and slippers run down at the heel, showing the holes in her hose. Yet, strange as it may seem there are women who keep their house spotlessly clean, their bureau drawer in order without an article ever being misplaced, and whom we very often find at five in the afternoon in the same condition personally as the woman in curl papers. This is the worst combination of all and a man with such a wife is excusable for much that may look amiss.

This article is more especially for the men seeking wives; some future article will touch upon the women seeking husbands.

To our patrons I would state that all specimens used in these articles are given with the full permission of the writers and that all letters are held confidential, unless in one or two instances where great genius is shown and then names are never used.

In the above specimen you have the writing of a woman who is neat and systematic in her work as shown by the general contour of the writing. Positive in her opinions and somewhat aggressive, so that she would be sure to have the last word and would not

give in until compelled to. The pointed letters make her observant and critical and this combined with her being opinionated would make her inclined to find fault. Some of the writing slopes one way and the other another, so that she is vacillating despite her positiveness. The i's are closely dotted, giving memory and order, when combined with the other traits, but the vacillating nature, the lack of artistic perception, would make her an immaculate housekeeper if she learned housewifely arts, but careless and untidy in dress about the home, only when she expected guests or was going out, then she would be very prim and careful of her toilet. The upright and sometimes backward slope of the

writing shows lack of lasting sentiment or affection. After the first novelty of love passed away, self would be pre-eminent. She would be thrifty, a good manager, without being penurious and for a man who wanted that kind of a wife would be entirely satisfactory.

In specimen 2, we have the careless, good natured woman who runs out her writing and her finals and whose crosses float off to the side or over the top, just as it happens. The large loops indicating imagination, the generous finals, the long spacing between the words make her talkative, fond of social pleasures and a bit of gossip, and she might run in to chat with a neighbor forgetting she had left her bread in the oven finding it burned to a crisp upon her return. Yet there is a jolly good comradeship in the broad, rounded letters, a certain amount of picturesque fascination even in her carelessness and she can give a twist to a bit of ribbon, or a fashionable fold to a gown that will hide the long stitches and make her look better dressed than number one, upon a larger amount of money. For

*By the way, have  
you discovered  
an extra key float-  
ing about your  
house anywhere?  
I did not bring*

a man not too fastidious she would be at least a good-natured, happy, hopeful wife, although not a very clever manager financially.

The slope to the letters portray sympathy and tenderness, and if she by chance lost her temper and said things that were unkind, she would be at his feet the next moment, imploring forgiveness.

Our next article will be a continuation of this subject which is of such vital interest to many.

## READINGS FOR SUBSCRIBERS

J. W. C. Darby, Pa.—You have a kindly and sympathetic nature with the desire to do what you feel able to help those who are in need, but you believe in the charity that gives employment rather than makes mendicants. Have the power of applying yourself well to your tasks when you thoroughly understand them. Have very good business ability but would do best in something of an official or clerical nature, or as a business manager. Be careful that you do not undertake more than you can well carry through to success, for you know it is better to do a little well than to undertake large tasks and not have time to pay close attention to detail. You are not always patient and you will not be imposed upon without resenting it. Enjoy a certain amount of social pleasure, but sometimes feel self-conscious in the presence of strangers.

J. C. T., New York City.—You possess the wonderful persistence and tenacity that will not give up while there is a chance to gain what you seek, but you need to be careful that you do not get into a rut so that you think there is only one way of doing things and that the way in which you have always done them. You are very thorough in all that you undertake to do and like to have everything connected with your work in order. Have an excellent memory and while you may not learn new tasks as readily as some you never forget them when they are learned. You would do well as a master mechanic or mining engineer. You possess all the elements of success if you will not permit yourself to become embittered by disappointments. Your fate line indicates advancement and prosperity through your own untiring efforts.

Miss M. R. O., Lynn, Mass.—You are self-reliant but not as quick to grasp your opportunities as some and so you do not always attain all that you otherwise might accom-

plish. Are gentle and sympathetic and would not purposely wound another unless under exceptional circumstances. Are candid and find it difficult to keep a secret liking to have some one to whom you can go with all of your joys and sorrows, sure of comfort and advice. Would do best in some kind of work that you can do within the home although you have sufficient self-reliance to be self-supporting if need be. Are unpreten-



tious, your tastes simple and refined. Are fond of being with others and do not like to pass much of your time alone. Are strongly influenced by those things which appeal to the sentimental side of your nature. Ought to be a good musician and capable of teaching.

G. A. H., Stigler, I. T.—You are very enthusiastic in your praise of those things which give you pleasure and like to talk about them. Are prone to act upon impulse without reflecting what the result may be until too late. You have high aspirations and a desire to make of your life the best that you can. Hold in check just a little your vivid imagination and learn to be a trifle more economical for it is difficult for you to keep money, no matter how you may try, for you are very generous and enjoy best those pleasures which you can share with others. You need a very active life, something where you would be brought into competition with others. Would do well as a demonstrator or lecturer or in anything of like kind. Are unselfish and devoted to those whom you love.

S. T. S., Denver, Colo.—You have a dauntless will and the splendid vitality that gives you good powers of physical endurance and should enable you to combat disease well. You are deductive in your reasoning with the power to concentrate your mind upon a subject until you have mastered it in every detail. Are sometimes prosaic in your delving after certain things which interest you and it is not an easy matter to swerve you from your purpose. You would be slow to forgive and very apt to await your chance to get even with one whom you felt had seriously wronged you. Have a good intellect and executive ability with ambition that combined with your other faculties should make your life progressive and prosperous. Would do well as an attorney, business manager or publisher.

W. J., 11 Park Lane, Bradford, England.—You have a sensitive nature and one that is quite easily influenced by those things which appeal to the sentimental within you. Are a lover of books, curious and inquisitive, you like to peer into the mysteries of things and learn all that there is to know about them. You sometimes like to argue but are rarely stubborn and will yield graciously when convinced that you are in the wrong. Are observant, critical and have original ideas regarding things. Show some clairvoyant tendencies. Are naturally thrifty and will not spend much money foolishly although you will not deny yourself the things which you feel that you can afford to have. Would have made a good physician or chemist. Would be true in friendship and love unless the object proved unworthy.

D. S., Denver, Col.—Ardor and enthusiasm are strongly marked but there is also a tendency to undertake new tasks and when success is almost within your reach to become discouraged or tire of them so that you sometimes miss what otherwise you might have gained had you kept plodding on. Your ideals are high and your head sometimes in the clouds making you now and then more theoretical than practical. Are kindly and sympathetic, winning friends without much trouble. Independent in thought and action you care little for the laws of conventionality so you feel that you are doing what is best. Are quick to see the amusing and your risibles are easily affected, so that sometimes you are tempted to laugh at times when you should be most serious. Would do best in something that brought you in constant touch with the public and gave you a chance to talk.

A. B., Elmira, N. Y.—You have very good business ability but you need more persistent firmness if you would make your life an entirely successful one. Again a stronger will would be a safeguard to you in the time of temptation that sooner or later comes into every life. You have the versatility that enables you to do many things well, but while you should not get into a groove and stay there, you should learn to concentrate your mind upon a subject until you have mastered it in every detail. Study all matters of importance carefully before making your decisions in regard to them. You should be alone when you make your decisions. Would do best in some official position, or of a clerical order. Have a good memory and fair sense of order. Will have many changes in your life.

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## An Out-of-Door Life—Nature's Medicine

By Charlotte Bright Ritch

"I have consumption—what shall I do?" This question occurs daily, and the ordinary physician builds a pyramid of one's hopes, while administering drugs which he knows full-well are powerless to heal the decaying lung.

Within the last century, consumption has become the most fatal of all diseases and the treatment of none other meets with such practical failure by physicians in general; but there is a cure, which nature in her healing forces holds out to all who will seek and follow her laws.

Even consumptives may have new hope—for nature heals in every part of life. Order for disorder—joy for sorrow, is Nature's law, and her message is, Breathe, breathe, breathe.

Why is it that consumption exists only in those countries where civilization has reached, and why is it that in those countries where we find the most advanced civilization, we find this wasting disease most prevalent?

The reason is plain! In our evolution from simple modes of life, we have given up the porous tent and airy hut, for the more luxurious, plastered, air-tight death traps of advanced civilization, and the human race has paid the price with consumption and hundreds of diseases which have come into existence along with its civilizing.

God intended that man should live as other animals, out in the open air, under the healing germ destroying rays of the sun—otherwise a structure would have been erected in Eden, when the garden was created.

One can without difficulty enumerate many changes which might have been adopted in man's anatomy, if, in the original plan, he had been designed for a house-dweller. Adam and Eve were enviably situated. They were left in a beautiful open garden to eat of the fruit which the sun had kissed into ripeness. They were to have lived out-of-doors, with the soft grass for a couch, arms for pillows, and the vines and fig trees for covering.

How did we find the first Indian situated, and what was his knowledge of disease, as we find it among civilized races?

The time was when men and women lived a few years longer than they do today. At one hundred years they were children, and the song of age was the tale of centuries, but civilization came into existence, and as it became more complicated and complex—as we left the simple, natural modes of living, disease increased, health was lessened and the average age was shortened.

Thus, the physical life of man was forced downward, and became perverted, and as a race we are still physically degenerating. Notwithstanding that the voice of nature says, grow, live, grow—man is a great ways from the physical youth he once enjoyed, yet what a race might evolve, if we but followed nature's teachings.

In the evolution of life, all things point to the better—upward, always upward. From an unsightly molten mass, sprang the earth, with flowers for the design in its carpet of green.

Every creation was an improvement upon the preceding one, until on the last day of creation, the Lord cried out that all was good enough, tomorrow he should rest.

So in the evolution of life, we should grow younger instead of older. Toward youth, instead of from it should attain physical perfection.

If man understood what he should and lived up to his knowledge, eventually the race would attain to the highest standard, but we

who transgress nature's laws, still expect nature to be kind.

We have exchanged our hewn-log huts for air-tight, plastered houses, and have reveled in the luxurious richness of carpets and hangings—which are only germ harboring traps, that breed a category of diseases—and the one dreaded most, the one for which science seems to have done comparatively nothing is consumption.

Ever and anon some eminent physician heralds to the world, the glad tidings that he has at last discovered a cure for consumption which is effectual, and his fame goes broadcast over the land. But the world sincerely sorrows when the remedy needs but a few tests to prove its inefficiency.

Why were our ancient ancestors free from this disease, and why is it that among the out-of-door lovers of today, where civilization has not reached that this disease is unknown?

There can be but one answer as to why the savage and barbarous tribes know nothing of this malady—they continually breathe the right kind of air and not such as we find in the dwelling house of today.

What more convincing evidence could one seek than the fact that according to government statistics, gathered for one year regarding the occupation of men who lived to be seventy-five years of age, 461 out of 1,000 were farmers, the remaining 539 being divided up among the numerous professions, the number decreasing according to the confinement of the different occupations.

If one would but stop to consider these facts, and others which abound on every hand they would be convinced that the only way to effect a cure for consumption, is for the person so affected to get back as near as possible to the primitive way of living.

The height of the art of breathing and the manner in which it should be done will be explained in the next issue.

(To be continued.)

### Waste of Energy

Overeating, or food eaten without desire, gives no one strength. It takes strength away! It compels the functional system to eliminate the load that has been forced into the unwilling stomach, and not only is vital strength lessened because of these needless efforts, but all sorts of impurities are produced and circulated throughout the system, because of the fermentation of the superfluous and unnecessary food for which the stomach cannot furnish the proper digestive juices.

People waste energy in eating what otherwise might be profitably utilized elsewhere. Much of this expenditure of energy is upon an excess of food beyond the needs of the individual. Such excess is largely absorbed, distributed and excreted by the body, and to this process no little energy is directed. In this useless effort energy is chiefly wasted by the nitrogenous food. Excessive starches and sugars are burned off in the lungs almost directly. The ordinary man, it is argued, eats too much, and in so doing wastes energy he might have used with profit. Not only is this work sustained, but, by release of energy ordinarily dissipated in the demolition of food excess, the sum of work is prodigiously increased, in some cases by so much as 60 or 70 per cent.

Perhaps you do not know much about telepathy, but you do not have to be told when evil thoughts are held against you by another or others. The atmosphere is a great conductor of thought. Tune your receiver to catch the good that is flying about, and what is evil will pass you without making an impression.

## 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—that 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, 4 B 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, 4 B Building, Rochester, N. Y., will bring it to you without charge.

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In addition to the railroad accidents if we add the number that are killed and injured on the street cars, in elevators, by automobiles, bicycles, etc., we find a condition of death and destruction equal to that of war.

With the increase of traffic and the greater rate of speed now used by cars and other conveyances human life is constantly in danger.

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# How to Live 100 Years and Renew Youth, Health and Beauty

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The secret of long life once possessed by man has for centuries been lost to the race, and as a result the life of man on this earth has gradually shortened until he has learned to look upon 50 to 70 years as being the limit of his useful existence. This erroneous belief is now being changed, for the secret of prolonging life has been re-discovered. Man may now take a new lease on life and live at least one hundred years in the full enjoyment of health, vigor, beauty and usefulness.

After years of careful study and research, A Victor Segno has learned Nature's secret of renewing the life of the cells and tissues of the brain and body. In a course of lessons which are now being offered to the public, he has explained the process of renewal in language so clear that all who read may understand exactly how to daily renew the worn out parts of the body and thus keep it in health and beauty, with all the powers of youth and a constantly developing intellect for at least one hundred years.

The method is natural and easy to put into practice. All who follow the instructions can attain the degree of perfection they desire. There are no exceptions. Their hundredth birthday will not represent the decline but the prime of life; the period at which all their forces will have attained the highest degree of perfection.

## The Benefits That Will Come to Humanity

as the result of applying this knowledge are uncountable. The opportunities it will open up for man to make a success of his life, and the additional years it will give him in which to complete his life work will be worth more than we can at present estimate. In addition to these there will be the pleasure of always possessing pure health. Fear and anxiety, two of the greatest causes of unhappiness will be forever banished. It will lift all the burdens, for it reveals the true secret of health, that priceless treasure.

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