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No. 5

THE SEGNOGRAM



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THE SEGNOGRAM

IV.

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Number 5

Look Pleasant

We cannot, of course, all be handsome,
And it's hard for us all to be good.
We are sure now and then to be lonely—
And we don't always do as we should.
To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still,
But at least we can always be pleasant,
If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly,
Although you feel worried and blue;
If you smile at the world and look cheerful,
The world will soon smile back at you:
So try to brace up and look pleasant,
No matter how low you are down,
Good humor is always contagious,
But you banish your friends when you frown.

LET US THEN BE BROTHERS

BY H. M. WALKER

The least any man can do for another, and perhaps the most, is to make him think well of himself. No man can grow in moral strength or beauty of character, if he is subject to the continuous nagging, nagging of a coterie of friends, well-meaning, but short-sighted, who are ever ready to find fault and to ridicule.

Indeed, I seriously doubt if that man is my friend, however sincere he may be, who is more ready to pick flaws than to give the word of encouragement. Let us suppose a gardener were to take a promising plant and today twist it this way and tomorrow bend it that way, twisting and turning and disturbing its roots to make it grow more to his liking, what would be the result? It would not be able to grow at all.

No, friends; leave the plant alone. Refresh it now and then by a kind word or some recognition of its beauty, but don't dig at its roots until you are sure in which way the roots are running. The plant will come to perfection if you let it. Perhaps not the point of perfection that you would bring it to, but the point to which it is just now capable of,—the point set for it by the Great Power of the unseen.

Our duty is to not interfere. We have our way; God has His. Happy indeed is the man or woman who has so far developed the God-given powers of the soul to have brought his or her life in peaceful harmony with that of the Divine.

But we always can help. And I know of no better way than to speak the word that will encourage the faltering one. Advice is good—when it is asked—but encouragement is better, and it is always in season.

How little we know of the trials, the sorrows, the heavy loads that are borne uncomplainingly by the brother, the sister by our side. How they long to receive the look of recognition, or the handshake that means, "God bless you; I know, I know." Let us discourage every appearance of hollow sentiment, and put ourselves close to the side of the one who needs—not alms, for alms at best are to a beggar soul,—but who needs the help of a man to a man,—the encouragement to help himself.

Not that I would criticise the work of the Christian church, nor discourage the work of the church Christian, but, oh, friends; did it never occur to you how sad, how faulty the belief that the great mass of mankind is "lost," and that membership in some evangelical society is a passport to the better land! Perhaps the man by my side may never know the joy that I know in having cultivated that occult power of communion soul with soul, but am I to say that because he has not he is lost, while I—I am—call it what you will. Am I any better than he? Ah, no. While there is life there is need, so let us, then, be brothers.

WHAT IS IT TO BE AN ENTHUSIAST?

I'll tell you: To be an enthusiast is to be a non-conformist—a thorn in the side of every man who won't grow. Enthusiasm in Little Bill is recognized as vigorous, open-hearted honesty. It is intensified gladness: it is life flowing out unrestrained. Enthusiasm in Big Bill is looked upon as a mild form of insanity by men who do not know. Enthusiasts are winked at.

There are persons so devoid of understanding, and so dried up by jealousy and jaundice that they fail to see what is before, behind, underneath, above, and within the man who enthuses in his work. And some men are quite alarmed when their friends hint at enthusiasm in connection with their accomplishments. If we would accept the word in its true meaning, men may well glory in the appellation.

Rightly understood, enthusiasm means quite the reverse of lunacy. It means the exercise of zeal; it means intense interest; strength and clearness of imagination; honesty and boldness of heart. A man must be mentally and morally and physically strong to be an enthusiast. He must rise above mediocrity. He must be himself at whatever cost. An enthusiast is one who has learned the secret of saving his life by losing it in his work, thus so forcing his personality into the work done that it becomes a live thing to sing the praise of the man who made it.

He who is afraid to be winked at,—afraid to brave the rules of conformity,—need never alarm himself or his friends about the perils of greatness—he scarcely will experience them. An enthusiast will find himself everlastingly a knocker of dead-living men's idols. That means a life of trial, of work and fainting not.

From Christ all down the ages it has been the enthusiast who has kept the world alive; who has put Life into business, into church, into society, into home, into community—into everything that has Life and *lives*. The sum of all faith, all hope, all work, is enthusiasm. Enthusiasm has covered the earth with its accomplishments. Lack of enthusiasm has brought ruin to a vast army of good men.

CHARITY

W. G. MINOR.

As commonly accepted, this word has a dry, rattling sound. It is felt to be humiliating to be considered an object of charity. On the one hand pride is offended, and on the other it is deemed a heavy draft on the purse to be charitable. We want to think of it as something nearer to the heart; something as

"Charity of the spirit more

Than charity as heretofore

We've known it—hard and cold,

That offers but the sordid gold,

Where love and sympathy is craved."

We are all objects of charity. No one of us is perfect as yet. We can't afford to throw stones at each other, for the houses we occupy are all composed, more or less, of glass. We may condole and condone, but never condemn. Self-condemnation is disastrous, for it tends to destroy hope and lessen faith; and yet, if we condemn others we condemn ourselves, for we are all One. When this oneness is realized fully, we will have heaven on earth. I like to think my brothers and sisters of earth feel charity for my weakness and ignorance. The easiest way for me to think charity for others is first to think it for the faults and frailties of my own poor self, and then, "love thy neighbor as thyself." This is justice. I am not required to love my neighbor more than myself, though I believe compensation would not fail me if I do so. If our love is measured by justice, then our justice will be the result of charity in fulfilling a perfect law.

Say to yourself in the morning: I will try to feel charity for the first person I meet, and

send after him or her my kindest thought. If it should be an acquaintance put on your brightest smile, and greet him in your kindest manner. You may not be conscious of it, nor he, but a "love thought" will follow you from him. Try it for a week and watch results. If you don't see any change in others, look within yourself, "Compensation avails not." If you have an enemy, force yourself to try it on him. The first time you meet him, shoot him—with a "love thought." If he don't stagger the first time, keep shooting every time you see him. You are bound to drop him in time, and an enemy thus vanquished becomes the most devoted friend.

I think it would be a grand thing to have a national holiday to be known as "Charity Day," when every enemy would thus go "gunning" with "love thoughts" after the other enemies. It might hasten the time when there would be no enemies left. On and near that day Charity would be the theme for oratory and literature. The subject cannot be exhausted. The pulpit and rostrum, the daily press and weeklies, would unite all over the land in portraying to our minds beautiful Charity, the greatest of the trinity of Graces.

JUST A MINUTE

A boy once faced a task and knew

He should begin it;

He could not start to put it through

For "just a minute."

And though the case demanded speed,

He could not move just then; but he'd

Be ready for it—yes, indeed,

In "just a minute."

His purposes were out of rhyme

By "just a minute."

The whole world seemed ahead of time,

By "just a minute."

He could not learn to overhaul

His many duties, large and small,

But made them wait, both one and all,

For "just a minute."

In manhood he was still delayed

By "just a minute."

He might have won, had fortune stayed

For "just a minute."

But at the end of life he railed

At cruel fate, and wept and wailed

Because he knew that he had failed

By "just one minute."

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

I*F* you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

*If you've a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it to-day.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved ones happy
Before it is too late.*

*We live but in the present,
The future is unknown;
To-morrow is a mystery,
To-day is all our own.
The chance that fortune leads to us
May vanish while we wait,
So spend your life's rich pleasure
Before it is too late.*

*The tender word unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long-forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent,—
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait;
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.*

OPPORTUNITY

We all want to increase our wealth.

The majority of people in this country, desire to better their financial condition. The capitalist is ever trying to increase his wealth, the business man will use his surplus income to make more, the professional man, the mechanic, the clerk on a salary, and the laborer, all have a desire to better their condition, to increase their income or bank account. Man owes it to himself, to his family, to those who may be defendant upon him, to make the greatest amount of money possible, so that when the years pass and age prevents active work, enough has been accumulated to provide the comforts of life until the end, and after that to leave an inheritance to those who are dependent upon him.

"Life pulsates with chances.

"They may not be dramatic or great, but they are important to him who would get on in the world.

"The lack of opportunity is invariably the excuse of the weak, the vacillating, the inert. Opportunity comes to us all every day of our lives. Every lesson in school is an opportunity. Every examination is an opportunity. The solution of every problem, the successful assay, the carrying out of a mining experiment, is an opportunity. Every newspaper article is an opportunity. Every patient, every sermon, every client is an opportunity. And every business transaction is an opportunity to be manly, to be polite, to be honest—to make friends.

"In the literature of the world there are

splendid examples of amazing thrift that has followed readily grasped opportunities.

"We know of no more striking example than that of John D. Rockefeller, who is probably today the richest man in the world.

"Thirty-five years ago he saw his opportunity in petroleum. The country was large. It was rapidly increasing in population; the lights were very poor. There was plenty of petroleum, but its refining was so poor that it was regarded unsafe and almost useless. Here was struggling John D.'s opportunity. He had a friend named Andrews, a porter in a machine shop, who showed Rockefeller how the crude oil could be turned into a beautiful illuminant. Together they secured a barrel and demonstrated the invention. The two then began making a special grade of oil. Andrews did the work, Rockefeller the selling. That was in 1870. They had a monopoly. They prospered. Then Rockefeller, for purposes of progression, took in Flagler as another partner. Andrews didn't like the arrangement. 'What will you take for your interest, then?' said the wily John. 'A million dollars,' replied Andrews, thinking the price prohibitive. The next day Rockefeller handed Andrews the million dollars, which he had secured by processes of his own and when the deal was closed said: 'Your interest was well worth twenty millions, Andrews.'

"It was. Within twenty years the business of the little refinery, not worth at its start five hundred dollars, had grown into the Standard Oil trust, capitalized at ninety millions, with a market value of five or six hundred millions today."

MENTALISM

MENTALISM means, to all those who aspire,

Every blessing which man can desire.

Ne'er it refuses to point out to each

That Health, Wealth and Happiness are within reach.

Ambition is gratified through its great power;

Love is attracted and helps with its dower;

Influence also assists with its strength;

Success, grand Success, crowns our efforts at length.

May MENTALISM never cease

To create Hope and Peace!

—Sivey Levey

Short Stories of Success

Men who Won the World and How they Won.

When George W. Childs was a boy, working for \$2 a week on the Philadelphia Ledger, he dreamed of some day owning the great building in which the paper was published. He got employment in a book store and put aside every cent not actually needed to keep soul and body together. Year after year he worked, until, little upon little, he saved nearly a thousand dollars. Then he boldly launched out for himself as a publisher. He was successful, and later was able to purchase the Ledger, and thus to fulfill the dream of his boyhood.

* * *

John Wanamaker earned his first money in a book store in Philadelphia, where he worked for \$1.20 a week, walking four miles to and from work each day. He saved most of what he earned, and added to it in larger additions as his wages increased, and upon this capital he built his gigantic fortune.

* * *

James A. Garfield taught school all winter at \$12 a month; out of that salary he was able to save \$48, which he spent at the rate of 31 cents a week, to support himself while studying at college.

* * *

How the great sculptor Rodin first became famous is recalled in *Vanity Fair*. In 1879 he was accused of presenting as a work of art a figure which was merely a cast from a living model, and it was the publicity of the refutation which first drew attention to his stupendous genius.

* * *

Louis Nofs was at one time a car starter for the Elgin, Aurora and Southern Traction company at Elgin. One day when he was on his way to work he fell through a condemned bridge spanning the Rock river. As a result his body was paralyzed and he lost the power of locomotion. Nofs has been able only to sit in a wheeled chair during the day time, and he spends all his long hours in producing pictures on canvas. He has reproduced all the familiar scenes of his boyhood days in the old country, painting them from memory. He has also made a number of pictures showing landscapes on property where at one time he was employed as a landscape gardener.

Richard Watson Gilder

The case of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, and, in fact, of the entire Gilder family, is extremely interesting, and bears unqualified testimony to the hypothesis of the French scientist. The Gilders are a peculiarly literary family. Root and branch, they take to literature and journalism as a fish takes to water.

"We all seem to have been born with printer's ink instead of blood in our veins," laughed Miss Jeannette Gilder, editor of the Critic, when questioned regarding the early propensities of her brother Richard, editor of the Century Magazine and longtime recognized as one of America's foremost poets and critics. "It would be hard to say just how early Richard did begin to compose verses," continued Miss Gilder. "In the words of Alexander Pope, he might say of himself with truth:

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,

I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

"And they really did, though I do not know that he ever put his effusions down on paper until he was eleven years old. Then I remember very well that he started a tiny paper, which he set up and printed himself in our father's office. This paper was called the St. Thomas Register, in honor of the boys school in Flushing, N. Y., of which our father was the head at that time. He not only did all the printing himself, but he filled this little paper with his own poems and editorial comment.

"I did the same thing when I was a child, though I did not have the typographical facilities which my brother had, but instead I printed my paper letter by letter entirely by hand, a laborious work for a little girl. None of us went to college, and none of us ever thought of deliberately fitting ourselves for a literary career.

"My brothers, like myself, were insatiable readers, and we read everything we could lay our hands on—novels, poetry, history, biography, and all the miscellaneous books which might be found in the house of a minister in those days.

* * *

William Dean Howells

The lifelong ambition was fixed in William Dean Howells when he was very young. Like the members of the Gilder family, he, too, was born with printers' ink in his veins. Mr.

Howells does not remember how young he was when he mastered the mechanism of the printer's trade, only that it was long before he was twelve years old. At that age he remembers distinctly having helped to set in type President Zachary Taylor's inaugural message, in the office of his father's newspaper, the Hamilton (Ohio) Intelligencer.

In his leisure moments of this youthful apprenticeship he found time to write verses of his own and to set them in type, and when he was only eleven he had set up and printed a most ambitious attempt, which was no less than a five act blank verse tragedy, with a Roman Emperor for hero. After working in the composing room until eleven at night and composing these lofty tragedies in odd moments, the future apostle of "Realism" was obliged to get up at four o'clock in the morning to carry the papers and deliver them to subscribers.

It was a few years later, when Hr. Howells had become a compositor on the Ohio State Journal at a salary of \$4 per week, that he gathered the courage to send a small bundle of verses to the Atlantic Monthly. They were so good that the editor accepted and printed them, and after that Mr. Howells' advance was very rapid.

MR. LAWSON'S WAYS

Thomas W. Lawson had made \$60,000 and lost it before he was seventeen years old. His first \$100, acquired when he was an office boy from the Christmas benevolence of his employers he spent at once in buying presents for his sister and two brothers. Only he bought the sister's present first, and paid \$87 for it, and was thrown into a fit of despair because he had but \$13 left for the other two presents.

These incidents hit off Lawson's character. He makes money furiously and then tries to spend it before he can lose it. If he doesn't succeed in getting it spent he is likely to become interested in clay holes in Siam. Then somebody else spends it for him. But somehow the money keeps going round. Stagnant money annoys Mr. Lawson.

The suction pipes through which he draws stagnant money toward him are as various as they are numerous. He invented a substitute for playing cards. He wrote and published

a baseball booklet called "The Krank: His Language and What It Means." Especially for this book he invented a peculiar kind of paper called "blood parchment." During the Presidential campaign of 1888 he compiled a campaign history of political parties. The entire work was accomplished within thirty-five days. Four hundred thousand copies were distributed by national and State political committees. He developed the Grand River Land Company and went South to speculate in southern real estate. He tried to develop the iron and coal regions in the State of Kentucky. He became interested in so many different things that he almost deserved to be regarded as the bagman of high finance. But while he was making inventions, writing pamphlets, and poking his finger into every mud pie on the continent, he was still a Boston broker, finding his main vocation in the stock market.

In March, 1899, he made his great coup in sugar, clearing up about \$1,000,000 in four days. This was after he had lost many hundred thousand dollars in previous sugar speculations. The money which he had sunk in sugar he had pumped up mainly from General Electric. Then after both sugar and General Electric came copper and the deal by which in alliance with the Standard Oil interests he started the Amalgamated. He is now telling the world how Amalgamated stock was juggled to the bewilderment and impoverishment of investors.

But the suction pipes through which Mr. Lawson draws money toward him yield in number to the blowpipes through which he wafts it away from him. He is not a sport, though a sportsman, and not a swell, though an epicurean. This means that he cannot spend his money on dissipation or ostentation. The credit he deserves for getting it spent is therefore all the greater. The devices he employs are horses, yachts, dogs, flowers, bronzes, paintings, and books. His office in Boston is a jungle of telephones, carnations, tickers, pictures, statues, and ledgers. It is probable that he spends more time gratifying his tastes than amassing the means by which to gratify them. Mr. Lawson lives. If one can imagine the human soul as an organism with tentacles of appreciation stretching out into the external universe it may truthfully be said that Mr. Lawson seems to have more such tentacles than any other prominent financier in America.

CONQUER YOUR PLACE

The only place a man can ornament, the only one in which he can do himself credit, is the one he conquers, the position he masters by the force of his character, that to which he has attained by his own persistent effort.

What good will a position do you which you have not conquered? Suppose your father puts you in a place above others, a position which, perhaps, some of those others have fairly won by years of faithful, efficient service,—of what advantage will it be to you if you cannot dominate the situation, and are not able to hold it by right of merit? What sort of figure will you cut in your own eyes and the eyes of those over whom you are placed, when your ignorance and incompetence are constantly putting you at a disadvantage?

It is a pitiable sight to see the son of a rich man boosted into a place because his father owns the store, or owns stock in the concern, when there are scores of young men under him who have fought their way inch by inch, and are indefinitely better fitted to fill the position than he is. If he has a spark of right feeling, he cannot but feel contempt for himself. He must realize that he is, in some sort, a thief, if he considers that he is not only monopolizing a position which really belongs to someone who has worked years to obtain it, but that he is also trying to hold something he has never earned,—that he is occupying his place, not by merit, but by favor. How can he retain his self-respect, when he knows that he is strutting in borrowed plumes, that he does not deserve what he is enjoying? The consciousness that those under him have only a feeling of contempt for him must not only embarrass him, but also make him feel small and mean.

Remember, those of you, especially, who are impatient and uneasy at your slow progress, that the very strength and efficiency which will enable you to fill adequately the positions which you aim at, and the power to hold them with credit to yourselves when you have succeeded in attaining them, are generated on the way up from the bottom to the top. The successive steps to them are the *gymnasia* which develop the muscle requisite to stand there and maintain your balance. Nothing is of any real value to you which you do not get by your own efforts, and do not hold by virtue of merit.

BE CHEERFUL

Girls, if you would be popular among young men friends be cheerful.

Men have no use for the girl who whines and tells them her troubles. They admire the girl who bears her troubles bravely, making the best of things and turning a smiling face to the world.

Tears they abhor; they do not understand them, and as a rule fail to see the necessity for them.

As long as a girl is bright and entertaining she will be popular, but just as soon as she grows moody and inclined to complain about her woes she will lose her popularity.

The tactful girl never talks about herself. She listens and encourages her men friends to talk about themselves, sympathizing and commending, criticizing sometimes, perhaps, but always in a kindly way. Men like to bring their joys and sorrows to her, because they are always sure of a bright and ready sympathy and understanding.

She is often more popular than her pretty sister, who relies entirely on her beauty as an attraction.

Beauty is very well as a luxury, but as a steady diet cheerfulness will come out ahead every time.

The highest vocation for woman is that of making others happy and in order to do that she must be bright and happy herself.

There are times in a woman's life when the tears cannot be held back, but in the every-day worries the brave woman learns to restrain them.

THIS MEANS ME

In reading, we should get out of the mental attitude that we are listening to someone else giving another someone else sound advice or good instruction. Just imagine it is your higher self talking to your lower self. Take it all home to yourself. Don't think "This is meant for the other fellow." Try to think and feel "this means me;" this was written specially for *me*, or I would not be reading it." And this is truth. Things don't "happen." Everything that occurs has back of it a purpose, and the fact of your reading a good article is the best proof that it was meant for you. "*This means me.*"

W. G. MINOR.

Financial Growth of Los Angeles

Among the evidences of growth in a large city are the bank clearings as shown by the records of the clearinghouse. This is a modern institution for balancing the daily obligations of the various banks in a single city, and a record of the sum total of these made from week to week and from year to year, is a criterion of the volume of business transacted in a community.

The bank clearings of the city of Los Angeles fifteen years ago—1890—were \$36,018,721 for the entire year. Five years later—1895—they were \$57,046,832, an increase of almost 60 per cent. After the lapse of another five years—in 1900—they reached \$113,766,378, having trebled in the decade ending that year.

But the expansion has been most extraordinary during the five years since the last date named. The clearings for the week ending the first Saturday of March, 1900, were \$2,538,893; for the corresponding week in 1901, \$3,125,456; for 1902, \$4,224,680; for 1903, \$6,034,459; for 1904, \$6,087,791, and for 1905, \$8,711,828. These figures show the unprecedented increase of over 240 per cent. for the period covered.

It is not surprising, then, that Los Angeles, which stood forty-seventh on the list of cities in the clearinghouse reports, near the bottom of the column, in 1890, and advanced to the thirty-first position in 1900, should have bounded up to the seventeenth place when the last weekly report came in.

Five years ago this city was outranked by Denver, St. Joseph, St. Paul, Indianapolis, Toledo, Columbus, Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, Providence, Washington, Atlanta, Nashville, Memphis, and Fort Worth, all of which industrial and commercial centers it has since overtaken; and some of them it has distanced.

Even with this fine showing, the clearinghouse reports do not include all our banking institutions, of which there are twenty-seven in the city, having an aggregate capitalization and surplus of nearly \$12,000,000, and assets approximating \$100,000,000.

These phenomenal figures are well fortified by our building records. According to statistics for the year ending December 31, 1904, Los Angeles expended \$13,409,062 in the erection of new buildings—only New York, Phil-

adelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and San Francisco ranking higher. She stood seventh among all the great cities of the country. Probably there is nothing in history that is comparable with the rapid, and at the same time substantial growth of Los Angeles during the past five years.

A retrospective view shows Los Angeles a sleepy adobe Spanish settlement, taken from Mexico less than sixty years ago. Twenty-five years since, property valuations assessed at \$7,000,000. Today at about \$157,000,000.

It needs no stretch of fancy to people this city with over half a million inhabitants within the next ten years; subways or elevated roads giving rapid transit through our downtown business streets, thronged with the jostling crowds that mark the prosperous city and evidence its business life; the Braly building dwarfed by comparison with its neighboring skyscrapers; the shipping in our harbor flying the flags of nations from every corner of the globe; our bonded warehouses carrying their products; our four or five trancontinental lines furnishing transportation facilities for the movement of 75,000 to 100,000 carloads of California products annually; our merchants with establishments that will not suffer by comparison with the Wanamakers and Marshall Fields of the East, and our jobbers competing with San Francisco for the trade of the Orient.

The march of civilization and commerce is ever westward, and we have an abiding faith in our fair city and her commercial future.

Nothing should be so important as the thing we are doing, while we are doing it. To try to hang a picture and help your youngster do a sum in algebra at the same time, may either confirm your wife's idea that you "never were handy in doing things around the house," or lead your son to believe that your early education has been sadly neglected.

In the race of business, few men run for money only. There is an inborn desire to succeed for the glory of success, to make our mark—to be among the winners instead of the "also rans."

GRAPHOLOGY

By Mrs. Franklin Hall

Article No. 11

CHOOSING A VOCATION

Have you passion controlled, sensuous love of the beautiful, high ideals, keen perceptive faculties, a love of detail in material things, and determined and tenacious will to shield you from temptation and persistence of application with excellent physical endurance and oratorical ability and eloquence? Then you are best fitted for dramatic work. These qualities you must possess or you become, not an artist, but merely a strolling player.

The masses so little understand the stage and its artists. They seem to have an idea that they are merely people out for a good time, suppers, flirtations and revelry. They judge the legitimate from the burlesque, and an actor or an actress is such only, no matter whether they pirouette in a dance hall or paint their living pictures from history or romance.

It would show equally as good sense to call a constable, a judge, a grandmother administering catnip tea a leading light of the medical profession, a fanatic shouting on a street curb a doctor of divinity, or the boy seeing tadpoles in the water, a skilled scientist.

The music hall dancer may be good and earnest and through hard and conscientious work evolve into the opera star, but the chances are largely against her.

The real dramatic artist toils unceasingly year after year as he climbs steadily upward. He or she instead of spending the hours in revelry, spend them in study that they may place before the critical public an accurate representation of some character historic, religious or romantic. He or she is a preacher greater or as great as any that ever spoke from the pulpit. The power of the drama as an educator was fully realized in old biblical times when preachers were almost unknown and plays depicting certain lessons of life moral or immoral were presented as valuable incentives to virtuous living.

The minister, lawyer, physician and teacher have their hours of leisure and recreation; the actor if in stock, must rehearse every morning, play generally afternoon and evening and after the play is over study the part that must be played the ensuing week, even though to perfect himself in it he must study

until daylight peeps in at the window. Not much time for revelry or flirtation in such a life, that is why one of his greatest requisites must be physical endurance and strong mentality.

He must be morally strong, because his mail is laden with letters by the hundred from maids and women of mature years seeking an introduction or appointment. And I am ashamed to say that thousands of these letters come from those high in the social scale. What would they say if they knew that often a mother, wife or sister acting as secretary, reads all of these letters lest there might be one of importance among the mass, and tosses them into the waste basket without their ever reaching the eyes of the man to whom it was written. Yet this is true, nine times out of ten, and I trust that the thought may prove a lesson to some who read this. It is the temptations from before the footlights, not those back of them, which the actor or actress must fight, for in her turn she receives notes, invitations, flattery and jewels from the men of the world, not from her brother actors, and yet the actress has a power that is found in no other position. She can resent an insult without losing the position that may mean bread and butter for herself and her loved ones. She cannot always do that as a clerk, stenographer or bookkeeper or in similar positions.

The actor must have passion controlled or else he lacks the power to portray those which he must represent. He must have sensuous love of the beautiful, high ideals and order in material things, that he may present the part in an artistic manner, as to dress, make-up and stage settings. One discord in the harmony of the picture, whether of dress or scenery will mar the most perfect work.

He must have oratorical ability, eloquence, personal magnetism, or he cannot sway his audience with the emotions of the part, and they will not be responsive to even otherwise perfect work.

Do you possess all of these essential qualities and understand their meaning? Then be an actor. Taken from a moral standpoint, if you are viciously inclined, you will be vicious in the fields where there are none

present but the flowers, the birds and humming insects. If you are pure in thought and action you can walk side by side with vice and remain undefiled.

The actor must also possess versatility, the power to readily adapt himself to conditions and surroundings, initiative qualities combined with originality and inventive talent. He must have ambition to excel, without selfishness or envy. A desire to always do good work.

*But my loving thoughts have
been so much with you my own!
want try to excuse myself but will*

In this specimen we see versatility in the uneven lines, held in check and utilized by the wonderful will power indicated by the long crossing of the "t" with the hooked ends. There is keen penetration, the power to perceive quickly in the many sharp pointed letters, while at the same time many of the letters and finals are artistically rounded. The capital "B" is broad and well proportioned indicating breadth and liberality of thought. Close attention to detail is indicated by the close dotting of the "i."s and the lack of space between the letters. This allied to the very tenacious will also gives power to concentrate the mind even upon the most minute details until they have been mastered. Intensity is depicted by the same crossing and the pressure of the pen upon the paper. Ardor by the slight uprise of the crossing and general sweep of the writing. Sensuous love of the beautiful is seen in the shading. Unselfishness in the lack of incurves at the beginning of the words. Vitality by the low crossings and their length, which of course gives also physical endurance. The combination of the will, the tenderness indicated by the slope of the letters and the intensity, result in great loyalty to friends and loved ones.

There is tact in the varying size of the letters, but lack of the shrewdness and subtlety necessary to make a great financier for most of the words enlarge toward the end of the word rather than decrease in size as in the writing of the politician and frenzied financier.

READINGS FOR SUBSCRIBERS

G. R. N. Grace, N.Y.: Old at fifty-five? Why you are in the very flush of manhood, ripened by the experiences learned, you are just at the point where you should be qualified to accomplish a great deal worthy of merit. Today when man understands life and how to conserve his forces as never before, he is not old until he has reached his three score and ten. You have forcefulness, intensity and energy

which should enable you to attain a competence even in the trade you have chosen, for it is nobler and better to be a good blacksmith than a poor minister, doctor or lawyer. To your mechanical skill add your inventive talent and you will succeed. Be hopeful, cheerful, temperate and all will be well with you. Avoid damp and malarious localities, for you have some tendency to rheumatism. Do not eat too much meat. You are kindly and sympathetic.

J. B. Dookins, India: You have a sensitive and somewhat spiritual nature that takes great interest in spiritual things, in literature and science, especially along occult lines. You are keenly observant of the things which are of interest to you, but you need to cultivate a little more persistent firmness if you would make your life one of happiness and prosperity. Have considerable tact and are not so easily confused as many, although you are not always patient. Have a goodly amount of hopefulness under all ordinary conditions. You love the beautiful and display considerable artistic appreciation. You know how to listen well and will learn many valuable lessons through experience and observation, in a quiet and unassuming way. Have some subtlety. Would be most successful in something of a professional nature.

J. B. W., Los Angeles, Calif.: You have a somewhat impressionable nature that is sometimes too strongly influenced by sentiment for your own best good. You are quick

to see the amusing and have the hopeful nature that helps you to master many of the difficulties that arise in your path. Are to some extent imitative and prefer to follow in the path that has been trod by others rather than to seek out new and untried ones for yourself. You are generous, kindly and sympathetic and will have to be watchful that you do not permit sentiment to gain too strong an influence over you. While you need a very active life, you would probably do best in something where you did not have to come into too close competition with others. Cultivate a little more persistent firmness. Affection will largely shape your life. Would do very well in official or commercial pursuits. Will love and possibly marry more than once.

C. E. D., Cincinnati, Ohio: Your imagination sometimes runs away with your good judgment and leads you into indiscretion and after regret. It is also a factor in making you discouraged at times. Are quite positive in your opinions and are often tempted to undertake more than you can carry through to a successful issue. Cultivate more of hopefulness and curb your tendency to exaggerate. It is difficult for you to save money and it slips through your fingers in all kinds of unaccountable ways, so that you will never be apt to gain wealth unless through inheritance or some lucky venture. You would do best in some very active out door vocation such as horticulture or the raising of fine market produce, because you need the air and sunshine. Be a trifle more cautious, not only in money affairs but of dangers physically. You have some inventive talent which helps you out of many a dilemma. Will have many changes in your life.

E. Newman, Eng.: You are methodical and systematic in all that you do displaying a great deal of precision in all of your work. You would exact the same carefulness from those who were under your control. Are in most things very secretive and there are few whom you care to take close into your confidence. While you are capable of making a great many sacrifices for those whom you love, there are few whom you trust sufficiently to take them close into your confidence. You rarely act upon impulse but reason things out very carefully from cause to effect before making your decisions, especially in matters of importance. Are thrifty and while you will not deny yourself the things which you

feel that you can afford to have, at the same time you have a tendency to save and have learned how to make one dollar do the work of two. Have great intensity of feeling and a passionate temper, which is held under fairly good control. Would do best in professional or scientific pursuits.

Mrs. M. E. S., Denver, Col.: You are strongly influenced by your surroundings and those with whom you are associated and sometimes it is not entirely for your own best interest. You have intuition but your first impressions of people and of places are not always of the best and you afterward have cause to change your mind. Your life has been full of disappointments and toil but if you are careful there is no reason why the future should not be more happy and prosperous than the past. You are affectionate and devoted to those whom you love and are always ready and willing to make sacrifices for them. If you had children you would be more ambitious for them than you would be for yourself and make many sacrifices of personal pleasure for them, even of comforts and would incline to be selfish in your selfishness. You would do best in some housewifely art taking pride in excelling. You are always proud of those things which you accomplish without the aid of others. Ought to enjoy good health if you take proper care of yourself.

How to Get a Character Reading

Any subscriber to this magazine who sends us three new yearly subscribers will be given a Character Reading from his or her handwriting. We will either print the reading in "The Segno-gram" or send it by mail.

How to Send

When sending the three new subscribers also send twenty-five words of your natural writing on a separate piece of paper and sign it. We will print your initials only, as it is not advisable to print the full name.

The first orders will receive the first readings. Send early and avoid the rush. Address, The Segno-gram Pub. Co., Dept G. Los Angeles, Cal.

Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in grumbling would often set things right. No one finds the world quite as he would like it.



A Thirst for Knowledge

"Henry," said Uncle Amos from Upereek, who was visiting his city nephew, "who's that man in the house on the other side of the street? Every morning he stands in front of a window an' shaves himself. He's done it now for three days hand-runnin'."

"I suppose he has done it every morning for the last ten years, uncle," replied Henry.

"Has he lived there all that time?"

"Yes, and longer than that, for all I know. I've been here only ten years, myself."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know."

"What does he foller?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, uncle."

Uncle Amos put on his hat and went out.

In an hour or two he returned.

"Henry," he said, "that chap's name is Horton. He runs an insurance office down town. He's wuth about \$27,000, owns that house and lot, belongs to the Presbyterian church, has three boys an' one girl, an' he's 46 years old. I've found out more about him in an hour than you have in ten years. Blamed if I don't believe livin' in the city makes people stupid."

* * *

Playing Fortissimo

When the mother returned from a shopping tournament the first thing that met her eyes was the lump on little Willy's forehead.

"For goodness's sake!" she said. "How did he get it?"

"'Tis from th' boomp he got," the new nurse exclaimed. "Ye tould me, ma'am, to let him play on th' pianny if he wanted to, an' wanst, whin he was slidin' on top, he slid too far, ma'am."

* * *

A Happy Combination

"Between us," said the bathing dress to the ball gown, "we complete the work of the world."

"How's that?" said the ball gown.

"Well, you begin where I leave off."

* * *

The Real Cause

"Papa, what makes a man give a ring to a woman when they are engaged?"

"The woman."

Vegetarian Eggs

A vegetarian had an amusing experience the other morning while at breakfast. His family was out of town, and he went to a restaurant and took a seat next to a stranger.

The vegetarian took occasion to advertise his creed by telling the stranger that all meat was injurious and that the human diet should be strictly vegetarian.

"But," said the stranger, "I seldom eat meat."

"You just ordered eggs," said the vegetarian. "An egg is practically meat, because it eventually becomes a bird."

"The kind of eggs I eat never become birds," answered the stranger quietly.

"Good heavens!" cried the vegetarian, "what kind of eggs do you eat?"

"Principally boiled eggs," said the stranger.

* * *

His Previous Engagement

Smithers—We should like you to dine with us in three weeks from tomorrow.

Blithers (trying to lie out of it)—I would be delighted to do it, but I must attend a funeral that day.

* * *

A Woman's Way

Mr. Thompson—Jones told me a secret to-day.

Mrs. Thompson (anxiously)—What was it?

Mr. Thompson—The one I told you last week.

Mrs. Thompson—Oh, dear me! that Mrs. Jones is such a tattler. I'll never tell her anything again.

* * *

The Intelligent Composer

Editor—My paragraph merely said that you arrived promptly and felt the patient's pulse.

Irate M.D.—Yes, but your fool printer put it "purse."

* * *

Boil Them

Little drops of water full of busy germs

Help the foxy doctor elevate his terms;

For these little germlets, humble though they be,

May perchance dispatch you to eternity.

The Segnogram

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

A. VICTOR SEGNO, Editor

Los Angeles, California

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O When this circle is marked with a blue cross it signifies that your subscription has expired and that you should renew it at once.

If you receive a copy of this magazine and are not already a subscriber, it is an invitation to subscribe. Accept the invitation.

PRIZE WINNERS

We have the pleasure to announce the names of the winners of the prizes offered for the most healthful, economical menus submitted to our Menu department.

After careful consideration by the committee, the first prize—Five Dollars—was awarded to Mrs. Corbin Arnold, Chester, Conn.

The second prize—Three Dollars—was awarded to Mrs. E. E. Murray, Rugby, England.

The third prize—Two Dollars—was awarded to Mrs. Eva J. Robison, Greenwood, Indiana.

The menus submitted by these three ladies appear in the June, July and August issues of this magazine.

We are always glad to receive suggestions on cooking and preparing healthful food and trust that our readers who are interested in this department of our magazine will feel at liberty at any time to send in ideas that may be helpful to other readers. The interchange of such ideas becomes an education. We lose nothing by sharing knowledge with each other.

If you find a new and better way of preparing any particular article of food write and tell us how you do it and we will tell the other readers through The Segnogram. Remember you help yourself when you help others.

VITAL THOUGHTS

A man must start in order to arrive.

We very often know what ought to be done, better than we know how to do it.

"The man who is seldom mistaken about others is often mistaken about himself."

"Those who have not suffered together do not know the most powerful heart-ties."

The wise man never does a thing himself that he can have some one else do—better.

Every great success depends upon the hope, belief, enthusiasm and persistence of some one man.

Don't hold your gun at the target too long. When you get a line on the bull's-eye, pull the trigger.

Hope awakens the ambition, expectancy stimulates and sharpens the senses, and belief fires the will.

"Leaders of great enterprises, must, of necessity, turn deaf ears to words of discouragement."

Public opinion is the judgment of the incapable. Many opposed to that of the Discerning Few.

We are often closer to the real man who is a thousand miles away than we are with our feet under his mahogany.

Think of your own faults the first part of the night, when you are awake, and of the faults of others the latter part of the night, when you are asleep.

NOTE: We cannot supply back numbers. All subscriptions received before the 15th of the month will begin with the issue of that month. All received after the 15th will commence with issue of the following month.

And in this mental world we need no introduction, we find our own, and they recognize and give us greeting.

Thoughts are the invisible wires that we may string where we will—if your message is for the many they will receive it.

The world owes its victories to the men who have turned a deaf ear to the pessimists, obstacle hunters, and trouble scientists.

No doubt many who have gone wrong on earth will be higher in heaven than those who have forgotten charity in denouncing them.

Things should not be done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

The way to succeed is to prepare for success, and this centering of your thought and time and energy in one direction is the mental macadam that the road of life needs to make the going easier.

We are drawn to those who think with us—who sound the note that is sweet to our own ears and picture the images that are in our minds and voice those things that are deep in our own hearts.

We do not have to know the color of a man's hair, or the shape of his features, or sleep in his house, to receive and give that mental handshake that sets the kindly current of the heart aflow.

Sometimes the best friends a man has are those of the mental realm where the patterns of that priceless fabric are woven from the mind stuffs—from the thoughts that meet and fuse and become one.

Friends, in this world of hurry and work and sudden end.

If a thought comes quick of doing a kindness to a friend.

Do it that very minute. Don't put it off, don't wait!

What's the use of doing a kindness, if you do it a day too late.

Get into the habit of looking for the silver lining of the cloud, and when you have found it, continue to look at it rather than to the leaden gray in the middle. It will help you over many hard places.

Friendship is an ethereal substance anyhow, generated without the use of the baser materials, and often coming to its highest perfection and enduring longest when unhindered by physical contact.

Even in ordinary life the unselfish people are the happiest—those who work to make others happy and who forget themselves. The dissatisfied people are those who are seeking happiness for themselves.

It is natural to wish contact and approval of other men, and even genius cannot struggle on in oblivion without feeling the pangs of loneliness now and then, and wishing for the kindly eye of recognition.

It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have.

When fame points her finger at a man in public, he may be embarrassed, momentarily, but the red corpuscles that color his cheek flow back to a heart that feels a sweet and subtle sense of pride—a pride as old as the human race.

Cheerfulness is not always spontaneous; it is greatly a matter of habit, and bears cultivation. One who can contrive to bear a smiling face through a world where there are so many troubled hearts may unconsciously be a public benefactor.

After all there is nothing that really goes to the heart of another like recognition of his personal worth. Most of us can recall days when we walked with a lighter step because there had come to us the cordial recognition of another human soul. We do not always think what resources of encouragement and helpfulness lie in an honest word of recognition of another's work or purpose.

PRIZE MENUS {

Submitted by
Mrs. Eva J. Robison, Greenwood, Ind.

FIRST MEAL

Stewed Rhubarb.

Cream of wheat with grape-nuts and milk.

Whole wheat toast with poached eggs.

To Prepare.

Rhubarb—Cut the stalks in small pieces by laying all the stalks together on a board or table and using a large knife thereby cutting all in the same time it would take to cut one. Put in a sauce pan and add a very little boiling water, cook quickly and just before removing from the stove sweeten.

Cream of Wheat with grape-nuts—Let six cups of water come to a boil, then stir slowly one cup of Cream of Wheat, salt to taste. When serving, place one tablespoonful of grape-nuts on each dish.

Whole Wheat toast with poached eggs—Place one poached egg on each carefully toasted square of bread.

SECOND MEAL

Creamed potatoes.

Tomatoes on lettuce with mayonaise dressing.

Young beets. Salt rising bread and butter.

Strawberries and Cream.

To Prepare.

Creamed potatoes—Slice 4 medium sized potatoes. Place to cook and when done salt and make thickening by stirring 1 tablespoonful of flour with a little cold water or milk until perfectly smooth. Pour into the potatoes 1 pint of milk and cream mixed and when to the boiling point add the thickening and a piece of butter the size of a walnut.

Tomatoes on head lettuce, with mayonaise dressing—Carefully wash and place in individual dishes well selected lettuce. Then peel 4 small tomatoes, place one in each dish on the lettuce; make a dressing by placing 1 teacup of good vinegar on the stove to heat, add 1 tablespoonful of butter or olive oil. Beat up 1 egg with 1 tablespoonful of corn starch; stir in slowly and continue to stir until thickened and should be perfectly smooth. Pour into a dish and when cool add

1 tablespoonful of mixed mustard and 1 half cup of cream. Add 1 teaspoonful of salt and 1 tablespoonful of sugar while cooking. This amount is sufficient for 2 meals of four persons each, but can be divided while making.

Young beets—Select 4 medium sized beets and cook until tender, drain water off and season with salt, pepper and butter; serve hot.

Salt rising bread—Scald a handful of white unbolted cornmeal with 1 half pint of new milk, keep in a warm place. Next morning, take 1 pint of new milk and hot water, mixed; thicken with flour; add 1 teaspoonful of salt; place in a vessel of warm water that the hand can be borne in. When light, work in enough flour to make a soft dough that can be worked with the hands. Let raise and mould into loaves; place in pan and let raise again in a warm oven. Arrange the heat for baking before the loaves have raised quite to the tops of the pan and gradually increase the heat; bake from one half hour to three quarters according to size of loaf.

FIRST MEAL

Stewed Apples.

Force and milk. Hot biscuit and butter.

Currant jelly. Nuts.

To Prepare.

Stewed Apples—Select apples that will cook quickly and have a hot fire. Slightly sweeten before removing from fire.

Hot Biscuit—Sift 1 quart of flour to which add 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 of soda; after thoroughly mixing or sifting, add 2 tablespoonfuls of lard and 1 pint of sour milk; roll out and bake in quick oven.

SECOND MEAL

Stewed Apricots.

Creamed peas. Cabbage salad.

Baked Tomatoes.

Corn bread. Butter.

Tapioca pudding.

To Prepare.

Creamed peas—Make a dressing the same as for creamed potatoes.

Cabbage salad—The dressing the same as for the tomato and lettuce salad.

Baked tomatoes—Core and pare medium sized tomatoes and arrange them in a baking dish or pan; season with salt, pepper and place a small bit of butter in the cavity made by removing the core. Sprinkle over all bread crumbs, add a little hot water and place in oven to bake. They will retain their shape and can be served in individual dishes.

Corn bread—Sift 1 quart of white unbolted corn meal to which add enough sour milk to make a soft dough that can be stirred with a spoon. Add 1 tablespoonful of lard, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 2 well beaten eggs and last dissolve 1 teaspoonful of soda in a little hot water; mix well into the dough and pour instantly into a well greased pan; bake 1 hour.

Tapioca pudding—Place 1 pint of sweet milk on the stove to heat with 2 tablespoonfuls of tapioca. Beat separately 1 egg and stir into the hot milk. Sweeten to taste and flavor by adding one fourth of a cake of Baker's chocolate finely shaven or grated or one-half cup of pineapple or any fruit to give a flavor; to be eaten when cold and better with milk or cream.

Average cost of these meals served to four persons was 35 cents or 8¾ cents for each person.

HOW MILK MAY BE STERILIZED

The conviction that milk should be sterilized for certain purposes is forcing itself more and more upon mothers and housekeepers every day. It is, however, one of those departures from conventional methods to which the great majority must be educated little by little. Many women laughed at the notion of boiling drinking water during sickly seasons who now would not think of using any other sort. Most of these were converted during the cholera scare. If now, in like manner the laggards in the sterilizing movement could appreciate the dangers to be escaped by conversion to it, another big step forward in domestic sanitation will have been gained.

In New York City sterilized milk is regularly left at houses where there are children or invalids, instead of the ordinary milk.

Moreover, the Health Board has taken the matter in hand and looks after the welfare of those too poor or too ignorant to consider the question for themselves. Sterilized milk is sold all through the tenement districts and in the open squares where the very poor take their breathing spells, at a penny a glass or a few cents a quart, and many a puny baby has been strengthened, and many a half-fed working girl and day laborer kept in fairly good health by the nourishing qualities of sterilized milk sold on the street corners.

It is an easy matter to sterilize the milk for family use.

Take a tin pail and have made for it a false bottom perforated with holes and having legs half an inch high to allow circulation of the water. The bottle of milk to be treated is set on this false bottom and the pail is filled with water until it reaches the level of the surface of the milk in the bottle. A hole may be punched in the cover of the bottle, in which a cork is inserted, and the thermometer is put through the cork so that the bulb dips into the milk, and the temperature can thus be watched without removing the cover. This water is then heated until the milk reaches a temperature of 155 degrees Fahrenheit, when it is removed from the heat and allowed to cool gradually. A temperature of 150 deg. maintained for half an hour is sufficient to destroy any germs likely to be present in the milk, and it is found in practise that raising the temperature to 155 deg. and then allowing it to stand in the heated water until cool insures the proper temperature for the required time.

A woman who has suffered frequently from neuralgia advises the following course to remove the pain temporarily. It is also successful, she says, for toothache brought on by cold. Take two teaspoonfuls of flour, the same quantity of grated ginger, and mix them well together with sufficient alcohol to make a thin paste. Spread this on a linen rag and apply it on the part affected on going to bed, wrapping a piece of flannel over all, and it will effect a cure.

The best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests; just as the charm of music dwells not in the tone, but in the echoes of our hearts.

The SECRET OF SLEEP

BY A FREDERICK COLLINS

The origin of life and the nature of the processes of life are at once the most interesting and mysterious subjects with which the human mind has ever had to deal.

The first, complex and unsolvable in the light of present knowledge, bids fair to remain without the ken of man for a long time to come, but the second, divided into many branches, continues to succumb, until now we know fairly well the physiological actions which take place, if not always the fundamental causes underlying them.

These problems have been attacked in many ways, beginning with Aristotle and Galen, who, more than twenty centuries ago, sought by dissecting the human body after the last thread of life force had passed away to find its cause, and Loeb and Littlefield, who, with their wonderful salt solutions, endeavored to prolong and produce life.

The boundaries which divide life from death are at best shadowy and vague, and who shall say where the one ends and the other begins? There are diseases in which an entire cessation of all the apparent functions of vitality takes place, and yet in which these cessations are merely suspensions of animation, and then there is sleep, natural sleep that has been so aptly termed, "tired nature's sweet restorer."

We know that without sleep the brain would soon wear out, for the work and turmoil of the day keep the brain in a constant state of activity. Since wear and waste always go hand in hand with activity the brain becomes exhausted and sleep is called in to help in renewing and rebuilding it. But how? Aye, that's the question!

A year or so prior to the sensational discoveries of Loeb and Mathews, which threw much light on the electrical theory of life and seemed at the time to indicate that a great upheaval was to result in consequence in the science of living organisms, Mr. Albert F. Shore, a young biologist of Brooklyn, had formulated an electrical theory of life that led to some startling results.

One of the noteworthy discoveries made by this brilliant scientist in this connection was the exact nature of the process of sleep, and sleep, simple as it at first appears, has until

now defied all human effort directed toward its solution. Again and again have philosophers and scientists advanced theories to explain away the mystery of sleep, but there has never been so thoroughly ingenious an argument based on experimental evidence as that presented by Mr. Shore in his paper to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of which he is a member.

In his investigations the experimentalist found that the human body is energized with a force of extreme subtlety and very like that of electricity we are all so familiar with, and that, like electricity, it may act like a current, be transformed into a force resembling magnetism or converted into a form of waves that can traverse space like those used in wireless telegraphy.

The brain, heart, lungs and all other organs are highly electrified, and as like charges of electricity and magnetism repel each other so the heart and lungs repel the charge of the brain, and if they did not the latter could not retain its vitality, and hence its consciousness, for its electric charge would otherwise rush down and equalize itself throughout the body.

According to Mr. Shore's theory, when the hand is permitted to approach the head energy from all nerves flows through the intervening space to it, and, further, if the member is brought into contact with the head over the area of the brain when the latter is much fatigued it will be quickly restored to its normal vigor exactly as it would be by the process of natural sleep.

This was the remarkable condition as observed by Mr. Shore, and this finally led him to the discovery that sleep is really an internal electrical process, and further researches showed that sleep itself was due to what is technically called electrolysis, or an electroplating process that goes on continuously between the nerves leading from the vital organs, as the heart, lungs, etc., on the one hand and the brain on the other.

In electroplating a silver coin may be coated with a layer of copper if a copper plate is connected with the positive pole of an ordinary battery by means of a bit of wire and suspended in a solution of copper sulphate

(blue vitriol) and then connecting a silver coin to the negative pole of the battery, and likewise immersing the coin in the copper solution; this closes the electric circuit and the copper in the solution will be carried by the current to the silver coin, where it is deposited, or, in other words, the coin will be electroplated. This is what is meant by electrolysis.

But who would have suspected that the same process goes on continuously in the nervous system? It remained for Shore to point out that the end cells of the nerves bear exactly the same relation to each other as the copper plate and silver coin, and that during consciousness the brain deposits its vital substance upon the receiving end of the body, and during the waking state the brain, wearied with its losses owing to its long period of activity, demands a return of its exhausted elements.

When the nervous system becomes altered in its relations between brain and body in this manner consciousness can only be maintained by especial effort, and hence the desire for sleep. During sleep this plating process, which carries so much of the brain's vitality to the body, is now reversed, and by virtue of the long and gentle nerve currents flowing from all parts of the body into the weary brain it is gradually restored to its full and normal power.

If a person's vitality is strong and he can keep one hand on his head and the other on his lower limb during the period he is asleep the current carrying the re-energizing substance is hastened and the busy man or woman may cut down the period of sweet repose by several hours.

This is the philosophy of sleep as evolved by Shore, based on the theory of electricity in its last analysis, and in this connection it is interesting to note that to understand the functions of sleep phenomena he has gone a long way toward elucidating the origin of life as well as the nature of death.

Growing children will keep any right-minded man or woman in spirit and in mind, will retard the development of that sour yet complacent cynicism which curses old age both for one's self and for those about one. The man or the woman—the right sort of man or woman—who has children drinks every day a deep draught at the fountain of eternal youth.

URIC ACID

The following table (Hall), showing the amount of uric acid found in different kinds of foods, will be interesting to those who are accustomed to the liberal use of meat, and we trust may induce some to discard a uric-acid diet in favor of pure and natural bill of fare:

	Grains of Uric Acid per pound
Liver	19.26
Fish (salmon)	8.15
Mutton	6.75
Veal	8.14
Pork	8.48
Sweetbread (thymus)	70.43
Beefsteak	14.45
Wheat bread (white)	0.00
Rice	0.00
Potatoes	0.14
Cabbage, lettuce	0.00
Cauliflower	0.00
Eggs	0.00
	Grains per pint
Lager beer	1.09
Ale	1.27
Porter	1.36
Tea	3.22
Coffee	4.53
Milk	0.00

One of the simplest and most easily accessible home remedies is boracic acid. Mixed with vaseline, it forms one of the cheapest and safest ointments for cuts and bruises. Boracic acid dusted into the sleeves of dresses which have been worn when exercising removes all disagreeable traces of perspiration. Handkerchiefs, which have been used when colds and influenza are prevalent should be sprinkled with boracic acid powder, or, better still, should be steeped in a strong solution of it and water before being sent to the wash. A solution of the powder in pure water makes a refreshing and stimulating wash for tired or inflamed eyes.

Learn to take the little sweetnesses and pleasant things of life as you go, and do not be in haste to go farther, promising to enjoy the first things upon the edge as you return. It may be impossible to find them again. And when a bright little opportunity blossoms as you pass, stop to pluck and use it. You may not pass that way again.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE FOR THE BABY

Every parent should have some knowledge, however elementary, of the physiology of the human body and of muscular action; of how limbs are moved by muscular action and of the nature of this muscular action; of how telegraphic orders, so to say, are sent from the nervous centres through the nervous cords, which are connected with the nerve centers of the brain, along the nervous threads to which the muscles are connected.

If parents know these elementary physiological facts, and that there is not only direct telegraphic communication from the brain to the muscles, but a line also which communicates to the brain the condition and action of the muscles, they are less likely to treat the physical training of their children injudiciously.

The nervous centers as well as muscular action must be taken into consideration in dealing with physical exercise, for the connection between the two is so intimate that whatever influences the one favorably or adversely acts in like manner to the other.

As you cannot have healthy muscles without healthy nervous development, so you can not have nervous energy without muscles in perfect order.

They react one upon the other, and, like the Siamese twins, if one is ailing the other suffers. Malnutrition, overwork, fatigue and consequent depression act with equal ill effect upon both.

The absolute importance of paying the closest attention to the proper feeding of a young child, in order that the right standard of growth may be attained, is becoming more generally understood than it formerly was.

As waste and decay are the inevitable lot of man's declining years, growth or increase of bodily substance is the order of early life. The direction of this growth is the object of physical training, and it is essential to remember that the demands which this growth makes upon the youthful energies are such as to make it imperative to impose upon children only such moderate and easy exercises as will not be likely to retard the development they are meant to aid.

It has been noticed by many competent teachers and observers that many, if not the majority, of children between the ages of

about 12 to 15, seem to show an arrested mental development. This pause, if it exists, may be explained by the great demand made upon the physical energies of children during this period of rapid growth, a period when the mental and physical training should be watched with unusual care, and excessive effort should be rigidly guarded against.

We have become too accustomed to the sight of tiny children with pallid faces, contracted chests and banded legs, and it is sad to think of the undeveloped human lives and wreck of human happiness which such physical disablement brings, and how easily some of this sadness might have been prevented.

Assuming, however, that due attention is given to the nutrition of his Highness the baby, what are the first exercises essential to the bodily success of the monarch of the nursery, and which will enable the mother to realize the truth of the adage that prevention is better than cure?

It is of the utmost importance that he should be given freedom to move his limbs and plenty of fresh air to breathe. Given the opportunity for these, Nature teaches the baby what exercise to take and the mother is relieved of all anxiety on that score.

In response to a law which develops the lower limbs of the human frame before the upper, the baby, if left to lie on a firm mattress and free from all hindrance of tightly-bound swathing, will at once show his gratitude by kicking his legs about with a glee which is expressed by whole-hearted chuckles and croonings.

His chuckles and croonings are also doing their healthy work, and while they are enabling him to take in oxygen and give out carbonic acid and to develop his lungs and chest, the movement of his legs is building up the muscles which will later on give him the power to sit up, stimulating the breathing and circulation, and inducing a warmth which is better than all the warmth which stuffy clothes produces.

Too much clothing has the danger not only of impeding muscular movement and circulation, but of weakening the general vigor of a young child. It seems perhaps superfluous to say that the action of the skin is stimulated and the body refreshed by bathing the child

night and morning with warm water and soap. The application of a cold or tepid douche, which is sometimes recommended, should be given—if given at all—with the greatest care, and only on the advice of a physician. In no case should it be resorted to unless the child has had vigorous exercise before and is given similar exercise after the cold water. Reaction, through the medium of exercise or of friction with a warm towel after the application of the cold, is essential.

In connection with this idea of the tonic effect of a cold douche, one sees a considerable amount of foolish cruelty at the seaside, where poor tots are ducked into the waves, no matter how terrified they may be. A child may well be appalled at the sight of the limitless sea, and the shock to his feelings is in no way compensated for by the bracing effect of the salt water.

Why not let him paddle in pools and shallows in sandals until he has learned to trust Dame Nature thoroughly well, and then assuredly he will soon wish to do as others do, and will dip in the sea happily enough.

If a child be ordered sea baths and is very nervous the best plan is to give him his bath at home—anything rather than alarm him.

A mistake often made by inexperienced mothers when giving the baby its daily outing in its perambulator is to overburden it with wrappings, in their anxiety to keep it warm and to counteract any ill effects from the child's enforced inactivity.

Another error, and a very dangerous one, is to prop a baby up in a sitting posture before it is ready to assume this attitude in safety. The appointed time for every muscular movement with normal children is fixed by Nature; when the muscles of the legs and hips have responded to the opportunity given to them by the judicious mother, the baby will begin his efforts to sit up of his own accord. Fresh muscles will daily come into play, and in obedience to the law of growth which characterizes early life, new powers will come into existence.

The baby's exercises, which, as we have seen, Nature herself teaches him how to take, if the mother will only give him the opportunity, may be considered to be both amusing and healthy; amusing in that they give him unmistakable pleasure, hygienic in that they lay the foundation for the proper development of the babe into the child, and of the child into the man.

WORRY WRECKS

Thousands of people every year actually worry themselves to death by allowing their minds to dwell on morbid subjects.

Many more thousands, while not actually worrying themselves into their graves, materially impair their health, moral, mental and physical, and weaken their powers by the same baleful process.

The idea that one is unfortunately placed in life or that one has some incipient disease, the thought of financial failure or of unsatisfactory progress—any of the thousand-and-one worries that ought to act as a tonic and a spur to effort—are by thousands accepted as ground for soul-deadening worry and discouragement.

The little magazine called *Suggestion* says that a melancholy thought which fixes itself upon one's mind needs as much doctoring as physical disease. It needs to be eradicated from the mind or it will have just the same result as a neglected disease would have.

Every melancholy thought, every morbid action and every nagging worry should be resisted to the utmost, and the patient should be protected by cheerful thoughts, of which there is a bountiful store in every one's possession. Bright companions are cheaper than drugs and plasters.

The morbid condition of mind produces a morbid condition of body, and if the disease does happen to be in the system it receives every encouragement to develop. We need more mental therapy.

Hospital physicians who are frank enough to talk freely on the matter will tell you that an astonishing percentage of their patients suffer from neurasthenia, an actual enough ailment, but induced by morbid imaginings and idleness and persisted in until mind has enslaved the body and made it a mere bundle of sick nerves.

There is nothing counts for health like cheerfulness and nothing counts for that like wholesome work. The mind that is not occupied is pretty apt to become diseased, as a machine that is not used rusts away.

Imagination is one of the finest qualities of the human mind, but, like all other qualities, is good only when rightly directed. It can lead us upward to the fuller life, or it can lead us downward to despair and death.

How I Found My Mission

By P. B. Sands

When I was a little girl, an old lady told me I had a mission, and if I did not fulfill it I had better never have been born. As it was then too late to stop that important event, I determined to be faithful to my trust.

But knowing I had a mission, and finding out what it was, were entirely different things. All the little girls I read about, that fulfilled missions, had a drunken father, a wicked mother, or a crippled sister, whereas all our family were absolutely sober, moral and healthy. Then, too, those remarkable girls, after vainly endeavoring to produce the desired reformation, had a happy faculty of dying, which event always made the drunken father a sober, virtuous, and highly intelligent man, the mother a saint, and, I think, although I will not be too certain, it also restored the limbs of the crippled sister.

When about seventeen, I began to search earnestly for my mission; but that article was not to be found. I tried all kinds of things. I even had my head examined, in hopes the phrenologist could discover something; but with the same inevitable result. Once I tried Charity, but, alas! it came to a sudden and violent end.

There was a poor woman in whom I was very much interested. She said she had the consumption. The last time I went to see her, she could just speak in the faintest whisper. She was talking about her coming death, and asking me to take care of her children, when one of the said children came in, and seeing the dainties on the table, began to eat voraciously. Its mother suddenly sprang up, shook the child and boxed its ears in the most unnatural manner possible. I saw that she was as well as I was, and a thousand times stronger. I have never been charitable in that way since.

It will be useless to try to tell of my mishaps and adventures, in search of my mission; but I must give my experience of school-teaching.

One summer I went to my aunt in the country, and while there heard of a school that needed a teacher. I determined to apply for it. In vain my aunt and cousins tried to dissuade me. They said it was the worst

school in the state, the term had only been commenced seven weeks, and there had already been two teachers. But the more they talked about the difficulties of the situation, the higher my courage rose; the more they told of the mischievous boys, the greater certainty I felt that they were "foemen worthy of my steel."

My aunt went with me to Mr. Smith, the school commissioner. I must say my mind misgave me when I stood in his presence. He was a short, portly man, with a certain air about him which said plainly, "I am a very remarkable person; if you cannot perceive it, I am sorry for you."

He was also lame, one leg was about four inches shorter than the other, which discrepancy caused his head to describe a series of circles whenever he walked.

I passed a very good examination. Mr. Smith congratulated me, then made me a very extraordinary speech. Here it is *verbatim*:

"The teacher has a noble mission. To her belongs all the praise that will be bestowed on the generation to come. There is no great work, but she laid the corner-stone; no good deed, but she gave the first impulse.

"Oh, my young friend, it is the greatest mission the earth affords; be proud of it, rejoice in it, and be happy.

"And if any ask you what your life work is, tell them it is to educate, to refine, to ennoble; or, to use the words of the poet, 'To teach the young idea how to shoot.' Tell them all this, and they will like you."

He ended up very unexpectedly, and remarked that "it was a warm day."

The next week I went into the village where my future labors were to be. I was to board with an old lady, a widow Jenkins. At the tea-table I met another old lady, who was very curious concerning me. As soon as I was seated she began her attack.

"They do say you are going to teach school?"

"Yes," said I, obedient to orders, "I am going 'To teach the young idea how to shoot.'"

"Dew tell!" exclaimed the amazed old lady.

"Why, our last schoolm'am das'sent touch a gun."

By the next evening it was reported all over the village that I was going to exercise my pupils in firing at a target; that report was the ruin of me. It attracted all the ad-

venturesome spirits within a radius of five miles, and kept at home the quiet, studious children; for, as Mrs. Jones observed, she "guessed she wasn't going to have her Johnny blown up with powder."

A school begun under such auspices could not succeed. There were but few girls—poor, frightened little things, who crowded into that part of the school-room where I sat, as if I were some protection. The rest of the room was occupied by the boys. And such boys! Every one of them was possessed by the demon of mischief—and a most ingenious demon it was, too. It never did the same thing twice. It always came out in some startling manner, at the very time I thought it exorcised forever.

I have often amused myself since in working a problem about those boys, and I have found by accurate calculation, that if their ingenuity, their persistence, and their boldness were directed towards the progress of civilization, my school would shoot ahead, and arrive at the millinium full a thousand years before the rest of the world.

It is impossible to tell what they did; a word will tell what they did not do—study. I scolded, pulled their hair, and used my ruler. They regarded me with as much attention as they would a large fly, far less, in fact, for one of their amusements was catching flies.

The only time I had any peace was during their recess. It was as grateful as a green isle in a stormy sea.

School had been commenced about two weeks, when I received a visit from Mr. Smith. He came in the much-enjoyed recess.

He examined the girls and was pleased. He congratulated me, and I felt very grand. In an evil hour he asked to examine the boys. I rang the bell. In they came, stamping, pushing, laughing and jumping over the benches. Mr. Smith was horrified. Mr. Smith expressed his horror. He then, to show them, limped out and in again, made his bow to me, quietly took his seat, and told them to do the same—and they did it, every one of them limping across the room as if being lame. A scene followed; Mr. Smith got up, sat down, got up again, commenced, "Madam," but something choked him; and miserable I burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which the school joined. The commissioner glared at me a moment, then

left abruptly, slamming the door. I received my discharge that evening and went home.

I have never sought for my mission since. But my husband, for I am married now, sometimes asks me, saucily, if I haven't found my mission. I suppose he means, vain fellow, in him and the children.

But, like all men, he is, you see, intolerably conceited!

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG

How old are you?

The adage says that women are as old as they look and men as old as they feel.

That's wrong.

A man and woman are as old as they take themselves to be.

Growing old is largely a habit of the mind. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." If he begins shortly after middle age to imagine himself growing old he will be old.

To keep oneself from decrepitude is somewhat a matter of will power. The fates are kind to the man who hangs on to life with both hands. He who lets go, will go. Death is slow only to tackle the tenacious.

Ponce de Leon searched in the wrong place for the fountain of youth. It is in oneself. One must keep oneself young inside. So that while "the outer man perisheth the inner man is renewed day by day."

When the human mind ceases to exert itself, when there is no longer an active interest in the affairs of this life, when the human stops reading and thinking and doing, the man, like a blasted tree, begins to die at the top.

It is the spiritual part that keeps men alive. Let one give himself over to the lowest forces of his nature and he will soon die of animalism.

Many a man is dead on his feet and is only walking about to save funeral expenses. He has educated his children, accumulated a competence, accomplished his ideal and he retires from his labors in order to linger and die. Death readily accepts the invitation.

Slowly the world is learning the secret of longevity. And the average of the years of human life is being raised no less by mind habit than by improved conditions.

You are as old as you think you are.

Keep the harness on.

Your job is not done.

PAST MASTERS PAST SEVENTY

Samuel Smiles, the author of *Self-Help* and other popular works, has just died at the age of ninety-two. The poet Swinburne, in his sixty-seventh year, is still "a past master in the art of hyperbole and vituperation"; and George Meredith, who is nine years older, has shown no signs of lessening literary fertility. Sir Aubrey de Vere, of Curragh Chase, Ireland, who died in 1902 at the age of eighty-eight, was to the very last a most prolific writer of prose and poetic works. Among his latest productions were letters on the South African War, which showed that his intellect had lost none of its vigor or keenness even in extreme old age. Grote, the banker, and historian of Greece, published his *Plato* and began his *Aristotle* at seventy. Savage Landor wrote his last book at seventy-eight, and was full of fire until his death at eighty-nine. Bancroft did some of his best historical work at eighty-five. Professor Heinrich Duentzer, author of eighty-six volumes of critical commentaries on the German classics, who died at Cologne a few years ago in his eighty-ninth year, was an energetic worker in the very last years of his life.

It is never too late to find one's place in the world. It was not until he was nearly fifty years old, after dawdling away his previous life as a tapster in his father's shop, or as a Franciscan friar at Fontenay-le-Comte, or practicing medicine at Montpellier, that Rabelais discovered the line of activity in which he won his fame and created the portentous giant, Gargantua, and the renowned Pantagruel. Half of Boccaccio's life had run to waste ere he began to write the tales which set him so high on Italy's roll of honor. Francia was almost forty when a picture of Perugino made him a painter. Admiral Blake, one of England's greatest naval heroes who won victories over the greatest naval commander of his day—who in eight years acquired such naval renown that it eclipsed the glory he had won in a dozen battles on land—did not even become a seaman till he was nearly fifty years old.

The tall, handsome, myriad-minded Goethe wrought at his tasks till he was nearly eighty-three years old. He produced the first part of his masterpiece, *Faust*, at fifty-seven, the second part when eighty years old, and wrote some of his most beautiful poems at seventy-five. Six of our foremost American poets—and all but one in quantity as well as in qual-

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ity of verse—Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes and Emerson—lived to ages varying from seventy-five to eighty-five, and were productive to the last. Doctor Holmes wrote in his eighty-fifth year that "time does not threaten the old man so often with the scythe as with the sandbag," yet he wrote brilliant verse for special occasions almost to the end.

Theodore Mommsen, the historian, a man of almost insignificant stature and emaciated frame, manifested in his eighty-sixth and last year the energy of a man in middle life. The Earl of Dundonald, though he was always in hot water, and his whole life was a series of quarrels—though he performed some of the most dare-devil feats recorded in the history of naval warfare, winning many brilliant victories against enormous odds—lived to eighty-five, and wrote his history of the liberation of Peru, Chili and Brazil, and the Autobiography of a Seaman, two most vigorous, lucid and dashing works, under the stress of intense physical pain, in the last three years of his life.

Sir Charles James Napier, the hero of Seinde, was sixty before he held any great command. He fought and won great battles, governed successfully great provinces, and achieved a great name long after that period of life had passed when, according to an antique morality not quite exploded, it behooves a man to lay aside the things of the present life and to prepare his soul for the next.

CHEAP ADVERTISEMENTS.—Some of the Japanese tradesmen in the smaller towns of Nippon have a curious way of advertising their business. On their right forearms they tattoo figures—the shoemaker a shoe, the wood-cutter an axe, the butcher a cleaver. Underneath these emblems are such inscriptions as, "I do my work modestly and cheaply," or "I am as good at my trade as most of my fellows." When they are looking for work they bare their arms and walk about the streets.

COFFINS AS PRESENTS.—When Chinese parents arrive at about the age of fifty-five their affectionate sons and daughters club together and give them each a coffin, and wish them many happy returns of the day. When death comes these receptacles are used for the purpose for which they were intended. Coffins are to be seen in many houses in China, some of them being utilized as wardrobes.

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A SCREEN OF STAMPS

A most interesting screen composed of about 40,000 postage stamps is on the point of completion by a Philadelphian. It is of four panels. The handsome frame, with ledge or shelf top, is of quartered oak, the dark, English weathered variety. This is in rich contrast with the panels, which are composed entirely of cancelled postage stamps of every denomination, from \$50 to something like a tenth of a cent. Not only is every nation represented, but there is a good variety for each nation, and old as well as new issues are arranged in wonderful variety. The peculiar colors used in postage stamps lend themselves admirably and grow still more mellow in a few years. C. E. Schermerhorn, who is having it made, says the stamps are stuck on composition board, which is both light and strong. It is alike on both sides, seven feet in height, each of the inserted panels measuring six feet by two feet and a half. In spite of the fact that very many of the stamps were collected by friends, the screen has cost about \$100. And \$500 wouldn't buy it.

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ELIZABETH TOWNE,

Dept. 77.

Holyoke, Mass.

Watch the child carefully who is always quiet.

This is quite an unnatural state of affairs, and shows that something is wrong. Those who go much among the schools of the very poor know that it often means lassitude from want of proper nourishment. If it occurs in the children of the better off it shows that vitality is low, and that for some reason or another the food is not giving the strength it should do.

Foreign Postage Stamps For Sale

We have a quantity of canceled postage of various denominations that we received on letters from all parts of the world. Among them are stamps from Japan, China, Russia, India, Ceylon, Turkey, Egypt, Siam, Borneo, Cape Colony, Transvaal, Gold Coast, Lagos, Africa, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, France, Holland, Belgium, England, Canada, Colombo, Panama, British Honduras, Mexico, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Central and South America.

We have had these stamps sorted into packages of 25 (all different) and will send them prepaid for ten cents a package.

Foreign stamps are interesting souvenirs. Many people make a collection and keep them in albums, but the latest fad is to use them for decorative purposes. Screens, picture frames and walls are being decorated with them. They make very artistic effects when nicely arranged.

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THERE'S WHERE ANGELS WRITE

BY EDITH MACOMBER HALL.

Come and kiss me, little darling,
Do you love me true?
Once I was a wee bit maiden,
Just the size of you.

Wouldn't think it would you, dearie,
As you see me now,
Snowy hair and wrinkles many
Pencilled on my brow?

Round my neck the soft arms folding
Like a clinging vine,
Eyes of blue upraised and tender
Fondly gazed in mine.

Thus she stood for just a moment,
Naught the silence broke,
Shook her head with childish wisdom,
E'er she gently spoke.

"Gracious! them's not wrinkles, grandma!
There's where angels write
All the stories of your lifetime
While you sleep at night."

Close unto my heart I drew her,
Misty were my eyes;
Baby lips had brought a message
Comforting and wise.

"God's fond blessing rest upon you,"
I whispered with a kiss.
"I'll be proud of all these wrinkles
Always after this."

In these days of high pressure existence nervous breakdown is something to be feared and warded against.

A woman who does not sleep soundly is in danger of a nervous breakdown. A woman who finds herself weakening in nerve strength must rest. This rest must be systematic, not spasmodic. She must break up the accustomed routine of her work, though she need not give up all work. She must do all things moderately. She must rise late and retire early.

No man, says Ruskin, ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion.

HOW TO GROW TALL

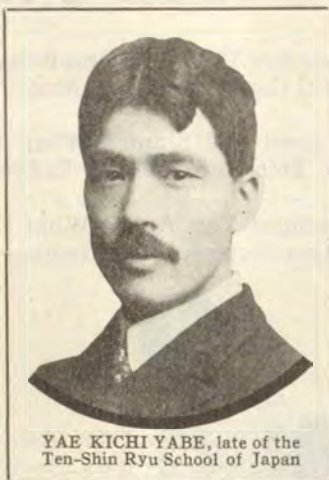
A Startling Discovery That Will Revolutionize the Physical Condition of Mankind.

Why Remain Short and Stunted When You May Learn Free How to Grow Tall?

No Matter How Short You Are or What Your Age, You Can Increase Your Height.



No new discovery has attracted more attention in the scientific world than that made by Mr. K. Leo Minges, of Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Minges is to short men and women what the great wizard, Edison is to electricity. He has gathered more information relative to bone, muscle and sinew than anyone else in existence. Making people grow tall has been a hobby with Mr. Minges for years, and the results he has accomplished are startling to a high degree. By his method every man or woman not over fifty years of age can be made to grow from two to five inches in height, and any one older than that may increase his height perceptibly. His method has the indorsement of leading physicians, and several prominent educational institutions have adopted it for the better physical development of their pupils. If you would like to increase your height you should read the book which tells how this remarkable discovery was made and shows you how to grow tall. It is free. You are not asked to spend a single cent, and if you desire it, we will send you the statements of hundreds who have grown from two to five inches in height by following this method. The results are quickly accomplished. Many have grown as much as three inches in two months. There is no inconvenience, no drugs or medicines, no operation. Merely the application of a scientific principle in a perfectly hygienic and harmless way. Your most intimate friends need not know what you are doing. All communications will be sent in plain envelopes. The book, "The Secrets of How to Grow Tall," contains illustrations that will interest and instruct any one. One thousand of these books will be given away absolutely free, postage prepaid, while the present edition lasts. If you want to grow tall, write to-day, in strictest confidence, for a free copy. Address the Cartilage Co., 171 Z. Unity Building, Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.



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Ten-Shin Ryu School of Japan

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