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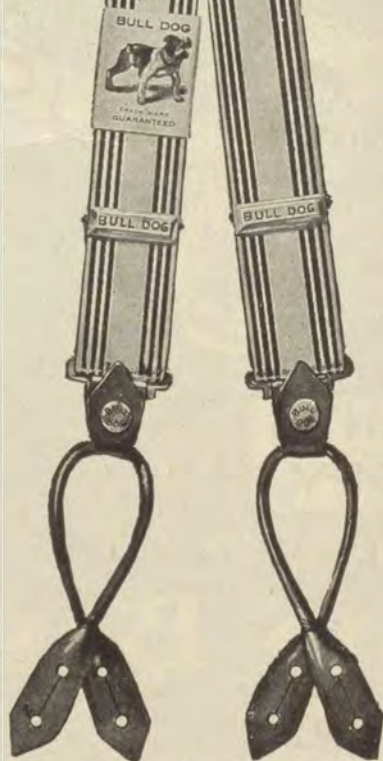
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THE SEGNORAM

Volume V.

October, 1905

Number 1

Don't Be a Pickle

Success always attracts: Failure is always repulsive.

The world seems to tip just a little, always and everywhere, in the direction of the successful man. Everything rolls his way.

There cannot be an effect without a cause, and when we look with envy into the eye of the man who succeeds, let us not forget, in our yearning to be like him, what made him what he is.

Let us not covet.

What is his may as well be yours.

Look into the successful man's eye—the window of his heart—and study what you see there.

What do you see?

I'll tell you what you see: His eye reflects intelligence, peace, alertness, courtesy. You see there decency, order, thrift, cleanliness of body and soul, good cheer, honesty, system.

And he keeps sweet throughout life's sours.

Keeping in Harmony with Life's Best

Some Thoughts on Thoughts by H. M. Walker

When I was young I made a vow
To keep youth in my heart as long
As there were birds upon the bough
To gladden me with song;
To learn what lessons Life might give,
To do my duty as I saw,
To love my friends, to laugh and live—
Not holding Death in awe.
So all my lyrics sing of joy,
And shall until my lips are mute;
In old age happy as the boy
To whom God gave the lute.

These words of the poet bring us face to face with the one—the only—solution of life's problems, and place us in possession of the harmony key that unlocks the door of every heart.

Let us open our minds to receive the impression; let us etch upon our hearts the words so tenderly spoken.

Every life is a record. We give to others the sounds, the vibrations, we hear.

Not so many years ago when Thomas Edison told the world he was going to etch the human voice in wax and make it possible to reproduce it across the continent, or to preserve it on tablets for ages to come the world regarded his words as the message of a dreamer or a madman. But today the phonograph is as common as the telephone.

When Marconi told of the wonderful possibilities of wireless telegraphy the world doubted, but did not laugh. Today we see Marconi proving his invention and the world realizes that his was no dream.

Later we find A. Victor Segno promoting the theory that goes a step higher than wireless telegraphy and he tells us that as there are etheric waves to carry the electric click of the telegraph instrument across waters, over continents, and around the world, so there are thought waves in the mental world to carry thoughts from continent to continent and mind to mind.

The great essential in wireless telegraphy is the harmony key. So in, shall we say photography, the essential feature is the harmony key.

These men, like all men who have been saviors of mankind, are not understood even by those they would help. Christ was reject-

ed by the very men he came to enlighten. It was said of him that he was attempting to tear down—to take away. But the truth is he was showing them a fuller and grander life; and his every effort was to lead men to a higher conception of life and a fuller realization of their possibilities.

So we find these saviors of mankind today.

Morse brought in the telegraph; Bell saw how to carry it farther and brought in the telephone. Marconi steps higher still and says what Morse did by the aid of the electric wire he can do without it. And other men are working to accomplish wireless telephony.

Segno advances still farther and tells us that what all these great men accomplished with wires and electrical instruments can be accomplished without them.

Doubt, ridicule and prejudice have been awakened to block the way of every advance made along the lines of science, but slowly the great truths have dawned upon the caloused mind and what were doubted and ridiculed yesterday are being accepted today.

The day will come when the science of Mentalism will be taught in our schools, and men will look back upon past ages and wonder why the world was so long in darkness. To bring about this day it rests as a duty upon every man and woman who has proved the science to his or her own satisfaction to demonstrate in every day life what it means. Today it is only partly understood by even the best of us. Our faith is not so strong in it as in the things that we can see and handle.

The reason, it seems, is just this: We are not repeaters. Our minds are like the wax cylinder on which the sound waves of the human voice are recorded. Each vibration makes some indentation. To prove that the sounds have been correctly recorded, every cylinder or disc of a talking machine must be tried. And for others to get the good of the record, it must be repeated.

We cannot prove a thought without expressing it; nor can we take into our own characters the good of a thought without acting it out. Mere belief in the transmission of thought will never accomplish anything in our own lives nor in the lives of others.

New York, August 2.

SEGNOGRAM Publishing Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

GENTLEMEN.—I enclose payment of August Adv. I am greatly surprised at the number of replies I have received from my ad in The Segnoqram, which have come in from all parts of the United States. and this morning's mail brought three letters from Scotland, in which the writers mention seeing my ad in your magazine.

Faithfully yours,

HENRY RICE.

The fact that Morse and Edison and Marconi believed that sound could be transmitted across continents and under and over seas with and without wires, proved nothing. They spent months and years proving it to themselves and then proved it to the world. They benefitted by experiments. So do we benefit in the transmission of thought.

Wherever we are we can have our minds open to receive the thought waves of those about us. If we are careless about concentration, and indifferent to what thoughts we shall receive, we will find ourselves taking in the predominating waves. Ordinarily they are not healthy and robust thoughts, and tend most frequently to despondency.

But we cannot always be receivers, nor should we be. We must be transmitters as well. It is by transmitting the thoughts we receive that we prove to ourselves and to others the quality of the impression recorded.

If our speech is low and vulgar; if it is inclined to be querulous, despondent, fault-finding, it indicates that we have allowed those thoughts to be etched on our minds.

All men are weak enough, God knows. But it is not an insight into their weaknesses that the world needs. No man is better for having been spoken evilly of; and no man is made better for having spoken evilly of another.

Men and women are the same the world over. We see ourselves reflected in each other.

Did you ever get up in the morning feeling that everybody about you was intent on doing you an evil turn. And when you went down town every man you met treated you uncivilly? Again, you would awaken and every thing about you would laugh at you, and when you went down town everybody tried to be kind and treated you with the utmost courtesy? Ever experience these things? Of course, you have.

Surely you are not so foolish as to suppose that everybody else was to blame for the offences, or to be praised for the courtesies. It was all the result of the condition of your own mind. In the first instance you had on a record that was playing discords into every mind you came in contact with. In the second, your mind was sending out courteous thoughts, and thoughts of unselfishness and love, and your influence was felt for good, not only for yourself but for others.

Let us go back to the words of the poet. Etch them deep and clear upon the mind. Then try the record each morning as we awake to see how closely our soul is in tune.

HOW MUCH TACT HAVE YOU?

"If we review our acquaintances, we shall perhaps perceive that it is the tactful man who has outdistanced his neighbors in life's race," said the man of the world to the *New York Tribune*. "Good looks are helpful to a man, as well as to a woman. Money simplifies matters, and brains are better than either; but tact exceeds their collective value. Were I just starting in life and could choose my talent, it would certainly be tact. Of all the gifts bestowed upon man, it is by far the most valuable. He who possesses it is more to be envied than the millionaire.

"Tact is that nice perception which enables one to grasp the situation, and to do and say exactly the right thing at the right moment.

"Tact is the weapon which has made the social favorite the envy of her less fortunate sisters; in her particular case, it is the knowing how to skate upon the thin ice of Vanity Fair. Clad in the armor of tact, she is irresistible, and triumphantly skims over all difficult places, leaving behind her the impression that she is a charming woman, and frequently gaining credit for qualities she never possessed.

NOT CONQUERED BY AGE.

Although 93 years of age, James P. Smith, the oldest surviving member of the Society of California Pioneers, who died at his home at Alameda recently, implored his physician, Dr. Pond, that it be not recorded that his death was due to old age. "Don't let them say I died of old age," he pleaded. "Put it down to something else. Old age has not conquered me." Accordingly, on the death certificate the cause of his demise is given as pneumonia.

The Midnight Express.

He loved her for her wondrous hair,

So bountiful and rich,

But when, alack! he saw it where

She'd chanced to leave it on a chair,

His train of thought was then and there

Wrecked by a misplaced switch.—*Nixon, Waterman.*

THE SEGNOGRAM Publishing Co., City.

GENTLEMEN.—We want to express to you our high appreciation of The Segnogram as an advertising medium for our goods. We have received larger returns from The Segnogram than from any other magazine through which we have advertised.

We do not hesitate to say that The Segnogram will bring us a larger number of replies and orders in proportion to its circulation than any other magazine in the United States.

Yours very truly,

AMERICAN OLIVE COMPANY.

Fitting and Filling One's Place What are You Doing? What Can You Do?

By D. L. Matson

The expression, "Missing his calling," though a common-place saying, is nevertheless significant. Whether we recognize man as the result of creation, or regard him as the product of evolution, it must be obvious that every intelligent creature has a natural aptitude peculiar to himself for some special vocation.

The adaptation of things to an end is found in nature everywhere. There is not a tree that grows, imparting to the way-worn traveler its gladsome shade; there is not a flower that buds and blossoms into beauty and fragrance, sending forth its sweet perfume to delight our fancies; there is not a single rock imbedded in the mountain's base, or a brooklet that winds its silvery way through glen and dale, but has its proper place, and fills its sphere.

It was the divine purpose that man should unfold and utilize these God-implanted faculties, fitting and filling his proper sphere.

It goes without saying that the person entering upon and one of the present day occupations must necessarily possess the peculiar qualification analogous to the nature of the work in hand, or failure will be the result. In other words, the person must be adapted by nature for the vocation.

Some are of the opinion if a man has a college education he is qualified for any position in life. This is a serious mistake. He may have a liberal education so far as the classics and liberal arts are concerned, and yet be sadly unqualified for the position he has chosen.

Book culture, alone, tends to paralyze the natural practical faculties. The bookworm loses his individuality.

Hugh Miller and Harriet Martineau have said: "We have met men and women in the British Isles really more intelligent than many college men with high titles."

Louis Philippi said: "I am the only sovereign in Europe fit to govern, for I can blacken my own boots."

The world is full of men and women highly educated, yet who can scarcely make a living simply because they have turned all their energies in the wrong direction, trying to accomplish something for which they are not adapted.

From the study of books and magazines we cannot derive the practical wisdom that

is found outside their covers, which wisdom teaches us their use. Book knowledge aids but little if one has not the happy faculty to make a practical application of the knowledge in every day life. —

What the present age demands is practical men. The world does not ask where were you educated or where are you from; but it does ask, emphatically *what can you do*. If a man is not endowed by nature for the mercantile business; if he lacks the peculiar shrewdness and business capacity; if he is very impractical, he cannot hope to succeed, however proficient he may be along other lines.

Beethoven was a great musician, but he sent six florins to pay for six shirts and a half a dozen handkerchiefs. He also paid his tailor as large a sum in advance, and still he was so poor at times that he had only a biscuit and a glass of water for dinner. He did not know enough of business to cut the coupon from a bond when he wanted money, but sold the whole instrument.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in her article published in *The Segnogram* some time ago, entitled, "Why some people fail," among other things said: "The person may have chosen the wrong goal. Thousands of people do that, and bend their whole energy to achievements for which they are not fitted."

Someone else has said: "The world is full of theoretical, one-sided, impractical men who have turned all the energies of their lives into one faculty until they have developed not a full-orbed symmetrical man, but a monstrosity. All their other faculties have atrophied and died."

In the patent office at Washington may be seen many thousands of ingenious mechanical devices not one in a hundred of which has ever been put to any practical use, and never will be seen perhaps outside the rooms where they are on exhibition. Most of these are the result of months and years of labor on the part of men whose inventive faculties ought to have enabled them to render valuable service to their fellowmen, but which, unfortunately, not being balanced by the necessary qualities to render them of practical value, have been squandered in the invention and construction of machines for doing what nobody ever wants done, or what

can be done by much better and simpler means.

In speaking of the natural fitness for positions, it may be true that there are instances where men have qualified for more than one position. The writer has in mind a minister of the gospel, who, after preaching a number of years, began the practice of law. Another who practised medicine for several years, and then was ordained a preacher. These men were successful in each instance. It is only reasonable to infer, however, that had each spent the greater portion of his time and energies to that branch for which he possessed the greater natural ability, he would have been more successful in it and attained a much higher mark than otherwise.

DON'T YOU THINK SO?

The imperfections of speech, the impurity of thought, the abuse of existing moral laws, which we think we see in others, and which we are so ready to condemn, are very often only a reflection of our own inward condition. And so, dear heart, when you find yourself speaking evil of another—when to keep up the conversation while “out calling”—you catch your tongue laying bare the frailties of another, just stop and think. What you say may not be founded on fact at all; more probably it is just a reflection of what lies hidden in your own life, and what you think you are telling of your neighbor is only a word picture of yourself.

What is the use of all this tittle-tattle anyway? What can it accomplish? It is only idle gossip—the relieving of one's own pent-up feelings—the hooking upon somebody else the worst that is in ourselves.

This, of course is just my opinion. I may be wrong. There are a lot of things I do not know, and perhaps this is one of them. But it seems to me, it's worth thinking about anyway.

This much I think you will agree! Every time you have spoken ill of another, it has somehow, somehow, come home to roost, and a good portion of the depreciation you brought upon the other fell also on yourself.

This, it seems, is an immutable law of nature. We never can get away from this fact; Evil attracts evil, and good attracts good. The only way to be well thought of and to be well spoken of, is to think and speak well of others. God is in the evil you see in your neighbor as much as he is in the good you see in yourself. To keep the balance true, there cannot be evil that is not offset by good, and if you could but see the

other side of what appears evil, you would see the hand of the Unseen in it all.

We see this exemplified daily and hourly in our social and business life. The uncharitable man or woman attracts uncharitable companions, and what they say of Miss Jones and Bill Smith to you today they will say of you to Miss Jones and Bill Smith tomorrow. But the man in whom there is no guile attracts like men, and in the company of these simple folk God is found. I say God is found, not because they are a particular set of holy ones, but because they have been simple enough to get beneath the veneer behind which society hedges men's souls and find the good of God there.

And you will find this peculiarity about Goodness: Wherever you find it you can appropriate it if you will. It is yours. These simple folk have appropriated what was their's.

We hear men complain because of the atmosphere in which they are situated. They forget that the atmosphere in which we live is of our own making. A man may be thrown into the vilest den, where the atmosphere is at a low ebb, or he may be placed in the seat of authority with vice well hidden beneath the plush of suavity, but the atmosphere in which he lives will be the atmosphere he carries with him. We make our atmosphere by the thoughts we radiate. Be they good thoughts, be they evil, they are *our* thoughts and by and in them we live and have our being.

If we are on the tittle-tattle incline, we will find the sliding easy. “Shooting the chutes” is only a paradox. The splash at the bottom will deluge us in spray. The merry laugh on the down shoot may be our's, but the absent one of whom we meanly speak will not hear it, and the spray—will fall upon us.

When you find a man who has been well hammered by the anvil chorus you may be sure there is something worthy there. The trouble is not with him. It is with those who handle the hammer, and they knock only because they are so small they cannot comprehend him.

I never heard a man or woman speak ill of another that I did not feel a pang of sorrow for the one doing the talking. The individual who uncovers the faults of others is never so great as the one who covers them. Not that crime should be countenanced or allowed to go unpunished, but there are many crimes worse than those of the criminal code, and the greatest of these is BLAB.

Don't you think so?

The Test of Patience

A Positive Factor in the Matter of Attainment
By W. G. Minor

We get knowledge from each other and wisdom from experience; and both knowledge and wisdom from experimentation.

Nature has her ideal, which can be perfected only through manifestation on the external plane.

As with individuals, so the whole earth as nations and people are developing by experience. Back of it all is cause.

It is this thought that makes us so optimistic. This is why New Thought says with so much confidence, "all is good."

Life is accomplishment—nothing else. Keep on trying but be patient. If you are gaining at all; if you are conscious of any advance or progress in growth, be sure you are living the life, and be content—not idly content, but contentedly active.

Everything we term evil is simply the in-harmonious conditions resulting from ignorance or incomplete knowledge. When we know—when we have a fuller knowledge of universal laws, we will just as naturally be "good" as we have seemingly been "bad." Hence there is no condemnation, and we should think and feel only charity for each other, and be patient with what we might call the shortcomings of others, for we are all manifesting toward the perfection of the Ideal.

Patience with the most of us is a hard lesson to learn. But it is a primary lesson and must be learned if we would have a real, sturdy growth. The plodder is more certain of a lasting success than the dasher. He who can feel the greatest serenity under the most trying circumstances realizes a power that reduces mountains to molehills, while the anxious and impatient one will magnify a molehill until it becomes unsurmountable. Perhaps the hardest lesson in patience to learn is to be patient with the impatient ones. It requires the exercise of all our hope and justice and charity, as well as the discriminations of judgment.

When a person is sick why is it the doctor calls him or her a "patient."

If we are trying to correct our ways of living, and despite all our efforts and most earnest desire, we seem to be going backward, standing still or progressing too slowly we then need the exercise of patience. Don't think because the indicator on the steam gauge doesn't fly around to 80 or 100 as soon as you start the fire, that you will fail. Keep

firing up and be patient—you will get steam after awhile.

Prof. Weltmer says: "If you fail, try it again, with an unyielding determination to succeed. The result will more than fulfil your expectations." Herein is patience and hope. When success finally crowns our efforts we have knowledge (which is power) and faith.

Prof. Segno is unceasing in his efforts to teach us persistence and patience.

Did it ever occur to you that Jesus Christ, with all the advantages of birth and heredity, was 18 years in preparing for his ministry?

All nature teaches us the lesson of patience. The bud is silent and patient in its unfolding to the flower. What a dynamo of patience lies within the germ of the acorn!

"Become as the little child" who longs for the full stature of manhood or womanhood, yet who patiently waits and enters into the fullest enjoyment of the existence while unfolding and developing. We "grown-ups" should feel that we are still children—still growing into a higher and higher development, and we should take our mistakes—our bitter experiences—as a lessons in the school of wisdom, and not only patiently endure them, but try to really enjoy them.

We may have some darling object we desire to accomplish—something to better the condition of ourselves and friends, either physically, mentally or financially. Our first effort towards it may spell failure for us. They are simple lessons for future guidance. Grand success is built on a foundation of failures. Be patient and keep on trying. The man who never ceases his effort because he fails—even though he fails to the end of his earthly existence—is a success. We should be like the rubber ball; the harder it is thrown down the higher it bounds.

If our desires are too multiple, there is still more reason for patience. A man can't do a year's work in a week or month. Health, wealth, happiness and attainment are all ours if we are willing to pay for it in time and effort. Remember, success is "the favorable termination of an effort" and not necessarily the fulfilment of an inert desire. An effort wisely and judiciously directed, must, in the very nature of things, terminate favorably, though sometimes the results are slow in developing.

Persistence is required on our part as a

positive factor in the effort toward attainment, while patience is equally necessary as a negative action in waiting for the forces to operate to bring about the results desired.

Hope sustains us in the constant expectancy that the law of justice will surely act to measure the compensation for our determined, persistent, and *patient* efforts.

THE WAYS OF THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

BY A STAFF CONTRIBUTOR.

It is never a pleasant thing to have to take one's own medicine. We do not like it. 'Tis easy to prescribe for another, but when the other turns upon us and we are forced to take what we fixed for him, the medicine does not have the healing effect we thought it did.

Of late our genial, kind, peace-loving, lovey-dovey Uncle Samuel has been up against something with a tail to it.

For about twenty-five years the Pacific Coast cities have been fighting the "yellow peril." And a decade or so ago the United States law makers made laws against the Chinese. The exclusion of this particular brand of yellow man was made compulsory and a heavy fine was imposed on anyone caught smuggling this particularly obnoxious article of humanity across the border. The result was that no more came over and what were here didn't increase very fast. And so our Uncle Sam thought he had things fixed about as he wanted it, and everything went merrily as a wedding bell.

But even wedding bells have been known to start a'chiming and end a'tolling, and honey moons are not all a blissful sweet Swiss cheese. And merry as was our Uncle Sam's ya-ye-lo-lo-ye-ya, it couldn't last forever. It got out of order about three months ago and hasn't been working well since.

Many interesting stories are told of the heathen Chinese, with eyes aslant and ways peculiar, but none so interesting as the story the world has been getting the last three moons from our much prized large sized American newspapers. They have been telling us oh, so many bad things about this poor heathen follower of Confucius, that we wonder he was not found out long ago. And we wonder, too, that our clean Uncle Samuel wants to have anything to do with him.

The story runs something like this. Long ago Uncle Sam didn't want John Chinaman in his preserves, and told him to stay at home. He even went so far as to ship him back to the land of yellow and red, and told him to stay there. And he staid. Couldn't do any thing else.

And then Uncle Sam says, says he, "You'r a pretty good fellow, I guess, if you'll jist stay whar y'b'long." And so saying his heart melted and he sent a ship load of missionaries and whiskey to civilize John. That was some little time ago.

The heathen Chinese is cunning if he isn't cute, and it didn't take him long to learn many things that Uncle Sam didn't want him to know.

Once upon a time the long-headed, marble-hearted commercial kings of England had the same philanthropic feelings come over them in relation to China and they sent them some missionaries and rum and gum. About this time China was a'threatening to walk over the world, and to check the slint-eyed yellow one's ambition our cousins of the Tight Little Island taught them the art of opium smoking. And for four hundred years they haven't been doing much else.

Uncle Sam didn't like the idea of running opium joints in connection with his missionary work. He didn't mind the whiskey, and cotton, and flour, and wheat, and machines, and engines, and rails, and people going in among them to christianize and civilize the heathens that didn't know any better than to smoke opium. He thought this was a pretty good thing.

Keep the Chinaman down; make him stay at home; and what I can't sell here I'll send over there and make him take it. Oh, yes, indeed; it was a real nice thing in our Uncle Sam to be so thoughtful and tender of the man with a queue down his back; yes, indeed.

But, now, what! well, when the man with the heirloom down his back got a touch of christianization and civilization he just smiled and said, "me, too." He knew; yes, he knew.

And he carried his knowledge in his sleeve. He didn't like the business. If he wasn't good enough to be taken for what he is worth in Uncle Sam's back yard, then he didn't think he was good enough to eat the things that came from Uncle Sam's back yard. And, the first thing he learned when he became civilized was how to use the boycott.

Now he says nothing to our Uncle Sam, but just won't buy what he has to sell. That's all. And because he won't buy, Uncle Sam feels sore.

It is bad medicine. But it is one of those things our Uncle Sam will have to stand. It is part of the divine order of things. If we expect the sons of Confucius to become good people like we are, we must be prepared to fight him just like we fight each other.

The Crime of Being Sick & Plain Talk by Hank Reklaw

Somebody has said that tuberculosis is only a bad habit. It is a *very* bad habit. It is one of the vilest forms of laziness, and the day is not far distant, we believe, when men and women who carry this White Plague about with them will be compelled either to stay in off the public streets or wear a bell about their necks which they must ring and cry as the lepers of old, "Unclean, unclean."

It was not so very long ago that a bill was introduced in the Colorado Legislature imposing the bell penalty, but we have no record that it ever came to a vote.

It is to be regretted that it did not pass.

Perhaps this may sound cruel and uncalled for, but there is much more behind such a position than is revealed on the surface. It is generally admitted today by advanced medical men and men who have studied the matter, that consumption is simply a vile form of laziness. The individual who takes a certain pride in making his lungs the resting place for the tuberculae, will some day be placed on the level with the leper. He shall be ashamed to confess that his lungs are weak. And only those who have sunk so low as to lose all self-respect, will permit themselves to be doped by bum doctors and treated by the consumptive quacks. Consumption is as needless as it is vile.

Southern California used to be advertised as the consumptives' Mecca and the poor sufferers toddled here, emaciated, hawking, spitting and without money to buy the comforts of life. And they died by the hundred.

This was a mistake. Southern California is an ideal place to recuperate in whether you have consumption or any other disease. But it is not a Mecca for any man who is too lazy to breath properly. People who are born in California and have lived here since birth occasionally die of consumption. Others who have come here from other places afflicted with it recover. Still others come here, live a few days or weeks or months just as they lived in the place where they came from and die about as soon as they would have died had they staid at home.

So it isn't a question of climate, any more than it is a question of drugs.

Most tuberculosis sufferers are patent medicine fiends. They can never be persuaded to believe that they are consumptive and think all they need to regain health is to pour something out of a bottle into a spoon and swallow it.

Poor, deceived, mortals.

Consumption can not be cured by any drug habit any more than a boiler with "dead" tubes can be made alive by pouring oil down the smoke stack. It arises from a lazy habit of breathing. The afflicted one does not use all of his lungs and the cells not used collapse and the tuberculae finds a resting place in the unused cells and they hatch and the disease spreads. The germs of tuberculosis are in every individual. To have health we must eliminate all disease germs, and if we are to prevent the hatching of the tuberculae nests in the lungs we must blow upon them the fresh, clear air. If we use all the lungs we have every day in the open air, even for five or ten minutes, by deep, slow, systematic breathing, we may get pushed out upon the dark sea of death by the red and white go-devils with the big fat tires and tarnished breath, but we will never die of tuberculosis.

Consumption is a disease of the head more than of the lungs. A weakened, diseased body will likely have a weakened and diseased will; but if the afflicted one can muster sufficient determination to force himself to eschew the midnight suppers, steamheated rooms, feather beds, cushioned chairs, the tobacco habit and the drug habit, and will take up life in the open air, swing an ax, or the scythe, and the pitchfork; and make his bed on a mattress of straw, with the blue sky and heaven's jewels shining above him, he will find that health will come back to him; the lung cells so long closed will open and the tuberculae will be driven out.

But it takes *will* to regain health and *will* to keep it.

We do not have to go far to find numerous examples of this. A young man in one of the northern mining camps whose lungs were weak was attacked by pneumonia. After several weeks illness he recovered sufficiently to get out of the hospital. The attending physician advised his immediate removal to California. It would be sure death for him to remain there, and the time of his demise was set for three months ahead.

But the young man had a way to do. He found a way to breathe and each day of his life he took the 6-6-6-6 exercise. It was difficult at first, but in two weeks he had succeeded in opening his lungs, and in three months his health was better than it ever was before the illness. Today he has a fully developed physical body.

Sickness is a crime!

Men have no more right to be sick than the cattle in the fields. And how many of them do we find sick if they are given enough to eat and drink?

And to be sick of tuberculosis, is high treason. We dishonor both man and God. For it is brought on by lazy breathing and slovenly living.

Exercise of the will is of prime importance, not only on the part of the afflicted one but also by those attending him. An instance came to the writer's notice some months ago, where a young man was forced to die by the very loved ones for whom he should have lived. A severe cold left him with a cough. At once the family began to whisper their fears of consumption. Slowly they became convinced that it was consumption and there were nine of them. The young man fought against the belief for weeks, but he was outnumbered—nine well persons to one sick was too great a handicap. After a while tuberculosis had him on his back. Physicians prescribed for him, but all to no avail. Finally they tried to force him to exercise himself. But it wasn't any good. He was breathing, hearing, feeling, in an atmosphere of death. If any member of the family was asked about his condition they answered smilingly, "He's slowly sinking, thank you!" Good souls went to pray with him and to prepare his soul for the Kingdom of God. They seemed to forget—poor saints, perhaps they never knew—that the Kingdom of God is here—now—and so they prayed him into eternity whether or no. He just had to die to please them. And when he was buried they all felt it was the hand of God that took him away.

EAT THEMSELVES TO DEATH.

Today a person is old at 70 or 80; but there is good reason to believe that this is an unnatural condition—a premature state—brought on by two reasons: 1. Physical. 2. Hygienic.

We are old because we expect to be. It is customary to abandon active life at 70 or 80 and to vegetate in a corner thereafter. We try to act like old people; we pass into the aged class and do and act as aged persons are supposed to act. By suggestion we bring on old age. We think we are old and so we are. If this psychic factor were eliminated; if birthdays were forgotten; if the activities of life were continued, we would be young and fresh at 80. And as this idea became popular the world over, we would see the dead line of old

age retreat until the "three score and ten" delusion would trouble us no more.

Physiologists state that elderly persons eat themselves to death. After the body is fully formed, surprisingly small amounts of food will keep up the daily balance between loss and repair. Probably sixteen ounces of food, exclusive of water, is sufficient for a grown person not engaged in manual labor; certainly an elderly person requires very little food. The craving for food often found in elderly persons is an abnormal appetite; a person may have a craving for food just as one may have a craving for opium or alcohol.—*Suggestion.*

DIET REFORM.

Perhaps no book has come to our table filled with more information on the diet question than that entitled "The Foundation of All Reform," from the pen of Mr. Otto Carque. Mr. Carque teaches that diet reform, which—in a larger sense—means the mental and physical regeneration of the individual, must therefore be the foundation of all reforms tending to the universal happiness of mankind.

In his pamphlet accompanying the book, Mr. Carque corrects a false impression about the word "vegetarian." The word he tells us, is derived from the Latin word *vegetare*, which means to *enliven*. The old Romans used the term *homo vegetus*, for a lively, vigorous man, sound in body and mind. The close resemblance of the two words suggests to the uninformed that "vegetarian" is simply a "vegetable-eater."

The application of the name "vegetarian" to an individual means much more than the simple-minded intend, and in his book, which has been classified as a guide to health, wealth and freedom, Mr. Carque has demonstrated by undisputed authority the superiority of a fruitarian diet over a meat diet. He believes that all economical and social reform will have to come through diet-reform. Mr. Carque's present address is, Geyserville, California.

Health Cordials.

An exclusive diet of fruit, such as oranges, apples, peaches, plums and lemons will cure any curable case of rheumatism. Positively nothing else should be eaten. Pure water or lemonade should be used for the drink, but no tea, coffee or stimulant. This is a proven and valuable treatment, simple, inexpensive and certain.

* * *

In treating constipation, avoid all boiled food. Not only is boiled food devitalizing, but it is also constipating.

GRAPHOLOGY

By Mrs. Franklin Hall

Article No. 13

CHOOSING A VOCATION—Continued.

Housewifery.

If it were possible to impress upon girls the necessity of becoming an artist in housewifery; that it requires greater skill and cleverness and taste than any other art, and besides all this it is the holiest mission of woman to make a home. It does not matter whether that home consists of one room or twelve, it can be beautiful, harmonious and homelike.

Women realize so little the great influence of a home, an influence over their own lives and the lives of every person that crosses the threshold if they remain but five minutes.

Stop and think a few moments of the different homes you enter and the impression that each makes upon you. This one may be the home of wealth; its carpets sinking like moss beneath the feet, its furnishings the richest that wealth can purchase, yet there is something repelling, depressing, in the atmosphere; a something that still hangs like a sable mantle around you when you have gone out. What is it? It is the lack of harmony, of artistic perception, and greater than all else the lack of love. Perhaps not lack of individual love, but love for home, and yet it is hard to comprehend that one may possess the latter and not the former.

It takes brains to make a real home. Brains does not always imply education for we have all seen talented illiterates and educated imbeciles.

While I have the greatest respect for self-supporting women, business women, at the same time if a woman must choose between home and business, let her choose the home even if it means an humble home, for what is wealth or handsome garments, concerts and plays, carriages and automobiles if we are homeless in the true sense of the word.

It is better, nobler, higher, to be a good housewife than a mediocre stenographer or bookkeeper or saleswoman.

Many years ago girls of good families thought it a disgrace not to fully understand every housewifely art. If misfortune overtook them they became the housemaids or helpers in the homes of friends, humbly, gratefully. Their wages never exceeded a

dollar per week for sweeping, baking, making beds, cooking, washing dishes, washing and ironing, or assisting the mother and head of the household in all of these duties. She was treated as far as consistent as one of the family, but never wanted to sit at table when they had guests because her assistance was needed in waiting upon table and attending to the little things that require a constant getting up and down from the table of one who has to serve, whether mistress or maid. In those days the water used for household purposes had to be pumped from the well and carried into the house; the wood had to be constantly piled into its box and from there into the stove and a thousand and one luxuries and conveniences of today were unknown, but today girls who hardly know a kettle from a pan and who have not learned even the rudiments of housewifery want six times the wage for a few hours toil and every convenience to facilitate work and then refuse to do the washing and ironing.

It is time we taught our daughters household arts, to take pride in every little thing pertaining to the home and that the simple home was more to be desired than the pretentious one. Let her learn to bake and sweep and dust and she will need no gymnasium, no physical culture lessons and better than all else she will be independent of ignorant and dishonest service when she has a home of her own. If for some reason she cannot do all her work, give the heavier toil to those who need it, but let her keep the sanctity of her home in the foreground.

There are few men in the world, no matter how talented or how high their position but who admire most the intellectual, refined woman who makes her home cheery and who can cook an enticing meal with her own hands and serve it tastefully. If there is a maid to wash the dishes afterward, that is all well and good, but the art of the housewife appeals to the masculine heart as nothing else can do; which may account for so many men of wealth marrying their cooks when they venture into the matrimonial sea the second time. Of course this does not sound poetical, but it is a fact.

It is true also that every woman cannot

be a good housewife, but most of them can if they make the effort because it was for this God created them. It is for this the wedding ring was given to symbolize the husband or houseband holding the woman within his home, encircling her with his love and protection while she holds allegiance to him.

To become a good housewife a girl or woman must possess love of detail, of harmony, constancy, executive ability, sympathy, patience, a mind that can see ahead and make her plans in such a way that her head will save her feet from all unnecessary steps and so enable her to accomplish much with little weariness. She must know how to economize without being penurious; to keep things from going to waste and must have the firmness combined with gentleness that will enable her to direct her servants with dignity and the forcefulness that commands respect for her authority.

Speaking of servants, why should any woman consider the name a disgrace when used in connection with housewifery? It means only the ability to serve, the same as a stenographer serves, or the author serves the publisher, the painter his patrons. We are all servants of others, so there is no stigma in the word, no more than when Christ said, "I am my father's servant." Meaning that he served obediently the will of his father.

In the writing below we find all the characteristics that should make the artist in housewifery. Logical reasoning is depicted in the clear even letters well joined together; gentleness combined with firmness in the slight slant of the letters and the long crossing of the "t's" well down upon the letters; neatness and order in the low, even dotting of the "i's" and the neat formation of the letters. A love of simple refined things rather than ostentatious display in the lack of flourishes and economy in the rather short finals.

ter. Hereafter all readings will be sent in this way, so as to facilitate matters and to reach our subscribers as soon as possible. —Ed.)

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.

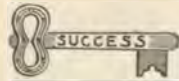
How to Send

When sending the three new subscribers, also send twenty-five words of your natural writing on a separate piece of paper, and sign it. The first orders will receive the first readings. Send early and avoid the rush. Address, THE SEGNOGRAM PUBLISHING Co., Dept. G, Los Angeles, Cal.

THIS IS FOR OUR FRIENDS.

No doubt you have enjoyed reading the sample copy of *The Segnogram* which was sent you last month. Perhaps it touched a responsive chord in your heart and made you feel its pulsating influence. We hope so. We are never more happy than when we can feel that some other life has caught the radiating love of the Great Universal Heart, and has been made more radiant by the contact. If this has been your experience we want you to join our family of readers and become one of us.

We know we can do you good. We ask you to read this copy through. It is the second sample we have sent you. Do not throw it aside. Subscribe for it now. Then pass it on to a friend. Your friends may be as interested as you; indeed if you will solicit their interest, perhaps you will find enough friends right at your elbow to enable you to get a premium membership in our Mutual Success Club. Try the experiment.



What do you wear in the button hole of the lapel of your coat? Don't you think one of our Success Key pins would look well?

Still, is it not good for us?
We must know our faults, else
how can we improve? Some

(The readings of Geo. H. S., Mrs. E. I., J. B., O. M. V., Miss Victoria T., S. A. S., Jno. Dharmakirti, Mrs. E. F. J., Robt. Y. and J. W. S. H., have been forwarded by let-

It would convey thoughts of success to every one you meet. You can get one for four new subscribers. Speak to four friends and get their names.

The Gods are Good to Us A Legend of Los Angeles

For The Segnogram by Sivey Levey, London, England

Long years ago, so runs a legend old,—
Old Legends have for me a charm untold—
Some angels, sailing heavenward on the wing,

After fulfilling missions for their King,
Noticed the golden plains of Paradise
Glowing with glorious tints before their eyes.
Each looked surprised as he the plains
discerned.

Look, cried they all, how quickly we've
returned.

Elated that they'd reached their journey's
end,

Soon to the golden plain they did descend.

Concerned, they saw a strange though glo-
rious view,

A heaven indeed, but not the one they knew.

Land all around of unexampled worth,

In truth a Paradise, but one on earth.

Forth went the angels with increased zest

Onward once more; but first the place they
blessed.

Radiant with joy, the dwellers, so they say,

Named the place "Los Angeles" from that
day,

In honor of the angelic host that came—

And ever since we've known it by that name.

* * *

Marvelous as has been the growth of Los Angeles in the past decade, the growth of the next ten years will, it is said exceed anything in the past.

Today it is the pride of the Pacific states. Other cities have had their growing years, and have added millions in wealth to their building centers, but no city in America has made such astonishing progress, in wealth of property, wealth of business, wealth of population and wealth of beautiful homes and business blocks as has the city of the Angels.

In every direction the glad song of the hammer and saw, and the silent movement of the plumb-bob, have wakened the echoes in the green rolling hills and swept across the poppy plains, carrying over the sand domes beautiful homes and handsome business blocks and setting them down mid the most beautiful gardens that ever were planted out of doors. Miles and miles of country that ten or twelve years ago presented nothing but heaps of dry, parched sand with stunted brushes of chaparral all over it wherelittle else but the jack rabbit and horned toad did live, have been transformed into the most beautiful home centers that talent and art could devise, where thousands of prosperous people live and enjoy the comforts and pleasures of all that money can buy or the heart could desire.

And as we look back upon what has been done and allow our imagination to go forward into the future, we are constrained to remark of that grand city of old, "Oh, Athens; where is thy greatness."

From the long-ago time when Los Angeles was a little Spanish settlement with its dingy, narrow streets and low roofed, adobe houses,

even up to the present, it seems that the gods have smiled with favor upon it. Nothing has been too good for the city of destiny.

As time rolls on the gifts of good things do not diminish. The only difference is that they are handed out in larger packages.

Today nothing is too big for Los Angeles to receive or to attempt.

The Secret? There is no secret. It is just a fulfillment of the words of prophecy—"unto him who hath shall be given."

Los Angeles has so much to give! And as we men and women receive most when we give most, so do cities and nations. Los Angeles has a world of wealth and beauty to give away, and the world is pouring into her coffers its wealth of gold and intellect in exchange for what she gives—gives freely, for in the very giving she is blessed.

There is a great moral lesson taught in the remarkable growth of the Angel City. Blessed by being situated in a climatic zone that is unsurpassed, with the ocean beach only half an hour distant, and given a bright sunshine, cooling breeze and light, refreshing fogs at night, and having at her feet, and as far as she can reach to the north and south and east and west thousands upon thousands of acres of arid land that can be turned into a paradise by the application of water; with her immense agricultural and horticultural possibilities, and her wealth of oil and mineral close at hand she turns her magic wand to the great world at large and says, "Come; all these are thine." And giving freely she receives freely, and all are blessed.

Since the water project has been settled and the assurance is given that Los Angeles and the valleys tributary will have an abun-

dant water supply for centuries to come, the mightier do the city's possibilities become.

Many thousands of acres of arid land that have been and are now at best only good for raising a crop of hay or grain, will be transformed into horticultural land worth all the way from \$300 to \$500 an acre. That will mean regular employment, all the year around, for 100 men where one is now employed for a few months in the year. This will mean the building up of homes and villages and towns tributary to Los Angeles.

Speaking of the coming of the great crystal stream into Los Angeles from the mountain fastnesses of Inyo county, particulars of the project to secure which were given in the September number of *The Segnogram*, the *Los Angeles Times* says: "And when it does get here! Intelligent and patriotic reader, have you ever sat down and had a good long, quiet think about what will follow the advent of this sparkling stream in the city's gates? If you had seen the old San Pasqual ranch thirty-five years ago, when it was a dry sand heap with bunches of chaparral all over it, the haunt of the horned toad and the jack rabbit and go out and look over fair Pasadena, set amid her orange groves and embroidered with honey suckle and ever blooming roses, you would have some faint conception of what all the city of Los Angeles will be, and what all the surrounding country from the mountain to the sea will be when the steel pipe is flowing full of new life down the mountain side into the San Fernando Valley. When this stream of blessing comes bubbling out of half a million taps throughout all the streets of the city and in all the homes along the foothills, then let there be a consolidated city and county of Los Angeles. It will be all a city in fact. From the headland at Santa Monica Canon along the crests of the hills and mountains to where the San Gabriel River breaks into the plain near Azusa, and following that stream to its mouth below Long Beach there will in time, with its stream of growth, prosperity and life coming in perpetual flow live the most dense population on this continent. There will be a family on every acre of this territory, where now there is not one on every hundred. And every home will be like a gem of beauty, as lovely as a corner in the primeval paradise."

Looks Good to Sir Charles.

Col. Sir Charles Evan Smith, English street railway magnate, a distinguished Briton and shrewd man of affairs and an experienced diplomat, visited Los Angeles recently and while here gave his impressions of the city.

Although he knows Europe and the Orient and the far South like a book, this western trip of Sir Charles has been a chapter of a thousand pleasant surprises, on which Los Angeles caps the climax.

"The most remarkable thing about Los Angeles," said Sir Charles, "is the wonderful foresight shown in the enormous investments of capital in property in and about the city, in the suburbs and at the beaches, and in the vast improvements undertaken and being completed, and all with the absolute certainty of the future.

"This spirit of confidence and certainty pervades everything and is in evidence everywhere one goes in the city. It indicates a healthy state of mind and is a distinguishing trait of the city and its business men which strikes a stranger with overwhelming force.

"Never anywhere in the world have I ever seen such investments of millions of what might be termed unproductive capital. But it is not unproductive. It represents values that are bound to increase. It is inevitable. The development and growth of this city into a great metropolis is a certainty. It has every natural advantage."

Strikes Sir Henry Just Right.

Sir Henry, ex-Lord-Mayor of London, and his umbrella are traveling entirely alone. Few Britons know the United States better than he. He has many times travelled all over the country, but until the present he has never visited Los Angeles.

"I just couldn't ignore Los Angeles any longer. Everywhere I go I have heard of so much of this wonderful city that I felt I would be doing myself a great injustice in not paying it a visit. Since I have arrived, I have discovered that missing it would have been the greatest mistake of my trip through Canada and the United States. Los Angeles strikes me just right."

"Yep" and "Nope."

"Yep," answered Paul in school one day; and when his teacher heard His strange response, to punish him, she bade him seek the word Within the dictionary. After she had let him grope In vain for it, she asked him, "Is it there?" And Paul said, "Nope."

She Read The Papers.

"Mr. Niles," said the parsimonious landlady "will you have some cereal coffee?"

"No, thanks, madam, I prefer mine all at once."—*What to Eat.*

THE SEGNOGRAM

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Editor, A. VICTOR SEGNO

Assistant Editor, H. M. WALKER

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

THIS IS VOLUME FIVE.

With this issue The Segnogram starts on its fifth volume. It has been in the field of Success publications long enough to have gained a foothold and a heart hold upon the people who think when they read.

It has not made any trumpets sound its brassy praises to a tired ear, but in that quiet, subtle way has warmed its way into the hearts of the people, and today lays claim to nearly 100,000 staunch friends who read it each month.

Its circulation is not amongst the thoughtless. It is a magazine that is quickly read but not easily forgotten. It says vital things, and our aim has been to keep its pages above reproach, and to make every page ring true to the best in man.

That our friends appreciate this is evident from the way subscriptions are coming in. This convinces us that the magazine is appreciated, and we are pleased.

NATURALNESS MEANS PROGRESS.

When we meet a man of marked personality we do not have to be reminded of the fact. We know it without being told. Not that he wears any mark of distinction outwardly. He may be, indeed, he usually is, dressed very comely. His poise is easy and demeanor quiet. We do not know why but we look him over from head to foot and then pro-

ceed to wonder what there is about him that attracts. It's magnetism, we are told, and let it go at that, believing that God made him with a little dynamo stored away somewhere about the waistcoat.

But it is no such thing. The man is not magnetic; he is just natural. A long time ago he lost himself in his work, and Nature found him and put a light in him that shines and shines.

The trouble with most of us today is that we are so unnatural that Nature can't use us for anything and lets us jog along any old way and all the while we think we're going some. The fact is we are just cheap misfits, tossed into the basket on the bargain counter. Because we failed to develop the character Nature set apart for us, we lose our chance. And we flock like sheep.

When Nature leaves us to ourselves because we failed to do her bidding, we fix ourselves up like dolls, and "play house" in the baby show of fashion.

What is natural about us takes to the hills. We fain would do and dare but when the opportunity comes we side step and bob along with the multitude. And when we have thus sidetracked WILL a few times, and silenced ambition with a shot of goodfellowdine—just to be sociable, you know—we find it's no trick at all to fall in line with the gang. And we move—backward. By and by we have gone so far out of the course Nature mapped out for us that we could not know if we would the way back.

And there are no short-cuts, cross lots. We must go the whole way with Nature or not at all. The moment we *can* our ideas they take on a tinny taste; we then think as fashion dictates, and Nature turns away in disgust.

VITALIZED THOUGHTS

No position is too humble for Greatness to occupy.

Have you a dark hole in your heart? Let the sunlight in.

Play the game alone. No matter what it is, don't lean upon anyone.

Never stop to plume your feathers after a success. Up and at it for another!

Are you sad, are you sickly? Keep in the sunlight, and breathe deep,—deeper!

"Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men are born to succeed, not to fail."

If in life you find you have to strike, strike hard. But never in anger. Keep a cool head and a still tongue.

Decide promptly and act quickly and you will never be out of a job—and your work will always count—and be done.

Today is vital. It is as vital as if it were to be the last on earth for you. Don't slip a lazy, whining moment into it!

Look for the funny side of life, and when you've found it, laugh—laugh hard, and see how much good it will do you.

Life is ours only so far as we use it. What we make of it depends on our conception of it. In other words we live no higher than we think.

What are you giving out of life each day? Answer this question honestly and we can quickly tell you what you are getting out of it.

We make way for mental and physical growth as we eliminate from our minds thoughts of our own or our neighbor's weaknesses.

Don't see why, but some people turn everything they touch or come in contact with into vinegar. Too bad. Just as easy to make honey out of it.

Whitch 'ud y' ruther be: A crab apple tree with crabs growin' on y', or jest a single branch grafted on the crab apple tree with Early Junes growin' on ye?

Men never fight so hard for anything as for a mistaken creed or custom. And no matter what they fight for they couldn't gain less shoud they win.

To understand the motives of a noble minded man or woman we must be noble minded. Otherwise his or her actions will appear like trickery or folly to us.

Have you ever spent one whole day in mental (soul) growth? Glory! what a lift it gives you; and how you sleep when your happy head takes your glad heart to bed!

Get into the swim! The world will come to you if you have anything to offer to make it think or do! It offers wealth and work to the man who can make it laugh. It is waiting for you. Do not give up. Plod on—patiently plod on.

As I write a fly follows the pen and sticks his ugly little sucker on the lines and drinks up the ink. He likes it apparently. Wonder if it makes him black on the inside.

Somebody has said something like this: "When a man prates about the good blood of his ancestors, he is like a potato—the best thing about him is underground."

Faults are so common it doesn't require any kind of intelligence to see them. It is the *good* in those about us that ought to command our attention and commend our praise.

A man may not have great power of speech, nor a deep, penetrating intellect, but if he has only one talent and he turns that talent to help another he has served his day well.

Every action may not bring its word of praise—indeed, it isn't necessary that any action should bring its word of praise to the man who knows he has done his duty.

Have you never experienced the blessedness of happy thinking? Perhaps you haven't acquired the habit, and have been waiting for it to come to you. It's just as *easy*! My! My!

We carry with us the beauty we visit, and the song which enchants us. "When the sun shines, it shines everywhere," was Reuben's motto. "Happiness is a thing to be practiced, like a violin."

This matter of expression, what about it? Why it's just a great big picnic, circus lemonade, dancing girls, flags, bands, and fireworks! Expression? Expression is life! Whoopla, let's *live*!!

Don't repress your thoughts. If they are not in accord with the thoughts of those about you, no matter. Express them as best you can. Others will come to you as you do so and then you will know you are growing.

If when the day is done and the sun is sinking to rest, you feel that you have not gained ground that day and are dissatisfied with things, have a care! Perhaps it's because you didn't help anyone to see the beautiful things you saw when the day was opening.

Our motto: *HELPFULNESS.*

It takes the children to tell us how to say things correctly. Here's something for us to learn: "I am so full of happiness," said a little child, "that I could not be happier unless I grew."

Beginning in the November number we will run a department in which will appear each month the words of some of the world's most successful men, telling how success is won. This department will be of intense interest, and will inspire our readers as nothing else has ever done.

It was on a Los Angeles street car. The man held a shoe box under his arm; his glasses were on crooked and his face was the color of a new-born babe. From the inside of the box came the terrified mews of a frightened kitten. And the man scowled. Everyone else on the car smiled. That man was a martyr. But he would have been just as much a martyr—yes, he'd been a hero—if he'd been able to laugh right there and then.

OLIVE OIL CURES CONSUMPTION.

Consumption, rheumatism, and many other blood diseases can be absolutely cured by the proper use of pure olive oil. We have demonstrated the fact time and again and we have come to the conclusion that the only reason

why olive oil is not extensively used in such cases is because of the difficulty in getting a high quality of pure olive oil.

Following is the method we recommend and the one most commonly used in cases of consumption. If the patient has sufficient strength to apply the oil, after taking a tepid sponge bath, have him rub the oil in thoroughly all over the body, even to the soles of the feet, allowing the skin to absorb all it will, instructing him to gently massage the body in every part. It will astonish those who are not familiar with it how much a body wasted with disease will drink in through the skin. If the patient has not sufficient strength to do this, the oil must be applied by a nurse who should understand massage treatment. This application must be made twice a day, morning and evening, and the patient should be given two tablespoonfuls or more of the pure oil before retiring, the amount necessary depending upon the ability of the patient to assimilate it. We would advise them to discontinue the use of animal flesh entirely, and in its place use ripe olives, which are a perfect fruit-meat and which contain about three times the nourishment of animal flesh and carry with them about one-third of a pint of oil to each quart of olives.

STRENGTHEN YOUR FRIEND'S HAND.

There are a great many ways in which we may assist those about us. We believe every reader of The Segnogram has at least a friend or two whom they would be delighted to see interested in the real good things of life. We all know that to advance our own growth and to reach the highest and best in our lives, we must reach out to those about us and implant in their lives some of the spirit that animates us. It is every man's privilege to be an originator. And to originate an idea, or to assist another to originate one, is the most important thing a man can accomplish.

Great things can be accomplished in a short time when those who want them to be accomplished combine their efforts and lend a helping hand.

The Segnogram has spent two years in building up a circulation of twenty thousand subscribers, and in doing so our friends in all parts of the Latin Union have played an important part. We are proud of the assistance you have been to us. We appreciate it and we thank you.

Today as we enter upon the fifth volume we are going to ask you to give us a hand in interesting your friends. We know you will do it, because in doing it you are assisting your friends to get in touch with the things you have learned are so precious.

Fill in the accompanying coupon with the names and address of five friends and we will send them a sample copy of this magazine.

* * * * *

THE SEGNOGRAM PUBLISHING CO.,

Los Angeles, Cal.

GENTLEMEN—Send a sample copy of your magazine to the following named friends.

Signed subscriber.

NAME	ADDRESS

Write on the back of this coupon an original idea on *helpfulness*.

Midsummer Musings For the Segnogram. By William Stewart Gordon, Gladstone Park, Ore., July 18, '05

Let the roar go up from the city!
Let the armies of Greed surge on!
But I'll take the roar
Of a surf-bound shore
Where Nature greets the dawn.

Let the roar go up from the city!
Let them jostle for place and power!
But give me the shore
Where God has made
The moss and the bird and the flowers!

Let the roar go up from the city!
Some will pant in the stiffling air,
But wild and free
As a bird I'd be
In this emerald forest fair.

Let the roar go up from the city—
From a stilted life of pain,
Till society's dream,
With its glimmer and gleam,
Shall tremble and break with the strain,

And the trailing mists of the morning
Shall usher the heaven-born hours
When Nature's heart
In human art
Shall strew the earth with flowers!

Let the roar go up from the city!
Some day there shall ascend
A note more clear
And deep and dear
When God and Man shall blend.

ENFORCING HONESTY

When you find an employer of labor who cannot trust his employees, you will find one whom his employees will not trust.

Somebody is responsible for the expression, "as well have the game as the name," and just as sure as an employer fears that he is going to be robbed by his men, he will be. If men are treated like thieves, they will be thieves. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but that simply proves the rule. Trust your men and your men will trust you, and they will work every hour in your interest. Doubt them, and they will doubt you, and the work they do will not be of the overflowing type. They may work full-bank all the time, because they have to, but great success comes to you and me and the firm we work for just in the proportion that we allow our souls to overflow in the work we do.

If a man cannot be trusted, then he should never be employed. If he is to be trusted, then let him have the limit. He will not disappoint you. No man should work for another if he does not enjoy the confidence of that other. In so doing he is doing himself a great injustice, for no man can do his best for the man who shadows him. And if we can't conscientiously do our best, it is time for us to quit. If you haven't done your best for the man, don't take his money; if you are not inspired by the work you do to reach higher and better things, get out!

The employer who doubts his employees is the man who spends the most of his time

and the time of his employees in senseless experiments to compel honesty and prevent loss by theft. Treat your workmen as thieves and they will be thieves. Treat them as gentlemen and they will be gentlemen. The best in you is not any better than the best in your employees—if you find it.

Recently while on a visit to Vancouver and Victoria, the proud cities on the Canadian Pacific Coast, the writer was struck with astonishment at the antediluvian system in vogue there for collecting fares on the street cars. The system gives many an American who visits these cities a hearty laugh.

The conductors carry a metal box about the size of a package of breakfast food. A window is in front of the box and it is carried by a handle on the back. It has a slanting top like a nickle-in-the-slot machine. The conductor walks up to you as you take your seat and pokes the box in your face. Of course you know what it means. If you haven't a nickle, you give him the larger coin and he hands you back the full amount in change. Then you take a nickle and drop it in the slot.

These cities have the ticket system down to a science. You can buy general service tickets six for twenty-five cents; school children's tickets and workmen's tickets—good for certain hours only—at about two cents a piece.

If you have tickets and are paying for a number of people you must tear off each

ticket separately and poke them one at a time in the slot. Then the conductor gives the box a shake and your fare is paid.

Oh, it's honest enough; the honestest thing I ever saw—but slow! Why, a Los Angeles street car conductor can collect and ring up twenty-five fares while the Victoria conductor is shaking down five tickets.

But, you see; every passenger must drop his own nickle or deposit his own ticket where the conductor can't get his hands on it, and therefore he can't knock down anything. He must be honest. This allows the company officials to sleep easy.

Many funny incidents are noticed in a ride over any of the roads, especially if there are any "rude Yankees" aboard.

On one of my rides a number of young fellows were good-naturedly commenting upon this remarkably bright idea of enforcing honesty among the conductors. Seated beside them was an old man with an eye for humor and stolid features. The conductor passed the slot machine under his nose several times, and finally the good old soul looked calmly into the conductor's eye and slowly said: "Say, young man; if you don't take that thing away I'll be forced to spit in it."

FIRST MEAL

M E N U S

SECOND MEAL

By Mrs. A. Victor Segno

Grapes.

Tomatoes with Cream Dressing.

Whole Wheat Bread and Butter.

Pears.

TO PREPARE.

Tomatoes—Select large, firm tomatoes; peel; serve whole on lettuce leaves and a cream dressing.

Cream Dressing—Yolk of 1 egg, beat into it slowly 3 tablespoonsful of Olive oil. Season with cayenne pepper, salt, sugar and add half a cup of sour milk or cream. More oil and cream may be used if desired.



Musk Melon.

Lettuce Sandwiches. Deviled Eggs.

Ripe Olives.

Almonds. Sliced Pineapple.

TO PREPARE.

Lettuce Sandwiches—Spread thin slices of Whole Wheat bread with butter. Dress crisp lettuce leaves with Mayonnaise and lay between the slices.

Deviled Eggs—Boil the eggs hard; remove from the shell. Cut in half and remove the yolks. Add sufficient Olive oil and lemon juice to the yolks to form a smooth paste. Season with cayenne pepper and a little salt and return to the whites of the eggs. Serve on lettuce leaves.



Do You Wish Pure Water to Drink

It is within reach of rich and poor by using an Electric Filter. No matter how polluted or impure, it will not only clarify but purify (or sterilize) the water, making it absolutely pure and leaving it palatable. The amount of typhoid fever and other diseases traceable to impure water makes our Filter

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The Science of Eating

By Eugene Christian

The true relation that exists between food and animal life has been for many thousand years shrouded in a veil of mystery. It is only during recent years that the world's thinkers have begun to give this subject much attention.

The great divisions and sub-divisions of all man's activities have been laid out into departments and many of them reduced to sciences; but for some strange reason the making of human beings out of materials called food have been overlooked.

It has been left almost entirely to chance.

If any great corporation or individual desires to employ some one to place at the head of a department, or even as an ordinary mechanic, he is required to know something about the laws that govern his particular work.

In case he is to be placed at the head, he is required to know all the important discoveries that have been made from the accumulated knowledge of centuries down to the very last month, and the more new things he can discover the more valuable he becomes.

If he is to lay out the material and plans for building a house, a ship, a bridge or a machine, if the result of his work and knowledge are to be measured by dollars he must be a master—no guessing, no supposing, no perhaps's, no may-be-so's, no blunders—he must KNOW, but this stern requirement that has done so much for mechanical genius does not obtain in the case of food. The infant is given heavy starchy foods, sweets, confections and drinks without any care, knowledge or interest in the results that may follow.

Able homilies are delivered to the young on every conceivable subject, except that of how to build the best body, bone and brain.

When omnivorous eating has brought its train of ills, we are taught to seek a remedy, not to remove the cause; but a better era is dawning, we are standing now upon the verge of a great movement.

Doctors, scholars, philosophers, naturalists and teachers are beginning to think something about the possibilities that lie in scientific feeding.

The signs that point to this movement are unmistakable. They are the same that have appeared a decade or two before every great epoch in history, viz.

First—The laity moves, then the thinkers listen, then they think investigate, experi-

ment and a new gem is placed in the crown of knowledge.

A few months ago there appeared in one of New York's leading magazines an able article from an able writer. He is an A. M., M. D.

The first paragraph ran as follows:

"It is no longer necessary to cite argument authority or clinical experience to establish the paramount importance of diet in its bearings on the health of individuals or communities, or in its potency for good or evil in its connection with every intelligent therapeutic effort. It is the foremost and admittedly dominant factor in all systems of hygiene, and to neglect or ignore it handicaps the most strenuous efforts of the most skilled physician.

If this is true, why is it that this "admittedly dominant factor in all systems of hygiene" has no teachers, no school, no home in the great institutions of civilized learning? These thoughts are occasionally coming to the surface like bubbles from a deep and silent stream.

The primary purpose of food is to supply material for growth and physical repairs.

The kind of growth and the kind of repairs, therefore, will necessarily be determined by the kind of material used.

The chemistry of food is one of the coming sciences.

To bring about a perfect harmony between the chemistry of food and the chemistry of the human body is the most important study today before civilized people.

The real difference between youth and age, between vigorous manhood and tottering decrepitude, is in reality but a chemical difference.

Why is it that the bone and cartilage of the body hardens, that the arteries and tendons become stiff, and that the flow of the blood becomes sluggish, that miles of tubing in the body, through which the blood swiftly flowed in youth is prolapsed and constantly is diminishing with advanced age?

Why do wrinkles come, why do the eyeballs flatten, what particular chemical action is it that changes the raven black, the chestnut brown, and the auburn hair into white?

These secrets lie buried within the field of chemistry and the plowshare of science will turn them to light before many decades have passed.

If every chemical requirement of a natural body should be definitely known, and each

of these requirements supplied with food, air and exercise in the right proportions, it would not undergo the chemical changes that mark the difference between youth and age. This is as much of a law as that governing gravitation or any branch of the known sciences.

The query will be, do I expect to see a system of feeding so perfect that man can live forever. My answer is, no, I do not expect to see it, but such a thing is possible and when the world's great thinkers realize the possibilities that lie in bringing about perfect harmony between man and his building material, that future generations will see it.

Professor Loeb has discovered the electron thought to be the first expression of life

Doctor Littlefield has gone beyond the protoplasm and the cell and made living things with the bodies as well organized as human beings.

When science has given us the true genesis of life, it is but another step to build it and keep it in such repair as we will.

VIRTUES OF OLIVE OIL.

The medicinal value of olive oil is not fully understood. It may be used as a bodily fortifier when one is exposed to rigorous conditions of weather. It is suggested as an experiment; when you are in danger of some organic depression due to moist weather, take a tablespoonful of olive oil morning and evening. Ordinarily it is difficult to swallow the oil if used alone, but disguised in a glass of grape juice, a little tomato or lemon juice, it may easily be taken. Buy a guaranteed quality of oil—thus avoiding cotton seed or other adulterations. A gallon can purchased at one time is more economical. The bottles contain less than they appear to hold—false bottoms (or hollow bottoms) are generally found in the bottles. In case of neuralgia which is so prevalent, olive oil cures it, when taken as above, by covering the exposed nerves with flesh and thus protecting them. Grape juice, as is well known, is excellent for the system. The two combined are invaluable, and may often prevent la grippe and save doctors' bills.

Keep your sleeping room properly ventilated night and day.

Charles S. Clark, Box 482
THE SEGNOGRAM Publishing Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

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Rochester, N. Y. August 29, 1905.

HAND IN HAND

Department of the
MUTUAL SUCCESS CLUB

It is always a great pleasure for us to receive calls from members of the Mutual Success Club. We like to meet you personally. It does us good, and we hope you carry away with you thoughts of cheer and helpfulness.

Our home is pleasantly situated, overlooking Echo Park, and is well worth a trip to see it even if no welcome awaited you at the end. But our doors are always open to members of the Club and their friends and we do not want any one to visit Los Angeles without calling upon us.

It was a particular pleasure this month to receive a call from a sister from Tennessee—one deaf and dumb—and yet a brighter, happier soul we never met. She brought good cheer with her—she overflowed with it—it ran out of her finger tips, flowed from her beaming eyes and trickled off with every smile.

Never a word was spoken; but, laws! child; how her pencil did talk. The very paper seemed to have life and thought, and spoke of goodness and fellowship. Her's was a life of growth. She had been helped in many ways by holding that sweet and silent communion with those in touch, and step by step she advanced until, today, she—a woman—and a mute at that—is cashier in one of the large Nashville, Tennessee, banks.

Progress! What think you of that, brother; sister?

"Simple folks who do not understand, would say that such progress was a 'graft.'"

And perhaps it is. Listen!

When the orchardist finds a tree that is not bearing good fruit, he does not dig it up and throw it away. Only occasionally will we find a man so foolish. The orchardist who understands his business will graft a better variety of fruit to the tree and thus take advantage of the growth of the sturdy trunk.

Every tree we see is in a sense two trees. There is the tree that grows up and the tree that grows down. For every limb that spreads from the trunk above ground, another limb, known as the root, will shoot from the trunk roots below ground. There is as much tree below ground as above ground. To destroy all the growth below ground because the fruit from the branches above ground is not as good as other fruit is not wise. Therefore, we have the graft, and we sometimes see a branch of "Early Junes" upon a crab-apple tree, the great blushing Early June

apples ripening in June while the crabs will not ripen until September.

There is wisdom in the graft, and the horticulturist who would ignore it today would very soon have to take a back seat. It is simply a reaching out after the best.

"All successful men are grafters," somebody has said. We would not attempt to deny it. The man who would not make an effort to better his life is not worth talking to. All healthy men, through whose veins the bright red blood of life freely flows, are seeking expression. They are not content to remain mediocre. They are for the graft. The fruit they bore yesterday is not good enough for today.

In the mental realm they seek daily to graft the best thoughts that others may give. In so doing, like the crab apple tree producing blushing "Early Junes," they produce a better quality of thought than they were accustomed to.

In Ralph Waldo Emerson's essay on "Self Reliance," we have the most inspiring thought along this line, and let us not flout the idea even though we little comprehend it. But let us remember what another Emerson said, "My firm belief is, that no man ever did or can do a great work alone—he must be backed by the Mutual Admiration Society. It may be a very small society—in truth, I have known chapters where there were only two members, but there was such trust, such faith, such mutual admiration, that an atmosphere was formed wherein great work was done."

"Fellowship is heaven and lack of fellowship is hell" said William Morris. Some one must believe in you. And through touching hearts with this Some One we may get in the circuit and thus reach out to all. We are part of the great Universal Life; and as one must win approval from himself so he must receive corroboration from others.

The successful man knows this. He knows that in proportion to the amount of good he can graft from others, he himself succeeds, and knowing this he is not ashamed to become a grafter.

But let the orchardist graft to a tree more branches than the roots can supply with sap and the whole tree will become fruitless. So is it with man. His mental capacity has a limit. He can graft so much but no more. Then, you say, he too must become fruitless.

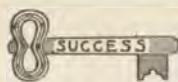
Not necessarily. He can graft today as much as he can supply sap to, but if, like the tree, he puts it into fruit (action) and transmits it to others, he is empty by night and when tomorrow's sun awakens him he is ready for more.

When man acts in this capacity and is satisfied to be a vessel through which the good things pass to others; when he feels that he is only a sap (Life) giver to the branches (Thoughts) he grafts, he will not know what fruitlessness is nor taste death.

To mentally touch finger-tips with thousands of unselfish souls who think successful thoughts, and radiate fellowship and love, is to graft to oneself the greatest power on earth.

And then there is the part we play as the grafted branch—but that is another story.

Our sister from the South is the thought incarnate. Some day we will tell the story.



This is the exact size of our Success Key pin. It is of gold, with the word SUCCESS brazed in black on its face. Get it and wear it, and success will come to you. Wherever you go you will radiate success, and—"like attracts like," you know.

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FRUIT OF EDEN quickly corrects all ailments of the stomach and bowels, prevents appendicitis and absolutely cures indigestion and constipation. Being a highly nutritious food, it makes pure blood and rebuilds healthy tissue. It acts directly upon the intestinal muscles, creating for them new strength with which to perform their duties.

FRUIT OF EDEN contains no Drugs or Chemicals of any description.

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Personal magnetism is that indescribable charm of manner that wins friends and sways the minds of people. It is that intangible something which lead people to believe in you and trust you. It is a faculty that can be developed and cultivated, and it constitutes the most valuable capital that can be possessed by any human being.

The business world rests upon a fabric of confidence and much that is best and most beautiful in life comes to us through the confidence of those we meet and know and cherish. No man is all-sufficient, even unto his own happiness. Bereft of the confidence of his fellow beings, he is deprived of every peg upon which he can hang a hope for the future; he is adrift without rudder or anchor, and is destined for a port of absolute misery. No joy is complete until you share it with another, and the sorrows of life are endurable only when we can divide their burdens with those who love and trust us.

Cultivate your personal magnetism; make people like you and believe in you. To succeed in doing this, you must be right at heart, you must think right. You cannot harbor unworthy thoughts or move obedient to the beck of sinister motives without fixing your character so indelibly upon your personality

that you will reap the harvest of distrust. Your thoughts permeate your whole life, and, though unexpressed, they make or unmake friends for you. They effect your real self a thousand fold more than your words; they form your character and draw circles around your destiny.—*Spare Moments.*

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You do not have to be strong to win with Jiu-Jitsu. Nor do you have to practice much to excel at it, but if you care to practice this perfect form of exercise, it will DEVELOP GREAT STRENGTH more quickly than any other method of exercise known. It also teaches quickness, lightness, agility and grace of movement.

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To prove how EASY it is to master the secrets of this fascinating art in your own home, WITHOUT APPARATUS of any kind, and to show you the difference between the REAL Jiu-Jitsu and the IMITATIONS that are being advertised, Mr. Y. K. Yabe, formerly director of the Ten-Shin Ryu School of Jiu-Jitsu in Japan, will send to anyone writing for it a complete lesson in Real Jiu-Jitsu, FREE of all charge.

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The art of Jiu-Jitsu, as taught by Mr. Yabe, is the method of physical training, and the system of offence and defence, used by the Imperial Japanese soldiers for thousands of years. Much of the efficiency of this method is due to a number of simple but easy tricks, by which any assailant can be overcome.

Until recently it has been a crime of high treason for any one to disclose these secrets outside of the Imperial Schools, but Mr. Yabe secured permission to teach these arts in the United States.

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FRYER

A STICKY TALE.

By Hank Reklaw.

It was at the old home place, when all the days were full of play and the nights moonlight and gay. Jerry O'Flinn was his name, and he lived up to it. Jerry was a small lad with a big bump of humor and a brogue broad enough to run a four-track flyer over. But he was all boy. One boy.

While tossing about in the woods one day, Jerry tumbled upon a bee tree, and that evening he gathered "degang" about him to lay before them his plans to take the tree. It was a two-or-three-year-old, he said, and Jerry knew. We expected big spoils of honey.

Our implements of war were gathered together. They consisted of a tomato can full of sulphur, a small pie tin, a big dish-pan, and an ax. When the dark of evening came, we stole away into the woods, led by the inimitable Jerry, and were soon lost in the bush.

We went direct to the enemy's camp, and as was the custom in those days, and I presume the custom has not changed, we banged upon the butt of the tree until the bees were aroused and we could tell by holding an ear to the tree just about where the bees were located. Then Jerry climbed up to where the nest was, and chopped a hole into the trunk perhaps a foot above the bank of honey.

The bees didn't enjoy it, of course, but they were not at all dangerous in the candle-light.

When the hole was large enough, the sulphur was spread out in the pie-plate and handed up to Jerry. He set a match to it and placed it in the hole over the bees. It was left there for about ten minutes, until the bees were well spifflicated, or words to that effect. All this time we were huddled at the base of the tree holding the dish-pan so as to catch the honey, and discussing how much each was going to have.

When the smoking was over, Jerry drew the sulphur tin out and placed it on a limb behind him. Then he began to spade out the honey with shingle paddles hastily made. This he dropped into the dish-pan, and we all got as close to it as possible; every boy wanting to hold the pan.

When Jerry took out the pie tin of burning sulphur he placed it on a convenient limb, as before stated, but he was not particular to see that the sulphur was burned out.

Gleefully he dug out the honey.

Then a bee inside the tree, that was not so dead at the sharp end as in the head, touched Jerry on the back of the hand. With a whoop of war and of pain he sat down in the pie-tin of burning sulphur. So interested was he in the bee sting that he did not notice any un-

usual sensation in any other quarter. But when the sulphur burned through the seat of his trousers all was Kourpatkin with Jerry. He imagined flank movements and all the other things tending to hurry-up matters, and without stopping to enquire into the cause retreated down the tree all in a bunch. At the first whoop the boys under the dish-pan dropped it, and stepped back, and when Jerry hit the ground he was into the honey with both feet. It was a psychological moment—for the bees.

The burning sulphur stuck to him, and so did the honey. He was honeyed fore and sulphured aft. But how he did run! And with every jump he yelled the louder.

We didn't know what had happened Jerry, but concluded there was enough behind his yells to cause alarm, and we scooted,—after him.

Perhaps if Jerry hadn't run into a wire fence he would have been going yet. As it was we just got enough honey out of it to apply as a poultice on Jerry.

All of which goes to show that it isn't safe to put behind you your meanness while trying to get your neighbor's honey.

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"AS A MAN THINKETH SO IS HE."

By M. D. C.

There has many a home been darkened and many a heart been saddened, by a false imagination.

Where love has been the queen of the household, and has had supreme sway, dispensing blessings morning, noon and night, scattering splinters of sunshine and gladness in every thought and feeling, and making the little home appear like a miniture heaven of your own; when all the fond dreams of the past seem to be coming your way: then, all at once, and in a moment when you least expect it, this tiger-striped, leopard-spotted, hydra-headed monster of *Jealousy*, which has been sleeping in love's bosom, apparently dead to the world and all mankind, suddenly awakes, and with words so hot and tongue so sharp, that it seems to have been dipped in the liquid fires of hell, fastens itself in your poor, innocent, unsuspecting heart, until it fairly quivers with emotion; and a pall of death-like stillness overshadows the heart and home, and the dove of peace spreads its wings for a more peaceful abode!

Thoughts are things, and false or true, they either make or wreck a home. We are the entertainers of our own thoughts. If good, nurture and cherish them, if bad, false and untrue, strangle them in their birth, sink them deep in the lake of oblivion. Say unto them, "depart from me, I never knew you."

After a few victories you will find that the hideous nightmare or daylight dream will have faded out of sight and out of mind, and the little, happy home will be restored to its former self again, and you will be enabled to say within yourself, like one of old, "*veni, vidi vici.*"

AND YET—

God pity the man at whom an enemy has never cast a stone. God pity us all, if men have naught but good to say of us. And yet—He laughed derision when his foes

Against him cast, each man, a stone;
His friend in anger flung a rose—
And all the city heard him groan.

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Inventors, scientists and physicians have for years been trying to find some method whereby the height of an individual could be increased, and up to the last few years have met with failure. It remained for a comparative young man, Mr. K. Leo Minges by name, to discover what so many others have failed to do.

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Mr. Minges has successfully used his method on himself, and has grown from a short, stunted boy to a handsome, robust man of six feet one inch in height. Thousands of people living in all parts of the world are using his method, with equally startling results. Let us send you the absolute truth of the above statements. We have just issued a beautifully illustrated book, entitled "The Secrets of How to Grow Tall," which contains information that will surprise you. Ten thousand of these remarkable books will be given away absolutely free of charge in order to introduce them. If you fail to receive a copy you will always regret it. This great book tells how Mr. Minges made his wonderful discovery. It tells you how you can increase your height and build up the entire system. It contains the pictures and statements of many who have used this method. After you receive the book you will thank us the longest day you live for having placed within your reach this great opportunity.

Remember, a postal card will bring it to your very door, all charges prepaid. All correspondence strictly confidential and sent in plain envelopes. If you wish a free copy of this book and the proof of our claims, write today. Address The Cartilage Co., 1 A, Unity Building, Rochester, N. Y.

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 frown,
 Just glance into the mirror and you will quick-
 ly see
 It's just because the corners of your mouth
 turn down.
 Then take this simple rhyme,
 Remember it in time,
 It's always dreary weather in countryside or
 town,
 When you wake up and find the corners of
 your mouth turned down.

If you wake up in the morning full of bright
 and happy thoughts,
 And begin to count the blessings in your
 cup,
 Then glance into your mirror and you will
 quickly see
 It's all because the corners of your mouth
 turn up.
 Then take this little rhyme,
 Remember all the time,
 There's joy a-plenty in this world to fill life's
 cup,
 If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth
 turned up.

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CENTENARIANS BIRTHDAY.

The *Evening Bulletin*, of Philadelphia, gives this account of a birthday party held in honor of an esteemed reader of *The Segnogram*. Miss Roberts is an interesting subscriber of this magazine, and each month enjoys reading its pages.

The *Bulletin* says: "Miss Elizabeth Roberts, the oldest inmate of the Indigent Widows' and Single Women's Asylum, Chestnut st., above 36th, to-day celebrated her 100th birthday. A large birthday cake was made in her honor and during the day she received many callers.

"Miss Roberts, who was born in Shrewsbury, Bucks county, Pa., on August 7, 1805, comes of an old Quaker family. Her father was Benjamin Roberts and her mother Amy Vickers. She lived in Bucks county during the early part of her life, but later moved to Philadelphia. She entered the asylum in November, 1888.

"Although she is a centenarian, Miss Roberts is as active mentally and not older in appearance than most women thirty years younger. Her sight and hearing are perfect and her only infirmity is a difficulty in walking.

"Possessed of a keen sense of humor and a retentive memory, she tells stories of a period of almost ninety years ago and remembers events as long ago as the War of 1812. She has none of the extreme emaciation which often accompanies such a great age, and her eyes have the sparkle of an intelligence wide awake to the events of the present time.

"She has never worn glasses and reads a good deal every day. She is never unoccupied and does much sewing of quilts and aprons, ornamenting fans and other work. She always wears a cap, having clipped her hair off short a few years ago because it was too hot.

"When I came here," she said today, "seventeen years ago, I was ill and for a long time before then had not been as well as I have been since. During the last four or five years I have been as well as I have ever been in my life. "What are my receipts for long life? Fresh air, plenty of cold water, steady occupation and cheerfulness. I don't believe in always frowning and telling people how badly you feel. I don't think it is a healthy habit. If you have pains, let them pass and don't speak of them."

For my part, will say that *The Segnogram* must be read to be appreciated. It builds the grit and stamina required in men of today, without which none can succeed. Respectfully, George Ulrich, 475 Greenbust St., Milwaukee.

How Clara Doner Doubled Her Salary

A Story of Business Success Full of Inspiration for Others

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



"I left my home in Limerick because it was necessary that I should earn my own living, and as you know, there is absolutely no way to do that in this small place. I first succeeded in getting a position as saleswoman in a city store, but the most I could earn was \$6 a week. I decided to study and prepare myself for a better position, and after reading an advertisement of the Commercial Correspondence Schools of Rochester, N. Y., I answered it. I received a copy of their booklet 'How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper,' and an offer to teach me bookkeeping free and their assurance that they would use their endeavor to place me in a position when I was qualified to keep a set of books. Every promise they made me was carried out to the letter. I owe my present position entirely to the school, and I never shall be able to repay the Commercial Correspondence Schools what they have done for me. When I decided to take a course in bookkeeping, I knew absolutely nothing about the subject, yet by the time I had finished my eighteenth lesson, Prof. Robert J. Shoemaker the Vice-President and General Manager of the School, procured for me my present position as head bookkeeper with a large manufacturing concern at exactly double the salary I was formerly earning. The knowledge I received through the course has given me every confidence in myself, and in my ability to keep any set of books. In fact, I cannot say too much in favor of the most thorough, practical and yet simple course of instruction which is contained in the bookkeeping course as taught by correspondence by the Commercial Correspondence Schools. I could not have learned what I did in a business college in six months. Besides, if I had taken a business college course, it would not only have cost me \$60, but I should have had to give up my daily employment in order to attend school. As it was, I was able to study in the evenings and earn my living during the day, and I did not pay one cent for the instruction until I was placed in my present position. I have said all this for the Commercial Correspondence Schools out of pure gratitude for what the institution has done for me, and entirely without solicitation on their part. I am going to tell others what the schools have done for me, and I shall be glad to answer the letters of any one who may be interested in taking the course I did. They will never regret doing so. I have just induced a friend of mine to take the bookkeeping course, and I expect her to succeed just as I have done."

Miss Doner started on the road to success after reading the Commercial Correspondence Schools' Free book, 'How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper.' A limited number of these books will be sent absolutely free to ambitious persons who sincerely desire to better their position and add to their income. Send your name and address on a postal card today to the Commercial Correspondence Schools, 1 A, Commercial Building, Rochester, N. Y., and receive the book by return mail. It tells you how you can learn bookkeeping and pay your tuition after a position has been secured for you. If you are without employment, or if you are engaged in uncongenial or unremunerative employment, you should send for a copy of this book. Miss Doner studied less than two months, yet in that short time qualified herself for a responsible position and doubled her income. Any ambitious young man or woman can do as well as she did.

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