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IS THERE A FINALITY IN TRUTH?

DISCOURSE DELIVERED THROUGH MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

Lucretia Mott, a Quakeress and worker for humanity, made as her motto: "Truth for authority, not authority for truth."

So bewildered has the world become in the multitude of different phrases and sentences, that you hear men and women of intelligence say: "Oh! we do not know what truth is. Truth is a relative term."

Begging pardon of all such minds who, undoubtedly sincere, are searching for truth, if there is no finality in truth then there is neither law, order nor intelligence in the universe.

Mathematics, however simply applied or how complex its propositions or problems, always moves in certain definable and unmistakable lines. Anything that can be solved by mathematics must be solved by mathematical principles. The axioms in this science are unfailing, whether stated by Pythagoras, whether imaged in the Pyramids or taught in the school-rooms of today. There has absolutely been no new principles of mathematics discovered since the first consciousness of numbers and measurements took possession of the human mind. There may be new adaptations of mathematics, new problems to solve, new methods to solve. We pass from arithmetic to algebra, from algebra to higher mathematics, but we have but one set of principles.

In the moral realm, in the spiritual realm, in the religious realm people have been so accustomed to authority that they mistake authority for truth and so, have said when authorities differ, "well now we are all at sea as to what truth may be." The Brahmin sees through his interpretation, the Parsee through his, the Jew through his, the Christian through his and the various denominations through their different interpretations of what truth may be. When these authorities fail, or are discredited for any cause, people suppose that "the foundations of moral and spiritual truth are undermined."

When Darwin and Professor Alfred Russell Wallace broached the subject of man's evolution from the standpoint of science the alarmists concerning theology said: "Why! this will undermine our religion." What the discoveries of Darwin could have to do with the religion of the soul would be inconceivable to a mind not prejudiced and not swayed by authority instead of truth.

That there should be an infallible presentation of truth to a fallible human mind, and that each human mind should be capable of perceiving it never enters the mind of the authority lover as singular and strange.

The adaptation of simple problems to infants has never been one of the methods of theological authorities or of the moral dogmatists. The idea that truth, being eternal, has ever been imparted to the human mind other than as an adaptation never enters their human consciousness. The adaptation is mistaken for the ultimate. Bibles are mistaken for Jehovah's voice instead of a presentation of the truth according to human needs, and an interpretation of religious history. The letter is mistaken for the spirit.

There are thousands of people in the world today who mistake a fact for a truth. They all tell you that such or such is a truth when it is merely a fact, and which tomorrow, under another presentation, cannot be a fact at all. The facts of, so-called, science are continually changing, excepting alone mathematical science. The results of the investigations of the human mind are continually varying. The science of today was declared the impossible of fifty years ago, and the facts of fifty years ago are not only obsolete, but in many instances are discovered not to have been facts at all.

If truth could be so evanescent that it would change with every conception

of the human mind, then indeed would human beings be at sea without compass, chart or rudder to navigate on the great ocean of thought, and with no possible guide.

But while facts and presentations of truth continually change; while each reformer and each newly inspired mind is regarded for the time being as almost infallible; while it must be the tendency of the true reformer to regard that which he or she presents as being of the utmost importance, it must occur to every intelligent human mind, that if that is the final presentation then it will never change, that there will never be an added statement and the limit of the human understanding has been reached and has been placed in accord with the Most High. Zoroaster by the mystic flame, Buddha beneath the sacred tree, the reformers who wrote the great religious history of the world, Jesus at Galilee and Jerusalem, all these become fixtures.

We agree with the theologians that the actual word of God is final. We agree with those upon the heights who declare that the actual perception of truth is undeniable and unclouded. But we do not agree that this is written in books, that this is made into creeds and catechisms, or that it is made into any of the usual forms of worship. We do not say it is in the Vatican, in Saint Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey, we do not say it is in any one of the many churches of Christendom, we do not say it is in the Buddhist altars or those of the mystical Brahmins. We say, however, that the perception of truth is final and ultimate; but we do say, also, that the moment any human authority limits it to that authority then it ceases to be truth. The perception of truth is so simple when perceived, the knowledge of it so absolute when it is knowledge that not only he who runs can read, but it can be the glory and the pervading power of the life forever.

As far as a man's soul or spiritual nature is concerned—whichever term you choose to use, though we do not use them synonymously—their perception is as absolute in spiritual matters as is mathematics in its own realm. There can be no mistake, the absolute perception of God is not a question of teaching, of nationality, of country or form of faith. It does not belong to any special age or nation, but is from within the soul, and no one of all the peoples that came up to the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, but who in their ultimate statements agreed. There was but one dissenting voice, and that was an evangelical christian voice. The rest all agreed on the great general principles of what religious truth is.

When there is a light in the heavens it may shine through all the murky atmosphere, through the smoke and fog of crowded cities, through the stained glass of the cathedral windows, through the cobwebs and dust of the attic, into the hovel and cellar of the pauper, but the over-brooding intelligence recognizes that whatever light there is comes from the same source. Religious light is from the same source whether it shines on the Parsee under the name of Ormuzd; whether it came from the great god Brahm; whether expressed under the mystic name of Jehovah; or whether it is Lord, or God, or Allah, that which is meant is not an infinite, not a spiritual being, but The Eternal, Omnipresent, Omniscient Good of the universe. In every language and under every sky, and through every interpretation it was clearly seen in that "Parliament of Religions" that there was the same meaning about the ultimate source of life and light.

If you were looking at the light through a red glass a reformer will snatch it away and tell you the glass should not be red, that it should be blue. So you take his blue glass, and after looking through that a while

another reformer comes along and tells you that you are looking through the wrong colored glass, that it should be yellow, for that is the right light. By and by a messiah comes and the great White Light is restored. Buddha beneath the Tree, Jesus upon Olivet, each, say these lights are colored by human thoughts, by human perceptions, by human shadows, let us return to the great White Light of Eternal Good.

What you believe may be taught you, but that which stirs in the innermost consciousness and makes you aware of God is from within. You may make whatever color you choose of the light that shines upon you. Or groping in the blindness of the senses you may say, I want to see God face to face. But this perception is soul to soul. No one can perceive God with the senses any more than one can perceive the soul with the senses. What God does is manifest in the universe; what God is is perceived in the soul. We do not require any one to accept what we state on spiritual and religious subjects as authority. Each one must have spiritual perceptions for him or herself. Philosophical teaching, and outward applications of principles may be taken one from the other, but soul perception never.

When persons have left this or that, or the other church, or many churches, when by processes of mental evolution or spiritual growth they have burst these, so-called, bonds, they usually seek for other bonds because it is the nature of the human mind to wish for authority to place a limit or boundary. One feels, intellectually speaking, very much at a loss not knowing the limit of a particular idea, or the boundary of a particular faith.

People who become agnostics do so from spiritual incapacity, they have exhausted the creeds and they have nothing else. People who are materialists are so from spiritual poverty. They have, they say, out-grown the forms of religion and the various dogmas of the creeds; but they do not know that the soul is the source of all religious perception. The "Higher Criticism" is not aimed at religion, it is aimed at intellectual falsehood, with which true religion has nothing to do.

Frequently people who have come into Spiritualism have to make an authority. Andrew Jackson Davis, your pastor, your present speaker, somebody, says so and so and it is immediately set up as authority. A spirit reveals something through a clairvoyant and it is instantly thought to be true and infallible. Forgetting what Paul says: "Whether there shall be prophecies they shall fail." Whatever gifts there are they shall fail sometimes. All prophets do not always prophesy; all spiritual gifts do not always manifest.

Your departed friends, those who have left the mortal state for the other state, only know as much more in that state as their added conditions afford, and their added powers of observation and experience, which is the harvesting rather of the knowledge that has been gained by their earthly experience. To take them as authority is simply to subject yourselves to other limitations. To receive that which comes from them as an expression of affection, of interest, of intelligence is the only tenable procedure. When this is done, the soul, in its innate capacity, retains its worship, its thought of the Infinite, its consciousness of Infinite power and love, and it does not depart from that by communicating with disembodied spirits. Frequently clergymen are very much agitated with the thought of spirit communion, because, they say, it "takes man's mind away from God." Does it take you away from God to converse with each other here? To receive advice from father, mother, sister, brother or friend, to have communion one with the other concerning things of mutual interest? Above all, to talk of subjects and themes most high? Certainly this communion with spirit intelligences has nothing whatever to do with the soul's consciousness of the Infinite.

Then people say with reference to

moral problems and ethical problems, "Why! how can one be sure when the custom, the age in which we live, the country, the laws and usages make such great differences in man's consciousness of what is moral?" "The ethical status of Christian lands seems to be so very different from that of some other countries and laws, that really human society and human life are all so different." So people readily become at sea, saying there can be no ultimate standpoints. But there are. They are as inflexible and inexorable as the laws of mathematics. They can be applied to human life whether in Saint Louis or Constantinople, in San Francisco or in the Orient. That which is morally right in one place is morally right in the other place. You may take it as religious teachings or moral teachings: That which injures any man or woman or child is not right. That which is an injury to any of God's creatures is not obedience to the moral law.

Selfishly you strain a point. Over the doorway of the Stock Exchange in London, chiseled in stone, are the words, "The Earth is the Lord's and the Fullness Thereof." Every man that goes in there, nevertheless, goes to take possession of as much of the wealth of the earth as he can gain from his fellowman by giving nothing in return. It is straining a point of the excessive moral teaching. Yet we are sorry to see that in Christian lands people do take advantage of one another; they lie, they steal, they kill each other, they do all those things which the moral teachings of Jesus forbade them to do, or even forbade to think or feel. Yet they are in doubt as to the moral standard. We do not wonder.

The truth is, that the most that human life is interested in, is in justifying the selfish impulses and pursuits that are not in accordance with the moral law. All philosophers have taught this system of morals, all great teachers and prophets have taught it. Martyrs have died for that which they have supposed to be its presentations, and saviors have been crucified for it. But human life at its present stage of growth is but a presentation of the endeavors to evade the moral law.

As you employ lawyers to teach you how to evade the laws of the city, state or country in doing something that you wish to do. As combinations of capital go to New Jersey to evade the laws in other states regarding corporations. So do people make compromise with the absolute right in urging material expediency and human necessity, that which is required in the present state of human growth, and in urging that all mental, and even spiritual purposes, shall bend to this human desire. So the popular preacher of Christendom preaches that which will be pleasing to his Board of Trade congregation. He knows what is said in the Sermon on the Mount, he knows of the teachings of the New Testament, and that these constitute the nominal ethics of Christendom: "Thou shalt not tell a falsehood, or lie; thou shalt not steal, or take that which belongs to thy neighbor without giving an equivalent," he knows all this, yet the process of his teaching is to lessen the value of the ultimate statement, and to make it correspond to the selfishness of the hour.

Then the philosopher, if he may call himself such, or the man of mere external reason proceeds to say there is no ultimate standard of ethics or morals. But there is. You cannot flee from it. You do an injustice to your fellowman, you cannot flee from it; you take advantage of him, if you do not flee you ought to. You cannot understand, that if weighed in this ultimate moral balance the defection would be found to be just as great as if it were a false entry in a business ledger, and the problem were measured and weighed by the accurate standard of mathematics. Many an accountant or book-keeper spends night after night tracing a mistake of even a few pennies in his accounts. So careful are people in their weight or measurement to account of what is due to themselves. But whoever lays awake nights or employs

Spiritualism is a Mirror Reflecting Life as it Passes By

Let us start from the beginning of Modern Spiritualism and take notice of the names of the mediums used to demonstrate simple truths. First, the Fox sisters—which says Fox, or animal plane of life—raps, or dumb force, or a low type of intelligence used for a commercial purpose, which in time revealed enough to enlighten people who began to think, then seek knowledge, and thus, step by step, man has been climbing from the depths of ignorance up into worlds of knowledge. Thus, little by little, man evolved out of seeming nothingness.

We do not realize until we understand, that is why we seem as blind, and foolishly go through life seeing not the simple truths everywhere to teach us how to live right, plainly showing cause and effects.

When the animal kingdom was the highest expression of intelligence it could not stop there, but by experience it gained more knowledge and, progression being God's law, a higher type was the result. It was called man, male and female, to work together as one for a higher development, proving life is a school and knowledge is the ruling power. God is knowledge put to good uses—that's wisdom—if wrongly used then it's devil, its effects are evil and is the cause of disease—evil-ill—or ill in the eve of life. Good brings its own reward, and evil its own punishment. Study every lesson well that Spiritualism teaches, then you will see clearly what earth life is, and it will teach you how to live, preparing you for a higher life elsewhere, as earth life is only one school of many schools where we live and learn, going from one to another, just as we do here. Knowledge rightly used betters our conditions here and hereafter. The human race has been run to a finish. The book of life—Spiritualism—is open, that all may read the past, present and future, from first to last it tells plainly cause and effects. A long, sanctimonious face and self-conceit will not uplift man or help him escape natural results. It is our duty to know, the guess and think so does not solve life's riddle. How can we pass on, if not fitted for a higher school, thus proving we are low in grade, or trashy—worthless.

Spiritualism proves everything just what it is. Everything speaks for itself, if you will only take notice and want to learn. An empty vessel can be filled, but the good it does is what counts. How can we understand a higher life elsewhere when we do not understand this life. The same lessons are repeated over and over and still we do not see the simple truth, but take up a new lesson in a foolish way, as something wonderful and not for common mortal to understand. That is how the scriptures are read and taught, and is the cause of its natural results—a foolish belief, blind faith, foolish actions, and not being able to see plain facts—the same old, worn-out story, repeated over and over again—only the title is new.

The devil does not want his works exposed, as it would put a stop to his tricks and God proves by its good works what is right. And still people do not understand, but go from creed to ism as blind as bats still, believing, but what they believe they could not explain—or prove—the scum on life's pool they see and imagine that is all there is to it, then wonder so little is known of the next life. Every soul must work out its own salvation. We make all the hell or heaven there is now and hereafter. What we worship and serve is our master, and has our soul in bondage. The truth that will set us free is to know we must do right for the sake of right, then we make our life as we wish it to be. Ignorance is the cause of worship, and it keeps us in bondage to its fads and fancies, it makes chains to hold us earth-bound. One life seems quite enough to live here, then why cling to it or grieve for the ones gone and thus

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TRY TO LIVE LONG.

Bargain With Death and Win All the Years You Can.

No one of us is so poor or so unworthy that he is not ready to bargain with death. Let the specter name his price and we give up our loves and our tobacco with equal promptness. He may have our fortunes and our homes, our pride and our achievements and aspirations—yes, even our eyes and ears—if he will but smile upon our prayers. Let him so command and we will abide in the wilderness, we will find comfort in husks, we will lie down with the beasts of the field. Better even a browsing Nebuchadnezzar than a moldering Hercules.

It is needless to tell us that death is an arch grafter. We know with whom we are dealing, and we know, too, that he grins in his sleeve at our eagerness to delay the inevitable. What to him are ten more years or fifty years or fifty centuries? Had Sargon, the mighty ruler of the Babylonian world, secured a respite of 5,000 years he would even so have been in his grave for more than a century when Richard of England led the crusaders to the walls of Jerusalem.

An old legend tells us that when Methuselah was 500 years old an angel came to him and advised him to build a house instead of living in the open air, as he had been doing up to that time. The patriarch asked how much longer he had to live. "About 500 years," answered the angel. "Then," said Methuselah, "it is not worth while to build a house."

By this token Methuselah proved himself a pessimist. To Azrael a thousand years may be as yesterday, but it is not for us to follow the example of our antediluvian forefather and view existence through the eyes of death. Every moment added to our earthly tenure is regarded as that much again. The monk Hildesheim, listening to God in the melody of a bird for a space of three minutes, found that in those three minutes 300 years had flown. And so to each of us life means always the possibility of joy and revelation unmeasured by time or space. Therefore let us bargain with death. True, he will claim us at last, but we shall have had the better of the bargain.—Lippincott's.

What Is Happiness?

"What is happiness?" asks James Bryce in the Atlantic. "Is it pleasure, and, if so, what is pleasure? Aristotle gave us a definition of pleasure, or, rather, perhaps a description, since the logicians say that you cannot define an ultimate fact which has not been much improved upon. It is not, however, psychological definitions that need concern us, but rather this question, which occupied the utilitarian school seventy years ago, whether the pleasures taken in the aggregate as constituting happiness are to be subjected to a qualitative as well as a quantitative analysis. Shall we measure them by the intensity by which they are felt or by the fineness and elevation of the feeling to which they appeal? Is the satisfaction which Pericles felt in watching the performance of a drama of Sophocles at an Athenian festival greater or less than the satisfaction which one of his slaves felt in obtaining a jar of wine?"

How to Protect Plant Bulbs.

To protect bulbs cover the plants before the coming of cold weather with ten or twelve inches of litter from the barnyard. Let this extend well over each plant. If this covering is not readily obtained, leaves can be used to advantage. Take a box a foot deep and at least two feet square. Knock the bottom out of it and place it over the plant. Then fill in with leaves, packing them down well. When the box is full, nail the bottom in place to shed rain. Bank up about the box with soil from the bed. In spring do not uncover until the danger of freezing weather is over—that is, weather cold enough to freeze the soil to the depth of the bulb.

America's Wonderland

ARIZONA, FOR WHICH THE FUTURE PREDICTS GREAT THINGS, IS TO BE A STATE BY HERSELF.

Vast Area of Arid Land That Will Blossom Into a Paradise
When Irrigated—Rich in Mineral Deposits—One of Nature's Supreme Wonders and the World Famed Petrified Forest Are Contained In Her Confines.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

ARIZONA is going to be a state all by herself. The die is cast. President Roosevelt has just announced, through Secretary Garfield of the Interior, that the administration will make no further effort to bring about a joint statehood of Arizona and New Mexico. Secretary Garfield has returned from a visit to Arizona, where he learned at first hand the sentiment of the people. But the overwhelming vote of Arizona citizens against admission in conjunction with New Mexico was enough.

"The verdict of the people will be regarded as final," says Mr. Garfield. "The president requests me to make this announcement with his authority."

So Arizona, if it gets in before New Mexico, will be the forty-seventh star on the flag. The struggle of this far western territory to be admitted alone instead of with her sister territory as a part of the new state has been long and laborious. The administration tried ardently to make one state out

sacrilege. Once Uncle Sam sent into this indescribable and unpaintable canyon an expedition of photographers and "scene painters." The result was a huge panorama of garish colors displayed, with the handy aid of electric lights, at several of the recent expositions. But the skill of the scenic artist, though perhaps the highest obtainable, was utterly inadequate to the task. No hand can limn the many colored radiance of the mists and waterfalls, the sculptured buttes, the precipitous walls, the gorgeous plinths and monoliths, the hanging gardens, the silent distances of the Grand canyon.

So when Arizona comes in she may say to her forty-six sister states: "Most of you have splendid farms and fine verdures and little limpid rills and green clad hills. These I have not. I am the arid zone, Arizona. But hush! I have the Grand canyon! Come and see me and be silent."

Great Mineral State.

It is quite true that there is not much farming in Arizona. According

indicated by its name, Arizona does nothing by half. When she turns out turquoises she does it by the mountainful. This is but another evidence of her vastness and her natural fecundity as to inert things of value.

Sometimes it rains in Arizona. Seventy-three per cent of the small farmed area of the territory, however, is irrigated by artificial works. Only 27 per cent takes its drinks naturally. From this it is seen that umbrellas are not necessities of life in Arizona.

Water a Scarcity.

There are towns in Arizona, but no big cities. One of the largest towns is Tucson, sometimes called "Too Soon," and another is the present territorial capital, Phoenix. Tucson used to be the capital and still is the most populous, having something more than 5,000 people. Water, of course, is scarce throughout Arizona. It used to sell by the gallon in all the towns, and at some points that is still the case. Persons from verdurous regions who cast their lot with Arizona sometimes pathetically plant an artificial tree in a soap box or pay good money for water with which to quench the thirst of a forlorn flower in a pot packed with earth imported from a distance. This situation applies only to those places which have not been able as yet to find water enough through irrigation or in springs to keep a grave green.

It is hot in Arizona, particularly in the southwestern part. The famous town of Yuma is located there. Most of us have heard the story of the resident of Yuma who died. Not having been a guileless person, he was assigned to the abode of Pluto. Somehow he messaged back to his friends in Yuma:

"Not used to this cool climate. Send me my blanket."

And yet Yuma achieves only about 120 in the shade.

Now a great irrigation plant, one of the government's many reclamation projects, is about to make the desert around Yuma blossom into a paradise. For the present alfalfa is the best crop grown in Arizona, but the future holds all promise of wonderful things. Uncle Sam's agricultural sharps have been investigating possibilities in the territory. They report that the crops of the future are sure to be figs, dates, oranges, lemons, apricots, raisin grapes and almonds. It is discovered that these fruits ripen earlier in Arizona than elsewhere in the United States. Several imported species of the Asiatic date palm have been grown in Arizona with fine success.

The climate of Arizona outside the heat, that sometimes becomes objectionable, is in many respects ideal. The territory has more clear days in the year than any other region in the country. The air is clearer than anywhere else. That accounts for the placing of the Lowell observatory at Flagstaff, where the astronomers looking through the gigantic telescope have learned more about the planet Mars than some of us can believe.

But let us not forget another wonder of Arizona. In Navajo county, which is about the size of an ordinary eastern state, lies the world famed petrified forest. Trunks of ancient trees, some of them four feet thick, are petrified into onyx, which takes a glorious polish. Table tops cut from these prehistoric trees, now turned to many colored stone, are worth almost their weight in silver. Score again for Arizona, since the world holds no other such marvel as the petrified forest near the town of Holbrook.

Millions of Wooded Acres.

In Arizona, despite the vast reaches of treeless desert, there are millions of acres of timbered land belonging to the present age instead of the prehistoric. It is the prehistoric past of Arizona, however, that holds first thrill for the scientist and student. Arizona is ancient of days not only geologically, but anthropologically. Traces of people who perished ages ago have left their relics in that region. Even now some of the curious Indian tribes inhabiting Arizona dwell in cliff cut abodes, make and use pottery of very ancient pattern and have habits and customs, rites and ceremonies which may have come down from a period already ancient when the oldest Egyptian mummy was placed in his cements.

There's nothing new about Arizona except the 170,000 people who inhabit the coming state. Most of them who profess any religion are Mormons. The Roman Catholic church comes next in number of communicants. Jesuit schools in the territory date from 1687.

Jamestown, Va., was settled only 300 years ago. Plymouth welcomed, though not warmly, the pilgrim fathers, mothers and children in 1620. Do Virginia and Massachusetts wear extra feathers to plume themselves upon their antiquity as antiquity goes in America? Very well. Pluck a large fowl for Arizona's pluming, for in 1539, nearly a century before Jamestown and Plymouth, the Padre Marco de Nizan and his Spanish followers came up from the south and explored Arizona. The next year Coronado led an expedition through the heart of the arid zone into Utah looking for the traditional seven cities of Cibola. These Spaniards found that the ancient Aztecs had made settlements in Arizona and worked the copper mines. Later the

Spaniards worked the mines, long before Captain John Smith was saved by Pocahontas or Captain Miles Standish was cut out by John Alden.

Has a Mind of Her Own.

After the Mexican war Arizona and New Mexico were ceded by Mexico to the United States, except a southern strip, which was acquired in 1853 through the Gadsden purchase. In 1863 Arizona was divorced from New Mexico and became a separate territory. The recent effort of the administration to force a remarriage was something, as we have seen, not to be "stood for" by Arizona, who has a mind of her own.

All things come to those who wait long enough. Arizona has been knocking at the doors of the republic for admission these twenty years past. In 1891 she went so far as to frame and adopt a state constitution, but Uncle Sam refused to accept her as a new star. Politics, it is said, makes strange bedfellows. Politics has tried to make bedfellows of New Mexico and Arizona—one distinctly American, the other largely Mexican—but in this instance has not been successful.

Now that Miss Arizona is to come into the fold as a maiden lady it is pleasing to know that she is big enough to take care of herself. The new state—it will be a state in a few months no doubt—is about 350 miles square, its shape being approximately square. Railroads are building rapidly through the state. Tourists, too few, it is true, go to see the petrified forest and the Grand canyon in increasing numbers. When Arizona sends a pair of senators to Washington they may tell us things about their wonderful state of which we have not dreamed. The new state is Democratic in politics.

A Hard Shot.

Among the stories told of Dr. Emmons, a well known clergyman of a former day and generation, there are many which show his keen wit. In the town where he was pastor there lived a physician who was a pantheist and took pains to let every one know it. He had made frequent boast that he could easily conquer Dr. Emmons in argument, and one day came his chance. He and the doctor met at the house of a sick man.

"How old are you, sir?" asked the physician brusquely.

"Sixty-two," replied Dr. Emmons quietly, although his eyes showed his surprise. "May I ask your age in turn?"

"I've been alive since the creation in one form or another," said the physician curtly.

"Ah, then I suppose you were with Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden?" inquired the doctor.

"Certainly," came the reply.

"Um!" said Dr. Emmons placidly, meditating on the other's face. "I always thought there was a third person there, but some have differed from me."

London's Water Supply.

It has been calculated that if a cistern covering 850 acres and 345 feet high could be constructed and the water supply of London for one year turned into it the warships of all the world's navies could ride at anchor there. If we now dig a canal 100 feet wide across Europe, says Tit-Bits, from the extreme north to the south, and empty our cistern into it, we shall find that the water in our canal, which is 2,400 miles long, will rise to a uniform height of ten feet. Every drop of it is consumed by the inhabitants of greater London within a year, while each man, woman and child living today throughout the world could draw fifty gallons from it without exhausting its contents. The mains through which these hundreds of millions of tons of water flow for the use of London are almost long enough to stretch a quarter of the way around the earth at the equator, while it would take a locomotive traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour more than four days and nights to race from one end of them to the other.

An Astute Astronomer.

Cassini, an Italian by birth, was the best known of the astronomers of the Paris observatory when founded by Louis XIV., and in consequence posterity has very generally supposed he was the director. That he failed to be such was not from any want of astuteness. It is related that the monarch once visited the observatory to see a newly discovered comet through the telescope. He inquired in what direction the comet was going to move. This was a question it was impossible to answer at the moment, because both observations and computations would be necessary before the orbit could be worked out. But Cassini reflected that the king would not look at the comet again and would very soon forget what he had told him. He therefore described its future path in the heavens quite at random and with entire confidence that any deviation of the actual motion from his prediction would never be noted by his royal patron.

Silkworms.

It is said that all the silk in the world comes from a few silkworms' eggs brought out of China in the sixth century by two traveling Nestorian monks.



SOME OF ARIZONA'S WONDERS—SECTION OF PETRIFIED FOREST AND PREHISTORIC HIEROGLYPHS.

of the two territories, but when the question was submitted to a vote of the people concerned nearly every man in Arizona voiced his sentiment strongly against the proposition. There is a race problem bound up in the matter. A very large percentage of the New Mexicans is Mexican, "greasers" in the southwestern lingo, while Arizona's population is almost wholly American. Arid Arizona was not at all thirsty for a drink of Mexican blood in the way of statehood assimilation; hence the verdict of the people.

Arizona means, etymologically, arid belt. It is the arid zone. Really there is a poem in the name, and in that vast arid land there are thousands of poems. Arizona is America's wonderland. Her natural features may be described in part by the adjectives strange, stupendous and startling. For full description other words must be coined. Our English tongue does not know them.

One of Nature's Chief Marvels.

Arizona contains the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river, one of the supreme wonders of nature. For 200 miles this marvelous stream flows through scenery of sheer magic and superlative magnificence. Painters have tried to put its form and hue on canvas, but vainly. Poets have stood awed within the canyon or above and gone away without trying to write a word of appreciation, for it would be

to the census of 1900, only one-third of 1 per cent of the territorial area was cultivated. Since then irrigation has added appreciably to the farmed area; but, even so, you could bunch all the farms of Arizona in one corner of one county and forget where you left them. Yet this need not be taken as a reflection upon the fair fame of Arizona. She has many other things of value which other states lack. She is, for instance, third in the Union as to the production of copper, and she produces gold and silver and lead and coal and nearly every other mineral under the sun. Arizona is accounted the most pregnant if not the most prolific of all the states in mineral deposits. As yet her back scarcely has been scratched for metals, precious and practical.

There are gems in Arizona too. Those glittering, sun baked, silent surfaces of disintegrated rock are rich with precious stones. While thus far no distinct diamond field has been discovered, as recently in Pike county, Ark., Arizona is so marvelously productive of other valuable stones and geological conditions are so favorable that some day an American Johannesburg may blossom out of that shimmering desert and make a populous city. Stones already found in paying quantities are the opal, the sapphire, the onyx, the garnet, the chalcodony, the turquoise and others. Turquoise mountain is a mass of the blue beauty

LILY DALE NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. Bach Surprised.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bach tendered them an unexpected and informal reception last evening, at their pretty cottage in Melrose Park. Nearly all of those remaining at the Dale dropped in during the evening to voice regrets at losing such earnest, active workers from our midst, and to express good wishes for a safe journey and good will for future success.

Only after they are gone will our citizens and future camp visitors fully realize what these two people have been to Lily Dale.

For ten busy, weary years they have been landmarks in her history, always prominent ready with helpful, willing hands and hearts on every and all occasions, whether of pleasure or sorrow. Foremost to aid in entertainment, accident, sickness or death, often misunderstood, but never stopping because of it, they have worked on, through sunshine or shadow alike, oft with aching hearts, but ever with renewed effort. May good angels speed them on their journey and fill their future with happiness and peace.

Mrs. Maggie Sparks has returned to her home at Leroy, N. Y.

Miss Julia Starr has gone to Jamestown, N. Y., for the winter.

Mrs. George Weant and children have gone to Titusville for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Winchester have gone to Fredonia to harvest their grapes.

Miss Ella Richardson has gone to attend school at Nunda, N. Y., during the winter.

Mrs. Sarah Bush has gone to Kennedy, where she will spend the winter with her son.

Charles Shourds of Atlantic City is spending a few days here, the guest of Allen Campbell.

Mrs. S. S. Lutes left the 18th inst. for Spokane, Wash., to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Myron Wood.

Dr. Julia Orr, late of Rochester, is the guest of Mrs. M. E. Crampton. She expects to remain for several weeks.

Mrs. M. E. Dowd was quite ill a part of last week, but, thanks to the skillful care of Dr. Henderson, is again "on deck."

Mrs. Helen Reily has returned to Buffalo for the winter, though her house is still occupied by Miss Pearl Clarke of Toronto.

Mrs. Minnie Henderson returned the 21st inst. from a ten-days' visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Rouse, of Titusville, Pa.

Mrs. Irene Bailey, before leaving for Buffalo, moved her goods into the Huff cottage, on South street, which she has rented for the coming year.

Mrs. Harriet Duhl of Elmira, N. Y., and her niece, Miss Elizabeth Grosshart of Germany, were guests at the Bach cottage for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chalice, who occupied the Evans cottage during the summer, have moved into the Payne cottage, on Buffalo street, and expect to remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Tobien of Cleveland, who expected to spend a part of October at the Dale, were called home the 19th inst., to visit with a son from New York.

F. E. Terry of Sinclairville, who has been under treatment the past few weeks with Dr. Hyde for cancer of the lip, was made happy the 18th inst. by the entire cancer dropping out.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Devereaux left on the 18th for Jamestown for the winter, but Mrs. Devereaux returned the 22d inst., with her two granddaughters, for another day at the Dale.

Miss Helen L. Coe, a teacher of Portland, Me., was the recent guest of Mrs. J. E. Hyde, for the purpose of studying Spiritual Science. She will open a class in Metaphysics on her return home.

Miss Julia Sackett has sold her cottage, on South street, to Miss Celia Carpenter of Avon, N. Y., who will spend the winter here, heating her entire house with the large furnace formerly used to heat the Sunflower office.

There will be an "Old Folks' Dance," with young folks also interested equally, at Library Hall, Wednesday night, October 2nd. The popular Reynolds band will render the music,

and the old-fashioned tunes and dances will be in evidence for all who wish them, also the new ones. Prices in reach of everybody. Come early and stay late.

A surprise party of some twenty people dropped in at Dr. Hyde's on Saturday evening, the 21st inst. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Otis Maxham and Mr. and Mrs. James Reynolds who brought violins and gave all present a charming evening of spirited music. They played "ye olde time tunes" and bewitched all the feet in the vicinity.

Charles Shank and family, of Buffalo, came the 11th inst., and are occupying a part of Nellie Warren's cottage, on North street. Mr. Shank has been disabled several years by locomotor ataxia and pronounced incurable by a number of physicians but under the pneumatic vacuum treatment, which he came to receive, he is recovering rapidly, and hopes to return to business in a few weeks.

A. G. Wilkins of Meadville, Pa., is spending a few days at the Jackson boarding house. He came the 21st inst., and reports meeting Mr. A. Gaston on his way here, who told him he had been called home from a health trip in Canada to attend the death and burial of his niece, Mrs. Addie Lauer, a victim of paralysis. Mrs. Lauer was associated with this camp since its early days, and had many friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bach left for the west on the 24th, for the winter. They will spend a few days at Mrs. Bach's brother's, in Jamestown, N. Y., then will be joined at Corry, Pa., by Mrs. May Covell. After a few days in Chicago, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Brookins, Mrs. Bach and Mrs. Covell will go to Los Angeles, Cal., and Mr. Bach will visit relatives and friends in Minnesota, Dakota and Montana before joining his mother, sister and brother at Spokane, Wash.

PRISONER HIS OWN JAILER.

Amusing Story of a Murderer Who Refused to Be Released.

Monaco has no guillotine and no executioner and, indeed, no arrangements for dealing with criminals.

It is the place to recall the amusing story told by Maupassant about a murderer who was tried, convicted and sentenced to death in Monte Carlo. The authorities asked France to loan them M. Deibler and his little instrument, the "red widow." The French government consented to oblige for the consideration of £1,000. The prince thought this too dear and so applied to his brother of Italy. Italy offered to do the thing, all included, for £680. This again was found too dear. "The man is not worth it," said the Monegasque authorities.

So the sentence of death was commuted to one of life imprisonment. But there was no prison in Monaco, and a gaol had to be erected for the express purpose of confining this murderer, and a jailer had to be appointed. This state of things lasted for some months, and then the jailer died.

The authorities at Monte Carlo, when considering the appointment of his successor, came to the conclusion that the man, the one prisoner, was costing the state a great deal of money. So a commission visited him and told him that in future he would be required to act as his own jailer. He grumbled a bit at this increase of sentence, but complied. His meals used to be sent down to him from one of the hotels in the town, but one day the scullion who brought him his dinner did not turn up to time, and so the prisoner walked up to the hotel and took his meal there. After that he got into the habit of going up to the hotel for his meals. Then, after a stroll on the front, he used to return to his prison and shut himself in, carefully bolting the door inside.

But again the authorities found that he was costing them too much, and so one day they called him up and told him that they were sick of seeing him about the place and that he must clear out. He emphatically refused to do anything of the kind. "You sentenced me to penal servitude for life," he argued, "and I expect to work out my sentence. I have no means of earning a livelihood since you created all the bother, and it is to you that I look for my sustenance."

To cut a long story short, the principality of Monaco was obliged to settle an annuity of £24 a year upon the convict before he would consent to accept his freedom and leave the country. As soon as this was arranged he took up his abode in a little cottage just over the Monaco border.

This is a true story, and the document fixing the man's pension, together with details about the payments, may be seen in the Monaco archives.

The late Prince de Monaco was fond of telling this story in Parisian drawing rooms, and, if I remember aright, I heard it on the same occasion as did the late Guy de Maupassant.—London Mail.

MOORS AS THEY MEET

Their Quaint Customs and Queer Modes of Salutation.

DIGNITY AND GRACE ABOUND

Elaborate Social Courtesies That Are Exchanged in Everyday Life—Embraces and Kisses—The Etiquette of Sneezes and Yawns.

In contrast to some northern nations it is hardly too much to say that the Moor, of whatever class, is born a gentleman. There is such a grace about the humblest, such an easy dignity, that whenever circumstances place them in positions calling for the exercise of courtesy they very seldom fail to respond, and thus it comes to pass that in a democratic nation, in which every man of ability—cunning perhaps would be the better word—may rise to the highest place, even though he start life as a slave, the self-proclaiming parvenu is practically nonexistent. This is not, however, to imply that the Moor is without the pleasant manners which come from evil dispositions or stupidity are unknown. Unfortunately the life led by the average Moor is one that dwarfs refinement of intellect, as it does development of mind, and the vices to which the majority succumb in early life too often stultify the most prominent commendation.

It is a pretty sight to see two elderly, dignified Moors salute. With measured pace, the eyes of each fixed on those of the other, they approach with a slight inclination, holding the right hands slightly advanced. They press their finger tips together and begin a volley of prescribed salutations, greetings and inquiries, hardly pausing to insert replies and ejaculate "God be praised!" Then each presses the finger tips which have been honored by contact with those of his friend against his lips and then upon his heart as he raises his head and redoubles his salutations.

To every fellow Moslem the greeting is given, "Es-salam alaikum" ("Peace be unto you"), to which the answer is, "Wa alai kumes-salam" ("And to you be peace"). To the unbeliever the nearest approach to this permitted is "Ala salam tak" ("On thy peace"), which might mean anything. The way to speed the parting guest is to exclaim, "God give thee peace," or, more curtly, "In peace." To those whose presence has never been desired it is usual to exclaim in tones sufficiently explicit, "Allah thau-ak!" ("God protect thee!") On arrival it is customary to exclaim to the guest, "Welcome to thee!" or "Marhabban, ahlan wa sahan!" ("Be welcome, at home and at ease"). Courteous interrogatories fall thick and fast. "How art thou? Thy house?"—the nearest approach permitted to inquiry after a man's wife, "Thy relatives? What news? Is nothing wrong?" To which he replies, if there is nothing specially to complain of, "All right, thank God. All are in prosperity." Or, if bad news has to be given: "God knows. Everything is in the hand of God."

When a Moslem meets a European accompanied by a Moor, though the latter be the servant, he not infrequently ignores the presence of the foreigner and offers the salutation to his coreligionist only, but if he passes a mixed company of Moors and Jews or Christians he exclaims, "Peace be on the people of Islam." If two such parties meet on the road the phrase is, "Peace be to those accompanying the Jews," or "the Nazarenes," and it is sufficient for one of each party to give and return the greeting, though in the country several often do so. Inferiors saluting superiors usually kiss the hand, shoulder, top of the turban or feet or the knee or stirrup of a horseman, according to the terms on which they approach. The more abject forms are naturally only used to implore a favor, though they are employed sometimes to Europeans. In the extremity of supplication the very feet on one's horse are embraced.

The old custom of falling on one another's necks is still in vogue between friends long separated. Men and women restrict their greetings in public to words, but personally I was somewhat startled by the sudden embrace of a negro whose freedom my father had been the means of obtaining when returning to the country after some years' absence. The kisses on such occasions are, however, fortunately delivered in the air or on the shoulder.

Several little social usages of Moorish life deserve attention, though not confined to Morocco, such as the exclamation to one who sneezes, "The forgiveness of God be on me and on thee!" to which the reply is, "Justice and praise to God!" If a man who yawns in public does not use the prescribed formula any one speaking to him may place the back of his hand to his mouth, uttering a pious sentence, as the devil is accredited with performing an unpleasant operation in yawning mouths. On the other hand, any one wearing a new garment or looking specially spruce or having performed some clever or meritorious act receives the compliment, "Bi sahn't-ak" ("In thy strength").

N. H. Eddy
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receives the compliment, "Bi sahn't-ak" ("In thy strength").

A Moor knows how to enjoy a good joke to the full, and, seated on the floor, he bends backward and forward without restraint in his laughter. Often the teller of the story will join in the process too. Raising their right hands far above their heads as they roll back, they bring them together in a hearty shake. There never was a grander way of enjoying a joke invented. The women when happy give vent to their feelings by a shrill "Yoo, yoo, yoo, yoo, yoo, yoo, yoo!"—Pall Mall Gazette.

Sydney Smith's Joke.

Sydney Smith was very happy in his country life, and his children caught his spirit of delight over common things. They loved animals and spent long hours in training them. One little beast, a baby donkey, became under their tuition perhaps the most accomplished of his species and unconsciously gave rise to a quatrain which now belongs to the fame of Sydney Smith. The donkey was a well educated chap. He would walk upstairs, follow the family in their rambles like a dog and when they entered his meadow run to meet them with ears down and tail erect, braying joyously.

One day, when Billy's head was crowned with flowers and he was being trained with a handkerchief for a bride, Mr. Jeffrey unexpectedly arrived. He joined in the sport and, to the children's delight, mounted Billy.

Thus he was proceeding in triumph when Sydney Smith and his wife, with three friends, returned from a walk and took in the festive scene. The great man advanced, with extended hands, and greeted his old friend in an impromptu which has become familiar to the reading world:

Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,
Short, though not as fat as Bacchus,
Seated on a little jacksass!

A Corporal's Lesson.

During the Revolutionary war the captain of a little band of soldiers was giving orders about a heavy beam that they were endeavoring to raise to the top of some military works which they were repairing. The weight was almost beyond their power, and the voice of the superintendent was often heard shouting at them. An officer not in military costume was passing and asked the superintendent why he did not render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turned around, with the pomp of an emperor, and said, "Sir, I am a corporal!"

"You are, are you? I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and, taking off his hat, he bowed, saying, "I was not aware of that."

Upon this he dismounted and pulled until great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. When the beam was raised, turning to the little great man, he said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job and not enough men send for your commander in chief and I will gladly come and help you a second time."

The little corporal was thunder-struck. It was Washington who thus addressed him.

Not His Class.

"In what walk of life is your friend?"

"I shouldn't say he was in any. He is a chauffeur."—Baltimore American.

How to Make Toilet Vinegar.

Toilet vinegar can be easily made by soaking the following herbs in one pint of white wine vinegar for a fortnight: Half an ounce each of mint, sage, lavender, rosemary, verbena, thyme and marjoram. Keep closely covered, and at the end of a fortnight strain and bottle for use. A little of this vinegar rubbed over the body after bathing gives one a delightfully fresh feeling and also gives tone to the skin.

FIERY CHARLES READE.

The Author-Manager's Way With Ellen Terry, the Actress.

Ellen Terry at the age of twenty resolved to leave the stage and went and stayed six years in the country. How she came back to it is told in "Ellen Terry," by Christopher St. John.

Charles Reade when hunting in Hertfordshire met her by chance in a country lane and told her in his rough yet kindly way that she was a fool to have left the stage.

"Why don't you go back?"

"I don't want to."

"You will some day."

"Never!" Then, mindful of certain financial troubles threatening her rural peace, Ellen Terry added, "At least not until some one gives me \$200 a week."

"Done!" said Charles Reade. "I will."

The part Miss Terry played for Reade was Philippa Chester in "The Wandering Piece." At the end of the run of this piece she did not leave his management, but went on tour in several of his plays. The tour was financially disastrous, but a suggestion from Ellen Terry that her parts did not carry her salary and that she had better leave, as any one could play these parts equally well, was received with the greatest indignation by the fiery author-manager.

"Madam, you are a rat! Don't imagine it is generous to desert the sinking ship," expressed his view of the situation.

An old lady who lived with Miss Terry at this time and was her inseparable companion remonstrated with Reade for his harsh language to her "Nelly." "I love her better than you do or any pulling woman," Reade answered.—Manchester Guardian.

VANISHING TROUSERS.

A Simple Trick Which May or May Not Be Humorous.

This is a simple trick, and every married woman can perform it, but it requires the assistance of a confederate with a big bag of shining tinware on his back.

First get a husband with an extra pair of slightly worn trousers in his wardrobe, then have the confederate, the man with the bag of tinware, come to the back door and knock gently. The wife must then peep out in a frightened way, and immediately the man with the tinware tells a tale that resembles an advertisement. The wife stops to think a few minutes. Suddenly she must rush to the wardrobe, but only after the man rattles the brilliant tinware to arouse her. The wife must walk back to the man again with the trousers. The man must take them and hand the wife a few tin pans. All the while the man with the tinware must smile happily. At last the transaction is completed, and, presto, change! the husband's trousers have disappeared and in their place appears some tinware on the kitchen table. This trick is very novel and will amuse the husband greatly. The trick should not be performed while the husband is in bed unless he has an extra pair of trousers.—F. P. Pitzer in Judge.

He Could Count.

A very little boy was in the room where a young lady was practicing on the piano. She was counting aloud, "One, two, three, four." The little fellow, quite surprised, after a while went to her and said earnestly, "Ee next is five!"—Youth's Companion.

Fish or Golf Story.

While driving to the fourth green on Newark golf course a local solicitor sent his ball into the river Devon and killed a two pound fish. Both ball and fish were found together, the latter bearing marks of its injury.—London Standard.

Spiritualism is a Mirror.

(Continued from page 1.)

hold them here to share our grief. Our sins also hold us here until we overcome them. A body that only drifts with the tide is an undeveloped soul—an empty shell. When we only develop on the physical plane we surely know little or nothing of the spiritual plane and must start as an infant in mind in spirit life. When in bondage to creed we are its slave still after death, and ism does not make us free if we think we must manifest here to prove we can—also play servant to mediums as their spiritual bond.

Those are all earthly chains to hold the soul to earth. We get many hard knocks—raps—before we begin to take notice and learn, thus every act teaches its lessons. When we kneel to pray, or ask for favors, it proves that we must stoop to ask for them. Is that right? God, the all-good, does not degrade part of its own make-up, or manifestations.

We ask silly questions, then wonder at getting only foolish returns. We attend spiritual meetings and seances in the same frame of mind that we had been holding to while chasing after so called religion, and get the same results, learn nothing. Then what is the use of wasting good time, when no good comes of it. Spiritualists do not need temples built by man, as everybody is a temple for good or evil spirit and tells its own story. Life is experimental, what is proven not good is in time destroyed by being changed, or overcome by good. Good sense will soon tell us what is good and what is not good. When our five senses are well developed, then we will know what they were intended for, as they are the doors which we open or close to the external worlds.

Different things have been invented by the evil forces to stupefy man, so we would not be able to realize the truth, being kept in ignorance, not for our good, but that deception might rule, with its fine talk and promises, but no proof that it is anything but endless talk. When we insist on having proof we surely get it. Then why not "prove all things and hold fast to the good." Let us hold to what has been proven good and not only shout it from the house tops, but live it. Senseless talk is folly. By our works are we known. Giving alms and making paupers is not charity. Being self-conceited and thinking you are it, is not christianity. A half-truth is oft more confusing than a help to gain more knowledge. Then don't stop half-way and close the door, that no more can enter, but remember the first knock and let it teach you there is much to learn. Then keep going, for like this ball of earth we must keep on the move, or there will be one grand smash-up, a stop, stagnant pool, or the end of this world.

"In God we live and move and have our being." All humbug is on its last leg. There will be a grand exposure which will prove all things just as they are. Watch and ask for the truth, then you will understand life and its lessons. Then profit by it, if not, then you have the same lessons to learn over again. That is one reason why we are earth-bound. We do not know enough to get away. We allow the effects of evil—disease—to destroy all that's good and worth living for and when we find that so-called death a continuation of life and we are part of the wrong effects, then we soon see our mistakes.

Every soul that succumbs to disease helps disease live. Thus the evil grows and gets mighty to do more harm. When we are strong in the right, then evil cannot conquer. We must learn to out-grow the physical world and drop the earthly house of clay at will. Then we are strong, healthy spirits. To change, and not better our condition, surely is not good. What we think and what we know is oft quite different. Then, is it not best to know, as in our ignorance the invisible forces can harm us. Many a sensitive is obsessed by the evil thoughts of others and the dead oft reflecting the disease that overcame them. Such can be cured instantly by breaking the spiritual force—then it's called a miraculous cure. Is it any more wonderful than when a medium takes on conditions and throws them off, which has been done many times to prove cause and effect and how to cure it, which is having the knowledge we know what it is and how to cure it. All wonderful things are quite simple when understood. Let the good work of Revelations go on. Man will soon put a stop to foolish fancies and false beliefs. For God, the all-good, is all powerful and will prevail in the end.

Columbus, O. C. ELLS,

HUMAN NATURE.

HUMAN nature, 'tis a study,
Vague and hard to comprehend.
Intricate, complex and puzzling
From the cradle to the end.

Man doth oft deceive his brother,
Often yet deceives himself.
Sacrificing nobler instincts
To the grosser, baser self.

Hearts are beating to the music
Of the soul's deep under-tone,
Wafting incense, pure and holy,
Upward toward the heavenly home.

Pride and envy, hatred, malice,
Send their arrows far and wide,
Like the drift-wood, oft returning
With the coming of the tide.

'Tis man's birthright to be God-like,
As the Christ-child—all divine,
But the brambles choke the flowers,
And the weeds doth intertwine.

Not till man has faced the struggle,
Borne the censure and the blame,
Felt the sting of rank injustice,
Can he sense his brother's pain.

There's a trait of human nature
Like the Pharisees of old.
But there's none too low or humble
To be gathered in the fold.

Lily Dale, N. Y.

MARY B. SHERMAN.

The Army of Progress.

Dear Readers of The Sunflower:

Early in June, at the outset of the famous Haywood trial, I began corresponding with certain editors and leaders of various institutions, among whom were Spiritualists, Socialists and others that have been wont to complain about the common phases of American persecution. I asked each of them as to what they thought of the possibilities of a new organization with objects about as follows:

(1). To encourage advancement along the various lines of thought in science, economy and sociology.

(2). To secure the co-operation of each, to liberalize each, and insure a broader diffusion of each through inter-society work.

The response was very favorable throughout and we finally decided to call it the Army of Progress. It is said to have been the mission of the great spirit of evil, known as the Dragon, to oppose progress or advancement on all lines of thought—religious, scientific, or otherwise. The Army of Progress is now being designed to encourage various forms of co-operation for immediate results, and for mutual protection of individuals and institutions against public prejudice and judicial persecution. Considered as a whole, the Army of Progress is a great campaign of education that does not confine its methods to any party, creed or theory, but seeks to glean the good from all of them.

All readers who feel interested in this great move of the twentieth century are requested to write to The Bureau of Helpfulness, Box 54, Collinwood, O.

Write to the address as indicated; do not write to me personally, as I am not prepared to handle much correspondence at my present location. So much interest has been manifested as to enable us to begin practical operations without any further delay. Let us hear from you at once, with your request for valuable information, which will be sent free for the asking.

Yours, for good works,

LUTHER MCINTYRE.

Ashley, W. Va., Sept. 23, 1907.

EVENING RAIN.

TWILIGHT down the west
Wanders once again,
With a gentler guest
Singing in her train.

HARKENS every breast,
Every heart and brain:
"Peace, oh, peace is best!"
Runs the sweet refrain.

SO the world is blest;
Joy is not nor pain;
Love itself learns rest
Of the summer rain.

—Unidentified.

What Did She Mean?

"If you feel chilly," said he as they strolled, "remember I have your shawl here on my arm."

"You might put it around me," she said demurely.—Philadelphia Press.

Anniversary Celebration.

The first anniversary and Spiritualist mass meeting of Plymouth Spiritual Church, Rochester, N. Y., will be celebrated October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1907. Sunday services, 10:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, 2:30 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. The mass meeting will be under the direction of the trustees of New York State Association, H. W. Richardson, President, October 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th, 1907. Conference each morning at 10:30. Afternoon and evening, lectures and psychic demonstrations.

The following speakers and workers have been engaged:

The venerable Dr. J. M. Peebles, the world renowned missionary of Spiritualism and reform.

Dr. Edgar W. Emerson, the celebrated trance lecturer and message medium.

Mrs. Helen P. Russeque, the inspired orator and noted psychometrist.

Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, the popular lecturer, medium and state missionary.

Dr. J. J. Lewis, the renowned orator and entertainer.

Prof. A. J. Maxham, the "Sankey of the Spiritual rostrum."

Prof. W. M. Lockwood, the distinguished scientist and orator.

Many mediums for the various phases of Spiritual phenomena are expected, among them the following:

Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, for slate writing.

Dell Herrick, for spirit voices.

Floy Cottrell, the wonderful wrapping medium, and others.

The pastor of Plymouth Church is the Rev. B. A. Austin, M. A., D. D., and will have charge of the celebration and take an active part in the mass meeting.

All these services are open to the public.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS OF THE TEMPLE FUND SOCIETY.

The annual convention of the Temple Fund Society of the United States will be held in the small hall connected with Masonic Hall, in the city of Washington, D. C., where the N. S. A. will hold its convention, Tuesday evening, October 15, 1907.

This session will be from 7 to 8 p. m., so as not to interfere with attendance at the night sessions of the N. S. A., and will be continued from time to time, during the N. S. A. convention, until its business is transacted. The official business will be hearing of reports, election of officers, and transaction of any business necessary to the society.

All members who shall pay dues for the succeeding year, will be entitled to take part.

Whether you can attend, or not, we hope to have your membership, for the next fiscal year—October 15, 1907, to October 15, 1908.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION

Of the National Spiritualist Association
Will be held in Masonic Temple, F
and Ninth Sts. N. W., Washing-
ton, D. C., October 14, 15,
16, 17, and 18, 1907.

Day sessions, at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., will be devoted to business only. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend these business meetings, to which no admission fee is charged. Evening exercises will consist of grand programs of varied and entertaining numbers, including vocal and instrumental selections by talented artists; lectures and spirit messages at each meeting by many of the most noted and gifted platform mediums of the country.

Among those who have been invited and expect to be present and participate in the evening services are W. J. Colville, Mr. H. P. Resseque, Mesdames Clara Watson, R. S. Lillie, Zaida B. Kates, Elizabeth Harlow, Elizabeth Lowe Watson, Messrs. Dr. George A. Fuller, J. Clegg Wright, Oscar A. Edgerly, Albert P. Blinn, speakers.

Mediums, Mesdames C. D. Pruden, Katie Ham, Georgia G. Cooley, E. W. Sprague, Alice Sexsmith, M. T. Longley, and others.

Come one and all to this great convention of five days.

Certificate tickets will not be arranged for this year, but special excursion rates at lower value can be secured from all points by visitors and delegates purchasing tickets for Jamestown Exposition with stop over privileges of ten days at Washington. Call for these at your railroad offices and stations.

The Ebbitt House, 14th and F. streets, N. W., Washington, D. C., will be the hotel for our people. The Ebbitt is well located, within walking distance of Masonic Temple, and a handsome hotel; its usual rates, American plan, are from \$4.00 a day up; our special rates there are \$2.50 per day, two persons in a room. Write to the Manager and secure your rooms.

The Annual Reception will be omitted this year, owing to five days' Convention. The sessions will begin Monday, October 14, 10 a. m.

All are cordially invited.

HARRISON D. BARRET,

President.

MARY T. LONGLEY,

Secretary.

AMENDMENTS TO CONSTITUTION.

To Be Presented for Action at N. S. A. Convention October, 1907.

1. Individual membership through associated bodies to pay to N. S. A. one dollar annually, instead of twenty-five cents, as heretofore.

2. In place of two dollars for each society belonging to State Associations, State Associations shall pay five dollars.

MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec'y.

Cordial greetings and good wishes to the editor of the Sunflower, from N. S. A. Headquarters; we are very glad that the little paper has fallen into such good and efficient hands.

M. T. L.

Stop-over Tickets.

Washington D. C., September 25, 1907.

Notice—Delegates and visitors to N. S. A. convention are hereby notified that stop-over of ten days will be permitted at Washington, D. C.—either direction—on Jamestown Exposition tickets. This operates on all railroad lines throughout the country. Full details concerning these excursion tickets can be obtained from ticket agents at all points.

MARY T. LONGLEY,

Secretary, N. S. A.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

To Spiritualists of New York State.

Dates are now being arranged for State Association meetings and the work of our State organizer and missionary for the fall and winter campaign commencing September 1.

We shall be glad to hear from Spiritualists from all parts of the State, especially in localities where there are no organized societies, with a view to making arrangements for the holding of State Association meetings.

We urge each Spiritualist to co-operate with the State Board in this matter, and request that you let us hear from you soon with information as to conditions in your locality. Write either to Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, Troy, N. Y., or to the president of the State Association.

H. W. RICHARDSON, Pres.

East Aurora, New York.

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—BY—

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Spiritual Songster.

By Mattie E. Hull. Fifty-eight of Mrs. Hull's sweetest songs, adapted to popular music, for the use of congregations, circles and families. Price, 10 cents, or \$2.00 per hundred.

The Old and the New;

or, The World's Progress in Religious Thought. In this pamphlet Moses Hull shows the advancement of the world from its infancy to the present maturity. Price, 10 cents.

All About Devils;

or, An Inquiry as to whether Modern Spiritualism and other Great Reforms came from His Satanic Majesty and His Subordinates in the Kingdom of Darkness. By Moses Hull. 60 pages. Price 15 cents.

Spirit Echoes.

A collection of Mrs. Hull's latest and best poems, neatly printed and bound in beveled board. Especially fine to read from in opening meetings and on funeral occasions. It has Mrs. Hull's latest portrait. Price, 15 cents.

Two in One.

A volume of nearly 800 pages, with excellent portrait of the author. There is more Spiritual, Scientific and Historic argument for Spiritualism in this book than any other Moses Hull ever wrote. It contains stores of argument which cannot be gainsaid. Price, post paid, \$1.00.

The Spiritual Birth; or, Death and its Tomorrow.

The Spiritual Idea of Death, Heaven and Hell. By Moses Hull. This pamphlet besides giving the Spiritualistic interpretations of many things in the Bible never before given, explains the heavens and the hells believed in by Spiritualists. Price, 10 cents.

The Real Issue.

By Moses Hull. (Only a few left and not to be reprinted). A compend of two pamphlets, "The Irrepressible Conflict," and "Your Answer or Your Life," with important additions making a book of 160 pages. This book contains statistics, facts and documents on the tendency of the times. Every one should have it. Price, 10 cents.

Swept Away.

A sermon by Moses Hull on some of the sins of our age, in which the "Refuge of Lies" heaped up as reasons for sinful legislation has been "Swept Away." This pamphlet should be read by every one interested in the condition of our country and how to improve it. 36 pages. Only a few left and not to be reprinted. Price reduced to 5 cents.

The Spiritual Aids and How We Ascend Them;

or, A few thoughts on how to reach that altitude where the spirit is supreme and all things are subject to it. With portrait. By Moses Hull. Just the work to teach you that you are a spiritual being, and to show you how to educate your spiritual faculties. Second edition just published. Price, bound in cloth, 25 cts.; in paper covers, 15 cents.

Joan, The Medium;

or, The Inspired Heroine of Orleans. By Moses Hull. This is at once the most truthful history of Joan of Arc and one of the most convincing arguments on Spiritualism ever written. Victor Hugo said: "Joan of Arc was the only person who ever had control of an army at the age of 19 years, and the only general who never made a mistake." No novel was ever more interesting, no history more true than this pamphlet. Price, cloth covers, 25 cents, paper 15 cents.

Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism, With Portrait of the Author.

This is one of the most entertaining books that ever came from the pen of Moses Hull. It contains references to several hundred places in the Bible where Spiritualism is proved or implied, and exhibits the Bible in a new light. Besides this, it contains a brief sketch of what is known of the origin of the books of the Bible. Ministers, doctors, lawyers, judges, congressmen and senators read and grow enthusiastic over this book. This Encyclopedia will work a revolution in Bible interpretation. Price, post-paid, \$1.00.

Our Bible; Who Wrote it? When—Where—How? Is it Infallible?

A Voice from the Higher Criticism. The latest of Moses Hull's Books, with portrait, 432 pages. While this book furnishes a more definite inside knowledge of the Bible and its contents, how and when it was made, and how it is to be interpreted than any other book in the line of Liberal Literature, it also gives a brief history of the Canon, and of other Bibles and religions. Everyone needs it as a hand-book of definite knowledge of Bibles—their origin and contents. Price, post-paid, \$1.00. A small edition has been printed on thinner paper, which will be sent post-paid for 75 cts.

The Hull-Jamieson Debate.

The Greatest Debate ever held on Spiritualism. Between Moses Hull, President Morris Pratt Institute, Whitewater, Wis., and W. F. Jamieson, Secretary of the National Liberal Party, Cincinnati, O. Portraits and brief auto-biographies of the disputants, 412 pages. This debate, held at Lily Dale, N. Y., July 10-20, 1891, contains 32 speeches of from 30 to 40 minutes each, in length. It contains the greatest store of facts and arguments on every side of the great question of Spiritualism that can be found in any one volume in the world. It is a high-toned Polemic discussion, and in no sense of the word, a fight or quarrel. Price, post paid, \$1.00.

The Christs of the Past and Present;

or, A Comparison of the Christ Work or Mediumship or Biblical Messiahs, and the Conditions they required, with Similar Manifestations in Modern Spiritualism. A revision and enlargement of "Jesus and the Medias." A careful comparison of the Spiritualism and Mediumship of the Bible with that of today. By Moses Hull. An invincible argument, proving that Jesus was only a medium, subject to all the conditions of modern mediumship. It also shows that all the manifestations throughout the Old and New Testaments were under the same conditions that mediums require today; and that the coming of Christ is the return of mediumship to the world. Price 15 cents. A few bound in cloth, 25 cents.

A GHOST CAME BACK.

Simply to Return a Book He Had Borrowed of His Chum—The Man was Drowned on His Way Home.

Col. John L. Grubs of Richmond, Va., a former assistant postmaster of that city and one of the old-time gentlemen and plantation owners of the state, is authority for the following story, which he declares can be authenticated by a number of well-known people.

Col. Grubs is not a believer in ghosts or psychic phenomena of any description and has no theory of his own to account for the incident which he related to the writer one night when the conversation had drifted into the supernatural.

"I had two bachelor friends," he said, "with whom I used to hunt a great deal in the bird season. Out of season we would get together whenever we could and talk over our favorite books and other topics of kindred interest. Everybody who knows me knows to whom I refer, and as one of the parties met a tragic death the figures in this story will be pretty well recognized at once.

"My bachelor friends got closer together when I married, and to speak to one was also to say something to the other. They took it in turns, spending the evenings with each other, Charlie going to Dick's apartments every night for a week and vice versa.

"Each had a special chair for the other, on either side of the open fire in winter and side by side on the balcony in summer. They were as particular as a couple of old maids in this respect and some others, one of which was not to exceed a certain number of drinks an evening, except on very special occasions.

"About that time a work on ornithology appeared, which attracted considerable attention all over the country. Our friends, being hunters, were very naturally interested in a work of this sort and decided to get it. Dick, being something of an enthusiast on the subject, said he would buy the book, as he wanted to have it in his library, but they would share it, as they did nearly everything else, in common.

"The work was in three volumes, two treating of southern songsters and one of Virginia birds exclusively. They started in on the latter and read with delight of their old acquaintances of the forests and Jeems river marshes.

"Dick valued this volume very highly, so highly in fact that he didn't quite like the idea of Charlie taking it out with him one afternoon to read in a favorite haunt near the old reservoir. Dick had a business engagement and could not go along.

"That night, the first in years, Charlie was absent from his accustomed seat near Dick. The latter was so disturbed that the next morning he went around to his friend's home, only to find that they had supposed Charlie to have spent the evening with him, as he often did.

"During the day there was no news of him. The next day it was decided to drag the old reservoir, and the body of his lifelong and dearest friend was found.

"It was a sad blow to Dick, who found himself completely at a loss without Charlie. Everything reminded him of the dead man—his pipes, his books, the empty chair, the empty glasses that he turned down every night as he poured his own drink and gulped it down in sorrow.

"It was long before he thought of the missing book on Virginia birds, the book which Charlie had taken with him on that last fateful walk. What could have become of it? It was probably lying at the bottom of the old reservoir, where his friend had perished.

"The fire was bright, and opposite him was Charlie's empty chair. On a little table at his side were the decanter and two empty glasses. He filled his own and tried to forget, but he could not.

"The following night he again sat by the fire staring at the vacant chair on the other side of the hearth and thinking how empty his life was without his old chum. Again the thought of the missing book returned to his mind and would not be dismissed.

"The fire died down and he got up to put on a fresh log. When he sat down it was in Charlie's chair. As he did so Charlie strode into the room in his old fashion."

At this moment the colonel interrupted his narrative long enough to say, "And this is the story just as Dick told it to me. He did not feel surprised, at least not any more so than at the sudden appearance of a friend who has been long absent. There was nothing uncanny about the

FANTASIA.

A GLASS of water was sitting one day, Untouched by my plate, and as children at play, I thought I would fancy it an ocean, wide, With clear shining strands that would echo the tide. Then, seeking I found full many a speck To be the small steamers, with make-believe deck. But, ah, very soon the elf-fancy had fled, And strangely attired, witching fact, came instead; And then, the small glass seemed like space, filled with stars, That soon changed to circles with aspect like Mars. And within the circles, was expanse, as space, A very small sun in the center, I trace. The boundary line, then, I see as the path, The orbit of stars, that each universe hath, For each of the specks, prove a universe small, That attracts from space other circles, and all Depend on sun-centers for power to draw, To grow, enlarge state, all according to law, The positive, draws, and the negative, comes, And enters its way, and through many such sums, Circumference loves—it will increase in power To make more apparent its celestial dower. The law is the same, and the human, as well, A universe circle, appears in the spell. Circumference loves, as attraction, may bind A time, to the changing of unions, but mind, Attraction and change, ensures growth, as half spheres, Then centrally draws all its loves, and then, nears The state, when from sun-centers, centers respond, Then ceases the round of the change, as frond, But spheres, as two halves, drawn by central sun-love, Unite as one sphere, are as angels above.

LISLE E. SAXTON.

In Oklahoma.

Editor Sunflower:

At a campmeeting recently attended by the writer was a gentleman whose son was in an institution for medical treatment. One day this gentleman attended a table-tipping seance, where his spirit daughter came and told him to get her brother out of that place at once. When he went to the institution he had a hard struggle to get his son out, but the spirit force aided him, and the young man is again with his relatives, improving daily, and is better than for a long time. It was our good fortune to spend a few days in this home and see the portrait of the little angel who was watching so devotedly over her brother's welfare. It is one more proof of the value of spirit return, and is an irrefutable answer to the hackneyed query, "What good is it?"

On behalf of the Religious Association of Spiritualists of Doxey, Okla., I wish to call the attention of Spiritualists all over the United States to the effort being made to get Spiritualists to join us in our efforts to establish a southern City of Light at Doxey. Our secretary, Mr. D. L. Winger, of Carter, Okla., will gladly receive suggestions from those who have had experience in camp work.

A new star has arisen on the spiritual horizon, in the beautiful country where Nature has outdone herself in beauty of scene and fertility of soil. I refer to our sightless speaker, Prof. J. W. Terrill of Doxey, Okla. Formerly a preacher, he has had a vast experience on the rostrum. After quitting the church he has devoted several years to the healing of the sick. Recently he has come into the field as an inspirational speaker of great power and attractiveness. His work at the Doxey camp was wonderful, and any society desiring his services will never regret engaging him. Never having known sight, in a physical sense, his grasp on the subject of Spiritualism, in both mental and physical ways, is wonderful.

Anyone desiring to assist our work can aid us materially by sending pamphlets and papers when of no more use to the owners. For further particulars address Prof. J. W. Terrill, or Mrs. J. R. Rowland, Doxey, Okla., where the writer expects to resume his labors after October 1st.

J. M. WHITE.

Peculiar, Mo., Sept. 16, 1907.

After all, what do we know? It may be much, it may be little. But, however much, it's always little Compared to what we do not know. Humanity offers the largest number of subjects for comment, as each individual comprises a distinct combination of forces.

We think it is time that something should be done to secure the same rights and privileges that other religious bodies have. We are too peaceful. It is all right to go through this life with the grace of God in one hand, but it is well enough to have a hickory club in the other. Let us hear from some one else along these lines.

BOSTON NOTES.

MRS. B. W. BELCHER.

HARMONY HALL.

Mrs. Gray conducts spiritual meetings at Harmony hall, 724 Washington street. Sunday circle 11 a. m., messages 2:30 and 7:30. Tuesday and Thursday, 2:45. Best of talent present at all sessions.

COMMERCIAL HALL.

694 Washington street, Sundays at 11, 2:30 and 7:30. Tuesdays and Thursdays at 2:30 p. m. Readings and tests by good mediums. N. P. Smith, conductor.

OLD LADIES HALL.

446 Tremont street, Mrs. Nellie Carleton Grover conducts spiritual circles for healing and many of the healers of Boston and vicinity are there each week giving free treatments to all who wish it. She also has many message mediums Tuesday and Friday at 2:30 p. m. of each week.

FIRST SPIRITUAL SCIENCE CHURCH.

578 Massachusetts avenue, Cambridge, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor. Services at 3 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday, conducted by Mrs. Lewis and others. The public is cordially invited.

FIRST PSYCHIC CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Room 430, Huntington Chambers. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. H. G. Howard, president.

MUSIC THE REVEALER.

FOR music (which is earnest of heaven, Seeing we know emotions strange by Not else to be revealed), is as a voice. A low voice calling fancy, as a friend, To the green woods in the gay summer time; And she fills all the way with dancing shapes Which have made painters pale and they go on While stars look at them and winds call to them As they leave life's path for the twilight world Where the dead gather. —Browning.

One of 'Em.

"What is a nature fakir, pa?"

"A wigmaker, my son." —Browning's.

The Leading Works of E. D. Babbitt, M. D.

THE PRINCIPLES OF LIGHT AND COLOR. Superbly issued, royal 8vo, with over two hundred engravings and colored plates. Price \$5.00. An imposing volume of nearly 600 pages. Shows a great amount of research on the part of the author. Will prove a great acquisition to Scientific Libraries. —N. Y. Herald.

RELIGION. It seems to me to be the foremost scientific work of this or any other age. —Franklin Smith, Mass. From the Normal Teacher, Danville, Ind.: We believe that a new world hitherto unknown to medical men is here opened up.

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"I have just completed the reading of Dr. Babbitt's Human Culture and Cure, Part Fifth, and unreservedly say that it is the most wonderful book on natural methods of cure that I have ever had the pleasure of reading." —Don G. Husted, D. M., graduate of the Buffalo University and Principle of the Husted Institute of Chronophysics, Rochester, N. Y.

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Any of the above books can be had at this office.

Wisdom of the Ages. This great work by Dr. George A. Fuller is inspiring, interesting and instructive. Filled with profound philosophy, fascinating mysticism, transcendental spiritualism, love, ecstasies and supreme idealism. A partial list of subjects with which it deals are as follows: Angels, Archangels and Spirits; Influence of the Flower of the South; Cause of the Divine Unity; Freedom and Self-Government; Healing; Influence of Mental States; Karma; Law; Language of Spirit; Matter a State of the Substantial; Moral Code of the New Religion; Nature of the Soul; Question of Omnipotence; Not War; Pre-existence; Reason; Sublimation; Spirit the Source of all Power; What is Right? Many other interesting topics are ably treated. Cloth, 12mo, 218 pp. \$1.00.

Dr. Agnes V. Kelley. A graduate physician of 20 years' experience, treating all manner of disease, will take the sick in her own home to treat, where they will be comfortably situated and receive every care. If you are not able to come to me, and desire it, I will visit you in your own home. I diagnose disease either according to the old pathology or clairvoyantly. My method of practice is the Biochemic (life chemistry). I can cure you. Write to me by my spiritual name.

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PLYMOUTH CHURCH POSTAL CARD.

The Spiritualists of Rochester are trying to pay for Plymouth Temple so that they can own it free from debt. They have a fine photo-souvenir postal card of the church and pastor, Rev. B. F. Austin. You can get one or a hundred for 5 cents each. Address: Frank J. Cushman, Secretary, 549 Sawyer street, Rochester, N. Y.

MEDIUMS' AND SPEAKERS' DIRECTORY.

Mediums and speakers frequently lose engagements because people do not know where to find them. To avoid this have your name and address listed in this directory, under the proper heading. Speakers and public mediums who subscribe for or advertise in the Sunflower by the year, can, upon application, have their names and addresses placed in this column under one heading free of charge. If more than one heading is desired, \$1.00 per year for each heading. Those marked with a star will attend funerals.

MESSAGE MEDIUMS.

*Mary E. Clark, 351 So. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.

*Fred B. Niles, 38 Gay St., Marlboro, Mass.

Mrs. Tyler Moulton, 424 Lily Ave., Columbus, O.

Mrs. Elise Stumpf, Lake Helen, Fla.

Harriet H. Danforth, Lily Dale, N. Y.

Charles Harding, 632 Dandass St., Woodstock, Ont.

Mrs. B. W. Belcher, 238 Pleasant St., Marlboro, Mass.

C. Walter Lynn, 784 8th St., Oakland, Cal.

Mrs. O. W. Grant, 135 Prospect Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Edith McCrossman, 262 East First Ave., Columbus, O.

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Demarest, Lily Dale, N. Y.

Aila A. McHenry, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

HEALERS.

Dr. C. D. King, Onset, Mass.

Mrs. F. E. Ellwanger, 2241 North 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Mattie Rector, 140 Hicks St., Utica, N. Y.

Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker, 230 North 6th St., San Jose, Cal.

Mrs. A. A. Cawcroft, 333 East 2nd, Jamestown, N. Y.

Vincent Drahos, Jim Block, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

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Mrs. F. E. Ellwanger, 2241 North 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. M. E. Williams, 201 Richmond, S. L., N. Y.

Mrs. S. Harris, 185½ North High St., Columbus, O.

Rev. Dr. J. B. Geddes, 103 Lafayette St., Jersey City, N. J.

Mattie E. Hull, Whitewater, Wis.

Mary C. Ward, Kingsville, O.

G. W. Kates and wife, Cheyney, Pa.

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Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker, 230 N. 6th St., San Jose, Cal.

Hartford, Conn., April 6, 1906.

Dear Sisters:—I received your kind letter and contents, and may God bless you both for your kindness to me. I have been taking the medicine since March 23. Before taking it I was in bed over a week, could not stand on my feet, and was so faint from weakness and dizzy spells that I received two awful falls. I am now up and have been around my room for the last three days, have not had any dizzy or faint spells this week, and I feel so much stronger. The neighbors all mention the great change in me for the past three days and I have told them what did it.

I must now close, with a God bless you both for your kindness to a suffering sister.

MRS. ANNIE WARREN.

94 Chestnut Street.

Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker:—

Enclosed find \$1.15 for another month's treatment. Your medicine you sent me last month did me more good than all the medicine I have taken in the four years I have been taking medicine. I sincerely hope you can keep me improving until I am myself again. You have my very best wishes for your success in healing suffering humanity.

MRS. LENA BANKS.

Cache, Okla.

Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker:—

Please send me four more magnetized papers. The four you sent last month worked wonders for a lady friend of mine. Her feet bled all our physicians, but now all the swelling has gone down and she is so happy and is spreading your wonderful works wherever she goes, knowing that you never failed in all these cases. Mrs. J. Wright of Prattville is now enjoying perfect health, and sends her compliments to you and your daughter. She suffered since 1877. Do you remember treating Mrs. Sarah B. Smith in 1903? She is now one of the healthiest women of her age—married in September, 1904, and has a fine baby boy. She was given up by our doctors. In fact, all your patients are in robust health.

E. E. CHAMBERS.

Manchester, Jamaica, B. W. I.

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—EDITED BY—

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HE TREATS BODY IN LIGHT OF SOUL.

Dr. Baraduc Explains Theories—Says He Can Cure Souls After Death of Evil Fluids which Imprison Them.

Paris, Sept. 28.—A new and fascinating departure in medicine is that inaugurated in Paris by Dr. Baraduc, the prophet of "spiritualistic medicine," whose expositions of his new and startling theories have created great interest. In an interview specially accorded to the correspondent of The New York American Dr. Baraduc stated that he is of opinion that present-day medicine is, in France especially, with a few rare exceptions, entirely atheistic and treats the human body just as a mechanic treats a machine without a soul.

A new school has arisen to combat these methods, and a revival has taken place of what may be called "spiritual medicine," or the medicine that will not care for the body and reanimate the organs without taking thought of the soul. Dr. Baraduc is the chief of this little school, and he has brought it into such prominence that the representatives of official medicine—the faculty of Paris—have been compelled to open their doors to him.

On October 15 Dr. Baraduc will start a course of lectures on spiritual medicine in the hall of the faculty.

In describing his therapeutic methods, he said:

"I was always struck by the inefficiency and non-success of the physical methods adopted with regard to the maladies I call fluidic—that is to say, those the cause of which is not in the organs where it is seated, but in the fluid force animating the organ. This fluid force is the same as what we call the astral body, which consists of blood and electricity, substances producing photochemical reactions that leave the impressions of their character. How is one to treat this fluid force, how change, develop or restrain it? All depends on the kind of malady with which it is attacked. With my method there is no longer need of the ordinary diagnoses. I photograph the fluid body of the patient, and the study of the development plate enables me to distinguish the variety of the malady.

"After much research I have discovered five different forms of malady of the fluid shown in the photographic development of the fluid in the shape of granular, round, globular, undulating or bulbous growths of the nervous tissue; and these five forms are subdivided again according as the reaction obtained on the photographic plate is green, red or blue in color.

"The disease being ascertained, there is nothing to do except apply the treatment, and for this I make use of the elementary, natural remedies—water, fire, salt, etc., according to circumstances. Thus, nervous patients are treated to a regime of salt water. The salt is placed in a vessel with holes, and the water is allowed to filter through this on to the body of the patient. Such patients whose fluid bodies are found to contain objectionable matter are treated with incense burnt by pounds; while a third very efficacious treatment is the radio-thermic one.

"This method consists of taking an iron spade which has been made white hot in a fire and passing it slowly round the patient's body so that the hot vapors cling round it and act upon it. It is interesting to note that this contiguity of the hot spade gives the patient a feeling of great freshness. The various treatments last about two months.

"But the investigations I am now pursuing will extend still further the domain of spiritualist medicine. I can now cure the souls of the dead of the evil fluids which often after death imprison them in a kind of well, and prevent them accomplishing their ascent towards the supreme good. These tethered souls, kept in a kind of coma, are only liberated by the violent evocation of the doctor treating them who naturally can only make use of moral forces. One of the most marvelous results I have yet obtained is that with my dead son."

In a voice quivering with emotion, the doctor continued:

"My son Andre, stricken with consumption, said to me: 'Father, take me to Lourdes to die or to be cured.' I carried out his wish, but hardly a month after his arrival we understood that his end was near. My son, who was very pious, prayed unceasingly,

and in his prayer recurred frequently these words, 'Confidence, Jesus, Light,' to which I attribute a great power capable of disengaging the soul from the ties of the body. At the very moment of his death, when he could no longer speak, he was able to pronounce these words with force, although nothing more escaped from his lips except the vowels 'O' (Confidence), 'U' (Jesus) and 'E' (Lumiere), and in this effort, with his face lighted up, he expired.

"Directly after he had been placed in his coffin I photographed it, and on my cliché were distinctly visible the fluids driven away by his evocation flying into the ether. Some days after when taking a photograph of an oratory what was my joy and surprise when developing my plate, to find in a portion of the ceiling the face of my dear Andre, who smiled at me in an ecstasy."

THE BLIND OF CAIRO.

To Be Found Everywhere in the Shops and on the Streets.

The first thing that impresses the stranger in Cairo is the number of blind—men, women and children—to be found everywhere in the shops and on the streets. Ophthalmia is very prevalent throughout Egypt. Because of superstition concerning "the evil eye" the native mothers of the middle or the lower class do not wash the eyes of their babies at all. Watching the flies buzzing unheeded around and upon these blind children, a stranger hastens to buy a fly whisk. These are for sale everywhere and are quite attractive with their ornaments of fancy beads and palm leaf fiber. Blind beggars greet one at every corner. Even in the high class Egyptian families there are many blind. The lower classes of Egyptians are given much to hasheesh—that is, the lower classes in the large cities—and, although it is against the law to sell it, one will have the hasheesh places pointed out, and the men who smoke the drug are seen everywhere. They are distinguished by the peculiar appearance of their eyes, which become red, swollen and baggy underneath, and by the peculiar color of the skin, which resembles somewhat the skin of a Chinese opium smoker.—Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

A LOST CONTRACT.

The Little Thing That May Sometimes Prevent a Sale.

A pen once lost me an order. I had just worked up the executive of a large concern into a desire to buy. I had my contract form lying on his desk with my finger on the dotted line. He reached over toward his pen rack, took off a pen and plunged it into the ink well. He turned to me with a frown on his face—the well was empty.

I was ready with a fountain pen. The pen was uncapped. I handed it to him. He started to write. The ink would not flow. I took it and shook it. Again he made the attempt, with no result.

"I will get one," he said. So he stepped into the other room. Evidently some one stopped him with a question, for he did not come back for three minutes. Then he stood at his desk. He looked down at the contract.

"I believe I had better think this matter over again," he said. And all the talk I put up could not budge him.

I had lost a sale because my fountain pen was empty. Now, one of my regular morning duties, week in and week out, just as regular as my shave and my checking over of calls to be made and the making out of my expense account, is filling my fountain pen.—James N. Bowen in System.

A Great Polyglot.

Solomon Caesar Malan habitually conversed with his children in Latin, but on his deathbed, when Solomon, his son, began to recite a psalm in the familiar Vulgate of his youth, the dying man, scholar to the last, muttered, "Non ita, non ita! Hebraice," so the son repeated it in Hebrew.

He could, for that matter, just as well have said it in Coptic or Chinese, for to him all tongues came naturally. At eighteen he could write in thirteen languages, oriental and European, and among his published works we find translations from the Arabic, Persian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Hebrew, Coptic, Armenian, Georgian, Mongol, Chinese, Korean, Japanese, Greek, Russian, Welsh and Gothic. He is said to have learned to speak Armenian fluently in a fortnight, and he preached in Georgian to a Georgian congregation in the Cathedral of Kutais.—London Saturday Review.

In New Zealand.

In New Zealand the house of representatives has just voted 337 to 26 in favor of making women eligible as members of the upper house. In Australia women are already eligible to all offices from prime minister down, but when New Zealand fourteen years ago gave women full suffrage it expressly debarred them from parliament. This restriction, it seems, is now to be removed.

Athelston Gaston Meets Tragic Death.

The following account of the tragic death of Athelston Gaston of Meadville, Pa., was received in the news from Quebec, Que., September 25th:

Athelston Gaston, seventy years old, a wealthy retired lumber merchant of Meadville, Pa., was shot and killed on the Triton Club tract, ninety miles north of here, by mistake for a moose by his hunting companion, H. A. Johnstone, fifty years old, also of Meadville.

The two men were boon companions. Gaston was an old member of the Triton Fish and Game Club and was on his fourth visit of the season to the club tract. Johnstone was anxious to kill a moose or caribou and Gaston brought him with him as a guest. Arriving at the club house Sunday, they left at once for Mr. Gaston's private camp on Lac a la Roche. They started out Monday morning, and at eight o'clock saw a moose at which Johnstone fired twice, causing it to fall to the ground. At their approach, however, the animal regained its feet and took flight.

They followed its trail for some time, and then failing to come up with it decided to return for lunch and follow up the trail later. Meanwhile Mr. Gaston remained behind the others, with the canoes, on a small lake. On their return Johnstone saw something dark moving through the bushes and fired, thinking it a moose or caribou.

At the second shot he heard a man's loud cry of pain and knew he had shot his friend. The three French-Canadian guides, who were a little way from Johnstone, rushed forward to Gaston's assistance. They found that he had been shot in the thigh. The bullet had the cut femoral artery. Gaston died from hemorrhage.

Neither Johnstone nor the guides thought they were so near the place where Gaston had been left. He was paddling through the rushes on a small reedy lake and from where the shot was fired in the woods at the moving body seemed to be in the underbrush. The coroner held an inquest today when the body had been brought out of the bushes and a verdict of accidental death was returned. Johnstone is almost beside himself and says he will never handle a gun again.

Gaston's body was shipped home tonight. He was a widower without family, and his estate goes to his nephews and nieces.

Mr. Gaston was born in Castile, N. Y., April 24, 1838, and went to Crawford county, Pa., with his parents when sixteen years old where he had remained ever since, except four years spent on a farm in Iowa. He received his education in the public schools and then followed farming until he was 35 years old. Since that time he had been a successful lumberman, operating in Pennsylvania and other states.

In 1891 he was elected mayor of Meadville, serving two terms, and since that time had held other offices in that city.

In 1898 Mr. Gaston was elected by the Democratic party as member of congress from the Erie and Crawford district, and served his constituents with energy and fidelity. After serving one term he was renominated, but was defeated in the great political wave that swept over the country at McKinley's election.

Mr. Gaston was one of the recognized leaders of Spiritualism and for fifteen years was president of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association at Lily Dale, N. Y., which became under his management the largest and most important of 25 other camp associations of Spiritualists in the United States.

He is survived by two brothers, A. B., of Cochranton, Pa., and Frank D., of Meadville.

Mr. Gaston's intimate connection with Lily Dale for so many years, and aid to the cause of Spiritualism during and before that, gave him a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances among our people and his business, which was highly successful, and political associations made him a well and widely known man. For several years since selling his stock in the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, as it was then termed, now the Lily Dale Assembly, he has not been very actively before the public in Spiritualism.

Mr. Gaston was a man of executive and business ability, an able speaker, when on rare occasions he saw fit to voice his sentiments publicly, a genial and companionable man to meet.

Many complain because roses have thorns, while others are glad that thorns have roses.

THE CHANCE CAME.

Dan's Father Said He Never Would Set the River on Fire.

Several years before the discovery of oil at Pithole an Irishman named McCarthy and his son Dan came to this country from the Emerald Isle. Dan was a young man of twenty, but his father looked upon him as a mere boy and seemed to take delight in ridiculing him before people.

"Yes, Dan is a good b'y," he would say sarcastically, "but, Danny, me b'y, yez'll never set the river on fire."

This was his stock witticism, and it annoyed Dan very much, but he did his best and soon surprised the old gentleman by securing a lucrative job. "Yes, Danny has a job all right," he said. "It's \$1.50 a day, but the b'y'll never set the river on fire—not he."

When oil was found at Pithole, Dan hurried to the scene and was soon earning unusually large wages as a teamster. All the petroleum was drawn in barrels, and teams were in great demand. He saved his money, bought an acre of land and soon had a well drilled that was producing 100 barrels of oil per day at \$10 per barrel. The elder McCarthy joined him, saw the well, received a liberal gift of money and then shook his head ominously. "Tis a good thing, Danny," he croaked, "yez're doin' well; but, mark me worruds, yez'll never set the river on fire, me b'y."

A few days later a flood wrecked one of Dan's small wooden tanks, the oil ran down the river, and there was great excitement. As Dan and his father stood on the bank watching the oil float away Dan drew a match and lighted it.

"Father," he said coolly, "the next time yez say O'll never set the river on fire plaze remember that O'l had a chance wanst, and—didn't do ut, bedad."

Then he blew out the match.

A Canine Secret.

"You can always tell the people who are unhappy from the look of their faces," said the tired woman, "but if you look out into the court of a morning you never can tell which dog it is that has cried all night and kept you awake."—New York Press.

A Social Catastrophe.

"Was no one injured in the railway collision, count?"
"No, but nevertheless it was a most painful situation. First, second, third and fourth class passengers all mingled together! Simply unheard of!"—Fliegende Blätter.

Traveling "For Health."

"My doctor recommends Europe."
"Going?"
"Dunno yet. My lawyer seems to think Canada will do."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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1 Pkg. Kodak Acid Fixing Powder, .	.15	1 Doz. 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 Duplex Mounts, .	.05
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Write reports with typewriter or plainly with pen and ink. Never use a pencil or write on both sides of the paper.

Make items short and to the point. We will adjust them to suit the space we have to use. A weekly notice of your meetings written on a postal card would look well in this column.

Always sign your full name and address to every communication; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith; "correspondent" or "subscriber" gives us no clue to the author. The printed article can be signed that way if you wish it but we must have your name for our own information.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps are enclosed for return postage. If not used they will be retained thirty days and then destroyed. Retain copies of poems as we do not return them if we can not use them.

Suggestions for the improvement of the paper are invited.

George H. Brooks has left Wauwatosa, Wis., and is now located at No. 856 Holton street, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Spiritualist society of Titusville, Pa., meets every Sunday evening. It is informal. The members and any visitor so inclined takes part in the meetings. C. M. Hayes is the secretary.

Cyrus S. Tremain of Vienna, N. Y., passed to higher life September 16, 1907. He was born April 28, 1833. He had always lived in Vienna, and for the last thirty-five years has awaited the summons to join his wife. He lived his religion—Spiritualism—and will be mourned by many. Funeral services were held in his late home, conducted by the Rev. M. E. Clark of Syracuse.

Professor J. Madison Allen has been busily at work in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky since the latter part of June. Points made: Decatur, Illinois; Mulberry, Indianapolis, Anderson, in Indiana; Dayton, Zenia, Yellow Springs, Cincinnati, Camp Brady, Akron, Cleveland, Conneaut, Ashtabula in Ohio, and Newport, Ky. This eloquent and instructive inspirational speaker and seer is one of the early veteran workers in our cause, author of various works, a fine musician and composer, and societies and camps will do well to secure his services at once. Present address, Washington, D. C., care H. D. Barrett, 600 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., or East Bridgewater, Mass. Home address, 651 South Grant St., Springfield, Mo.

Kingsville, O., September 27, 1907.

Editor Sunflower:

The Sunflower has just blossomed for the first time on my table since finding its new home. I trust you are meeting with favor on every side. I feel that the day is not distant when the Sunflower will be read by more than double than are now on your subscription list.

Cordially Yours,

MARY C. WARD.

54 West 129th Street,
New York, September 27, 1907.

Editor Sunflower:

Enclosed please find \$1.00, subscription for your paper. I am glad you have taken up the work of editing and wish you all success in giving to the world an addition to instructive and interesting Spiritual literature.

Yours, sincerely,

HELEN TEMPLE BRIGHAM.

Battle Creek, Mich., Sept. 26, 1907.
Mr. Frank Walker, Hamburg, N. Y.

My Dear Brother:—I am today in receipt of the Sunflower, with your name at the head as editor. Glad to welcome you to this important position. Your experience, your breadth of mind, your psychic research and devotion to the great principles of Spiritualism are prophecies that the Sunflower will be in your hands a grand success. Such is my wish, and such is my prayer. Praying is natural to the flowers as they unfold in springtime, natural to the trees as they look up into the clouds, and to human beings of aspirational natures. Pigs that feast upon acorns never look up appreciatingly to the oak from whence they fall.

Wishing you all success, I remain,
Most sincerely, yours,
J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

416 B Avenue,
Lawton, Okla., September 25, 1907.
Editor Sunflower:

I beg space through the columns of your excellent paper to say a few words regarding the work for Spiritualism in the state of Oklahoma in general, and in Lawton, Oklahoma in particular.

The first annual convention of the Oklahoma State Spiritualist Association was, despite many drawbacks and seeming hindrances to success, a splendid success. Much credit is due, not only to the officers of the State Association for their strenuous effort to make the work for the past year a success, that they might have a good report of the year's work for convention, but also is much credit due to the Spiritualist Church of Oklahoma City, which furnished the convention with a commodious hall in which to meet, entertained not only the delegates but almost all the visitors from other cities to the convention, and at the conclusion of the last meeting gave an ice cream social for the Spiritualists of the State of Oklahoma, who were present.

As is the custom in such assemblies, the morning and afternoon sessions were devoted to business, and the evening session to regular Spiritualist services with the lectures and messages. At every evening service the hall was full, which is saying much, as it is a very large hall and would hold a large number of people. The lecturers were John W. Ring, Rev. Alice Baker and Milton Baker, a young man, now eighteen years old, who has lectured on Spiritualism in the large cities of this country since he was thirteen years old. The message mediums were Mrs. S. E. G. Thorpe, the pastor of the local society in Oklahoma City, Rev. Alice Baker and Max Hoffman.

At the close of the convention, I left Oklahoma City for Lawton, Oklahoma, in which place, in my work, last year as state missionary, I had lectured to large and appreciative audiences. I organized last year the Church of Spiritual Light of Lawton, which society has engaged me to work as their pastor until next camp season, my son, Milton Baker, to assist when not engaged in the Spiritualist work in other places in the state. The Lawton society is the only society in the state, and one of the few societies in the country today that pays a stated living salary to a regular pastor engaged by the year, like other religious societies.

In order to introduce our cause to the general public of Lawton more thoroughly than we saw possible by any other means, it was decided to have an open air meeting at the best known business corner of the city. This plan was consummated the night of September 24th. The speaker was Milton Baker. He lectured for one hour on The History and Development of Modern Spiritualism. A crowd of not less than a hundred gathered around the platform that the committee had ordered built, and the majority of the people present remained from the beginning of the lecture to its conclusion. As near as could be ascertained, every minister in the city was present, including the Catholic priest, all of whom listened eagerly and attentively to the message of Spiritualism, as it fell from the lips of the youthful orator. This is the first meeting of Spiritualists on the street that we have been able to learn of.

Believing, like Andrew Jackson Davis, that "A child is the repository of infinite possibilities," we have a Lyceum, or Spiritualist Sunday School that meets every Sunday afternoon in our hall. We have a lecture service Sunday night, and a spirit message service Thursday night in our hall. To none of our meetings is there any charge, the society bearing all the expenses, and asking the general public only to come and "hear the glad tidings" that love survives the grave and encircles the living and the dead. I am,

Very cordially and fraternally yours,
REV. ALICE BAKER.

Elyria, O.

At the annual meeting of the Progressive Spiritualists society of Elyria, O., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, F. W. Martin.

First Vice-President, J. M. Woolbridge.

Second Vice-President, C. D. VanHousen.

Secretary and Treasurer, Thad Allison.

The above officers, together with F. H. Davis, George Wood and Philip Peters, constitute the board of trustees. The society has shown a healthy growth for the past year, and is in a most prosperous condition at this time. The congregation voted to hold afternoon as well as evening meetings during the coming season. Odd Fellows Hall has again been secured as a place of meeting, and a fine program has been arranged for the coming year, to which the general public is cordially invited. The season will be opened Sunday, October 6th, with Mrs. D. A. Morrell as speaker and message bearer. Mr. Martin is the new trustee of Lily Dale Assembly.

Buffalo Notes.

Sunday, September 22nd, was a bright and beautiful day, and a good audience greeted Mrs. Lillie, both morning and evening, which listened very attentively to the inspiration given through her mediumship. The evening service was opened by Mrs. Lillie, after which Mr. Hoyt, the president, read some extracts of sentiments expressed by Jonathan Edwards in his time and age relative to ideas of future existence. The trend of thought expressed by Mrs. Lillie's inspirers was along the time of progress which had been made in the past 200 years, as compared with ideas of the past ages above referred to, and the many good points brought out by the inspirers of Mrs. Lillie made it not only interesting but instructive to the audience. Some prophetic intimations were referred to as to what the next two centuries would bring out in the lines of liberal thought and Spiritual experiences. The lecture was of more than usual interest and listened to with marked attention. At morning service Mr. Bounell rendered a solo in a very creditable manner, as did Mr. Lillie in the evening. Mr. Lillie leaves Buffalo in a few days for the land of sunshine and flowers, on the Pacific coast. He will make a short stop in Chicago to visit friends. We wish him a pleasant journey.

Harmory Circle Society, 351 Main street, will hold medium's meetings 2nd and 4th Sunday afternoons of each month. These meetings were made quite interesting during the past season. Patrons of Sunflower in Buffalo, tell your friends, come yourself and help make these meetings interesting to all.

Mrs. Marion Carter of Lockport, and other friends, paid the First Spiritual Society a visit at morning service. At evening service Mr. and Mrs. Roe of Lockport were present to hear Mrs. Lillie. Mr. and Mrs. Roe are soon to celebrate their fiftieth anniversary by having a golden wedding. Best of wishes are extended them by their friends.

Your scribe understands that Prof. William Lockwood's address will be 723 Prospect avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. M. E. Lane has removed from 218 Virginia street to 723 Prospect avenue, where she will be pleased to see her friends and patrons.

Mr. Salem Parker, the well-known musical director, was in attendance at the Sunday meeting September 29th and rendered a solo which was much appreciated, as was one by Mr. Bonnell.

Prof. William Lockwood will serve the society during October. Come and hear him explain the facts and philosophy of life and the truth of Spiritualism and continuity of existence in another sphere.

Sunflower patrons in Buffalo, remember the medium's meetings at Harmony Circle Society, 351 Main street, Keystone Hall, the second and fourth Sundays in each month. Charles Halbert, President.

Sunday, September 29th, morning and evening services at Spiritual Temple, Prospect avenue and Jersey street. Mrs. R. S. Lillie of California served the First Society, giving two excellent discourses, following same with an improvised poem. The evening subject was along the lines of Human Progress and the evolutionary principles, also the creative power and the intelligence of thought and ideas expressed in the age of Thomas Paine, and so along the period of time up to the present. Mrs. Lillie's inspirers gave a very able address, which was both interesting and instructive. Mrs. Lillie has served the society during the month of September, both in mid-week meetings and Sundays, in a very acceptable and satisfactory manner. She has many friends in Buffalo. We trust that she will be with us again to give the truths and philosophy of Spiritualism. Mrs. Lillie will attend the N. S. A. convention in Washington before returning to her home in California. Meantime letters will reach her addressed to 762 Auburn avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Philadelphia Note.

The Rev. G. Tabor Thompson, formerly a Baptist clergyman, officiates at the Temple of the First Association of Spiritualists, founded 1852. Lyceum founded 1864. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Lyceum, 2:30 p. m.

Capt. Francis J. Peffer, President.

F. H. Morrell, Secretary.

The annual meeting will be held Monday, October 7th.

Mortal life is like a term in the penitentiary—shortened, eased or extended, according to deportment.

Pittsburg Note.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 18, 1907.

Mr. Frank Walker:

Dear Sir: From the First Church of Spiritualists, Bouquet street, Pittsburg, come wishes for success in your work.

Our church opened September 1st, with Mrs. Katie Ham as worker. The attendance, so far, has been very good.

Our Lyceum, which meets Sunday, at 10, promises success. To hear the little folks sing makes one's heart glad.

Regular services Sundays 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Thursdays at 7:45 p. m.

Ladies' Aid Thursday afternoons at 3.

Visitors from other cities are cordially invited to attend our church, where Truth can be had for the asking.

New York Notes.

The Spiritual and Ethical Society of New York City will resume its meetings Sunday, October 6th, at League Hall, 74 West 126th street. Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham is the regular speaker. The hours of meeting are 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. On the morning of the 13th we are to have a specially fine musical program. Several members of Happi's celebrated orchestra are to be present.

Mrs. Margaret Gaul Reidinger is giving great satisfaction to New York audiences at the meetings of the First Association, which are held every Sunday at 3 p. m., in Elk Hall, Majestic building, 8th avenue and 59th street.

Syracuse.

The Lone Star Spiritualist Society of Syracuse, N. Y., is still holding services Sunday and Wednesday evenings of each week.

The services are well attended. The society is starting a library, and has already a few books on hand. If any one wishes to contribute a book it will be gladly received, if sent to Rev. Adaline Cooper, 1002 Montgomery street, Syracuse, N. Y., as the meetings are held at that place.

Miss Lettie Wood of Gorton has been spending a few days in Syracuse with your correspondent, Mrs. Cooper, of 1002 Montgomery street.

Aiding others in need generates a vibration that attracts aid when needed.

HAMLET'S TOMB.

The Memorial at Elsinore is a Standing Joke.

The English pressmen traveling in Denmark have been taken to Elsinore. They looked in vain for its "wild and stormy steep," as for the battlement where a famous ghost appeared. It is not that these poetic scenes have vanished. They never were extant. On the other hand, says the Pall Mall Gazette, our confreres saw the tomb of Hamlet. This must have consoled them unless they were so injudicious as to ask questions, and for most it had the charm of surprise also. That Hamlet was buried under a cross of stone in the public garden of Marienlyst ranks among things not generally known. But there's no doubt about it for gullible persons who believe the evidence of their own eyes. If the cross is broken and the inscription nearly effaced, those effects of age go to prove its authenticity, if proof can be needed. The record of the year also is lost, but we still trace the day of the month, Oct. 32, which harmonizes with the well known eccentricity of the deceased in a very pleasing manner.

Some worthy souls, Danish as English, indignantly protest against this standing joke, perpetrated or at least sanctioned by the municipal authorities. But the wise know that the vulgar person loves to be deceived, and in charity they conclude—deplorable! No harm comes of the jest and some easy laughter. Hans Andersen, who told so many fables, left an account of this. He went to school at Elsinore in the twenties and thirties of the last century. The precious tomb had not been invented or thought of then. But at this port the famous sound dues were collected, and every vessel had to stop at Elsinore. They were British mostly, and skippers, passengers, even crew, says Hans Andersen, pestered the inhabitants with questions about Hamlet, prince of Denmark. There was and is a small barrow in the garden of a handsome villa just outside the town. Some humorist told the inquiring Britons that this was Hamlet's grave. They streamed thither daily, and the householder, a merchant, dared not be rude to his best clients. But the persecution became unbearable, and at length he conceived the happy thought of setting up a real tomb, with an epitaph, on a bit of waste land in the neighborhood. The diversion answered perfectly. Afterward this waste land was included in the public garden of Marienlyst.

NAVAL MYSTERIES.

War Vessels of the United States That Have Disappeared.

Curious disappearances and accidents to our warships characterized the early history of our navy, and in spite of all the efforts of the navy department to explain the cause of the disasters many of them are as absolute mysteries today as when they happened.

When the government built ten new gunboats to prosecute the war against Tripoli in 1805, they were sent out as soon as they were finished and before they were named. Each one was given a number and dispatched to the seat of the war. No. 7 sailed from New York July 20, 1805, under the command of Lieutenant Ogilvie, and after she cleared Sandy Hook light she was never heard from again. She went down with all on board before she had even been named.

A most extraordinary accident was that which happened to the corvet Monongahela at Santa Cruz in 1867.

While at anchor in the harbor a tremendous tidal wave lifted her upon its crest and carried her clean over the town of Frederichstadt and back again without injuring the town or the boat to any great extent. The receding wave landed her on the beach instead of in the deep water of the harbor, and it cost our government \$100,000 to float her again. Fully as strange was the fate of the sloop-of-war Wateree. She was anchored in the harbor of Arica, Peru, in 1868, when a huge tidal wave swept inland and flooded the whole city. The wave carried the sloop several miles inland and finally landed her in the midst of a tropical forest. It was impossible to release her from such a peculiar position, and the government sold her for a nominal sum. The purchasers turned the vessel into a hotel, and the remains of that once formidable war vessel loom up in the tropical forest today as a monument to the power of tidal waves.

Among the other cases of disaster which are attributed to the violence of the waves or weather there is none more interesting than that of the strange fate of the Saratoga. When she sailed from Philadelphia in October, 1780, under the command of Captain James Young, there was no finer or handsomer war vessel afloat. That she was as formidable as she was attractive was soon demonstrated in a practical way. After cruising around a short time she captured three British vessels in succession, and then, with her prizes, she started to return to Philadelphia, but off the Delaware capes she encountered a British ship of the line. As the Saratoga carried only eighteen guns and the Intrepid was a seventy-four gun ship, Captain Young considered it safer to run away. The enemy did not chase her far, but returned to protect and recapture the British prizes. The Saratoga sailed away in the very teeth of a storm, and she was never heard from again.

In Time of Trouble.

That the folds of Old Glory afford good shelter in any land is the obvious point of this New York Times story:

During one of the frequent revolutions in Haiti a party of Americans made a riding tour of the mountains. One morning a member of the party suddenly drew rein with an ejaculation and pointed to a lone ridge where an old tattered stars and stripes fluttered on a bamboo pole.

"We must pay our respects," some one said.

After some search they found a path that zigzagged up to the wild place. They followed it and at last discovered an aged negro sitting before his wretched hut smoking his pipe, while he kept an eye on the flag.

"What's the flag for?" some one asked.

"Perfection," said the old man quietly. "I heah dey none begin anudder resolution, so I put hit up. Yas, suh, I come heah twenty-two years ago an' hab dat viv meh. I'm Georgy, as cook on a steamer out o' Savannah."

"Lak de place? Yas, suh. Plant yam an' coffee an' cassava. Resolutions doan trouble dis niggah. Ebbery time dey resolve down yander up goes de flag, an' dat's all dere is to hit."

Lungs That Are Starved.

It is a fact that most of us are victims of our own lazy respiration and deprive ourselves of oxygen that is so necessary if we would keep our bodies at their highest point of efficiency. Oxygen is absolutely necessary to the existence of animal life. Man gets oxygen from air breathed into his lungs. Besides introducing oxygen into the blood, the lungs act as excretory organs, removing undesirable elements from the system at each expiration. In ordinary or unconscious breathing only 10 to 13 per cent of the air in the lungs is changed at each breath, leaving 80 to 90 per cent of the lung capacity filled with stale air. Forced or conscious breathing of pure air ventilates the lungs, driving out the 80 to 90 per cent of the stale or stale air. All bedroom windows and doors should be wide open during sleep, thus connecting the lungs directly with pure air of the outside world.—Delineator.

IS THERE A FINALITY IN TRUTH?

(Continued from page 1.)

a spiritual accountant to discover the small defections from truth? or the falsehoods that are lived if not spoken? or the great moral principles that are outraged by war and by all the cruelties of human beings one toward the other?

We are not pressing this home to you for your discomfort. We are only saying that there is an absolute moral standard; a finality that people may work up to if they will.

What the primal truths of the soul may be in that absolute state where there are neither sinning nor the struggle against it, is not in the scope of this discourse.

Undoubtedly the moral propositions are for the human mind, for the benefit of the life that is here and now in the senses. Undoubtedly, as between the soul and God there is no shadow, no speculation, no defection. It is the human mind that is wayward, and does understand; it is the human spirit in the thrall of the dust that is not willing to perceive; it is the outward human selfishness that is not overcome.

When people come and ask, "What is the moral ultimate?" We say: Do unto others as you ought to do. Not as you wish they should do unto you. But do unto them that which is absolutely right, free from injustice, free from aggressiveness, free from selfishness of any kind. Of course the world is not ready. The moral finality is as far from the general human conception as are the problems of Pythagoras.

Is there no finality? you ask, in this great spiritual philosophy that is diffusing itself over the world and spreading its thought among human beings? Can we have no sanctuary, or shrine, or altar that we can go to as to authority? We answer: As the child goes to the parent through love and through conscious weakness, and the parent gives the best as the parent knows; so can you go to the teacher or friend, the ministering spirit and receive added knowledge, such as is theirs.

Then, you say, may we not rely as a finality upon anything that is given? We say: You can rely upon it as far as it applies to your human weakness, your human condition and the ability and intelligence of the spirit to communicate. But the final perception of truth must be with the individual; the final application of it must be with the individual. The way can be shown, but individually you must walk in it. Every human life must solve the problems of right and wrong, of good and evil individually, of that which is permissible and of that which is not permissible in his or her own consciousness.

The soul, which is illumined by the altar fires of the Infinite, is the only final arbiter, and between which and God there is no uncertainty. But there are numberless helps, from the child's laughing voice to the highest truths of nature; from the mother and father's voices and admonition that lead you on, to the teachers, philosophers and friends from all the kingdoms of life, those who through martyrdom and the triumph over human death set the example of the possibility of men. But in the ultimate light of the soul all these questions must be solved wheresoever it takes the human life. At least, above selfishness, above pride, above all that human life presents of its antagonism and striving the only safety is in this conquest of self.

When any one asks you, therefore, if there is a finality in this religion or philosophy that you have, you may say: There is a finality in truth under whatever name it is offered. But our perception of it must depend upon our individual growth from within, our individual capacity to receive that knowledge, our individual alliance and knowledge of that alliance, with the Infinite.

When you are asked if Spiritualism claims to be a finality, and if there will never be any more revelations to the human race? you may say: No, it does not claim anything of the kind. The finality in reference to man's moral, spiritual and religious nature has already been presented hundreds of times, from heights that people could not understand, through voices that have been stifled and drowned by the earthly struggle, by those who have been persecuted and crucified because they have spoken the finality. But this great new presentation is the opening of another window, the presenting of all the light that it is possible for the human race to receive at present. It is an added testimony and a great and glorious unveiling of that primal light of the soul, which stretches on and on until, one after another, all the shadows are removed before the human vision.

Therefore, when you are again asked, Is truth a finality? say, Yes, always

and forever final; it never varies; it never changes. It is like unto the source from whence it comes, but man's perception is fallible, according to the shadow of his human state, according to his selfishness and human desire. Only those who have yielded their experience and outgrown all human desires can say, I know the truth and I can follow it.

WHEN LOST IN THE WOODS.

How to Keep Your Bearings and Find a Way Out.

"What should you do if lost in the woods?" Young foresters taking the civil service examinations for government service used to find this question a favorite. Later most of them have had more than one occasion to put their answers to a practical test. One of the commonest experiences of people who go to the woods is to stay away from the trails and familiar landmarks and lose their bearings, says the Boston Transcript.

Every man who goes into the woods should make up his mind that in case he is lost he will observe a few simple, common sense rules of conduct. In the first place, he should resolutely refuse to be frightened. The immediate effect of the discovery that one is lost is usually complete demoralization. The victim falls into a panic of fear and wants to extricate himself immediately. He runs about in different directions, hollering until what little sense he had left is completely gone. Avoid that. If you should miss your trail or be in doubt as to your whereabouts, the best course is first to sit down where you are and think over matters. It is not a serious affair; be assured of that. There are few regions in the United States where a man is not within a day's walk of some settlement.

If you have so lost the sense of direction that you cannot make up your mind what course to take, it is usually best to follow a stream. In a rough country there is almost always flowing water. Streams always lead to settlements. The way may be long and the "going" tortuous, but stick to your stream, and it will bring you out.

Keep an eye on the sun if it is out and get your directions from it. Study the contours of the hills and mountains, the appearance of the trees and of the stream. Try to find something familiar. Don't look for moss on the trees to determine your direction. It is not a safe guide.

Don't throw away food or clothing in order to travel faster. You will probably need both.

Keep your confidence. When everything else is gone, hold on to that. Getting lost in the woods is, after all, under certain restrictions a rare kind of sport. There is certainly excitement enough about it to stir the most jaded, with plenty of opportunity for the exercise of coolness and common sense.

How to Care For the Feet.

When the feet are swollen and burning, bathe them in warm water and rub the soles with cut lemon. This will freshen and ease them. Hot sea salt baths are restful, and another delightful footbath is made by dissolving two teaspoonfuls of the following in warm water: Alum, one ounce; rock salt, two ounces; borax, two ounces. Besides the usual bath in the morning, when the feet are scrubbed with a small brush, they should receive another bath in the evening, especially if they are inclined to perspire and ache. Before putting on the stockings sprinkle the feet with the following powder: Phenolic acid, ten grams; alcohol, twenty grams; starch, 200 grams; Florentine orris; essence of violet, two grams. Add the violet essence to the acid dissolved in the alcohol, then the starch and orris root. All callous places should be rubbed off with pumice stone, but corns may only be permanently removed by removing the cause—a tight or ill fitting shoe. If the ankles are weak, high shoes should be worn summer and winter. Sandals and moccasins are the only really comfortable footwear.

How to Eat Aright.

Here are Horace Fletcher's rules for eating, which are given to all patients of the Harvard Dental School dispensary, says World's Work.

Eat only in response to an actual appetite, which will be satisfied with plain bread and butter.

Chew all solid food until it is liquid and practically swallows itself.

Sip and taste all liquids that have taste, such as soup and lemonade. Water has no taste and can be swallowed immediately.

Never take food while angry or worried and only when calm. Waiting for the mood in connection with the appetite is a speedy cure for both anger and worry.

Remember and practice these four rules and your teeth and health will be fine.

Her Pitch.

"What a very thin voice that girl has!"

"Thin! Why, it's so thin she ought to sing all her music in a skeleton key."—Baltimore American.

CARE OF LAMPS.

How to Clean and Fill Them Easily and Properly.

Lamps, like grate fires, are still admired for their picturesque qualities despite the modern luminaries of gas and electricity.

To clean a lamp one duster is necessary for the stand and one for the chimney and globe, a lamp mop, an old pair of gloves, soft tissue paper, oil filler, oil and a little bristle brush. Lamps should always be attended by daylight to avoid accidents. The materials should be kept apart on account of the odor of the oil. For this reason it is wise to spread a piece of oilcloth on the table, says the Rochester Herald.

Proceed with the cleaning in this order: First, remove and dust globe, washing it when necessary; second, dust and polish chimney, using a woolen chimney mop or a stick with a pad of chamomile leather at the end; third, remove and dust the frame; fourth, dust and brush any charred bits off the deflector; fifth, rub the top surface of the wick with paper to remove the charred particles and leave it even, turning the wick up just above the level of the burner while attending to it, afterward lowering it to prevent the oil from oozing out; sixth, fill the reservoir to within half an inch from the top, adding a lump of salt the size of a walnut, as this produces a better light; seventh, wipe the oil from the burner with paper until quite free from grease; eighth, if the stand is of brass, polish it with a duster, washing it occasionally with sour milk, lemon juice or vinegar and water; if of bronze, rub it with a little vaseline, then polish it with a duster; if of china, it may be cleaned with soap and water.

If kept carefully dusted, chimneys require only occasional washing. For this purpose put a little ammonia in the water, not soap, and allow the chimneys to drain until dry, as drying with a cloth causes a daubed appearance.

Half an inch air space should always be allowed at the top of the reservoir to allow for expansion of the oil when heated and to prevent the oil from oozing through the mouth of the reservoir. The oil should be poured from an oil filler.

Occasionally the burner should be allowed to boil in a little soda water, then rubbed clean and dried with a soft cloth.

How to Care For Gowns.

Do you know how to hang your gown up properly? It isn't "wear" that kills your best gown when it disappears through the season—when you don't hang it right. It's a sort of passe look that makes you think you were misled in the quality of the goods, and you paid the price for something first rate. Not every woman has a long gown trunk or a gown box in which to put her garments loosely placed and so no creases ensue. The average woman hangs her skirts and waists on a hook in a chest and spoils their appearance in short order. To obviate this get some coat hangers—just ordinary coat hangers, says the Chicago News. Slip the curved bar into the top of your skirt and hang the long wire hook on the hook in the closet. Hang your waist the same way. The bar will hold the back and front straight out. Do this, and you will be surprised by the quite new look of your skirts and waists for a long while. They will wear better, too; so it pays all around to spend a little money for coat hangers and then to use them.

How to Preserve One's Youth.

Some one once asked a woman how it was she kept her youth so wonderfully. Her hair was snowy white, she was eighty years old, and her energy was waning. But she never impressed one with the idea of age, for her heart was still young in sympathy and interest. And this was her answer: "I know how to forget disagreeable things. I tried to master the art of saying pleasant things. I did not expect too much of my friends. I kept my nerves well in hand and did not allow them to bore other people. I tried to find any work that came to my hand congenial. I did my best to relieve the misery I came in contact with and sympathized with the suffering. In fact, I tried to do to others as I would be done by, and you see me, in consequence, reaping the fruits of happiness in a peaceful old age."

How to Fit Shoes For Comfort.

People would find less difficulty with ready made shoes, says an experienced salesman, if they would stand up to fit them on instead of sitting down. Nine persons out of ten, particularly women, want a comfortable chair while they are fitting a shoe, and it is with the greatest difficulty that you can get them to stand for a few minutes, even when the shoe is fitted. Then when they begin walking about they wonder why the shoes are not so comfortable as they were at the first trial. A woman's foot is considerably smaller when she sits in a chair than when she walks about.

The Duties of Life.

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

From the President's Latest Book, "A Square Deal."



EACH of us, unless he is contented to be a cumberer of the earth's surface, must strive to do his life work with his whole heart. Each must remember that, while he will be noxious to every one unless he first do his duty by himself, he must also strive ever to do his duty by his fellow.

A MAN TO BE A GOOD CITIZEN MUST FIRST BE A GOOD BREADWINNER, A GOOD HUSBAND, A GOOD FATHER—I HOPE THE FATHER OF MANY CHILDREN—JUST AS A WOMAN'S FIRST DUTY IS TO BE A GOOD HOUSEWIFE AND MOTHER.

The business duties, the home duties, the duties to one's family, come first. The couple who bring up plenty of healthy children, who leave behind them many sons and daughters fitted in their turn to be good citizens, emphatically deserve well of the state.

But duty to oneself and one's family does not exclude duty to one's neighbor. Each of us, rich or poor, can help his neighbor at times, and to do this he must be brought up in touch with him, into sympathy with him. Probably the good done is almost equally great on both sides, no matter which one may seem to be helping the other. But it must be kept in mind that no good will be accomplished at all by any philanthropic or charitable work unless it is done along certain definite lines. In the first place, if the work is done in a spirit of condescension it would be better never to attempt it. IT IS ALMOST AS IRRITATING TO BE PATRONIZED AS TO BE WRONGED. The only safe way of working is to try to find out some scheme by which it is possible to make a common effort for the common good. Each of us needs at times to have a helping hand stretched out to him or her. Every one of us slips on some occasion; shame to his fellow who then refuses to stretch out the hand that should always be ready to help the man who stumbles. It is our duty to lift him up, but it is also our duty to remember that there is no earthly use in trying to carry him.

IF A MAN WILL SUBMIT TO BEING CARRIED, THAT IS SUFFICIENT TO SHOW THAT HE IS NOT WORTH CARRYING.

In the long run the only kind of help that really avails is the help which teaches a man to help himself. Such help every man who has been blessed in life should try to give to those who are less fortunate, and such help can be accepted with entire self respect.

To give such aid it is necessary not only to possess the right kind of heart, but also the right kind of head. HARDNESS OF HEART IS A DREADFUL QUALITY, BUT IT IS DOUBTFUL WHETHER, IN THE LONG RUN, IT WORKS MORE DAMAGE THAN SOFTNESS OF HEAD. At any rate, both are undesirable. The prerequisite to doing good work in the field of philanthropy—in the field of social effort, undertaken with one's fellows for the common good—is that it shall be undertaken in a spirit of broad sanity no less than of broad and loving charity.

How to Treat Kitchen Walls.

If tiles are out of the question, oil paint is the only available wall covering for a kitchen and should be finished with a coat of enamel, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The kitchen walls will require washing quite as much and almost as frequently as the floor. White tiles make the finest possible covering not only because they show dirt, but because they can be easily cleaned. This requirement must be met with any other substitute, and this, to a considerable extent, is given in a good way by oil paint finished with enamel.

How to Hold Skirts Firmly.

A button in the middle of the back of the skirt waist or corset cover will hold the dress skirt in proper position. If two buttonholes are made, one in each side of the skirt band and both fastened on this button, this little device is much more satisfactory than hooks and eyes.

Cocoa.

Happily there is one beverage, says Table Talk, that children love dearly that may be given them without question—cocoa. It is so rich in nourishment if made as it should be, with milk, that it ranks as a food rather than a drink and is particularly useful in nourishing a child who dislikes milk by itself.

How to Peel Oranges Easily.

If you will pour scalding water over oranges and let them stand five minutes you will save time in peeling them. The thick white inner skin, usually so hard to get off, will adhere to the peel and come off with it, leaving the fruit beautifully clean and ready to slice.

How to Check a Coughing Spell.

A drink of ice water often will check a coughing spell when it is of a bronchial nature. A cold drink on arising in the morning has been known to cure some of the most stubborn cases.



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