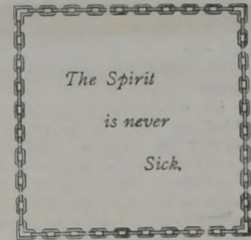




The TEMPLE OF HEALTH



A Monthly Journal Devoted to Life, Health, Hygiene and Home.

VOL. III.

SAN DIEGO, CAL. OCTOBER, 1895.

NO. 2

How to Stop Thinking. Sleep.

It is a very important matter, sometimes, to know how to do nothing; and also how to think nothing. Many a poor invalid has died—worried himself to death—because he did not understand this one thing. And many another has gone stark mad, ended his days in the lunatic asylum, from not being able to let himself down, mentally and physically, until it was too late. There is such a thing as doing this, however, if one only knew the way to go about it; and provided, also, that one begins in time.

How is it done? The easiest thing in the world! A simple act of the will. First, **COMMAND YOURSELF**; second enforce obedience. Suppose you are intensely nervous; cannot sit still or lie still; sleep will not come to your eyelids; and you are everlastingly thinking, thinking! What are you to do? Begin by closing your eyes; or if you have a horror of that, fix your eyes on a given object; then keep the attention (the mind as well as the eyes) riveted upon it, till you are quieted. If you can take the hand of another (provided that other be strong and well, and not in any way repulsive to you) all the better. You may at the same time place your feet in the sunshine. But be sure that you keep your attention steadily fastened on some external object; and that the mind itself is also centered there. The aim of course, is to withdraw the latter from self; self, in any shape or form, must not come into the "field of vision," nor even into the field of consciousness, if it can be avoided—particularly self-consciousness. If you must think about anything or anybody (though that is forbidden), let it be entirely outside of yourself.

Why is it that earnest devotion, prayer, quietness one? Because the mind is directed to another and higher Being. All our conceptions of the Divine Mind, lift us above and beyond ourselves, and draw us nearer to that which is lovely and pure. There is nothing to cause uneasiness, unrest. There is everything to ele-

vate and ennoble. So with music, when it is of the kind that soothes, and at the same time exalts. It makes us serene and happy. Looking at a beautiful picture, has a similar effect; it answers to something within us that satisfies. A lovely, spiritual face inspires us with a sort of divine rapture, and draws us away from earthly or grovelling things, or thoughts.

To control ourselves perfectly, we must look to our own mental acts; our thoughts and emotions we must be careful as to the kind of company they keep; remembering, that there is a law of the mind as well as of matter. Evil communications corrupt good manners; and improper or unwise thoughts, take away our peace of mind. We must study to keep the mental environment correct, and morbid thoughts will not come; just as morbid feelings depart, when we are physically regenerated. Obey the Law, in mind as well as in matter, and blessings will surely follow; or in other words, "to be good is to be happy." There is nothing truer, than that we make, to a large extent, our own happiness or our own misery in this life.—Exchange.

James G. Clark, the Poet Singer.

It was only last week that this regal-souled reformer and silvery-haired singer of his own inspired songs, was a guest—all too briefly—at my health home here in San Diego. He is growing old as slowly as gracefully, and Heaven grant that he may live a full century before he passes up on to, "The evergreen mountains of life."

As I always felt cleaner and calmer by sitting upon the anti-slavery or temperance platform with the sainted Lucretia Mott; so I always feel better, happier and more spiritual after clasping the hand and listening to the sweet-souled music of that friend of humanity, James G. Clark.

While sitting in my medical office I said, friend Clark, furnish me something for my TEMPLE OF HEALTH, of which you have as voluntarily as kindly spoken in praise. *** ** Here is

part of a personal letter addressed to me by Prof. J. G. Clark. *** ** All through my life I have regarded the North Star as a rare and sublime theme for a poem, yet never until some five years ago, while standing alone under the clear, diamond-like glitter of a starry night, on the Sierra Mountain heights have I been able to formulate my impressions in verse. And then they melted and fused into form so easily and naturally that I have often wondered since why I could not have written the poem years before." The following was the result:

The North Star.

When twilight's purple veil is furled
Beyond the western verge of clay,
And slowly o'er the darkened world
The stars come forth in tripart array—
When Venus hides her burning face
Upon Old Ocean's peaceful breast,
Or—weary of his march through space—
Mars camps behind the mountain crest.

The sailor on the moonless sea,
The pilgrim of the trackless plain,
The bondman panting to be free,
Turns northward and takes heart again;
For there, above unmeasured heights,
An emblem of eternal truth,
Unchanged amidst the changing lights,
The North Star lifts her crown of youth.

Self-centered in the boundless blue,
Calm dweller of the vast unknown,
Forever tender, strong and true,
Serenely from her distant throne,
She gazes down the voiceless deep,
While worlds are drifting at her feet,
And mighty constellations sweep
Around her like an endless fleet.

The Northern Lights across her fling
The glory of their dancing spears,
The Morning Stars beneath her sing
The chorus of creation's years—
And while the systems sink and rise,
And planets to each other nod
The light streams from her tranquil eyes
As steadfast as the love of God.
—James G. Clark.

It matters little what Carlyle wrote about the "gospel of dirt;" these bodies ours, constituted of physical elements and atoms—"dirt" and dust—are precious as tenements for our immortal spirits and vehicles for manifestations. Yes—the body is precious. Study to keep it clean and healthy.

Foods Easy of Digestion.

	H. M.
Rice, boiled	1.00
Apples, sweet, raw	1.30
Milk	2.00
Cabbage, raw	2.00
Oysters, raw	2.30
Potatoes, baked	2.30
Chicken, boiled	2.45
Eggs, soft boiled	3.00
Custard, baked	3.00
Beef, broiled	3.00

MORE DIFFICULT.

Potatoes, fried	3.30
Oysters, fried	3.30
Eggs, hard boiled	3.30
Pork, broiled	3.30
Beef, fried	4.00
Cheese, old	4.00
Cabbage, boiled	4.30
Duck, wild, roasted	4.30
Pork, fried	4.30
Pork, roasted	5.15

When lecturing to a very large audience last week in Escondido, we asked all who ate pork—the flesh of dead hogs—to raise their hands, but not a hand went up. It is rumored, however, that intelligent people in Escondido—and elsewhere in America actually eat this sort of Bible forbidden food—a food requiring 4-30 and 5-15 to digest—not a particle of this scrofula-causing food has entered my mouth for forty years—and never will.

EVERYTHING that increases true knowledge, everything that multiplies the power for good, everything that promotes true usefulness, brings nearer the ideal of a divine manhood. A healthy body, a contented mind, a sympathizing heart, a disciplined will, a cultured conscience, and a regally enthroned reason—these are the aims alike of science, philosophy and the higher spiritualism.

"The Mistletoe—and its philosophy, by P. Davidson, is a most interesting and suggestive work of some 55 or 60 pages. This brochure abounds in historic sketches, glimpses of ancient religions and how and in what light they regarded the evergreen mistletoe. Send for this little booklet to Peter Davidson, Loundsville, Ga.

Think Yourself Cured and Well.

The spirit, which is a potentialized portion of the Infinite Spirit, incarnate in man, is never sick. We repeat it, the spirit is never sick. If climate affects the body for good or ill, the states of the mind affects it still more. Fright has turned the hair white in a single night. Fright also makes the muscles weak. "Bashfulness, which is only another name for timidity, causes awkwardness, and awkwardness is but a name for lack of control over the muscles. A decided state of mind makes the movement of every muscle firm. The blow of decision goes straight to the mark. An undecided state of mind strikes a feeble and uncertain blow. An undecided or hurried state of mind in writing forms letters of uncertain shape. A man can "fret himself into a fever." If, then, his thoughts can work him into a fever, why should not a different set of thoughts work him out of one? People afraid of epidemics are the most likely to take them. That is, a frightened set of ideas and mind pictures places the body in a state most liable to take the epidemic. A courageous set of thoughts puts the body in a state to resist it. Many people nurse their complaints instead of themselves, and in so doing think they are nursing themselves. They all put all their force of thoughts in sympathy with the cold, the fever, the headache, the pain. You think more of the headache than you do of the head which wants to be rid of the ache. You think more of the fever which heats your body than you do of the body which wants to be rid of such heat. Your friends may do the same thing. They come to your bedside. They are "so sorry." They bemoan your complaint. They look at you sadly. They go into the next room and shake heads with your anxious mother. Perhaps you hear them whispering lamentations and forebodings. If you don't hear the whispers you feel them.

"All this is unconscious idiocy. It helps the complaint to keep its hold on you. It's so much thought of fearing the ill added to your own. It's so much strength added to the enemy's force. Because every thought is a force, a thing which goes out to help for good or ill. Fear always invites and aids the thing feared. Fear a cur, run from him and he will run after you. Turn against him and he stops. Fear a man in your mind and he is your master. Fear a temptation in your mind; say frequently in thought, "I'm so afraid it will overcome me," and you are playing in the hands of the tempter. In sickness your friends only assist you to fear your complaint, when they think only of the complaint and the pain it gives you. What they should give you is strong, vigorous cheering thought. They shouldn't think of your sickness at all. They should in imagination put you on your feet alive, well, active and hearty. Instead of that, ten to one they put you in their coffin in their imagination. They are blind as bats to the fact that the thought or picture in their minds of yourself as desperately sick is a force as real to make you sick as the force with which they move a chair or table. They are equally blind to the fact that the thought in

their minds which sees you well is another real force going to make you well. You can apply this force to yourself. See yourself in mind always as well and strong. It will help to make you so. See yourself in mind always as weak, ailing and miserable and you will be so. "As a man thinketh, so is he." Ditto a woman. There is more, far more, in this than the words which tell. There is a force for good or ill in all thought which the world has not yet learned.

We know unfortunates who seem in their own opinions to have been born sick. They think it nice to be delicate and sick. Delicacy calls out sympathy—sympathy from whom? Shallow pates! Young man, don't marry a delicate whine—nor an affectionate grunt—nor a beggar for sympathy. Thinking of one's self and one's woes is the open door to suicide.

Bear in mind and believe that your mind is an active power—a force—and that every thought coming from it is a force affecting your body. This is a fact which needs repetition. You can't lift a heavy weight without putting all your thought in the muscles; or, in other words, in the act of lifting. If you lift and a portion of your thought goes in another direction, say to a person to whom you are talking, you have not so much strength to lift with. If something shocks or startles you, your thought is then suddenly diverted from the muscle and you may let go in the moment of surprise. So thought is the underlying source of what we call physical strength. A mere body can't lift a feather when all thought is out of it—that is, when it is dead. If you want the dyspepsia, you can get it physically and metaphysically by thinking of dyspepsia a good deal.

But you say, "my stomach is weak; you have no business to tell me it is not when I know it is!" Yes, I have. I am a physician of both body and soul. It is my business to tell you that if you will "get a notion in your head" that your stomach is strong, you will find it growing stronger. You have as good a right and as good a chance to entertain strong notions as weak ones. Your thinking your stomach is weak every hour in the day puts more and more weakness in it, because every thought you think is an actual reality and representative in element of what you think, though you cannot see it. It goes by the law of attraction to whatever is thought of. So in thinking weakness of your stomach you are sending weakness to it. Think strength in connection with your stomach and you will send strength to it. It's on the same principle that people who think poorly of themselves, who think they do not and cannot "amount to much," are thought poorly of by all about them, because they are sending from themselves a poorhouse order of thought and everybody feels it. You will quite unconsciously put on a superior air with a person who comes to you with a timid, self-deprecative manner, which says he thinks himself of little importance, because you feel his thought of self-inferiority. Poorhouse thought makes people dress poorly, live poorly and look poor.

Doctors know very well, said Prentice Mulford, how many people "get a notion

in their heads" that some organ is seriously affected when nothing serious is the matter with them. Here the mind makes the body sick. It is little wonder. The patent medicine advertisements alone furnish those who read them with every sort of disease thus put before them in thought. There is everything to fill people's minds with thoughts of disease and weakness, and next to nothing for telling them that while thought of sickness can give sickness to the body, the thought of health and strength can drive sickness out of it. The weak or inviolated are told on going out to be careful and not take cold. "If you do, it will be the death of you," says the anxious friend or mother. This lets the invalid out with a scare—the right condition of mind and body for taking cold. The scare of disease is on every side. In fact it is for a great many people's interests that a great many other people should be sick. Doctors must live by trying to cure them. The longer the complaint, the longer the M. D.'s bill. Druggists do not flourish where it is very healthy. Undertakers would starve were there none to bury. Tombstone men must have dead folks to live by. The immense patent medicine business finds its salvation in making as many people think they are sick as possible. Take death out of the world and you would deprive thousands of their living."

Keeley's cure for drunkenness has succeeded in many cases. In others it has utterly failed. In some it has broken down the nervous system and caused insanity. We use Hughes' system improved, and have cured those where Keeley had failed. But there is still another cure—a cure advocated not by physicians particularly, but by that body of people called vegetarians. Listen:

"Inebriety is primarily a magnetic state, produced by certain angularities of forces, so polarized as to give a combination of high vibrations with an absorbing tendency, and also a lower vibration with the same tendency, coupled with a yielding influence, which brings one afflicted with this weakness first into trouble. This, we say, is the primary state of condition of the one who becomes an inebriate. The use of flesh food, which requires a good deal of salting and seasoning to preserve and render palatable, and which in itself is stimulating and disintegrating, is the first and about the only custom or practice which so intensifies the primal magnetic combination or state, that drunkenness and complete degradation results. Vegetarian diet, therefore, is the redeemer of the drunkard. A vegetarian diet will cure any case of drunkenness of the Earth, if the patient desires to get rid of the yearning for drink."

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following from a prominent manufacturer who resides near Boston, Mass., is but one of many similar ones which reach us each day. To those interested we will give his name and address on application.

July 29, 1895.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

Dear Sir—Your diagnosis of my condition came to hand in due time, and I think you have described my case just

right. But I will tell you one or two things more showing how very bad I am. As soon as I stir around a little in the morning the pain in my stomach begins and I have to lay down flat upon my face with pillows under my stomach, or I sit on the edge of the low bed with a pillow across the stomach, and lean forward pressing the pillow hard against me. Sometimes I can get easier in this way, and sometimes in the other; but I suffer terribly. I can't often lay in bed all night. Doctors and medicines so far have done me no good, and yet they all say they can cure me. If you help me I will pay you a fair price.

Truly yours,

* * * * *
Sept. 8, 1895.

MY DEAR DR. PEEBLES.

Dear Sir—I write you again to tell you that I am almost well. I can tell you I feel to rejoice, I never expected to get so well, I sleep very nicely nights and it seems good. The medicine is all gone. I suppose you have sent more; shall look for it soon.

Yours truly,

* * * * *

Similar letters, sometimes half a dozen of them received in a day, tell their own glad stories.

EDITOR TEMPLE OF HEALTH:

In your last issue is the statement that "the prisoners taken by the English (the fair inference being all the prisoners of war) were rammed into canons, and fired therefrom as shot and shell." Doubtless the fact out of which this story was constructed was that in some cases murderers of English women and children were tied to and blown from the mouth of canon. It is not probable that the writer of this falsehood ever speaks of the the ferocity of American flesh eaters who have lynched Indian murderers of families in this country, besides which are the many lynchings for far less crimes, much exceeding the record of our English cousins in this pastime. As to the mode of execution, I would submit to the president of any humane society, which is preferable, the above instantaneous method, or the common American one of slow strangulation.

San Diego, Cal.

J. LEWIS.

An Indian Chief's Prophecy.

This prophetic warning, so it is said, was given in early times by an Indian medicine man and prophet to his tribe.

"Know ye not that the white men live from grain whilst we live from flesh; that it takes this flesh more than thirty moons to grow in, and that it is scarce; that every one of those marvellous little grains that they scatter upon the land returns to them a hundred fold; that the meat whereof we live has four feet for flight, whereas we possess only two; that the winter which is for us a time of labor, is for them a time of rest?"

"Therefore is their life longer than ours. I say unto you, every one that will heed me, that before the cedars of our village shall have died, and the maple trees of the valley shall have ceased to yield us sugar, the race of the grain-sowers will have rooted out the race of the flesh-eaters, unless the hunters shall resolve to sow."

There was quite as much philosophy as prophecy in this red man's warning.

God Is Within.

Believe not your God is high above the stars!
For "my kingdom is within you," Christ declares;
Where but in His kingdom would the king reside?
This for themselves His true subjects can decide.

Through every living atom God is expressed,
Through everything uplifted God is addressed,
Every flower that opens its petals gives God thanks,
As well as every stream that flows within its banks.
The stars in the heavens, the sands on shore,
As also the snowflakes that fall by your door—
The treetops that tremble in the evening breeze,
All tell of His goodness with infinite ease.

Why should man praise some far off being, instead
Of accepting the one by whose hand he is led?
Why can he not discover the God within,
Then strive to express Him, and happiness win?

—MRS. C. K. SMITH.

San Diego, Cal

"The Miracle of Dust."

Dust is an important factor in almost every phenomenon of the earth's atmosphere. In the first place, it is due to the dust that the heavens are blue. When we lift our eyes to the vaulted arch above us, we see sunlight reflected by every particle of dust; there is nothing but the dust between us and the sun to transmit its light to us. Light traverses all gases, no matter what their chemical composition, in straight lines, and is invisible. The dust intercepts and reflects it on all sides, and makes the whole atmosphere luminous in the same manner as it makes the track of the sun's rays visible in a darkened room. Without dust there would be no blue firmament; the heaven would be blacker than we see it on moonless nights.

Now let us consider the mechanism of light and the extreme shortness of the ether waves which constitute its essence. These waves, although microscopically small, vary considerably in length. The fine atmospheric dust includes many particles large enough to reflect the short blue ether waves, fewer particles capable of reflecting green and yellow, and still fewer large enough to influence the long red ether waves. The red light, consequently, passes through the majority of the dust particles, comparatively unhindered; the blue rays, on the contrary, are intercepted and diffused, and so become visible. This is the reason that the finest dust—and so, too, the firmament—appears blue.

It is especially on mountain heights that the sky is so intensely blue, because the rarefied atmosphere supports only the finest dust particles. At great heights the sky would be almost black if there were no dust particles in sus-

pension. We see it grow pale as we look at the lower strata of the air toward the horizon. But why is the sky in Italy and the Tropics so much deeper blue than with us? Is the dust finer there? As a fact, it really is. Not that finer dust rises there; but in our climate the dust particles are sooner saturated with water vapor, which makes them coarser. In warmer regions, however, the vapor retains its watery character and does not condense on the floating dust. It is not until the aerial currents have borne it to higher and colder regions that it is condensed to clouds. This brings us to the most important role played by dust in our atmosphere—its influence in determining rainfall, due to the fact that vapor fluidifies upon the dust particles. Without dust, then, we would have no fog, no clouds, no rain, no snow, no brilliant-hued sunsets, no cerulean sky. The surface of the earth itself, the trees, the houses, along with man and beast, would be the only object on which the vapor could condense, and these would begin to drip whenever the air was cooled sufficiently. In winter everything would be covered with a crust of ice. Our clothes would become saturated with water condensing upon them. Umbrellas would be of no avail. In short, the world we live in would be quite another world if there were no dust.—Literary Digest.

Shun City Life.

As all cities have their back-door sinks of pollution, and their attractions that lead to bewilder—to charm—to ruin, every youth should read and ponder the following:

"Why do so many country people abandon the fields and flocks and rush to the cities to engage in the mad race to fortune or the calaboose? Is it the innate gambling instinct that urges men to try a hazard of a hundred to one against success? Just as the gambler's hell, with its rich furnishing, electric lights and glittering gold, lures the fool to his hurt, so does the city, with its painted vices, its questionable amusements, its men whose garments smell of brimstone, and women "whose skirts take hold on hell," irresistibly draw the unthinking from the peaceful pursuits of the farm to engage in the strife of speculation or the vain search for sinecures. This is the theory that furnishes the discontent, the vice, the crime and the debauchery that distinguishes city life, and furnishes the demagogue and agitator with handy tools to do their dirty work. This invasion of the cities by people from the country is as foolish as the attempt to capture the Holy Sepulchre with an army of children. There are people who are fitted by nature for the sleepless activity and overreaching methods that lay fortunes at their feet, but such are men of perverted instincts, monsters of greed and acquisitiveness, whose god is the dollar. They live lives of anxiety and strife and disappear. And then what? A bag of gold is a hard pillow for a dying head. Corner lots and piles of brick and mortar are not used for sepulture, and the carcass of the millionaire is no better food for worms than that of the pauper. Is not a peaceful life, surrounded by Na-

ture in her glory, lighted by her smiles, and nourished by her bounty, better toward the end than all this treadmill work for fame and wealth that seldom comes and never satisfies?"

Doctors Off Guard.

When doctors disagree, there is fun indeed. This is especially the case if an outsider can slip into one of their meetings unknown to them and hear their unrestrained outpourings. A reporter of the Kansas City Star thus slid into a meeting of the Academy of Medicine at that city. They thought he was a stranger physician and did not in the least curb themselves, but let out a number of secrets which wild horses could not otherwise have torn from them.

A large part of the exercises of the evening consisted in whacking druggists over the head for usurping the duties of the physician. Yet one of the learned gentlemen cried out boldly: "We all believe homeopathy to be a fraud; nevertheless it has taught us to be more careful of our patients' stomachs. And who is responsible for the army of opium fiends? Who made the morphine eater? You—you did it, gentlemen, with your damnable prescriptions of the drug, whereby the innocent and unsuspecting have become your wretched victims."

Another doctor declared that nowadays graduates of medicine did not know the drugs they prescribed when they saw them, while yet another said emphatically that hardly one doctor in ten knew how to write a prescription properly. A druggist present got in his work by declaring that often doctors did not know the nature of their own prescriptions, and that druggists had to step in and save them from killing their patients by explaining to them the kinds of drugs they were mixing together.—S. F. G.

Progressive and Prosperous New Zealand.

On one of my tours around the world I spent some two months in New Zealand, and the most of this time in Dunedin. We were charmed when there with the country and delighted with the people. They were intelligent and energetic, as well as politically progressive. The San Diego Daily Vidette says.

"In three years the people of New Zealand enacted the following reforms; government ownership of railways, telegraphs, telephones and insurance; graduated income tax; exemption of homes from taxation; discouragement of alien ownership of land by levying an absentee tax; restoration of the land held for speculative purposes to the people by a heavy graduated land tax. Besides the hours of labor have been reduced to a minimum, and a maximum rate of wages has been fixed for government employees, a splendid system of factory inspection has been introduced, the contract system has been practically abolished, and many municipal reforms have also been introduced.

New Zealand, according to Consular reports and reliable Australian newspapers, is today the most prosperous, contented and happy little country under the heavens. There are few paupers and no monopolies; there is a gratifying decrease in drunkenness, prostitution and crime, and the ruinous usurious money practices of a few years ago have been discontinued."

'Tis Beautiful.

To see a strong man helping the weak
And making their cause his own,
Then reaping a harvest of grateful love
In the fields where his strength was sown—
'Tis a beautiful thing to see!

To say a word of encouraging cheer
To a fainting fellow soul
That lacks but a hearty "Friend, god-speed!"

To bring it home to its goal—
'Tis a beautiful thing to say!

To put one's breast as a bulwark strong
In front of some friendless wight
To shield his heart from an ugly wrong
And conquer for him his right—
'Tis a beautiful thing to do!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Literary Cyclists.

It is only a few years since most of us looked down on the bicycle—figuratively speaking only, for in those days the wheel was Cyclopean in size. Now that we look down upon it literally our mental attitude has changed. The literary man who doesn't ride a wheel today is conspicuous by his scarcity. Tolstoi is said to be an ardent cyclist; Zola, too, has taken to the wheel.

The latest cartoon from Paris pictures the Pope throned upon the hall in which the Immortals hold their meetings, and Minerva seated upon the academy's dictionary, holding her nose to keep out the evil odor of the romancer's works which lies scattered along the road, while Zola himself, spinning away from Leo and Minerva, exclaims: "Since the academy refuses a fanteuil I am just as well off on my bicycle." And so, in sooth, he is. On one of his rides he will probably meet Mr. Godlin of the Evening Post, who is cycling with his wife in France. Should he cross the channel he would perhaps encounter President Low of Columbia, who, with Mrs. Low, is cycling in England.—The Critic.

Drugs and Kidney Disease.

Probably the majority of people are not aware of the fact that the poisonous medicines taken into the stomach must be eliminated through the excretory organs, and chiefly through the kidneys. Many drastic drugs which are not at all unpalatable, and which can be swallowed easily in considerable doses and without disturbing the stomach, are extremely irritating to the kidneys, and much mischief is done to these important organs when they are required to eliminate, day after day, the doses of poisons swallowed with the supposition that they will somehow cure a chronic cough, a disordered digestion, or a torpid liver. The continued use of arsenic for a skin disease, iodide of potash or mercury for some constitutional malady, or of simple chlorate of potash for a throat or bronchial affection, may be the means of setting up an incurable kidney disease. The last named drug is perhaps particularly dangerous, because commonly regarded as harmless. It is extremely irritating to the kidneys, as well as depressing to the heart, and many persons have doubtless been greatly injured by its frequent and long continued use.

THE TEMPLE OF HEALTH.

LIFE, HEALTH AND HOME

The only Journal in the world devoted exclusively to hygiene, psychic healing, the demonstrations of the spirit, therapeutic medicines, the finer forces, and the laws to be observed to live a century.

"For ye are the temple of the living God,"—II Cor. vi. 15.

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?"—I Cor. vi. 19.

"Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health."—Third epistle of John, second verse.

"I beseech you to get well and keep well."—Emerson to a friend.

"Sickness, unless from inherited talent or tendency, is sinful. Each should live a hundred years and grow old gracefully."—Dr. Peebles.

[Entered at the post-office at San Diego as second-class matter.]

J. M. PEEBLES, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

PRICE 25 CENTS PER YEAR.

OCTOBER, 1895.

MANY jack-daw doctors strut in peacock feathers stolen from thoroughly read and highly educated physicians.

WHO wrote these beautiful lines? So gentle, so tender, they must have been written by a woman.

"If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto its nest again,
I shall not live in vain."

ALL great-souled, independent-minded reformers are misunderstood, misrepresented, slandered, stoned till they succeed, and die—then marble shafts and pyramidal piles are built over their tombs—and later, they are often worshiped as Gods. Courage—courage, oh reformer. "Men saw the thorns on Jesus brow, but angels saw the roses."

It is becoming almost axiomatic among the cultivated that the more diamonds the less sense. Flashing diamond ear-rings worn by women only advertise how successful their husbands have been in business. Savage tribes would half cover themselves with glittering gems and jewels if they could procure them. And in this enlightened age—this nineteenth Century, mothers are sometimes seen boring holes in their little girl's ears. Ask them what for—and the reply is—"Why to put rings and jewels in." Jewels! Better, infinitely better put the jewels of industry, neatness, goodness, purity, love and truth into their hearts and souls. These jewels will glitter eternally on the ever-green shores of life.

THERE are old stone-age theologians who believe that that Divine power which guides astronomy's 300,000,000 millions of suns incarnated himself in a human form and allowed the devil to take him up into a high mountain to be tempted—and to further "dicker" with him.

"'Twas love that brought me to thy door,
Not any need in which I stood;
But that I love the great and good,
And love thy pleasant converse more.
For former gifts and favors shown
My thanks were always duly paid;
Not thanks wherein the flatterers trade,
But such as honest men may own."

If he is a "benefactor of the race who causes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before," how much greater the benefactor, the faithful soul who secures two new subscribers to the Temple of Health; thus extending the circulation. What is "grass" compared to health?

TELEGRAPHIC dispatches from the States inform us that the humidity and heat in Chicago and other cities have been "terrible," and more deadly than in any previous September within the memory of the oldest inhabitants. In one day in Chicago there were seven deaths from sunstroke, while others fell by prostrations. Why do intelligent people, especially invalids, stay in such a climate—a climate where many freeze in winter and die of sunstroke in the summer? Redbreasts, wild geese and birds generally, know better.

COL. Ingersol is a brilliant rhetorician; but neither a logician nor a deep student of history. He greatly excels in dashing assertions. In this matter he is a veritable prince. Hear him. "God is a guess"—"Heaven is a dream"—"John of Patmos was a lunatic"—"Spiritualists see spooks but I've never seen any." People pay their dollar to hear him, and to laugh. The weak-minded are given to giggling.

Though the Colonel ridicules the "Spooks" of Spiritualists, yet Spiritualists employ him to speak at their camp meetings—employ him because he "draws"—"draws!" what a motive! for professedly intelligent people—"draw!" Would not a two-headed calf—or a live mermaid; or a materialized seven-headed hump-backed Hindoo god "draw" still better? Think about it brethren.

NEVER was there more Spiritual philosophy couched in two lines than these:

Naught can ye hold in your cold dead hand
But what ye have given away.

ONWARD—no matter how many obstacles, nor what their nature—onward and upward! Let today be a grave for tomorrow's resurrection—and tomorrow's resurrection the Nidus for a new birth. You "must be born again" is as imperative now as in the Nazarenes time—born into the higher spiritual life. Born again, born anew day by day.

ARE you an invalid? Have you catarrhal difficulties? Have you nervous debility? Then begin to make arrangements at once to spend the winter in Southern California—the land of the lime, the lemon, the orange, the pine apple, the banana and other semitropical fruits. The land of no ice, no snow, no terrific thunderstorms and no cyclones. The paradise land of health!

BOOKS!—bury me, cremate me with the old editions of revised books. Not only in prosperity, but when the raven wings of adversity threaten they are inseparable comforters. It is chiefly through books that we enjoy social intercourse with superior minds. They neither flatter nor dissemble, but look us straight in the face. Good books are precious treasures, and those that make them—men of letters—are usually tolerant, generous and broad minded in spirit. Nature is God's book—God's bible. It will abide forever, and requires no revision.

THE Seth Abbott Concert at Unity Hall last week with the unveiling of the Emma Abbott painting to be placed in the Chamber of Commerce was a grand success. Seth Abbot, 84 years of age, and father of Emma, America's great opera singer, sang and acted the "Star Spangled Banner," creating a most stirring enthusiasm. Among the other exercises was singing by a quartette of ladies, music by the City Guard Band, the Rev. Mrs. Deyo and ourself delivered addresses relative to the life—the noble and successful musical life of Emma Abbott. Her body was cremated, but her soul-songs are adding new harmonies to the angel choirs of Heaven.

MAN is a triune being, spirit soul body, and there are three systems of treatment; the mental, including thought, will, faith; the magnetic, including electro-therapeutics; and the medicinal, using mild vitalized medicines—and the educated skillful physician, considering the constitution, the temperament and the environments, will use the means that his best judgment dictates. It is the bigot that runs in one rut, and the ungainly wheel-barrow that has but one wheel.

DOES your mouth taste bad in the morning? Is your tongue coated? Look at it and see. If so—what the cause? The pathologist, the physician knows full well. What the color or shade of the coating? What does it indicate? How is the tongue to be cleaned? This is the question. Not by taking cathartic, compound cathartic pills. "But how?"

By using the right kind of diet, and abstaining entirely from breakfast—by bathing in a proper way, getting up an increased action of the secretory organs and by sufficient muscular exercise, to induce a free perspiration. The Mandarins and better class of Chinese scrape their tongues in the morning with a bit of whalebone as regularly as they wash their faces. The fur upon the furred tongues is dead matter, and if swallowed injurious.

In the Sept. New York Journal of Hygiene there is quite a lengthy article seeking to prove that Walt Whitman, nature's great poet, was neither mad—nor "insane!" Has it come to this that those who possess gifts, and attributes above the ordinary herd of humanity must be adjudged insane? And yet, in a measure this was always so. Jesus and Paul in their time were pronounced insane. John's Patmos visions are cited by scoffers as proofs of his lunacy. Conservative drags often insinuate that their superiors are a "little off"—or have "wheels in their heads." And yet, these men, Gautama, Jesus, Paul, Dante, Shakespeare, Carlyle, Walt Whitman, make epochs and live on earth forever—live in books and in human hearts immortal, William Blake and Balzac, were called insane. So was Columbus at one time. But idiots and stupid conservatives escape all such suspicions.

The first report of the College of Science from Prof. Swarts just at hand. It is most encouraging.

THE valuable article from Mrs. Grace I. Parkhurst, relating to the Lilly Dale Campmeeting, the 200 cottages, the magnificent hotels, the electric lights, the beautiful grounds, reached us just after our monthly had gone to press. Subsequently we learned of the fraudulent mediums on the grounds.

Speaking of these Cassadaga frauds, reminds us of Peter West, alias Dr. Waite, alias Prof. Garfield; but always a cheat, a rascal and a thief. This West, with more abdomen than brains, is now masquerading in the Northwestern States as "the clairvoyant of clairvoyants," and the "greatest slate-writing diagnostician in the world." And, Spiritualists—shame to them—frequently patronize these traveling vagabonds that advertise to give slate-writing tests and slate-writing diagnoses. Reprove such Spiritualists for their gullibility, and the reply often is—"oh, well—he may be a medium." So is a rattlesnake a medium—a slimy medium for the infusion of poison into the system.

And in this line of thought we are inspired to say that certain Spiritualist societies are granting certificates and ordaining persons as Spiritualist preachers that positively are not educationally fit to teach ten year old children. They are—some of them—pretentious ignoramuses, and their spirit controls are no better. Their blunders upon the platform are pitiable; their logic abominable; their jerky jargon unbearable, and their haggling murdering of the English language is absolutely unpardonable. And yet, they've been ordained to preach of the scientific demonstrations and angel ministrations of Spiritualism—ordained—ordained! Language fails me. But says some one—"they are controlled by spirits." Quite possible, and yet a fool out of the body is worthy of no more consideration than a fool in the body. One of the strongest proofs of Spiritualism is that it has survived the follies of Spiritists. Truth never dies.

Coated Tongues and Cathartics

Dr. T. D. Cook, a successful physician, writes us thus of a family suffering from typhoid fever:

"The condition in which I found them was: Temperature 101, pulse 115 to 120, skin dry, bowels constipated, tenderness over pit of stomach only, with some tympanitis at times; tongues coated heavily

with a white or brownish pasty coat, which had been shot at from the very first with mercurials, but without the least beneficial results; complained of an uneasy sensation about the stomach, though no vomiting at any time, rested well at nights, appetite fair with all, most of the time.

Left sulphite of soda to be given to all sick and complaining in moderate doses three times a day, and in three days tongues were cleaning and fever gone in all but the little girl, bowels moving nicely once and twice per day, skin moist, stomach troubles gone, in fact everything going nicely.

It is true that in some simple cases of gastro-intestinal atony with dirty tongue hot water and perspiration may give relief, and the tongue will clean. In all probability the patient would have recovered in the same time with diet and rest. But if the disease is grave, or is to continue for some days, the less cathartic medicine the better.

How then do we clean the tongue? If the tongue is heavily coated at base, with sense of weight and fullness in the epigastrium, an emetic is an efficient agent to clean it. If the tongue is broad, pallid and dirty, sulphite of soda is a most efficient agent. If it is red, glutinous and nasty, sulphurous acid will do the cleaning. If it has a uniformly yellow cast, the cleaning will be done with minute doses of podophyllin, chelidonium, chionanthus or nux.

There is a class of cases in which the alkaline diuretics, as acetate of potash, are most efficient agents. Then again there are cases in which the bitter tonics and restoratives are the remedies that look toward a clean tongue.

In acute diseases, such as fever and inflammation, the right sedative, remedies that lessen the temperature, that give normal innervation, and that promote excretion, are the remedies which clean the tongue.

EACH should say—"I am a divine personality. I am a son of God. I am a spark from the Infinite Fire of the Universe. I am no man's slave. My soul is my own. If unbalanced, or out of Spiritual harmony and sin sick, I've an inalienable right to employ any preacher or spiritual adviser that I please. And so, my body is my own, and if out of repair or any way diseased I've an inalienable

right to employ a physician of any school, or anybody else that I choose to treat and repair it. There must be no domineering monopoly, no dictatorship in the matter. I have just the same right to employ my doctor that I have to employ my laundry man, my blacksmith or my preacher. I am an American citizen!" So you are, and stand by it—stand up for your rights—demand them—and you'll get them.

Does some one ask—"Should there be no law, regulating this business?" Certainly there should—the law of justice, the law of equality, the law of common sense, that is to say, the Allopathic physician should put out his sign, the Homeopathic his, the Eclectic his, the Hydropathist his, the Electrotherapeutic his, the mental Healer his, the magnetic Healer his, and leave the people perfectly free to employ whom they please. This is democracy. The people are the jurors—and they have an inalienable right to life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and to the employment of their physicians.

PURE AIR AND HEARTY FOODS.

Those attacked with and suffering from acute diseases should be allowed little or no food. Tanner fasted forty days. A thousand die of gluttony to every one of starvation. Feed the fevers of the young with water only. But not so with consumption or any of the wasting diseases. These require pure dry air, and hearty nourishing, yet easily digested foods. The breathing of pure air remarks Oswald:

"The breathing of pure, cold air may come to be a luxury, like the drinking of pure, cold spring water. 'I might as well try to sleep in a sack,' said my little boy in the stifling atmosphere of a Pullman sleeper, 'let's tell the crazy nigger we can't live without air, and go back to a car where we can open a window.'

Lung-curing fat and grease need, indeed, not be derived from slaughtered animals, and a Hindoo consumptive would probably as soon lie down and die as to try the plan of an emaciated young lady whom I once saw drink two pints of ox-blood at a Cincinnati slaughter house. She assured me that the ghastly specific had snatched her from the brink of the grave, but good cream, rich milk, fresh butter or olive oil would have served her purpose as well, if not better."

Drinking the blood of slaughter animals is a barbarous, beastly business. There is already enough of the animal in the human.

THE first and only fault finding that we've had from any source since publishing the TEMPLE OF HEALTH comes from a man too cowardly to sign his real name to his effusion; too cowardly to give his P. O. address, town, county or State. We consider him socially and sexually a spent force, a moral abortion, the post-poned possibility of a man.

WORK AND EXERCISE.

Many crabbed and pessimistic individuals have been heard to deride the healthful exercise afforded by out of door sports and to advise that the participants in such games devote the same amount of time and energy to "honest labor," as they term it. Such remarks betray a woeful and inexcusable ignorance of the action of the human mind upon the body. Doubtless the baseball player expends sufficient energy during a game to saw a cord of wood. Perhaps, too, the strength utilized in riding a bicycle ten miles would be sufficient to accomplish the harvesting of considerable grain. But what of it? There is absolutely no element of similarity between the two occupations. At the end of a ten mile run a cyclist may be slightly fatigued, and, perhaps, a bit over-heated, but his mind has been wholly engrossed with the pleasure and exhilaration of the sport and he is almost unaware of the fact. He merely realizes that he has enjoyed a bit of exercise that has sent a new blood tingling through his veins. On the other hand, had he been sent into the field, he would have accepted the task as a matter to be performed in the ordinary course of life and would have undertaken it, therefore, with something like stolidity. At the close—to which he would have looked forward with an ever increasing longing—he would have been left with a mind depressed and only a listless desire to rest. How different are the two sensations! How different the effect upon the human system! Yet there are persons so cynical, or so ignorant, that the expenditure of energy in diversion has, to them, no value over dull, plodding work.

CORRESPONDENTS are continually writing us from the States concerning the qualities and efficacy of Isham's "Fountain of Youth" or "Waters of Life," that bubbles up near the foothills of Mount San Miguel. Of this water we can only repeat what we have written before. It is the clearest and purest water we ever drank, and that it has remarkable medicinal qualities all physicians who have investigated the matter readily admit. This water should be utilized by a magnificent sanitarium upon the summit of San Miguel, 3000 feet above the level of the Pacific waters.

The College of Science.

Prof. A. J. Swarts thus tersely gives the gist of the aims, purposes and benefit of the College of Science, Los Angeles, Cal.

That which is SCIENCE needs no adjective such as material, medical, christian, mental, divine, etc., for more than all that these limitations mean is included in the one name which we adopt as the Interpreter, Logos, word, or Divine Authority. There being no broader name we regard it the Highest, the Name over all.

The object is to represent Thought, Progress and Reform. The institutions of Society that rule in the Christian Civilization were originated by the ancient and undeveloped brain. Now that Science, and Cerebral Laws have revealed the wants of the upper brain and the spiritual nature of man, the Reconstruction of Society is demanded in its general departments of Religion, Commerce, Government, Health, Social Life, Education, etc. The College of Science is eclectic in its religious and therapeutic principles, choosing the best methods in use, beside originating new and scientific means for the promotion of the above named ends. For the establishment of a higher standard of authority, a new Civilization, the cure of every disease by new methods has always been demanded, hence a chief object of our work is to encourage and defend before the bar of public opinion, or of Courts, the rights that we have obtained from a great and progressive State. Our Charter and its privileges are regular, having come by the only method, in California, for the granting of Charters.

The association of such medical authorities, eminent scientists and practitioners as you see in our Faculty, Text-books, etc., was exceedingly fortunate. Graduates of the three medical schools, still preferring reform methods. * * *

We ask special attention to the unity of oneness of Spiritual Truth and our healing methods, also to the features of University Extension and Chautauqua. You will see that our Professors visit other places to teach, and that we have students study at their own homes and graduate them in any State or Nation with a legal Diploma conferring S. D., i. e. Doctor of Science. As we hope to have Professors in the chief cities of our land, and some abroad, our distant students can visit one nearest to them for examination, else they can answer our list of questions through the mails, or possibly do both. For medicine or surgery, students must be personally instructed and conform to the medical law. They can begin medical studies at home, also may be instructed at home in other important graduations for scientific healing or specialties; including the Eye, the Ear, Diseases of Women, Nervous Affections; Magnetic, Mental, or Psychic treatment; or by the use of Hemospasia, Hydropathy, Sun Cure, Physical Culture, etc. Official Surgery is interesting many; one of the active physicians of Los Angeles, associated with the College, is an author and teacher of this new feature of surgery.

The College and the public we know that there are thousands of educated, progressive men and women who also

have been students under able teachers in Medicine, Cerebral studies, Psychic and Natural Laws; also well advanced for years in some of the new methods of healing, but they cannot give a certificate in case of death, which is provided for in the Charter of the College of Science. Our Diploma, covering the authority vested in the Charter, bears the signatures of our President, Secretary and Dean, also our Professors of Therapeutics and the Corporate Seal. As a College with departments, both scientific and medical, its Diploma wields an influence that commands the respect and patronage of community and affords our graduates exceptional rights and privileges, by bestowing upon them a high and valuable endorsement.

The Bicycle and Physical Health.

Without good health life must needs be a failure—and without exercise out in the open air their cannot be good health. This proposition is not debatable. It is next to axiomatic.

What is the best out-of-door exercise that brings into action the most muscles, bones, sinews, tendons, nerves, giving a glow to the whole organization and at the same time arousing and elevating the mind by the passing scenery. Horseback riding does not do this as fully as does cycling along the streets, through the valleys, over the mountains and across continents.

Dr. Thompson says: "One of the most important functions of the liver is the separation of effete nitrogenized matter from the blood. And the imperfect discharge of the function is always indicated sooner or later by the accumulation of urates and oxalates in the blood and by an excess of uric and oxalic acids."

I have noticed, says Health Culture, that people with this bilious diathesis are especially benefited by bicycle exercise. It increases the solvent force of the blood. Circulation is stimulated. More fresh air enters the lungs and oxygenizes the blood. It not only stirs up a torpid liver and opens the pores, but drives away the "blues", that curse of the Anglo-Saxon.

"One bicycle ride will do more for a person than a dozen listless walks. Each is provided at birth with a certain amount of physical force. That force can be increased—and should be both increased and wisely utilized. Our stay on earth and our power will be determined largely by the degree and kind of physical life that we train and treasure. The best aids are to be used, one of them is bicycling."

The physician treating acute diseases finds the bicycle an absolute necessity. A clerk as a rule, cannot afford a team or a yacht, yet with a bicycle which costs far less than either, is much more convenient, and requires comparatively no expense to keep in order, he can derive more pleasure and benefit than if he were the possessor of both. "I feel like a new man and my work has not seemed half so hard since I have owned a wheel," is the happy exclamation made by more than one hard-worked teacher or professor after he has become accustomed to take an outing in this manner. Thus experience proves beyond question that

no true value can be placed on the benefits which the wheel is bringing and will yet bring to the busy careworn humanity, for well has it been said

"No love, nor honor, health, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise;
With health all taste of pleasure flies."

Cycling benefits the mind. No such out-door tempting, mind exalting, buoyant, completely diverting sport has ever been invented to induce men of sedentary habits, so prone to neglect exercise, to commune with Nature and rest over-taxed nerves. The brain must be freed from stagnant blood to admit of enjoying either work or rest, and this self-reliant, eye-training, nerve poising, judgment developing sport does this work, tuning the brain responsive to the will. No puny, despondent being but needs the exhilaration of cycling to "drive dull care away." Melancholy would be materially decreased and old age driven back for years by a more general use of the wheel.

Change of locality effects broader mind, and this wheeling does without great loss of time, or, what is worse, the nervous sense of its loss. Always waiting, quickly stabled, the steel steed is a time saver, and thus saves worry, leaving the mind free for both diversion and culture."

With all these advantages of the wheel it is to be regretted that some riders do no not maintain a better position in riding. It is not good form to see the head and neck stretched forward something like the ungainly giraffe. Sit erect. The other day we saw the Rev. Mr. Hartley spinning along the streets on his wheel and sitting up straight as an arrow. It was a goodly sight. Good preaching and good cycling tend to the health of both body and soul. Bicycle riding is certainly conducive to health.

Workers in the Vineyard,

Is the title of a forthcoming book designed to present in beautiful and substantial form a summarized history of the progress of the grandest movement of the nineteenth century—Modern Spiritualism—and perpetuate the memory of its prominent teachers and advocates. It will contain Portraits and Biographical Sketches of many Speakers, Mediums and workers of the Pacific Coast and elsewhere. It will be issued Dec. 1st, 1895, and will contain three hundred pages, of two columns each, of reading matter besides about one hundred full pages of illustrations, spirit pictures, etc. The book will be printed on fine, heavy paper and elegantly bound. Price \$2.50. Those wishing to be represented in this work should notify us at once. As the book will be sold by subscription any one desiring copies should order them early. Address

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"MOTHER REMEMBERS."

When we wuz young, we wuz cunning, I s'pose,
Least that's what mother declares, an she knows
You'd laugh at the treasures shu's hoarded
away—
Little scuffed shoes that wuz wore out in play,
Little white ringlets from somebody's hair
When we wuz little an helpless an fair—
An mother remembers.

Naow we air growed up an headstron an sad,
Then we wuz little an lovin an glad.
The tricks that we played, an the prizes we won,
The smart things we said, and the cute things we done
Air things we furgit in the worry of life,
But when she kin tell 'em ter husban er wife,
W'y, mother remembers.

Up on the hill where the soft breezes pass
Little maounds rise through the long, waving
grass—
The babies that sleep there air dust long ago
Where the sweet scented s'rubs an the rose-
bushes grow,
An no one hez thought on or mourned 'em for
years,
But she saw 'em last through her heart breakin
tears—
An mother remembers,
—Florence E. Pratt.

Moses and Hygiene.

It is generally conceded that the longest-lived people in this country are the Shakers, next the Quakers, and then the Jews. Moses was a noted Hygienist. The following suggestive article upon the hygienic diet of the Hebrews in connection with longevity is from the Boston Banner of Light: "There is no question that Moses understood the laws of hygiene. Never more than at the present time has the subject of diet been thought about, and a great deal of needed light has been shed on the matter. The remarkable is that fact the laws given by Moseson alimention as it was to be enforced among the Hebrews are precisely in practical accord with the latest and best views of modern science. Moses treats the subject of public hygiene in detail, and shows himself perfectly familiar with it. He prescribes what the people are to eat, particularly in regard to flesh diet. He was aware of the danger of man taking into his own body the diseases of the animal eaten by him, even before their development. But there are no such dangers in a vegetable diet. He carefully prescribes the clean and the unclean animals, as if he knew the very life of the people was involved in the matter. It was very necessary in a hot climate to restrict the kind of animals whose flesh was to serve as food. According to Herodotus, who is called the Father of History, many ancient people have legislated in the same direction. In Egypt, the animals whose flesh was allowed for food varied in each province.

In the eleventh chapter of Leviticus Moses and Aaron are bidden to tell the children of Israel what beasts they may eat of all that are on the earth. They are "whatsoever parteth the hoof, and is cloven-footed and cheweth the cud." The ox is regarded by Moses as the ideal animal for food; he is an animal of kind and gentle disposition, feeding on clean and wholesome grass, drinking none but pure water, and not subject to repulsive diseases. The Egyptians regarded the ox as an animal of so ideal a type that they deified it, and dedicated it to Isis, she being represented with the head of the ox. The other animals whose flesh was allowed by Moses to be eaten, were those most closely resembling it. The latest work on zoology will be found to classify animals after the same rule. It is remarkable that so long ago Moses noted the real zoological resemblance

animals, and that in defining them he distinguished the two fundamental characteristics to which their other peculiarities are subordinated, namely, the cloven-footed and the ruminant. Cuvier nor Agassiz have not done it more scientifically.

The animals classed as unclean are of an entirely different type, and there are good reasons for abstaining from eating their flesh. The camel leads a hard life, is less particular than the ox what he eats, and his flesh is not palatable. The Hindoos consider it unclean, though the Arabs will eat it when they can get nothing better. The swine has the cloven foot, but is not a ruminant; it is omnivorous eating even meat in a high state of putrefaction; it is likewise filthy by nature and liable to many loathsome skin diseases. It is a depository for countless infusoria, like trichina, that appear to be dormant in its flesh, but when taken into the body with the swine's flesh multiply and develop without limit. Its skin is thick, rendering transpiration difficult, and at times having the appearance of leprosy. The Jews believed the swine could communicate that loathsome and dreaded disease. The Egyptians, according to Herodotus, considered the swine an unclean animal. In regard to aquatic animals, Moses prescribed those only having fins and scales as to be eaten. They are organized to live in running, living water. Agassiz made a natural classification of fishes according to the same primordial characteristics. It had never been made before since Moses laid it down in Leviticus.

What We Are Coming To.

(Public School, first grade, A. D., 1905.)
Teacher (to applicant for admission)—
"Johnnie, have you got a certificate of vaccination for smallpox?"
"Yes, sir."
"Have you been inoculated for croup?"
"Yes, sir."
"Been treated with diphtheria serum?"
"Yes, sir."
"Had your arm scratched with cholera bacilli?"
"Yes, sir."
"Have you a written guarantee that you are proof against whooping-cough, measles, mumps, scarlet fever and old age?"
"Yes, sir."
"Have you your own private drinking-cup?"
"Yes, sir."
"Do you promise not to exchange sponges with the boy next to you and never use any but your own pencil?"
"Yes, sir."

What is Marriage?

We find in Voice several definitions of marriage which the journal received in response to its prize offer. The following, by S. E. Taylor, took the prize:
"Marriage is the placing, of God's seal on the golden clasp which binds two volumes of life in one."
Some of the other definitions are:
Marriage: a case of love defying mathematics, two halves becoming two wholes, double burdens lighter than single, happiness divided growing ten times greater.
Marriage unites two lives to make or

mar, by either doubling their joys and halving their troubles, or shelving their joys and doubling their troubles.

Marriage is the ideal union between two healthy souls, and bears the ideal fruit of our loveliest dreams—home. Two volumes bound in one, complete, With thrilling story, old, but sweet; No title needs the cover fair— Two golden hearts are blended there!

Marriage is a siren who lures us to her enchanted bower, to crown us with the rose of life or prick us with its thorn.

Teacher:—What are the principal tenets of marry?

Boy:—Future, present and past.

Teacher:—Repeat them please.

Boy:—Profusion, confusion and delusion.

The glowing mirage of maidens, the stern reality of matrons.

The universal lottery of life. At once the desire and the dread of all.

Bliss in anticipation, blister in realization.

Marriage reminds one of flies on a window pane. Those on the outside wish to get in, and those on the inside wish to get out.

Marriage is two lives joined by a double bow-knot- Pull either bow, it preserves the tie, but pull the single ends and all is undone.

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Prevention of Consumption.

The State Board of Health of Michigan has recently issued instructions to consumptives and their friends which we deem so important that we urge each of our readers, says GOOD HEALTH, to commit the instructions to memory, and to communicate them to every person of their acquaintance who may be suffering from consumption, or who may have friends suffering from the disease. There is no way in which more lives can be saved than in the communication of such information as this. One seventh of all the persons who die in Michigan, die of the one disease, consumption, a malady which is preventable, and might be suppressed if only the right measures could be universally adopted. The following are the instructions above referred to:—

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"Consumption is a dangerous communicable disease, the most dangerous one in Michigan. One consumptive may spread the disease to very many healthy persons. The chief danger exists in the expectoration of the consumptive person; and if this expectoration is carefully destroyed before it is dried, little danger need be feared.

"Consumptives should be instructed not to spit upon sidewalks, the floors of rooms, public halls, street and railway cars, and other vehicles, nor where fowls or dairy cows may take in the sputum or the dust of it with their food. They should spit into pieces of cloth, or receptacles made for the purpose, containing a saturated solution of carbolic acid (one part of carbolic acid crystals to about fifteen parts of water). Such pieces of cloth should be destroyed by fire before the sputa becomes dry, and other receptacles should be cleansed with scalding water, their contents having been destroyed or otherwise carefully disposed of. Handkerchiefs which may have been used from necessity should be boiled half an hour before washing.

"It is best that all persons who have a cough should carry small pieces of cloth (each just large enough to properly receive one sputum), and paraffined paper envelopes or wrappers in which the cloth, as soon as once used, may be put and securely enclosed, and, with the envelope, burned at the first opportunity.

"Remember that sputa must never be allowed to become dry."

It is universally conceded that there's no portion of the United States so well adapted to the restoration of health to consumptives as Southern California—land of sunshine—land of the orange, the lemon, and the pine-apple—land without ice, or snow, or frosts—and of a bracing, life-giving breeze from the calm Pacific waters. We are already receiving letters from the northern States relative to accommodations in our Health Home. If you have catarrh, throat or lung difficulty, rheumatism, dyspepsia, or nervous debility of any kind, hasten to the Health Homes and Sanitariums of Southern California.

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