

THE FUTURE HOME JOURNAL

Vol. 1.

September, 1908

No. 5

SPECIAL FEATURE NUMBER



IN THIS NUMBER
PREDICTION OF OUR NEXT PRESIDENT
WEIRD SECRETS OF THE GREAT PYRAMID
THE MYSTERIOUS "BLACK STONE" OF MECCA
"A STRANGE STORY," THE GHOST OF WOODSMERE
THE ADVANCE IN CRIMINAL PUNISHMENT
NEW EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENT, POEMS AND
OTHER ILLUMINATIVE THINGS.

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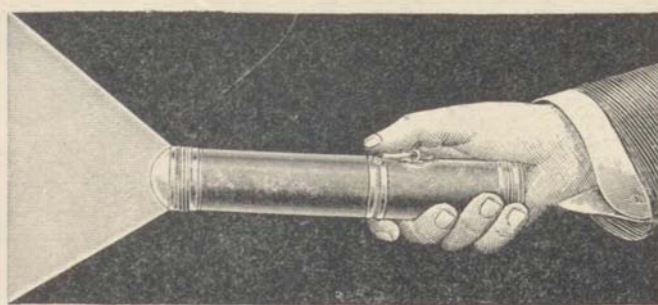
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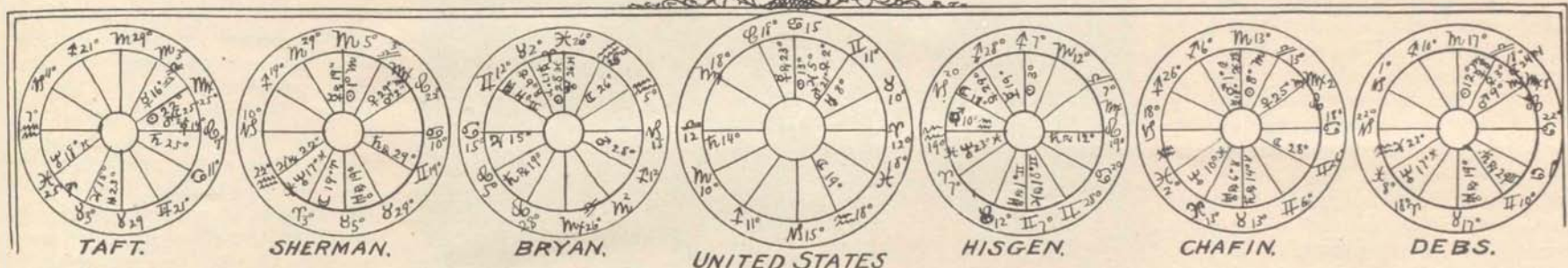
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Volume No. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1908

Number 5.

WHO WILL BE ELECTED PRESIDENT?



"Who is going to be elected President of the United States next November?"

I have been asked this question nearly a thousand times during the past two months. Many readers of this Journal who gave serious thought to the horoscope of Taft in the August issue have written to the editor requesting that I give the horoscopes of the Presidential candidates comparing their chances for election. The demand has overwhelmed me and I submit. However, it would be impossible to give a detailed horoscope of all the candidates before the day of election, so I have hit upon this plan of brief comparison.

Nothing happens by chance. I have preached this for years; and in the case of becoming President of the United States, each candidate has as good a chance as any other; but chance won't elect him.

I was tempted to head this article with the headline: "What Fools These Mortals Be." For surely any man is a fool to allow himself to be nominated for the highest office of the nation when the planetary aspects are all against him. Has Bryan not suffered this way? Has Hearst not found it foolish? Why, then, do men of intelligence give into vain compliments and try to fight against the greatest odds. Do they hope to defeat nature and her laws as expressed by the planets? Then surely they are fools. Then, also, why does a good man, one who has a fair opportunity to be elected, allow his party to nominate him at a meeting which is held on a day and at an hour when the planets signify failure and disaster to their plans? To be condemned this way at the very start is indeed too sad and serious to have so slight attention.

But while astrologers know and see these things, they can do nothing. We can predict and before the prediction is fulfilled we are laughed at. After the prediction is fulfilled we are told that we were simply guessing. If I were to write an article now and say that not one of the above candidates would be elected or that something would happen to place a new man in the field at the last minute, I would bring upon my head all the jeers of those who claim to know more than I do. But if my prediction was fulfilled, then, instead of giving astrology (not me) due credit, the credit would be given to my wonderful ability to guess and take chances.

But! Someone is going to be President. The question is—who?

I have made the horoscopes of five Presidential candidates. They are the nominees of the five most powerful parties. To say that these men have been selected without law, only by chance, by their various parties, is a mistake. Four of the men (including Sherman for Vice-President) were born in November, the month of election. And four are born within 10 days of the day of election. Three of these men have their planet Sun in the sign of Scorpio which makes their ruling planet Mars, which is the ruling planet of the government, according to many authorities. This makes all these men, Chafin of the Prohibition Party, John Temple Graves of the Independents Party, Eugene V. Debs of the Socialists, and Thomas Hisgen of the Independents party, therefore, in favor with the planetary aspects in one respect. But of all the possible candidates there are but two whose birth dates are before the day of election which brings election day in their "Sun-

day Period," the best period for any opportunity like this. These two men are, strangely enough, likely to be elected. Now this would seem impossible—but in astrology nothing impossible is ever indicated—and when I say that the science of astrology indicates that these two men will be elected at the same time, I mean what I say, for one man is William H. Taft and the other is James S. Sherman. The former was born September 15, 1857, and the latter was born October 24, 1855. Both birth-days occur within a month of each other and just preceding the day of election.

Now, according to astrology, if Taft is to be elected, then his opposing candidate must be one whose birth date and planetary position is opposite to Taft's. Therefore, in searching for one who is likely to be defeated, we must search for some candidate whose date of birth occurred at the opposite point of the calendar. Taft being born in September, the opposite point of the calendar would be March. Lo! There is only one candidate who is born in March and that man is William Jennings Bryan. Taft was born on the 15th and Bryan on the 19th. That is surely very accurate in opposition. Then we also see that Taft has his Sun in the sign of Virgo and the opposite sign of the Zodiac is Pisces and Bryan has his Sun in Pisces.

Now let us look a little further. If we compare each of the above candidates' horoscopes with the horoscope of the United States, we will learn how these agree in favor. We find that:

Debs has two bad aspects.

Chafin has two bad aspects.

Hisgen has one bad and one good aspect.

Bryan has three bad aspects.

Sherman has two good aspects, and

Taft has four good aspects.

Therefore, as far as the horoscopes of these candidates are in favor with the government's horoscope, we find that Taft has the greatest favor, then Sherman, then Hisgen, then Chafin and Debs and lastly Bryan.

Now let us look at what the planets will be doing on the day of election. The planets on that day will be either opposing the favor of election or aiding it with their influences upon each candidate. By examining a chart of the heavens for the day of election, Tuesday, November 3d, 1908, we see the following:

Taft will receive four powerful good aspects.

Debs will receive four good and one bad aspect.

Chafin will receive three good and two bad aspects.

Hisgen will receive three bad aspects.

Bryan will receive two bad and one indifferent aspect.

Note: The indifferent aspect alluded to in Bryan's case, is not bad nor good; but it often leads to disappointments.

Now from a summary of the two above notations, we find that Taft has the best and most favorable aspects and therefore, according to astrology, he will be elected President of the United States. We also find that Hisgen will also be a close opponent as will Chafin the Prohibitionist. I do not know what to make of Bryan's position, but it is not for me to say. According to the above summaries Bryan will be a bad loser, although it is clearly the best opportunity of his lifetime.

HARVE.

Will Ingersoll's Spirit Return?

The mystery of death causes many changes and chief among them is the change it produces in our beliefs. Many of us are prone to doubt the existence of a future life, but when death enters the family and takes from us a dear one, we are often brought face to face with the problem which has engaged the serious attention of the world's greatest scientists. That even agnostics may feel this subtle change of belief is evidenced by the report now current regarding the widow of the late Robert G. Ingersoll.

Robert G. Ingersoll was the greatest agnostic of modern times. Not that he held views different from thousands of others, but because he was a very learned man, a deep and subtle thinker and a close reasoner. His agnosticism was a blessing in many ways, for it did more to make men and women think on religious subjects than much of the orthodox preaching in the pulpit. Not for once did he deny the fundamental benefits to be derived from religion nor from attendance at church. But he did doubt the existence of a heaven and hell and had doubts about a future life, though hoping for one.

Agnosticism does not admit of a positive belief and as a true agnostic, Ingersoll never stated that there was no future life, for who could, with reason and logic, make such a statement? Nor did Ingersoll ever state that he doubted the existence of a God. He simply claimed that there was no proof one way or the other.

His writings on the subject are found in many books, all worth serious reading, even by the most orthodox, for his work was never seriously condemned by great thinkers. To doubt is not a sin, but a right and duty. He who would believe any fact without proof and without reason is not worthy of the name *believer* and we find many

who claim to believe the existence of a God, a heaven and a hell, as well as a future life, who have never given the subject serious thought or logical reasoning, but base their belief upon sacerdotal statements. Those who can give no reason or proof for their belief sooner or later may doubt and when doubt follows a belief, disbelief is sure to result.

Not so with Robert Ingersoll. He merely claimed that "he did not

to the modern spiritualistic phenomena, believing that proof could not be found in this manner. Their attitude on this subject often caused many spiritualistic mediums to comment unkindly regarding the Ingersoll reasoning; but this was because they did not thoroughly understand Ingersoll's writings.

Perhaps the most purely typical of his thoughts were embodied in the public oration he made at the funeral of his brother in 1898. At that time, under stress of great grief, while all the world was listening or waiting to hear

and yet the thought expressed is a true one, for, seriously, *who* knows the *truth*?

Ingersoll passed away in the year following (1899) and immediately many who claimed to be *mediums* gave to the press statements which purported to come from the spirit of Ingersoll. In all these statements Ingersoll was quoted as saying that there was a future life and that he had changed his ideas since entering the "spirit world."

But those who knew Ingersoll in his life doubt the truth of these statements, for they give no evidence of his style of speech or thought.

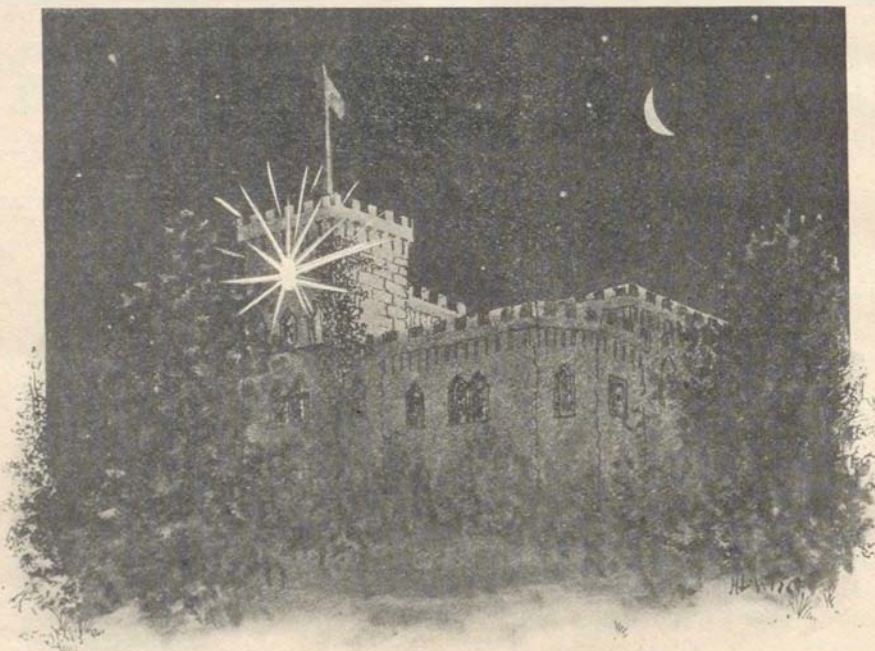
Now it is reported that Mrs. Ingersoll, living at the Ingersoll home at Dobb's Ferry, is expecting or awaiting the spirit return of her late husband. Therefore, if this be true, we see that time and circumstances have made a change in the beliefs of Mrs. Ingersoll. The mystery of death has made its impression even upon her, and it is surprising to hear her say:

"My husband said before his death 'if a world of spirits exists, and it is possible for a spirit to establish communication between that world and this on which we live, I will try and establish communication with you.'"
"And," continues Mrs. Ingersoll, "I am endeavoring to aid in the establishment of that communication."

Accordingly at night there may be seen in the upper window of the tower of the Ingersoll home a brilliant light which burns steadily till early dawn, casting its white rays over the mantle of darkness that covers the country. Mrs. Ingersoll makes no statement as to why this light is kept burning, but those who claim to know state that it is to welcome her husband's spirit.

Truly the mystery of death can make many changes and the religious world looks with surprise at the change that seemingly has taken place in this home.

—MAXWELL FULLER.



THE INGERSOLL HOME AT DOBB'S FERRY.

With the all-night light in an upper window which neighbors claim is to welcome the return of Ingersoll's spirit.

know." He was always ready to be convinced and was open to conviction and few of us who doubt can say that. His writings all evidence deep thinking and serious attention to possibilities; he was not blinded to the value of the orthodox beliefs if they were true and he would have been the happiest of men, could he have found proof of a future life.

His wife was as greatly interested in the subject as himself. They never gave serious attention

what he might say on such an occasion, he said:

"What awaits us after death? Whether it be annihilation or immortality, we can speak with no certainty."

The oration was quite long and beautiful in thought and expression, even though agnostic in substance. It ranks as a masterpiece of Ingersoll literature. Many claim that this is the nearest that Ingersoll ever came to admitting the possibility of a future life

"TO KNOW, TO ESTEEM, TO LOVE=
AND THEN TO DEPART,
MAKES UP LIFE'S TALE
TO MANY A FEELING HEART."

HERE'S THE SECRET OF LONG LIVING.

If you want to know the secret of old age, you will have to consult the members of the "Century Club." This new organization has a monopoly of the secret and of those who know how to live a long life.

The "Century Club" was organized recently in New York City. The members are inmates of the Home of the Daughters of Jacob. One year ago the inmates had an outing but this year it was learned that no outing was on the programme. It was then that the *grown-up* inmates decided to plan an outing of their own. But money was lacking. Therefore, plans were made so that it might be earned before the summer months were passed. The result was the "Century Club."

First the officers were elected as follows:

President, Mendel Diamond, 107 years old.

1st Vice President, Simon Harris, 104 years old.

2d Vice President, Alter Silverman, 100 years old.

Secretary, Boruch Weber, 101 years old.

Sergt.-at-Arms, Wolf Davidson, 102 years old.

Then the women inmates declared their right to organize and they started "The Woman Century Club." It elected as officers:

President, Mrs. Esther Davis, 114 years old.

Vice President, Mrs. Rose Arnold, 107 years old.

Secretary, Mrs. M. Schloetsky, 101 years old.

Treasurer, Mrs. Basche Kelmenzon, 100 years old.

Manager, Mrs. Reisel Levinson, 86 years old.

The combined ages of the 10 officers makes a total of 1,022 years.

Their plans are to go to work and earn enough money to have their annual outing, leaving behind the "other children" whose ages range from 80 to 85 years.

It is quite amusing to hear these aged people talk of those who have not "grown up." Aaron Kirsch who is 89 years of age, wished to join the club, but because of his *youth* they were doubtful. But at last they decided that a *boy* in the club might be well, so they elected him the "baby manager."

Mendel Diamond said that he was going to vote for Bryan. This at once started a political discussion which ended when Simon Harris said that he was going to vote for Taft. Diamond then de-

clared that Harris was showing his childish age by declaring that he was going to do such a "kiddish thing as vote for Taft." Finally Mrs. Davis, 114 years of age, declared that she "was going to spank both of those children and put them to bed for being so baby-like in their talk."

Harris claims a right to vote for Taft, however, for his first Republican vote was for Abraham Lincoln. Since then he has made a trip to Jerusalem between each presidential election and has returned in time to vote.

"What is the secret of your old age?" was the question put to these ten officers of the "Century Club."

"Hard work and no dissipation. Most of us were born in poor and lowly families which necessitated work on our part at early ages. We were too poor to enjoy the luxuries of life or to waste our money in dissipation. We have worked steadily, we ate and drank temperately and slept well. This is the true secret of old age. Living a normal, natural life, prolongs life."

After all, the secret is as natural as it is simple and one we can all apply.

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Without a doubt more infants and children suffer physically from irregular eating than from over or under-feeding. As soon as a baby is ailing the doctor prescribes regular times for feeding; if the child becomes ill, his diet and time of feeding is regulated and even with the grown-up folk, the physician finds it necessary to regulate the hours for eating. Therefore, this must be of some importance.

And while I am speaking of eating let me say one word relative to infant's food. God and nature have ordained and provided a natural food for all infants; the human milk is the only proper food for an infant. Remember this, mothers, when you are reading the glowing advertisements of special foods designed to take the place of mother's milk. The advertisements will show you photographs of many babies who look fat and plump enough to be healthy; but this is not always the case.

Of course there are instances where milk from the breast is impossible and other food must be substituted; but if the infant can be fed from the breast it should always be done. Mothers who, to avoid the unpleasant inconvenience of feeding a child from the breast, purposely avoid it and substitute artificial foods, are punishing their infant and condemning its childhood to illness.

I have in mind one case where milk from the breast was impossible. The physician failed, as is often the case, to prescribe the proper substitute and friends recommended condensed milk, weakened with water. This seemed to be satisfactory for several months for the baby was a strong and healthy boy. But in the third month a change was made to one of the well advertised "baby foods." Immediately the baby began to grow plump, even fat, and the parents were ready in the sixth month to send a testimonial to the manufacturer of the food praising its value. But no physician had examined the child and the parents did not know why the baby was growing so plump. During the seventh month the child became pale, nauseated and fretful. This

continued until the child would cry the whole night, break out in a cold sweat, and appear like marble. It was not until one night when the child nearly died in its mother's arms that a physician was sent for. Just in time! The child was slowly starving to death, although growing more plump every day. The "baby food" was not feeding the child—merely puffing out the body.

The child's life was saved by immediately changing its diet to what is, without a doubt, the best substitute food for an infant—Sheffield's Pasteurized Milk. I mention this milk not as an advertisement, but because I must. It is never wrong to give free advertisement to what is good, right and beneficial. This milk, sold in New York and elsewhere, I believe, is rich in cream and is pure. It costs 12 cents a quart and is recommended by all infant specialists. It was at first weakened with lime water and milk sugar added to it. Its strength was gradually increased until the child became strong again.

But it was given to the baby at regular hours, and therein lies part of the success of this treatment. No matter how baby cried, it had to wait from one hour to two hours, according to its age, for the milk, and only received four or five ounces at a time.

Regularity of feeding is almost as important as the food itself, but if proper food (the breast) be given from the start such troubles as described above will not arise; but when they do, you can be sure that the food has not been given at regular hours.

CIRCULATION OF THE BIBLE.

The number of Bibles issued by the two largest British and American Bible societies, during 1895 aggregated 5,418,350 copies, an average of about 17,366 copies of the Scriptures for every working day of the year.

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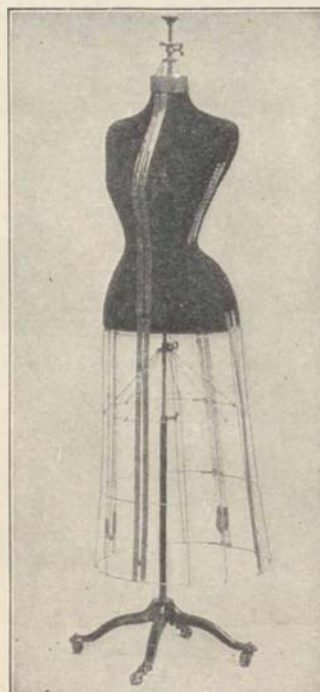
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A SPECIMEN PAGE FROM THE FAMILY EXPENSE BOOK (Greatly Reduced).

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THE GHOST OF WOODSMERE.

(Written for The Future Home Journal.)

By B. A. MacDONALD.

A brief journey by rail from the great throbbing busy heart of New York City there stands in the midst of neglected grounds a quaint old colonial mansion known as the "haunted house."

The place was called Woodsmere, after the ancestral home of the Fotheringhams in England, and built by a young son of the family who had settled in the county of Westchester just prior to the war of the revolution.

Singleton Fotheringham, the present owner of Woodsmere, is a direct descendant of the first Fotheringham who came to the New World.

The family of today prefer to live in their New York or Newport homes, leaving the old house in Westchester to caretakers. The halls and rooms that once echoed with sounds of music, dancing and laughter are now wrapped in profound silence, broken only by the faltering footsteps of the two old people placed there by the owners to protect the place from falling into utter decay.

I had known the Fotheringham family for some years when I became interested in the investigation of the occult. Naturally the story of Melissa Fotheringham, the colonial beauty, was related to me, and I eagerly requested permission to sleep one night in the ghost chamber of Woodsmere. My request was granted. The following was the tale I heard from the Fotheringhams about their beautiful ancestress. "The White Rose of Woodsmere" was the title bestowed upon lovely Melissa Fotheringham by the beaux of the neighborhood in reference to her milk-white skin. Pierce Fotheringham, her father, was a widower, with four sons and one fair daughter—Melissa—who was the youngest child and pet of the family. The young lady, while visiting New York, where regiments of English soldiers were stationed had met and fallen desperately in love with a dashing young English officer. Pierce Fotheringham and his sons were ardent patriots, and, of course, the English suitor for his daughter's hand was extremely distasteful to him. The young lady was informed that she must dismiss at once from her thoughts a man who was an enemy to her country. The spoiled girl was too much in love to listen to anything outside of her infatuation. Some distance back of the house at Woodsmere is a deep glen or wooded dell concealed by trees and bushes. When the household had retired to rest the little beauty was in the habit of stealing down there to meet her lover, in defiance of her father's will. One night Melissa was later than usual at the trysting place. The Captain was not there. Many succeeding nights the distracted girl waited in vain—he never came again. Feeling convinced at last that she had been

deserted, the poor "White Rose" faded and drooped until her broken heart found rest in the grave. Before breathing her last she confessed to her sorrowing father the deception she had practiced, and that she had "loved not wisely, but too well."

The servants after her death whispered strange tales about the sights and sounds which purported to come from "Miss Melissy's room." They declared that the doors of a big wardrobe in the room swung open and shut and that a ghost emerged from it.

So, it happened that one still, gray, November afternoon the writer found herself wending her way up from the station to Woodsmere armed with a letter directing Mr. and Mrs. Miller (the caretakers) to make the bearer as comfortable as the circumstances—and the ghost—would permit. A long, winding driveway led up to the house from the front gate. The massive old stone mansion standing back among tall, leafless trees with its weather-beaten front, resembled nothing so much as a rugged old warrior, scarred with many battles, still defying his enemies—Time and the Elements. I beat a firm rat-tat-tat on the varnished brass knocker decorating the middle of the heavy oaken door which had an old-time "fanlight" over it. In answer to my summons the door was unlocked shortly and a white-haired old dame peered cautiously out. The letter was handed to her which I had brought from her employers. Having mastered the contents, the old lady invited me to enter the cold gloomy hall furnished with a carved mahogany table and chairs. My hostess conducted me—with many apologies—to the kitchen, the only room in the house with a fire in it. I was cordially asked to take off my things and "make myself to hum" while the evening meal was being prepared. Mr. Miller, the husband, came in with his arms full of wood, which he deposited in the wood box. Mrs. Miller introduced us, and added: "an' she's agoin' to sleep in the ghost chamber, John; came a purpose fur it." The old man collapsed into a chair and ejaculated faintly: "Well, I swan!" His wife soon hustled him out of it to go up stairs and build a fire in the room I intended occupying for the night.

A good substantial supper was disposed of, and I whiled away the time talking of the old folks. At 9 o'clock Mrs. Miller lighted a big lamp, which she handed to me with the remark, "I guess yer tired an' want to go to bed." I said good night to the old people and began to mount the steep flight of stairs leading to the ghost chamber, prepared to meet and commune with the ghostly maid who had held her own so long at Woodsmere.

The room was a large, square one, filled with the ponderous ma-

hogany furniture of a century ago. On the ancient four-poster reposed a huge feather bed. In one dusky corner a massive wardrobe stood reflecting the flickering firelight in all kinds of fantastic figures on its polished surface. Placing the lamp on a side table I undressed quickly and crept into the soft puffy feather bed. It felt so comfortable that in a few minutes I closed my eyes and was soon wrapped in a deep, dreamless sleep.

I do not know how long I had been sleeping when I suddenly found myself wide awake. I felt a strong breeze sweep over my face as if I was being fanned. By the fire, which was still burning on the hearth, everything in the room was fairly visible. I turned my head in the direction from which the fanning came and discovered that it preceded from the wardrobe in the corner. The doors were swinging violently backward and forward with incredible velocity. Little tapping raps were sounding all over the room—sometimes ending with a big bang. I watched the wardrobe doors until they gradually ceased swinging and softly closed. They remained thus a few seconds before they slowly opened again to allow the figure of a beautiful golden-haired girl to emerge from the wardrobe. Long misty white draperies floated about her and mingled with her yellow hair. The apparition was enveloped in a luminous silvery light, which I believe is called "Aura" by the occultists. The wraith glided to the foot of my bed and stood motionless. I returned her gaze calmly, for I seemed to have no fear whatever. The spirit extended her lovely white arms to me as if imploring aid. Dropping one hand to her side she lifted the other and beckoned to me with one slim finger. Somehow I felt irresistibly impelled to do the White Lady's bidding. Accordingly, I arose and dressed, taking the precaution to wrap a blanket around my head and shoulders. Out of the door and down the stairway the ghost floated before me like a will-o'-the-wisp. I followed the swaying, flitting, radiant form out into the moonless night. A short walk brought us to a cluster of trees and bushes. We passed through the tangle of interlaced branches, and soon found ourselves in a deep glen. The spirit stopped abruptly at the end of this enclosure, fluttering and waving her long, white draperies over a big rock. Putting forth one slim, white hand she touched it. Spellbound, I watched the great stone roll away, revealing a yawning cavity. Again the phantom beckoned and following her, I found myself in the heart of a large cave. Owing to the bright light surrounding the ghost the cavern was perfectly illuminated. A quantity of old wooden kegs and rusty fire-arms littered the floor. My attention was next attracted by a figure sitting in one corner. Upon approaching I saw it was the skeleton of a man dressed in a faded and tattered uniform. The figure lay extended on the floor full length with something held in

its fingers. The Luminous Lady gave me to understand that I must remove whatever it was from the skeleton's grasp. I bent forward and detached what proved to be a heavy piece of parchment covered with writing in a fine hand. As the spirit seemed to desire that I should read what was written, with some difficulty I deciphered the following communication.

"The hand which bears this scroll is that of Captain Reginald Brinton, an English officer, who not only betrayed my child, but was found by me exploring this cave, with the purpose of informing the British in regard to the amount of powder and fire-arms stored here by the patriots. I killed him as he stood and sealed him in his tomb. Should this place ever be discovered I have written the above to account for the presence here of an English uniform. If this cave is never opened, then here the false villain will rest until Judgment Day.

"(Signed)

"PIERCE FOTHERINGHAM."

I do not remember exactly what happened after I read the last word on the parchment. The spell which had held me heretofore seemed to break, and I have a faint recollection of screaming and running as fast as my feet would carry me back to the house and upstairs to my room, where I jumped into bed—all dressed as I was—and knew no more.

When I came to consciousness again, it was morning and the bright sunshine was pouring in at the windows and an appetizing odor of coffee and frying bacon was pervading the house. When I arose to dress, I found I was dressed already with a blanket wrapped around me. The experiences of the night rushed back to my mind, and I felt sure I had seen the ghost.

Making a hurried toilet I ran downstairs to the kitchen to find Mr. and Mrs. Miller anxiously waiting my appearance. During breakfast I gave them a detailed account of my adventures with the ghost. Mr. Miller got a crowbar, spade and some candles after breakfast, and we all three went down to the glen on an exploring expedition. We filed solemnly through the bushes with bated breath. The rock was there, but looking as solid and immovable as Gibraltar! Not a leaf was disturbed around it. There was not a foot-print in the earth near it. Mr. Miller tried to pry the rock back with his crowbar, but it would not budge. He shook his head and said it would require a half-dozen men to move the big stone. I felt rather crestfallen as we wended our way silently back to the house, and Mrs. Miller smiled as she walked into the kitchen and said: "Well, I guess it was a dream after all."

I stoically endured the laughter and ridicule of the Fotheringhams when I returned to the city and related my ghost story to them.

Whether I dreamed the experi-

(Concluded, page 94.)

THE MYSTERIOUS "BLACK STONE" OF MECCA.

A Journey to Arabia and a Visit to one of the
Most Sacred Places in the World.

By Milton Renault.

Let us journey to Arabia, and going inland from the Red Sea about eighty miles from Jidda on the coast, approach the town of Mecca. Nearing this ancient town we note with some wonderment that it lies in a sterile valley and that the whole of the surrounding country called the Harem is almost absolutely without cultivation or date palms. Immediately beyond we observe that fruit trees, springs, wells, gardens and green valleys give prominence to the barren lands of Mecca. In fact, the town lies in the heart of a mass of rough hills, intersected by a labyrinth of narrow valleys and passes, and projecting into the Tihama or low country on the Red Sea, in front of the great mountain wall that divides the coast-lands from the central plateau.

The immediate territory surrounding the town of Mecca has always been known as sacred—the Harem. It is an inviolable territory, which was not the sanctuary of a single tribe but a place of pilgrimage, where religious observances were associated with a series of annual fairs at different points in the vicinity.

Just before we enter this sacred territory we pass through the small settlement where most of the Meccans live. We note no especial activity in the streets or lanes, for the day seems to be a holy day. A few Meccans are seen acting as guides, while we find upon inquiry that on business days they devote their time to camel transport and contracting and acting as touts on land and sea. Their greatest source of income is through letting rooms to those who visit their town and from large fees extracted on various pretences, among which those of holy ceremonies are prominent.

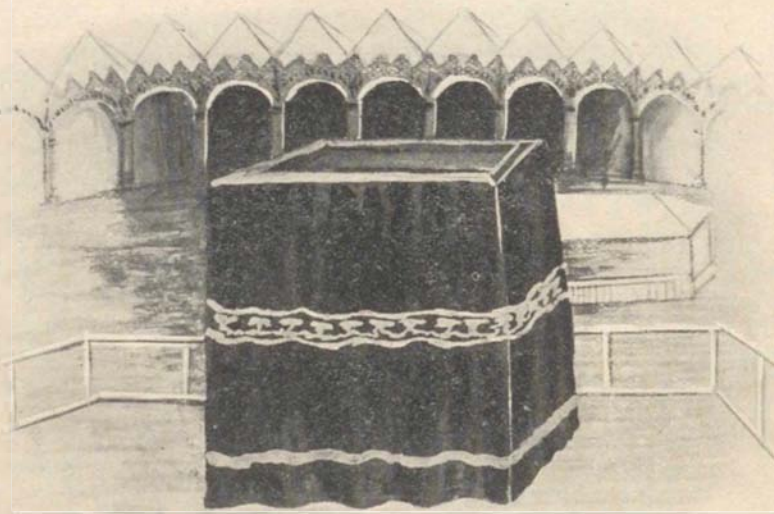
Today they seem lazy—but there is in the very air a feeling of tense excitement. The town seems deserted. Places of business are closed, and in the lower end of the settlement we observe the passing of a number of curiously dressed natives, heads bowed and voices chanting. Following them we see many foreigners who, like us, are visiting the place for the first time.

The climate is warm, and the hot, brilliant sun makes us seek what little shade exists. We pass many quaint buildings with strange inscriptions and join the little army bent upon an Eastern journey. We hesitate to inquire as to the goal, but we feel from instinct that the natives are journeying to Mecca—and to the Kaaba.

Gradually we approach the Mosque in the centre of this sacred town. At first we see what seems to be a high wall, circular

in form, and surmounted at regular spaces by small cupolas. Beyond are hills and higher buildings in rough stone whose shadows cast the only gloom over the interior of the Mosque.

The gates are open in the wall and throngs are passing within. We are told that only three times a year are these gates opened; once for women, once for men and once to allow cleaning to be done. Passing within we are impressed with the ancient architecture, the solemn dignity, and the beautiful color-blending of the heavenly canopy above, the gray and brown of the stone, the tan of the ground,



THE KAABA WITHIN THE SACRED MOSQUE AT MECCA.

(Illustration by the Author.)

and the contrasting black, gold and red of the rich covering in the centre, surrounded by natives in various light tints.

Before we can analyze our impression we note the feeling of sacredness which pervades the mosque. Almost unconsciously we wish to raise our hands and stoop on bended knee, but we realize that this would be humble homage indeed compared to the sincere reverence so simply shown by the natives.

Some ceremony seems to be in order. Lines are being formed and we feel that we are not only out of place within this sacred field, but intruding upon some solemn worship.

Inquiry reveals that these natives have come here upon their yearly pilgrimage to kiss the "Black Stone" and to see the new covering placed upon the Kaaba. This is the most sacred service in Arabia and one which is so old that man has lost the historical record of its origin.

What are the Kaaba and the

"Black Stone?" Their secret is very interesting.

Long before the time of Mohammed, the chief sanctuary in Mecca was the Kaaba. It was a rude stone building, a cube in shape, 40 feet long, 33 feet wide and 50 feet high. Its corners were oriented. Mohammed in his time purged it of idols and adopted it as the sanctuary of Islam. It has been rebuilt many times since then, and once was partially destroyed by fire in the siege in 683 A. D. In the northeast corner of this ancient building is the famous and sacred "Black Stone."

The story connected with this stone runs as follows: Before this ancient building existed, yes, even before the town of Mecca was established, when the place was a vast field of hot sand, a tribe of wild Arabs were crossing through this territory. They were half dead with hunger and thirst, their condition desperate. They were looking right into the face of death, which we can appreciate from a journey across the sands in the

"What is it—and why?" was on the tongue of each Arab, but none could speak. They only knew that as if in answer to their prayers, some token had come from the Infinite Heights where Allah's throne was hid from sight in splendor.

Finally they dug the stone from the ground where it was imbedded and placed it beside the spring. Two marvels in that ocean of sand—the gushing spring of cooled water from below, and the stone from above! In sacred reverence they bowed—not to the stone or to the water, but to the mystery of life, the mystery of The Heights, the mystery of The Depths. This then was the origin of the worship of the "Black Stone" and its secret is—the mystery of Heights and Depths.

After due ceremony these Arabs gathered all the stones they could procure and piled them high into the form of a square building which would cover the spring. This was the beginning of the building known as the Kaaba, and in due time, when the building was enlarged, the "Black Stone" which is about seven inches long, was placed in the northeast corner, along with 365 other sacred stones.

Since then there is a yearly service when a new and richly embroidered cloth covering is hung over the Kaaba. At this service the "Black Stone" is kissed and again the great secrets of the Heights and Depths (the Heavens and the Earth) are discussed.

Tradition says that the meteorolite was originally white, but that the sins of mankind and the many kisses placed upon it have blackened its surface.

The ceremony of placing the new cover over the Kaaba being ended, let us now travel across the Mediterranean where, next month, we may visit some other sacred scene.

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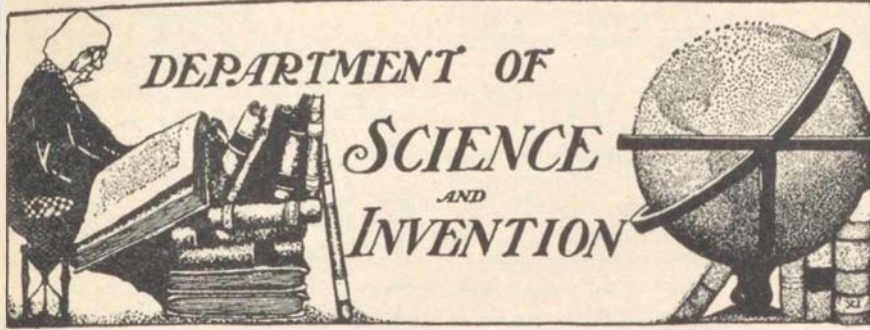


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THE WONDERFUL PLANET SATURN

(WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THIS ISSUE.)

(By MAXWELL FULLER.)

At special request by many of the readers of The Future Home Journal, I will describe the planet Saturn this month instead of Mars, as was planned.

Until the year 1781 Saturn was supposed to be the planet which marked the uttermost boundary of our solar system. Astronomers at that time did not believe that there was any other planet further from the Sun than Saturn. But Uranus (or Herschel) and Neptune were re-discovered and found to be still further from the Sun. These latter planets will be treated later.

The great orbit of Saturn, which is the path he travels around the Sun, is so great that it requires 29 1-2 years for Saturn to complete the trip, traveling at the very slow rate of six miles a second. Therefore, the seasons on Saturn are twenty-nine times more protracted than those on this earth. Those interested should refer to a popular book on astronomy containing charts or maps of the various orbits of the planets. One word of warning may be appropriate here. The orbits of the various planets, are illustrated by dotted circular lines. It must not be supposed, however, that the orbits of the planets are circles; they are oval or elliptic in shape, but the circles are used here to make the illustration plainer.

The mean diameter of Saturn is 71,000 miles or nearly nine times that of our earth.

When Saturn is nearest to the earth, Saturn would appear as large as would a sixpence held at a distance of 210 yards from the eye.

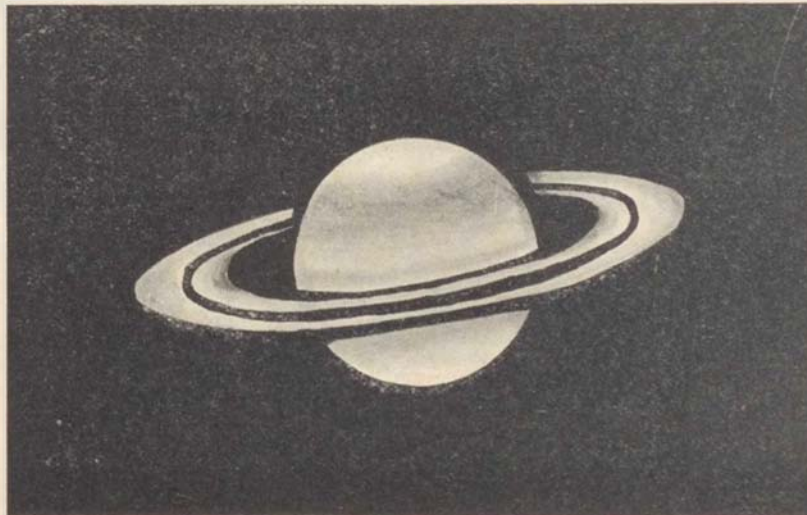
To the eye Saturn resembles a large, dull star, and it is entirely void of the sparkling radiance which is possessed by Jupiter. In the telescope, however, it appears as shown in the illustration made for this article. Its most conspicuous markings are tropical dark belts of a greyish or greenish hue, above and below these near the poles are extensive blue canopies and the around the centre of the sphere is a region of light yellow.

Saturn is distinguished, however, as is not another planet, by the possession of an unique set of appendages. Nothing else like them can be seen elsewhere in the heavens. This makes Saturn the strangest of all the planets.

Saturn's rings are in the plane of its equator. As a rule these

rings are difficult to see, but at certain times the sun's rays strike them and they become very brilliant. They appear to be separated into two circles, the inner one often being the brightest. The black space which separates the two light rings is called "Cassini's division" because that eminent observer was, in 1675, the first to perceive the division. The diameter of the rings is 172,800 miles and their breadth is 42,300 miles. The inner black space between the two light rings and the sphere is also a ring and this is 11,000 miles wide as is the outside light ring. The center or second light ring is 18,000 miles wide.

These rings are so thin that often when they are in a position



SATURN, AS IT APPEARS THROUGH THE WORLD'S LARGEST TELESCOPE.
(Drawing by the Author.)

level with the telescope they cannot be seen although their shadow is seen upon the sphere itself. When they do begin to appear they look like a white line crossing the centre of the sphere. It is estimated that the thickness of the rings at that time was less than fifty miles, and which seen from such a distance as from our earth would be small indeed. The last disappearance of these rings occurred on July 29th, 1907.

Saturn has eight moons similar to our moon which were described in the August issue of The Future Home Journal. But one of Saturn's moons, however, equals the size of our moon and it is distant from Saturn about 771,000 miles.

The Egyptians, who knew of and considered Saturn thousands of years before Astronomy became a science, claimed that this strange planet was evil in its influence on man. They said it was cold, seri-

ous, cruel, ponderous, powerful and slow in operating. According to astrology the influence of Saturn is to be feared the most of all, especially when it is casting an evil influence. The truth of this is as well demonstrated as is anything else regarding Saturn, whose great distance from the sun (872,132,000 miles) makes it almost impossible to study correctly.

NEW TELESCOPE INVENTED

Prof. Robert Wood of John Hopkins, is having the builders of the Lick and Yerkes telescopes build for him a small model of a new telescope.

The special feature of this new telescope is a flat circular basin filled with mercury and set in motion by an electric motor. By altering the speed of the rotation the focal length of the instrument can be varied at will.

Heretofore the difficulty has been to obtain this rotation of the dish without jar, for the jar produces ripples and waves in the mercury.

If the model works successfully a giant telescope on the same lines will be built at once.

NEW WIRELESS TELEPHONE

The naval lieutenants Colin, Jeance and Mercer, have succeeded in their work on a wireless telephone. On August 15th last they were successful in sending a message from Paris to the wireless station at Raz de Sein, Department of Finistere, 310 miles away.

The inventors are confident that they can make the wireless telephone operate at a distance of 600 or 700 miles. It is on the same principle as the wireless telegraph, except of course, that instead of dots and dashes being received or sent, the actual words, as spoken at the sending station are transmitted through the air and received in a transmitter applied to the ear as in other telephones.

The plans are to operate the wireless telephone between New York and Paris. The message sent on August 15th which traveled a distance of 310 miles, was very faint when received, but the words were audible.

The wireless telephone is destined to be another of the marvels of the 20th century, for when it is perfected we may then talk half way around the world and receive an answer almost instantaneously.

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For many years astrologers have been trying to invent some clock which would show the fortunate and unfortunate astrological and planetary hours of the day. Heretofore astrologers have had to calculate these hours with figures and mathematics. Now, however, with this device calculations are unnecessary, and by merely looking at the clock any hour during the day, it is easy and simple to know what should be done and what should not be done to be successful.

The Lucky-Hour Clock can be hung upon the wall or set upon a shelf or table. The face of the clock is cardboard three inches in diameter, and the stand and framework of the same material, four inches wide and nine inches long.

Suppose it is 10 o'clock in the morning, and you expect to make a visit. You look at the clock, and there, perhaps, you will find that the clock says you should make no visit during that hour, as it would be unsuccessful. It will tell you when you should make the visit. Then, again, the clock tells you what hours are good for buying, for selling, for asking favors, for dealing with men, women, superiors, builders, tradesmen, lawyers, scientific men and many others. It tells you when to be guarded against accidents, burns, injuries, etc., and it fully explains what hours each day are successful for traveling, investing, collecting bills, making acquaintances, courting, marrying, thinking, writing, signing papers or deeds, and all the important affairs of life.

If you desire one of these clocks you can have it without any charge whatever. The publishers of this magazine have made arrangements whereby those who desire one of these Luck-Hour Clocks can have one without cost. All you have to do is to show this copy of The Future Home Journal to your friends and have one subscribe for it. Send us one new subscriber for one year, enclosing the dollar, and we will send, absolutely free, the Lucky-Hour Clock and full directions, charges prepaid.

When sending your subscription, be sure to state that you wish to have the clock for your trouble, otherwise you may not receive it.

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MONTHLY SERMON

By the Founder of the Universal Church of the Future

For where two or three are gathered in My name, there am I in the midst of them. — Matthew 18:20.

How true this is! It was this very thought and its apparent truth which led to the foundation of The Universal Church of The Future. For years I have been impressed with the solemn services held in the quiet of the home and I have been equally impressed by the lack of solemn worship and true prayerfulness in the public services held in some grand and costly churches. After all, is it not in the quiet of the home that prayers are most spontaneous and in the family circle that we more often find the closest communion with God? In our sorrow, in our despair, we seek the silence and the sacredness of the home and there seek from our Lord and Maker the blessings, sympathy and strength we crave.

Alone with God! How sweet the thought and what repose of mind, body and spirit we find in its practice! Can we deny that where two or three are gathered together in the quiet of the home, solemnly worshipping and praying, there may be far greater attunement with God than when a multitude are gathered in a public place?

Rising above all is the value of prayer. Silent, concentrated prayer to God is found oftenest in the small, quiet gatherings of the home: thus greater results are accomplished. We must never lose sight of the psychic qualities and elements of prayer. To believe that a mere verbal request spoken sincerely will be answered is a grave mistake. If we grant that God is ever listening to our prayers and ready to grant all requests, then, mere requests would suffice. But we have no right to assume that God is willing and at all times ready to grant requests which may or may not be worthy. Therefore something more is necessary. We

must first be detached from ourselves; must first become attuned with the infinite; we must reach that stage of psychic development wherein God becomes part of us and within our spirit.

Verily, we must worship God in Spirit. Are we not told in St. John, 4th Chapter, 23rd verse, that: "But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him?" And the next verse tells us why this is necessary. It reveals a great and powerful psychic truth which my Brothers and Sisters of The Universal Church would do well to memorize: "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth."

Even greater than sincere prayer is concentrated and combined worship. This is why I believed that a Universal Church, with members throughout the land, meeting in their homes in sincerity and combined, concentrated, force would result in greater good for each member. In the 19th verse of the 18th Chapter of Matthew we read: "And again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." Here we are told of the value of concentrated thought power; here we see the truth of my argument that a Church with members throughout the land, all meeting at one time and with the same prayer to God, will become a most powerful agent for good. For this reason *one* prayer is outlined for each month's service and that prayer is sincerely and devoutly offered to God by the hundreds who are members of the Universal Church. More than this: by being united in one thought, one prayer, one purpose, one creed, that of Love, each member becomes attuned with the infinite and the

Divine blessing is given so strongly that each member must feel its influence.

Years ago I was impressed with the forceful statement found in I Peter, Chapter 2, Verse 17: "Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the King." Love the Brotherhood! A true feeling of brotherhood was lacking in our churches. The usual religious propaganda did not permit of the possibility of true brotherhood and this was an additional reason for the forming of a new Church. The Universal Church of the Future recognizes the brotherhood of man and the sisterhood of women. "Brothers and Sisters are we in the name of the Lord." All members of our Church are brothers and sisters in the truest sense of the word. All are in harmony in thought, prayer and worship.

Sisters and Brothers, Brothers and Sisters. All one family, one offspring of the God our Father.

Let us see now what our Church can accomplish. In James, the 5th Chapter and the 13th Verse we find the following questions: "Is any among you afflicted? Let him pray. Is any merry? Let him sing psalms." Then in the 15th and 16th verses of the same chapter we read: "And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Every principle of the above three verses has been incorporated in the practice of The Universal Church of The Future. Those who are sick may be healed. Those who are merry will find greater happiness. Those who are sinful may have their sins forgiven and those who desire to improve in their character may find help, strength and sympathy.

Wherefore, Brothers and Sisters I beseech you, as founder of our beloved Church, seek those who need our help. Advise those who need our sympathy to come with us into the fulness of the light and the glory of God.

Is there any among ye that need our prayers? Let him write and ask for help. Are there any who need the prayers of our Brothers and Sisters? Let them in prayer ask for their wants. Are there any who have not found the light but who wish to rise from the depths of ignorance and sorrow? Let them join with us and in the quiet of their homes it will be revealed to them and the door shall be opened unto them.

Safe in the knowledge that Truth and Love are Divine and that God is Spirit and Truth, let us now, where'er we are assembled this Holy Day unite in prayer to the Great God who seeth all things and understandeth all men, that we may Love the Brotherhood, Honour God and Man. Hear us, O Lord, while we pray:

(Here repeat the prayer as given on this page.)

Prayer

O God within us, give us the habit of unselfish action, of unselfish thinking, and of carrying out our thoughts. May our every action of the ego be in tune with the best of Thy Universe. Let us be keyed in harmony with the spheres that life may have no uncertain note. Forgetting all else, may we strive for the best—to see it in others and to live it ourselves consciously every moment.

Give thy blessings to those who are gathered together at this time throughout this land in silent thought with Thee and may this hour and this day bring peace, happiness and love to all, with strength to do Thy will and live the life of everlasting Godliness. Amen.

WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,

In field or forest, at the desk or loom,

In roaring market place, or tranquil room.

Let me but find it in my heart to say,

When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,

"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;

Of all who live I am the *one* by whom

This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great or small

To suit my spirit and to prove my powers.

Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours

And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall

At eventide, to play, and love, and rest,

Because I know, for me, my work is best.

Henry Van Dyke.

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The Advancement of Criminal Punishment.

(Written for the Future Home Journal.)

By Capt. Theodore Higgins.

That the world has advanced in its humane characteristics is readily seen when we compare the ancient and modern methods of punishing criminals. In ancient times the sole aim in punishing a criminal was to torture him or her beyond our present means of comprehension. To treat a criminal humanely or with respect to personal suffering, was out of the question. Those who sentenced criminals to punishment considered it their duty to devote more time to devising new and painful tortures than to a proper judicial hearing of the case. If the criminal was guilty, he or she was deserving of the most painful and barbaric punishment possible. Nor were these tortures applied to serious criminals alone. In many cases the offense was minor, as I shall show, yet every means was adopted to make the punishment as severe as human, or rather inhuman, ingenuity could devise.

In general, torture was inflicted for two purposes—(1) as a means of eliciting evidence from a witness or from an accused person, either before or after condemnation, or (2) as a part of the punishment. As we shall see, these tortures included every form of bodily and mentally inflicted suffering far beyond what was really required safely to imprison the offender.

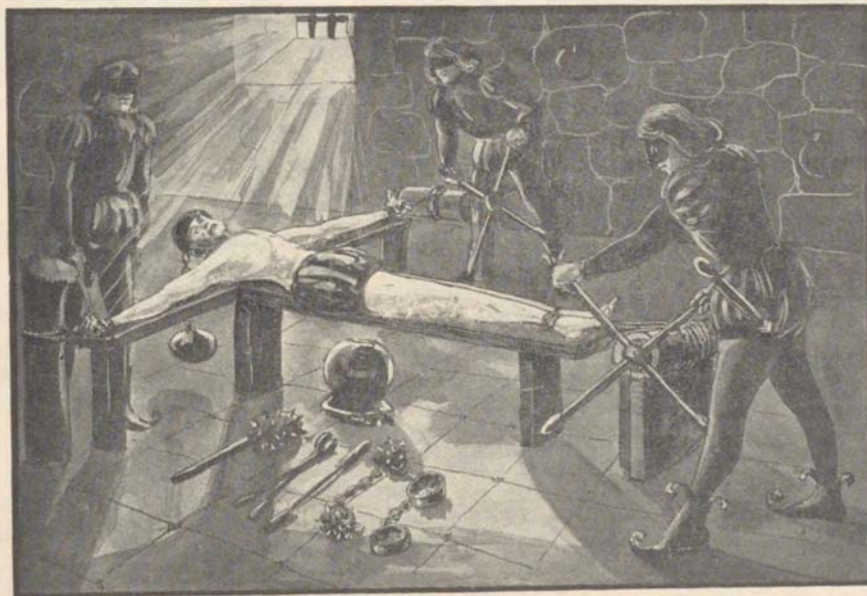
The origin of torture as punishment is difficult to trace. But it would seem that the Roman system was the basis of all subsequent European systems. The principal forms of torture in use were the rack (mentioned as far back as Cicero), the leaden balls, the barbed hooks, and cord compressing the arm.

The confession or statement of an accomplice to a crime was never considered worthy of serious attention until that confession had been repeated under torture. Capital punishment or death was never permitted until the criminal had first confessed under torture often lasting many days and resulting in death. Even in cases where one accused another of a crime, the accuser had to suffer torture unless he proved his case. Even creditors were allowed by law to torture their debtors by keeping them confined in prison and subjecting them to cruelty until payments were made.

Crucifixion was a common mode of cruel punishment for many years. Death was generally inflicted in this way and the criminal often hung upon a rude cross for many days suffering intense agony inflicted by officers of the law. This form of punishment was eventually abolished by Constantine in the year 315 A. D. in veneration of Him who was crucified for mankind.

Another form of torture was to sever the arms and legs of the criminal and allow him slowly to bleed to death, the while suffering the agony of such mutilation. This form was eventually moderated and partly forbidden by Justinian who ordered that only *one* hand was to be *torn from the arm*. Then the cutting off of the nose became a popular torture, for it allowed the criminal to live in many cases although he would be disfigured for life.

Strange to say, when the interests of the Church were involved in a crime, the Church preferred and ordered more severe torture. Thus, according to the Theodosian Code, a heretic was to be flogged with lead before banishment. Of-



SOME ANCIENT METHODS OF LEGAL PUNISHMENT.

ten hot lead was poured into the ears of a person who had insulted a bishop or priest in a church.

It must be understood that cruel torture was not only sanctioned and allowed by law, but was ordered by the judge or jury and the torture of a criminal was generally attended by the judge, the registrar and the executioners, who were the only persons allowed to attend.

In the illustration here given we see a very common mode of torture of ancient times. The criminal, the accused, or the suspected was placed upon a cross. Ropes were tied about his wrists and ankles and these ropes were drawn tight by mechanical means until they sank deep into the flesh and cut through to the bone. If this pain did not cause the criminal to confess or it did not answer the law's purpose, his bare body was branded and burned with hot irons and molten lead. Often the skin in soft parts was pinched and torn away in large pieces. This torture was applied to women as well. The executioners generally hid their identity under masks, as shown.

So much for ancient methods of punishment. In modern times we find the law more humane. Until recently torture of some mild form was used to bring about confessions, but we have advanced to the stage where we think we are humane; for the law now makes its tortures mental instead of physical. In many States the criminal to be executed upon the gallows is confined in prison with no knowledge as to what day or time his execution is to take place. His mental suffering in thus not knowing what hour is to be his last is pitiful and the slightest noise, night or day, causes the prisoner to jump with fear only to suffer again mentally for hours and days.

Even in securing confessions we have what is known as "The Third Degree." This is a process of mental torture which few criminals can stand. In the case of a person suspected of murder it often occurs that he has his restless night disturbed by the appearance of a ghostly figure at the cell door

prisons are built upon sanitary lines and the comfort of the criminals is considered more than his punishment. Bodily punishment is never inflicted except in cases of capital crimes and even in such cases the tendency is to confine the prisoner to long terms rather than to death. Officers of the law are forbidden to treat with undue cruelty any suspect or condemned criminal. Even in cases of the most dastardly crimes when many wish to hang publicly and torture the criminal, the law is invoked and even the militia called out to use every possible means to prevent the criminal from suffering any bodily pain.

In capital punishment the greatest advance has been made. The gallows, with its suffering, is permitted in but few States, electrocution being substituted as being the most humane method, since thus the criminal suffers no bodily pain for more than half a second and the mental suffering is partially eliminated by the thought that the body will not suffer.

In the future we shall no doubt do away with capital punishment altogether. The old maxim of an "eye for an eye" is fast becoming extinct and the question is still presented: "If it is a crime to take a human life, then why should the law, the expounder of what is criminal and legal, be permitted to take a life."

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THIS JOURNAL
SHOULD KNOW

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A STORY OF THE
SUCCESS OF ONE
OF THE BEST OCCULT
JOURNALS IN
THIS COUNTRY

Our readers will surely pardon us for this display of egotism and self-praise, but since this issue of our organ marks a noticeable advance we intend to make it personal and deal with some truths which are of interest to all our readers and sincere friends.

A magazine is similar to a messenger. In it the editor delivers each month strength, happiness, pleasure, advice, and help to his family of readers. To the editorial staff a magazine is a powerful agent; it is an agent for good or bad, according to the motive of the owner or proprietor. When good is intended and diligently worked for, it is the most pleasant, interesting and stimulating work in the world.

It is barely six months now since The Future Home Journal was launched on its present plan. Many publishers urged us to be careful, for just previous to last May the panic which swept the country caused the speedy failure of 32 supposedly firm magazines published throughout the world. We were warned that failure was ready to meet us at every step and that there were more magazines being published than the reading classes could possibly subscribe for; but we were optimistic. We believe that *right* makes *might* and that TRUTH and LOVE will always win. Therefore, we could not be discouraged in our plans. Publishing a magazine is not new work to any member of the editorial staff; nor even to the various minor employees. We have all been through the mill, worked for other magazines, have seen them grow and grow in some cases to great strength. Therefore, we were sure of our abilities and positive in our beliefs that we could make a SUCCESS of a high-class publication devoted entirely to the HOME and the upbuilding of the members of all the families into which the magazine made entrance.

The Future Home Journal was born with a fair-sized circulation and subscription. Long before the first issue appeared last May we had many hundreds of paid-in-advance subscribers. The appearance of the first issue was the "call to arms" which resulted in subscriptions coming in from all parts of the world. With each subscription received without solicitation came words of praise and suggestions for improving the Journal. Names were sent to us to which we sent sample copies with the result of more subscribers. No attempt was made to advertise the Journal as other publications do, for we relied upon the help of our readers and in this we were not disappointed. Many subscriptions have been received from those to whom we have never sent a sample copy and they assure us that they have sub-

scribed solely upon the strong recommendation of their friends. This is strength which the large popular magazines could well envy; for such recommendation is the life of any publication.

The editorial staff worked hard to improve the Journal. The result was evident in the second number for the month of June. This number, with its improvements, did more to increase the subscription list than all the advertising we could have placed.

The July issue, although late in sending to our readers, due to our application for second-class entry at the postoffice, added another army of subscribers to the Journal and many were the letters of praise and endorsement received from readers. Then followed the August issue; it contained many other improvements and several changes. At the time of the preparation of this article the letters were still coming to us, expressing appreciation of our continued improvement, for both the quality of the matter contained in the magazine and for the improvement in its cover with colors.

Today The Future Home Journal has a subscription list of readers which is far beyond our expectations. We have completely controverted the arguments of our contemporaries who stated that we could never reach our present standing in less than two years. Only five months have actually passed and we now have subscribers in every State and territory of the United States, in all the largest foreign cities and in many of the distant corners of the earth. From the jungles of Africa, the mountains of India and the greenless land of Alaska we receive letters of heartfelt thanks. Even from China and Japan we receive letters which show that our Journal is being studied each month by those progressive peoples.

Is this not a showing worthy of any enterprise? Can you blame us for our elation and pride?

But to return to the Journal itself. We have used every means within our power to cover as many fields of intellectual and spiritual interest as possible. We have spared no pains to illustrate our themes sufficiently, while not seeking to do so ornately, after the fashion of some publishers who seem to think the picture, not the text, is the main thing.

In our next issue, we have reason to believe, our art-work will evince an even higher quality and we shall have several new writers of established reputation to add variety of treatment to the topics that lie in our special field. We also propose to extend, with our readers' aid, the bounds of that field. Among other things we be-

lieve in is "Women's Rights," and shall try to give reasons for those rights.

STATISTICS.

If all the articles which have been written for our Journal for the past six months were placed in one line it would be 560 feet in length. There have passed through the editorial offices of the Journal nearly 14,000,000 words in manuscript which had to be read and corrected.

If all the copies of The Future Home Journal which have been mailed to our readers during the past five months were separated into single pages and these laid end to end, they would make a path of printed pages which would reach from the City Hall in New York City to the President's room at the Capitol in Washington, D. C. And if the four columns which make each page were separated and placed end to end they would form a line which would reach from the Brooklyn Bridge in New York to the Chicago Avenue Bridge, Chicago. At our present rate of growth, during our twelfth month in April, 1909, the columns of matter mailed by us in our Journal should then equal a line which would reach from New York to Switzerland, or from New York to Australia.

Can you imagine the work attached to the editing, printing, preparing and mailing of such a publication? And can you fail to recognize its strength for good throughout the land? Within another year our Journal should reach such a large figure in circulation that the combined issues and pages will form a band of printed pages which might go entirely around the globe, crossing all continents and oceans. Then we can truly say that "The Future Home Journal encircles the globe."

Now that we have told you what we think of our Journal, let us give you a glimpse of what others think of it. We reproduce herewith a few letters showing what is thought of the various departments and the work we are accomplishing:

"Best Paper I Have Seen Yet."

"Received number one of The Future Home Journal and I wish to express my gratitude by telling you it is the best paper I have seen yet. Every word is excellent; something helpful every minute in a person's life. I wish the whole country would be advanced far enough to understand the thought you are advocating and become your subscriber. Wishing you all success in your noble work, I am, Sincerely, K. Haddeland, Starbuck, Canada."

"Should Be in Every Home."

"I have received my first Journal for May and have moved to Colorado since, so please forward the next one to the new address. To express my opinion of your paper, I think it is a dandy and should be in every home. I have got the one for May nearly

worn out reading it so often. Yours sincerely, G. W. Daggett, Colorado Springs, Colo."

"It Appeals to Everyone."

"The Future Home Journal received for which accept my thanks. There is so much in it that I do not know which to laud the most highly. I am sure it will meet with success. From cover to cover there is something to appeal to every one. I think in a few weeks I can obtain some subscribers for you—at least four or five. I am very glad that I was fortunate enough to be one of the subscribers. Very truly, Mrs. Charles E. Mason, Oakland, Calif."

This letter clearly indicates how many of our subscriptions were received. Many subscribers take such an active interest that they love to aid the work by soliciting other subscriptions.

Now note what our readers think of the various departments.

"Every Article Is a Treasure."

"I have just finished reading the article in The Future Magnetic Success Club and write to have you enroll me as a member. I have been a member of The ——— Success Club for almost five years but have not received the benefit I expected. I am so delighted with The Future Home Journal, every article is a treasure. It makes me realize how little I know and how much there is to learn. Sincerely yours for Success, Mrs. Edythe Zerby, Joplin, Mo."

"Benefiting Thousands of Helpless Humanity."

"Quite unexpectedly I found a copy of The Future Home Journal. It will fill the void in me for reading matter for which I have long been in search. I am waiting anxiously to realize the benefits. You can place my name on your subscription list for which I shall remit. I feel very glad that you saw fit to send me a sample copy, for your Journal, with its activity and experience, can benefit and aid the thousands of blind and helpless humanity. Sincerely, E. T. Hewitt, Houston, Texas."

"Rejoices in Church Membership."

"I wish to report to the Universal Church of The Future Home Journal that I have been better in mind, body and spirit for the past month than for several years. For all of which blessings I can say: "Glory to His Name." May Success and Love crown each member of the Church. Rejoice! and again I say, Rejoice in His Name."—Mrs. E. M. Ater, Williamsport, Ohio.

"Monthly Sermons Are Excellent."

"I wish to report that I am progressing fine. I think the Church is a grand movement and I pray to God that He will give you strength to carry on the good work. The sermons are excellent."—Della Beard, Champion, Neb.

Uses Journal's Thought Waves in Business.

"I am glad that the Journal comes to me each month. I certainly enjoy reading the various articles and I know that the Magnetic Thought Waves are very helpful. I do not only use them in my home but I use them in my office and I find them helpful. They help me in many ways and give me inspiration. J. W. Johnson, Pelzer, S. C."

MR. ADVERTISER!

Do yourself a good turn by reading the above statistics and historical letters.!!!

THE GREATEST POEM EVER WRITTEN.

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

Verses Selected for Students of Occultism and Psychics.

(The author of the following poem is Omar Khayyam, the astronomer-poet of Persia. He was born at Naishapur in Khorassan in the 11th century. He died in the year 1123. Omar was considered one of the wise men of Persia and the poem here given has won fame as one of the most inspirational and beautiful works known to man.)

The Poem has 101 verses and many of them are so deep in their meaning that serious study is required to discern their value. The poem is not one continuous tale, but is broken into several parts. In order to aid our readers we will only publish parts of the poem in this issue and in other issues.—Editor.)

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell;
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered, "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell."

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

There was a Gate to which I found no Key:
A Veil there was through which I could not see:
Some little Talk awhile of Me and Thee
Was there—and then no more of Thee and Me.

(The following eight verses are recommended for careful study. They present many questions relative to life, death and immortality.)

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazan away,
Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay. *

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talked at all.

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
And to this Figure molded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

Then said a Second—"Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
And he that with his hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! Did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
I think a Sufi pipkin, waxing hot—
"All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens He will toss to Hell
The Luckless Pots He marr'd in making—Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

"Well," murmured one, "Let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry;
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by."

*In this poem the Clay Vessels represent the human bodies of this earth. "The Potter" is the All-Wise Maker.

THE GRUMBLER

NOTE.—There are many people in this world who do nothing else but grumble with anything and everything, from the size of the sea-waves to the shape of the earth. We have engaged one of these grumblers to write for this department. He seems to examine everything with a microscope and is sure to find a flaw.



That settles the affinity question. I've heard so much about it and it all seemed so foolish that I am glad things ended as they did. The idea of saying that any married man is entitled to an "affinity." What are affinities, anyway? They did not have them in my youthful days. I believe that "soul-mates" would be well enough if we could find them, but most of them are only for rich married men who have nothing else to do but entertain "affinities." Just see what the end was in the Earle case. He was a well-known artist with plenty of money, a fine home and a beautiful wife. Then he found an "affinity" and asked his wife to let him have his "affinity" board with them. This was allowed and finally the wife gave way and secured a divorce and Earle married his "affinity." All went smoothly seemingly until a child was born. Then Earle found that his recent wife was not his affinity and had trouble with her and she had him arrested. It's odd that affinities should quarrel, and it's still more odd that the birth of a child should be the means of revealing the fact that these two were *not* affinities. But I hear they have reunited. To quarrel again?

And that reminds me. I know a fairly brilliant fellow who has some common sense and also has an affinity. But not one of the female sex. He has found that there can be male affinities as well as female and he enjoys many hours with his male affinity. Then again he had recently discovered what he terms a "mental-mate" in a female. Social intercourse is the sole object of these companions and sex is never considered for one moment. In their pleasures of discourse they lose sight of all else except that they agree on all subjects, think alike, live alike and work alike—for the good of all. Truly, these are affinities.

That's enough on the affinity question. I had an affinity once—but we never married. She is married now and I—well—you can guess whether I am married. Our ways parted after several years of "soul-intercourse" and thus ended a happy, sweet and honorable dream. Can others say as much?

The editors of this Journal say that I am always complaining. And so I am. I hate hypocrisy for one thing. The other day I saw a gathering in one of the public parks of New York and in the midst was a clergyman making an open-air ap-

peal to the men and women to live godly lives. He had an assistant who gave to the people so gathered little circulars on which were printed verses tending to make men better. After the assistant, who wore a priestly garb, had completed his duty, he strolled in the direction I was walking, and several blocks distant he buttoned his overcoat so as to hide his priestly signs and began a series of flirtations with the young girls he met on the street. All the while the other gentleman was preaching on the sins of New York. Hypocrisy—that's all.

No hypocrisy in this Journal. I, as well as the editors, say just what we mean and *we all mean what we say*. Some say I am mean enough to mean anything—but that's only an opinion. I'm paid for doing it. That's where the rub comes in.

Some say Taft, others Bryan. But, really, what difference does it make, for after all it's Graft that will be elected, unless the Nation keeps on house-cleaning. The Nation had better keep on; else it will invite Revolution.



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Weird Secrets of The Great Pyramid of Egypt Revealed.

**Astounding and Mystifying Facts Here
Given for the First Time.**

By Prof. Amos Len Wilkins.

For centuries past the Great Pyramid at Egypt has been the enigma of science and the cause of wild speculation. Who built it? why was it built? and what secret does it contain? are the questions which have been unanswered since 2,000 years before Christ, for the Great Pyramid is at least 4,000 years old.

That the Pyramid is of scientific and religious origin is proven beyond a doubt. That it holds many secrets which would be detrimental to the existence of many forms of religious worship is so evident that we find one good reason why the modern church has so little to say regarding its meaning. That this Pyramid tells the story of the beginning and the end of the world will be demonstrated as I proceed to unveil its secrets.

To begin with, let me prove that the Great Pyramid is of religious and divine origin. In the 19th verse of the 19th Chapter of Isaiah, we read: "In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of the hosts in the land of Egypt."

Now let us note how this prophecy was carried out. Upper and Lower Egypt covers a space of territory fan shaped. The joining of these two divisions is at the sector point of the fan. Therefore, the Great Pyramid was built at this sector point which makes it possible for this "altar to the Lord" to be "in the midst of the land" and at the same time "at the border thereof." Scientists have for many years noted the peculiar position of this Pyramid, but did not appreciate the fact that it was built thus in accordance with divine prophecy.

Another peculiarity of the Pyramid is that "at certain times and signs the sun shall cast no shadow thereon." Science has investigated this and finds that the Great Pyramid is the only building or monument in the world which, twice a year, regularly, is completely covered with the sun's rays and no part in shadow.

So far we find that the prophecy and intention of the building has been gloriously fulfilled. The next question is: Who built the Pyramid?

I have said that it is at least 4,000 years old; but there is no way to determine its real age, except by secret signs and calculations mentioned hereafter. We could not build the Great Pyramid today with all our boasted science.

The most modern machinery and marvelous engineering feats could not erect such a building. It must have taken many years, many thousands of laborers, laboring for love, and a wonderful directing power to fulfill the divine prophecies in such manner as to leave an altar that has stood the test of time as has this Pyramid. Who then di-

rected its building? There is little doubt now but that *Shem*, called also Melchizedek, was the builder of the Pyramid, being instructed of God, as his father Noah had been in building the Ark. A careful study of the Bible will reveal this and show his ability, wisdom and workmanship in this direction. The Egyptian historians called *Shem* by the name of *Philitis*.

Let us examine this building, for it is a special revelation for these times. Its great mysteries and secrets could not be read till now; it even takes the most precise, scientific men of the day to read them. For thousands of years there has been no one in the court of the world able to question and interpret this witness of the Lord in Egypt. In its mysteries we find science forecast for thousands of years; it solves the grandest of problems, reveals the future, the

end of the world, and the truth of religion.

Let me present these few facts—for space forbids the giving of all that it reveals:

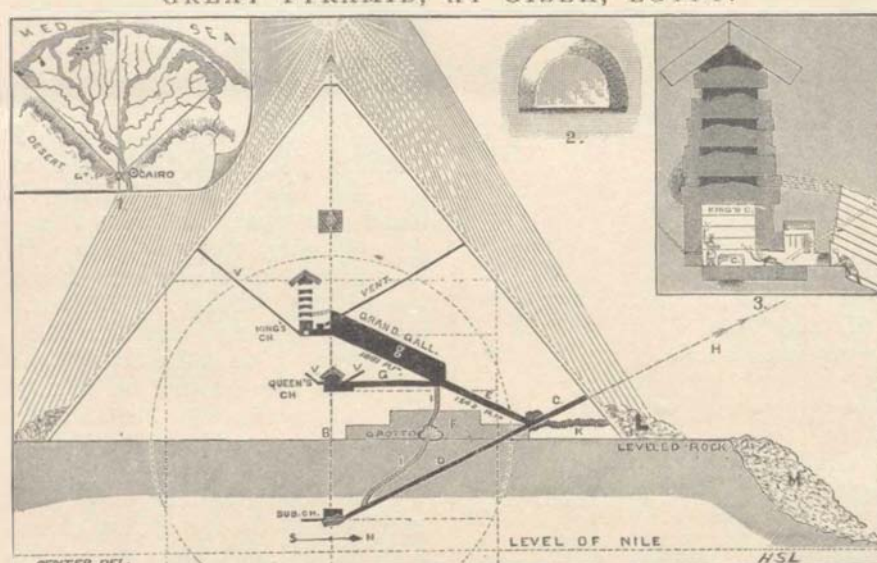
1st. The location of the Great Pyramid is the centre of all the land surface of the world. If its location were used as a compass point on a map of the world, a circle would include all of the lands known to us. This proves beyond a doubt that Columbus and his immediate predecessors made no discoveries at all—for all the land that now exists and is known to us, was known to the Egyptians in their time. Since then we have only re-discovered various lands. The location is central to climate, there being no rust, no frost, moss or earthquakes to destroy it.

2nd. Its form and size symbolize the earth quality in its weight of five millions of tons. Its shape, or inclination from base to apex, is the same as from the pole to the equator. To express this the builder sloped in ten feet for every nine in height. This is what enables the sun to shine on it twice a year without shadow, for the builder knew the latitude and longitude of its location. This proves that the Egyptians were just as far advanced (and more so!) in astronomy as we believe we are today. In height the Pyramid rises to 486 feet and a fraction.

3rd. It was further built on astronomical and astrological lines as will be seen from the following: If its height is multiplied by ten, nine times, it will equal the distance of the earth from the sun. As it originally stood, in perfect form, it was the only solution to the world's greatest mathematical problem—the squaring of the circle, for the height of the Pyramid is the radius of a circle whose circumference, if divided into four equal parts, each part would equal one of the surface sides of the base. This is closer in approximation than Walli's Indivisibles, or Newton's Fluxions or Leibnitz's Calculus, which calculations were made thousands of years after the Pyramid was built and are considered so wonderful even today. The door of the real entrance to the Pyramid was some 49 feet from its base, and 300 inches east of the centre, so as at once to express the tilt of the earth's axis from the plane of its orbit and by its height from the ground to express the Precession of Equinoxes. When it was complete, its granite surface would cover some 13 acres of ground.

But the most important astronomical feature of the Pyramid is its main entrance. As will be seen in the illustration here given, the main entrance slants downward and if its level were extended to the sky it would reach the place where the Pole Star was located in 2170 B. C. Therefore, we can use this as a calculation and know that the Great Pyramid was built 2170 years before Christ, which makes the Pyramid 4,079 years old this year.

GREAT PYRAMID, AT GIZEH, EGYPT.



PILLAR AND WITNESS TO THE LORD

Explanation of the Diagram.

This plate shows the Pyramid cut in two from North to South. The reader is supposed to be looking westward.

The rays from above show how the sun completely covers it twice a year. The outside dotted line indicates where the original marble casing was placed.

The small square in the centre of the Pyramid represents a small room which will typify Heaven.

From A to B the height is 486 1-2 feet.

C—First and main entrance, 978 inches to the first ascending passageway, made by the builders, which, when the building was complete, was covered up. The dotted line H, which continues from this entrance, points to the Pole Star. The entrance was purposely slanted in this line.

D—Descending passage, continues to a well chamber, deep in the natural rock.

E—First ascending passage, 1542 inches long.

F—Natural rock.

—Grand gallery. 1881 inches long.

G—Horizontal passage leading into the Queen's Chamber.

I—A passage out of Grand Gallery, passing through the grotto chamber to the subterranean well chamber.

K—The famous Al Mamouns Entrance. This Arab chief, about 820 A. D. at a great cost of time and labor, forced a way into the Pyramid at the place marked K, for the original entrance at C was still covered and unknown. This unnatural entrance finally struck the entrance C and is still used today by visitors who do not know of the original entrance. At L is shown the rubbish and stone from this forced entrance.

M—Rubbish left by the original builders.

V—Vents or air flues.

Figure 1 in the corner of the above plate shows how the Pyramid is built at the Sector point of the fan shaped lands of Lower and Upper Egypt, which makes it "in the midst" and "at the border" of Egypt.

Figure 2 is the Boss, 1-11 real size. It is a granite stone in a leaf shape, expressing the true measure used by the builders.

Figure 3 is a vertical section of the King's Chamber which is located in the centre of the Pyramid.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS

Health and Beauty: By John V. Shoemaker, LL. D., M. D., Professor of Materia Medica, Pharmacology, Therapeutics and Clinical Medicine, and Clinical Professor of Diseases of the Skin in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia; Physician to the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital; President of the American Therapeutic Society; Member of the American Medical Association, the American Academy of Medicine, the British Medical Association; Fellow of the Medical Society of London, etc. Royal Octavo, 476 Pages. Bound in Extra Cloth, Beveled Edges. Price, \$3.00 net. F. A. Davis Company, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Consumption: How to Prevent It and How to Live With It. Its nature, causes, prevention, and the mode of life, climate, exercise, food and clothing necessary for its cure. By N. S. Davis, A. M., M. D., Professor of Principles and Practice of Medicine, Northwestern University Medical School, Chicago; Physician to Mercy and Wesley Hospitals; Member of the American Medical Society, Chicago Medical Society, Chicago Pathological Society, Chicago Neurological Society, Chicago Academy of Sciences; Fellow of the American Academy of Medicine; Author of a Hand-Book on "Diseases of the Lungs, Heart and Kidneys," and a treatise on "Diet in Disease and Health." Second Edition, thoroughly revised. 12 mo. 172 pages. Bound in Extra Cloth. Price \$1.00 net. F. A. Davis Company, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

By Law of Might. By Newton Ridgely. An absorbing tale of Finance, Mystery and Forbidden Love. A romance of the real Wall Street, and incidentally a revelation of the intrigues of society. The author has an excellent knowledge of human nature and presents clearly the loose moral principles of our so-called upper classes. Pervading the novel is a most mystifying murder problem, and between the lines one can find a pretty love story. While the dealings in Wall Street give an exceedingly clear portrayal of the secrets of high finance, the wording is not so technical as to be tiresome. The book should surely create as much comment as some of the most recent novels dealing with the morals of society. Published by H. A. Simmons & Co., New York City. Price, \$1.50.

Lessons in Astrology. Without a doubt the best lessons published in this country on Astrology are those which have been prepared for amateurs and beginners by Fred White. The lessons include several text books in lesson form which start with the fundamental principles and end with some of the most professional and intricate

processes of the higher phases of Astrology. They are plainly worded, appropriately illustrated and complete in examples.

But what is more important is the accessories which accompany the lessons. For one thing there is a complete set of Ephemerides or almanacs of all the planets from the year 1850 to 1908. These are necessary, of course, to make a map of birth, but the usual set which must be obtained in Europe costs from \$200 to \$500.

Mr. White also gives his students three sets of tables of houses for different latitudes in America and a package of blank maps which facilitate the students' work.

With the lessons goes the privilege of correspondence with Mr. White which includes the answering of perplexing questions and the correction of work.

The lessons complete with Ephemerides, Tables of House, maps, etc., cost but \$1.75 post paid.

Address: Frederick White, Crystal Bay, Minn.

THE NEW LIFE THEOLOGY. By John Fair. This book deals with the New Life Religion. It deals admirably and interestingly with the theology of the Bible, the unity of the churches, the gospel of the new life, theology of the new life healing and many other subjects of vital interest and value to the New Thought and occult student. Handsomely bound in cloth. Price \$2.00. Published by The Fair Publication House, Philadelphia.

A THEORY OF MIND. By John Lewis March, A. M., Ph. D. This book casts new light on the interesting subject of Mind and treats of the various theories in an instructive manner. Especially valuable are the chapters dealing with The Building Up of the Mind, Personal Instinct, Mind and Matter and Fusion.

The author holds some new and original ideas, many of which will be welcomed by experimentalists. The conclusion of the book dealing with Types is worthy of all the publicity and endorsement which this excellent book will receive. Bound in cloth. Price \$2. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

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One of the Wonders of New York City A VISIT TO THE ZANDER INSTITUTE

The constant growth of processes and methods of healing which do not require the use of medicine or drugs has led to the adoption of many novel means, some of which are efficacious and others merely negative. The reason, however, for the general, yes, almost world-wide, endorsement of these systems, is that they do not do the harm which drugs and medicine do to the body and mind, even although they may not, perhaps, make as many so-called apparent cures.

Aside from the many systems and 'isms' which are based upon the psychological laws of suggestion or "mind-healing," those which deal with a rational manipulation of the muscles and tissues of the human body, are more successful as therapeutics than the old-school systems of "drugging." Osteopathy had its origin in the efficacy of massage.

Many years ago a famous scientist and physician of Sweden, Dr. Gustav Zander, invented and patented a number of machines so adjusted and arranged that, mechanically, they would massage any individual muscle or member of the body. The basic principle of these machines is motion, steady, even; passive and active movements and all manipulations, such as vibration, percussion, petrissage and kneading.

It is a recognized fact that a very large proportion of diseases can be directly traced to lack of proper circulation, and the Zander method results in equalizing the circulation.

The success of the machines led to the immediate establishment of Zander Institutes. A score or more can be found in the large cities of Europe and America. Many who have journeyed to Baden-Baden to obtain health, have found it more quickly at the Zander Institute there than in the famous baths of that city; and hundreds who have come to New York, the centre of all that is modern in medical therapeutics, have found the greatest relief and the most pleasant kind of treatment at the Zander Institute at 16 East 28th street.

This is without a doubt the best equipped sanitarium in the East. Practically in the heart of New York, accessible by all local car lines and in the centre of the zone of shopping and amusement, the Zander Institute of New York appeals to thousands throughout the United States.

Many who have been benefitted by the Zander treatments and methods in Europe, immediately ask for the Zander Institute in New York when visiting here, and so it comes in for a share of European patronage.

Whenever one makes a visit to this New York Zander Institute—which, by the way, the proprietors are always glad to have strangers inspect—one is immediately impressed with the activity and professional conduct of the physicians and operators in charge. In the mornings treatments are given to ladies exclusively. Numerous dressing-rooms are provided and in private, under artistic surroundings, they are participating in the health-giving vibrations of the many machines in operation. In the afternoons the gentlemen have exclusive option on the Zander territory and one is impressed with the fact that many business men—men of professional and mercantile lives—find time to devote at least a half-hour each day to these mechanical treatments.

Indeed, the treatments, whether specific or not, and whether convenient or not, seem to form one of the daily units of incidents in the routine of many men's affairs. More than one has said that he had the "Zander habit," which may not be obvious, until one has enjoyed the exhilaration of the quiet, even restful, massages. Yes, there is a "Zander habit," as the writer has found. For even in perfect health a man sitting all day, or bending over his desk, becomes tired, languid and needful of some tonic not found in draughts of medicine or in

pellets of dubious drugs. Then it is that one or more of the Zander machines will bring back the "joy and the vigor of morning's first hours."

But for specific treatments nothing can equal the special machines of the Zander Method. What is there more exhilarating, more refreshing and more invigorating than an early morning ride upon horseback with the steady, monotonous vibration of the trotting horse? And how few can indulge in this necessary, healthful pleasure! But at the Zander Institute a successful and pleasing substitute is found. Here, in the morning, many women come and for an hour or so delight in the sensation of this machine, which, if one's eyes were closed, would seem as natural as it is beneficial. The machine is especially adapted for reducing weight, increasing the circulation, and strengthening the nervous system.

Then we come to a machine which is popularly known as the "Artificial Camel." Have you ever enjoyed a ride on the back of a camel? If not, you have missed the pleasure of its graceful, side-action glide—unless you have been at the Zander Institute and sat upon the substitute. The machine is especially recommended for compressing the liver and the stomach, thus increasing the circulation of these organs.

There are machines for percussion, or tapping motions, for reducing the hips and curing lumbago. The recent changes in fashion are sending women to the Zander Institute now by the score and, while the men laugh at "Zander treatment for fashion," the fact is, many women are forced to reduce their hips in order to be in style and wear what may be foolish, though they certainly look very charming, the modern hipless gowns. And the Zander Method does it easily, pleasantly, and without inconvenience or waste of time.

The machine used more for general massage than any other is known as the tapping massage. This is adjustable and can be moved by the patient while taking the treatment so as to cover nearly all parts of the body. This is the machine so greatly liked by the tired men, who after the monotony of the office, come to the Institute and have this machine gently massage their backs, sides and arms. 'Tis a wonderful thing, as the writer knows from experience. This machine, too, is used by men and women for reducing flesh on various parts of the body and for rheumatism and stiffness of muscles.

Friction massage is produced by another machine and is very effective in a variety of complaints such as local inflammatory conditions.

For improper circulation another appliance is used. It furnishes a regular massage for the entire arm and the wrist. It is beneficial for cold hands or poor circulation. After fractures and breaks of bones have been healed many physicians send their patients here to have this massage, just because it relieves the stiffness.

There are other machines for the vibration and massage of feet, ankles and legs, while others massage the abdomen, the chest and the back. There are machines which force the proper respiration and lung expansion in a pleasing and interesting manner and others afford exercise similar to that of rowing, cycle-riding, etc.

Not only is this Zander Institute popular with the general public, both ailing and healthy, but physicians, ever conservative and reluctant to endorse methods not peculiarly their own, are sending patients for treatment daily to the Institute and, indeed, come themselves, strange to say, thus practically admitting that they suffer from some trouble not curable by their own skill.

All in all, a visit to the Institute is worthy of a place upon any program, for while not one of the seven wonders of the world, this is one of the many wonders of New York.

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The present is the time to work for the future

VOL. 1. SEPTEMBER, 1908. No. 5

VALEDICTORY

A multiplicity of business responsibilities previously undertaken made it seem advisable for me to dispose of my business interest in this magazine in spite of the highly flattering reception it has had at the hands of a public always keenly appreciative of what is good, as the steadily increasing subscription list attests. The Future Home Journal has passed into the sole possession of Mr. Henry Austin, whose name and whose high repute in many fields of intellectual work during the last thirty years are probably familiar to not a few of the older subscribers of The Future Home Journal. For the benefit of the others, however, let me introduce the new owner with a little more detail.

Mr. Austin has been identified all his life with progressive movements for the practical betterment and spiritual upliftment of humanity. He has had a very wide, as well as a long, experience in all branches of the profession of letters. Before he was twenty-five he was the founder, part-owner and sole editor of a highly successful Independent daily paper in Hot Springs, Arkansas. After disposing of his interests there he was for several years connected with the leading paper of the South, The Times-Democrat of New Orleans, and incidentally was an official of the World's Exposition in that city. He has held positions of influence on various papers in Washington, Baltimore, Boston, New York and Newark, such as

The Boston Herald and The Boston Traveler, The New York Press and The New York Journal, The Newark Morning Star and The Newark Evening News. He was the founder of The Nationalist Magazine that achieved a singular success in its first year and just recently he resigned the editorship of that well-known, fashionable periodical, "The Smart Set." Mr. Austin is also the author of several books, "The Story of Government," "In the Name of the People," "The Haunted Hat," a very weird novel, and many pamphlets, and some poems that have attracted great attention.

That Mr. Austin will make The Future Home Journal an increasing source of joy and profit to the public, whose highest interests he has always faithfully served, I have no shadow of doubt; and, while saying farewell as proprietor, I am not really parting entirely with my constituency, for I shall continue to contribute as much as I possibly can, both by my pen and influence, to the success of The Future Home Journal. In fine, I shall co-operate with Mr. Austin to the best of my ability accordingly as my time permits. I now leave Mr. Austin to speak for himself.

Frederick T. McIntyre.

SALUTATORY

In taking over The Future Home Journal I have several things to say. First, I thoroughly appreciate the ability of the gentleman who founded this magazine, and I count myself fortunate, or well-starred, to put it a little stronger, in that I shall continue to have not only his good will, but his co-operation. Mr. Frederick T. McIntyre, though a comparatively young man, has demonstrated possession of peculiar business talents in several lines. Were I a professional prophet, I should be willing to stake my reputation on the prophecy that a concentration of intellectual and moral energies is bound to make him, in a not distant future, deservedly rich.

Second, I wish to say that it is contrary to my ideas of moral propriety and of business common-sense to make many promises, or any large ones. As regards my conduct of The Future Home Journal I prefer to let people find out, as the magazine naturally, not artificially, develops, the full extent of my purposes, my ultimate aims. But in some matters I at once declare myself. The policy of excluding all advertisements of liquors, dubious drugs, or cure-alls, it is my intention rigidly to continue. I am no bigot on the subject of drink. Many good persons use alcohol, and without doubt will do so till they are individually convinced that it is baneful to the individual, to the community, to the human race. I have been convinced of this long since; but I am also convinced that underlying this issue is a far larger one: the iniquity, the iniquity, of the present industrial system. It's "up" to our real statesmen, if we have

any, to "tackle" that job primarily—open-mindedly and not hot-headedly.

Third, it is my expectation to enlist in behalf of The Future Home Journal and its readers the services of well-known writers who are my personal friends; for example, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Rev. William Hayes Ward, whose editorship made "The Independent" and who is our greatest authority on Babylonian antiquities; Julia Ward Howe, Lydia Kingsmill Commander, Maud Howe Eliot, Lindsay Swift, Professor George W. Kirchwey, Hollister Wall, Richard Larned, Dr. John H. Girdner, Arthur Stanley Riggs, L. H. Robbins, Eliot Lord, John Kendrick Bangs, Robert Bremner and a good many others whose names I shall announce in the October number.

Fourth, it is my intention to incorporate this magazine and put the price of the stock at a dollar a share so that any reputable person who desires may purchase a few shares and thus acquire a personal interest in its welfare. I consider that those who are now on my subscription list, those who, during these hard times caused by an artificial panic, have risked a dollar on a new enterprise like this, are entitled to preference in this proposition. Therefore, any who shall inform me as to the amount of money they wish to invest will be put on a separate list and treated accordingly, when the printed stock-certificates are ready for delivery. I do not care to have them remit me any money till they are notified of the accomplishment of this proposed incorporation; but, if they do, it will be put in a special bank-account and held till the delivery of the shares, when it will be applied in developing this property.

I do not hold out to any prospective investor an assurance of large or immediate returns. No stable business was ever built in a day. Even Rome wasn't, as the wise proverb goes. That a magazine in a special field, conservatively conducted, can be made to cover its expenses within a year was demonstrated by me nearly twenty years ago. I do not invite investment by those who are allured by the dream of "getting rich quick." Nor do I want persons to invest merely money, but some of their spare time in the organization of associations for social and civic improvement in their neighborhoods, for which associations, or "Good Neighbor Clubs," The Future Home Journal will be the official unpaid organ.

Henry Austin.

THE IMPENDING ELECTION

The learned astrologer who has favored The Future Home Journal with several highly interesting horoscopes tells us in the opening article of this issue that the planets appear to indicate success for Mr. Taft. This prediction coincides

with the opinion of a good many ordinary, and some extraordinary, mortals in the East to a dead certainty.

But it is by no means a live certainty that all these wise men of the East are "wise guys" in this particular. The astrological wizard may be off in his reckoning. Still, his being off would not necessarily prove astrology absurd.

But our astrologer goes further; he reads not only to Mr. Taft's prayer the answer "yes" in the stars, but that Bryan will be "a bad loser." This phrase generally means a man who loses with ill grace or sulks over defeat. In Bryan's case, we know, such a meaning could not apply. He is one of that rare type of character depicted by Hamlet in speaking of, and to, Horatio—"a man who Fortune's buffets and rewards hath ta'en with equal thanks." The wizard means to say, the stars declare that Bryan will be beaten heavily—he overwhelmed.

That, certainly, does not coincide with the signs of the times at this writing as read by the eyes of an unbiased observer of political conditions, trends or bends. It is conceded that Bryan is running better than ever before; that his party is presenting a united front, and that Republican factional fights of unexampled bitterness in several important States make the outcome, unless a speedy peace be patched up, problematical, at least.

I have never voted a Democratic ticket; but, while cheerfully conceding that he has done some good, I have never been able to admire Mr. Roosevelt as a totality, and though I believe that Mr. Taft is a far less egotistic personality, a far saner and safer man, who could be trusted to maintain the dignity of the Presidency and who would be, according to his lights, a faithful servant of the whole people, I confess that I should not go into mourning, if the "Great White Nebraskan" of the thoroughly cleanly, and always open, life were elected to the Presidency—in spite of the stars.

H. A.

TO SUBSCRIBERS

This issue has been unavoidably delayed, but please notice that it is larger than its predecessors. The next number must also be late, but we can safely promise that it will be even better in the quality of its letter-press. By December we expect to attain that important point, regularity in time of issuance, and to start the New Year ahead of the "good resolutions" generally formed on that date. In our October number we shall introduce our Associate Editor, Mrs. Mary Madeleine Wood, a writer of ripe experiences, whose talks on "Child Life" will delight everybody. Mrs. Ottilie Wigley will also contribute; has already sent us a picturesque appeal which many Christian Scientists will keenly appreciate and be tempted to memorize, and which any thoughtful person of any cult can enjoy.

A STRANGE STORY

By EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

(Condensation by Royle Thurston)

NOTE: This story is, without a doubt, the strangest ever written.

It abounds with dramatic, mystical and psychic incidents. It is unique; and is deemed one of the best stories dealing with the occult ever written by an accomplished writer.

Lord Lytton was a genius and a student of the occult sciences. Many believe that he was a member of the old Rosi-Crucian Society and was interested in alchemy and the hidden arts. This story reveals his great knowledge of these things and is highly instructive to the scientific student as well as interesting to the general public.

The original book was large. Without omitting telling points it has been materially, but not essentially, reduced by Mr. Thurston for publication serially in this Journal.—Editor.

CHAPTER I.

In the year 18— I settled as a physician in one of the wealthiest of our English towns. I was yet young, but I had acquired some reputation by a professional work, which is, I believe, still amongst the received authorities on the subject of which it treats. I was a graduate at Edinburgh and Paris, and on becoming a member of the College of Physicians, I made a tour of the principal cities of Europe. During these tours I added greatly to my theories of practice.

Before completing the tour I attended and treated successfully the eminent physician, Julius Faber. His most original writings on pathology had been my special study; therefore we became warm friends, and, since he was growing old and needed a partner, he proposed that I fill his position. It was an opportunity seldom presented to young physicians.

At the end of two years, Dr. Faber retired, as agreed, and I was in charge of a successful practice and admitted to the best social circles.

My chief rival was a Dr. Lloyd, a benevolent, fervid man, not without genius—not without science. He was one of those clever, desultory men who, in adopting a profession, do not give up to it the whole force and heat of their minds. He had been esteemed a learned naturalist long before he was admitted to be a tolerable physician. He possessed a zoological collection of stuffed or embalmed creatures. From what I say it can be truly inferred that Dr. Lloyd's early career as a physician had not been brilliant; but of late years he had gradually aged rather than worked himself into that professional authority and station which time confers on a thoroughly respectable man.

Now in L— there are two distinct social circles—that of the wealthy merchants and traders, and that of a few privileged families inhabiting a part of the town aloof from marts of commerce, and called the Abbey Hill.

Abbey Hill had its own milliner,

its own draper, confectioner, butcher, baker and tea-dealer; the patronage of Abbey Hill was like the patronage of royalty. Abbey Hill had been in the habit of appointing, amongst other objects of patronage, its own physician. But this habit had fallen into disuse during my predecessor's practice. Dr. Faber's superiority over all other medical men had become so incontestable, that, though he was emphatically the doctor of Low Town (as the other section of the town of L— was designated), still Abbey Hill suffered as did the residents of Low Town and were forced to call for the services of this most famous English physician.

As assistant to Dr. Faber, the Abbey Hill section had allowed me to visit a fair proportion of its invalid and even sent me some invitations to dinners and teas. This led to a presumption on my part that after Dr. Faber had retired, I, as his successor, would continue as physician to Abbey Hill as well as to Low Town. But my self-conceit received a notable check. Abbey Hill declared its right and privilege to have again a special physician.

Miss Brabazon, a spinster of uncertain age, was commissioned to inquire of me, diplomatically, whether I would take a large and antiquated mansion, called the Abbots House, situated on the verge of the Hill. In that case the "Hill" would condescend to think of me.

"It's a large house for a single man, I allow," said Miss Brabazon, candidly, "but when you, Dr. Fenwick, have taken your true position amongst us, you need not long remain single, unless you prefer it."

I merely replied that I had no thought of changing my residence, and that if the Hill wanted me, they must send for me.

Two days later Dr. Lloyd occupied Abbots' House and in less than a week was proclaimed special physician to Abbey Hill. The election had been decided by a great lady of the "Hill" who reigned supreme under the name and title of Mrs. Colonel Poyntz. She said that I was clever, but gave myself airs—and the "Hill" could allow no airs but its own.

My success, however, increased. Dr. Lloyd and myself seldom agreed as to proper courses of treatment, but as we each had our own fields, we prospered.

CHAPTER II.

As in medicine I had been the pupil of Broussais, so in metaphysics I was the disciple of Condillae. I believed that "all our knowledge we owe to Nature." I held views, not original nor pleas-

ing, regarding the soul and mind of man, but I was tolerant to those who held opposite views.

Nature had blessed me with the thews of an athlete, but my mental labors kept my health below the par of keen enjoyment, while in no way diminishing my rare muscular force.

I had been about six years in L— when I became involved in a controversy with Dr. Lloyd. Just as this ill-fated man appeared at the culminating point of his professional fortunes, he had the imprudence to proclaim himself not only an enthusiastic advocate of mesmerism, but an ardent believer in clairvoyance. To these doctrines I sternly opposed myself because on these Dr. Lloyd founded an argument for the existence of soul.

He invited me to some of his seances, and to show my opposition I wrote and circulated a small pamphlet on the subject to which Dr. Lloyd replied in a manner which hurt him professionally. With but few exceptions Low Town was on my side. Abbey Hill at first stood by its insulted physician, until suddenly the same lady paramount, who secured the election of Dr. Lloyd, spoke forth against him.

"Dr. Lloyd," she said, "is an amiable creature, but on this subject cracked. Cracked poets may be all the better for being cracked—cracked doctors are dangerous."

From the moment Mrs. Colonel Poyntz thus issued the word of command, Dr. Lloyd was demolished. His practice was gone, as well as his repute. Mortification or anger brought on a stroke of paralysis which, disabling my opponent, put an end to our controversy.

Gradually the Hill accepted my services, and invited me to dinners and teas; again Miss Brabazon assured me that it was no fault of hers if I were still single.

One February night I was summoned to the bed-side of Dr. Lloyd who had just suffered a second stroke. He expressed a vehement desire to consult the rival who had aided in his downfall. The night was sharp and bitter, an iron-gray frost below, a spectral moon above.

As I entered the sick-room at Abbots' House I knew my art was powerless there. The children of the stricken widower were gathered round his bed. The scene greatly affected me—it moved me to the quick.

In the silence which followed the sad exit of the children, my arm was suddenly grasped by his left hand, the right being lifeless. He drew me to him until his lips almost touched my ear, and in a voice now firm, now splitting into gasp and hiss, he said:

"I have summoned you to gaze on your own work! You have stricken down my life at the moment it was most needed by my children, and most serviceable to mankind. Are you satisfied with your work?"

I could make no answer.

"Verily," he continued in a

weakened voice, "retribution shall await you! In those spaces which your sight has disdained to explore you shall yourself be a lost and bewildered straggler. Hist! I see them already! The glimmering phantoms are gathering around you!"

He stopped abruptly, his eye fixed in a gazing stare; his hand relaxed its hold; he fell back on his pillow. I stole away.

Whispering hurriedly to the nurse, "All is over!" under the light of the ghastly moon I went back to my solitary room.

CHAPTER III.

It was some time before I could shake off the impression made on me by the words and the look of the dying man. It was not that my conscience upbraided me. What had I done? Was I to believe in such doctrines as he put forth? The public had been with me in the contest, and knew that I attended him in his last moments; it admired the respect to his memory which I evinced in the simple tomb that I placed over his remains, and in setting on foot a subscription for his orphan children, for Dr. Lloyd had died in poverty to the surprise of all who knew him. This subscription was added to by the money paid by the Mayor of L— for the late physician's museum of zoological specimens.

Only one person in L— appeared to share the rancor with which the poor physician had denounced me. It was a gentleman named Vigors, distantly related to the doctor—a man of great scholastic acquirements. His ruling passion was to sit in judgment upon others; and being a magistrate, he was the most active and the most rigid magistrate L— had ever known.

I had now arrived at that age when an ambitious man begins to feel the void of a solitary hearth. I had never admitted the passion of love, but now I wished to find in a wife a rational companion and a trustworthy friend, and I imagined I should have no difficulty in a choice barren of romance. But in all my visits, week after week, I saw no young ladies whom I preferred.

However, early one evening in May I was returning from a case, and I found myself just before the gates of the house recently occupied by the late Dr. Lloyd. Since his death it had been unoccupied, for the rent was considered high.

The garden gates stood wide open. The death-bed scene was vividly recalled, and the dying man's threat rung in my ears. An irresistible impulse urged me on through the gates, up the neglected, grass-grown road. As the building came in sight, with dark-red bricks, partially overgrown with ivy, I perceived that it was no longer unoccupied. I saw forms passing athwart the open windows. A servant in livery was

(Continued on page 94.)

HAPPINESS AND WHAT IT IS.

What is it? Who has it? And can we retain it?

That depends upon the act or circumstance which produced the sensation. Most of us may possess intermittently this something we call happiness, but unless the foundation upon which it is built meets the extended hand of Memory with a smile, it is a will o' the wisp. Happiness is an emotion, ever changing, possessed one moment, gone the next. Perpetual happiness is impossible; one set of sensations continued for any great length of time would cease to be pleasurable.

Nature made no mistake in not handing out gratuitously this much sought for something; it is the goal that all humanity is searching for: it is just beyond our grasp, but tomorrow we will surely overtake it and we derive a whiff of the perfume in our anticipations. Humanity has no other aim, for the propelling impulse behind all our acts, whether good or bad, the primary motive, is happiness. The miser hoards his gold; the spendthrift squanders his all. The kind and generous freely divide their last dollar; the mean and contemptible slander and destroy character and the motive is the same. Methods are different, that is all. There are no such things as punishments and rewards, but in their stead stands the immutable law of consequence and with every act of life is born a ghost that will journey with us, waking or sleeping, and we cannot escape them and their potent whispers. These ghosts have names, yes, they have: one is our friend and whispers happy reminders of the past and we smile and live again in the land of the long ago. The other ghost also whispers and his name is Remorse. These two ghostly beings are our intimate associates so long as Memory shall last, and who shall say that it does not extend far into the mystic beyond? Well says the poet:

"Ay, there's the rub.
For in that sleep of death what
dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this
mortal coil,
Must give us pause."

Universal happiness is a dream of the impossible: to be happy all the time means not to be happy at all; we cannot endure one set of sensations, no matter how delightful, for any extended period before they cease to be pleasurable. A man or woman who knows nothing of sorrow and grief can know nothing of real happiness, therefore sorrows are the best friends happiness ever knew.

Selfishness rules the world, and rightly too, but unfortunately it is unintelligent. Selfishness is merely a name of happiness, but when it fails of its object it is unintelligent. To know whether it is intelligent or not we must ask: has it brought happiness or the contrary?

All of us live in memory. Seconds are ticking away rapidly. We say, "Oh, I'm having the time of my life." Are you? When? Now! While we are saying it, it has passed into a memory and can only be enjoyed as such. Then we should have happy memories. Unpleasant scenes, unkind words, bitterness and anger all are photographs by our moving picture machine. We call it Memory. We would destroy many of the films if we could, but we cannot.

In my journey through life I have industriously sought happiness and after years of all sorts of experiences, testing numerous methods, have slowly come to learn where the greatest wealth of happiness is to be found; it comes from a reflex of the happiness I am able to give another. Now if by a kindly act or word I have made smoother the path of another and brought a smile and relief where before it was sombre, I have added to my wealth of happiness; every time I think of it I smile and I cannot smile at the memory of my unkind acts or words. Multiply these little acts, add new ones every day, and after a time you are many times a millionaire in happiness. Besides, the numerous heart-aches you have relieved keep you alive to a full consciousness of what sorrows mean.

It is not what we get but what we give that pays big dividends on our investment. They are the little things frequently.

Unintelligent selfishness causes most of our suicides, an utterly mistaken idea of an emotion called love for another person unrequited and life thrown away, but the suicide was selfishly in love with himself or herself, not the other party. I want to possess you. You must belong to Me, or I will kill myself and you, too. If there's anything but self-love in it, I fail to comprehend it. I know of an instance where a man fell in love with himself, but attributed the emotion to a married lady. He was a decent sort of a man as men go, and he did get down in the dumps and it injured his health and looked serious to him. I may add that the lady thought a great deal of him, but circumstances made it impossible for them to unite without hurting innocent people, so this man held an interview with himself and asked himself some very plain questions.

"You love this lady? Yes! Very much? Yes! But she is married? Yes! I know, she is! And you can't have her without breaking up her home, destroying her husband's happiness? Yes, I know all this. Well, what are you whimpering about? The lady is alive and well; you meet here in society frequently or at her own home. What are you down in the mouth about? Well, you see I want her for myself. Oh! That's it, for yourself; then it's yourself

you're in love with, not the lady at all. Well, I don't see that there is any especial sympathy due you. Now stop all this nonsense. Make the lady's life happy in every way you can without intruding upon others." After this interview with himself and summing up of the argument he rendered a verdict that his love for the lady was real and not merely a personal desire of possession, and life became bright once more, and while in many ways he was able to make her happier, he never intruded upon her home life. This happened many years ago and today each has the sweetest and dearest memories of the other.

Do you wish to be happy? Of course you do. Well, here's an un-failing road to it: add as much as you possibly can to the comfort and happiness of others and do it every day and it's yours. If you are looking for trouble, do the opposite and you'll find it. I think I hear you say, "Yes! But these very people would not do anything for me." He that is looking for re-payment for kindness and courtesies rendered will never receive any, for the spirit of the transaction is changed to one of barter, and few are ever satisfied with the return. If you are looking for happiness you must find it within yourself, in lovely memories and emotions. It is the law of compensation.

ARTHUR KING.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Dampened salt applied to a mosquito bite will relieve the itching at once. In fact, dampened salt is a good cure for the bite or sting of any insect. It should be applied quickly and bound tightly over the spot.

The teeth should be brushed from the gums to the cutting edge.

There is wonderful aid to the complexion in the use of plenty of water, both externally and internally.

Never eat idly or between meals.

When the gums are tender, and bleeding, the mouth should be rinsed with warm water to which listerine has been added.

Wash and bathe the body at least every twenty-four hours in cold, warm or hot water, according to your condition of health.

Sleep as many hours as you find necessary to recuperate completely your strength and, as nearly as possible, take half of these hours before and half after midnight.

Peroxide of hydrogen is a cure for superfluous hair, but you must continue its use for five or six months.

Fruit acids are excellent to relieve a rheumatic condition of the system.

The eyes should be protected from dust or any foreign matter when riding.

An excess of borax in the shampoo will soon ruin the hair, causing it to break and split.

An apple eaten at night is beneficial to many persons.

Headache may be alleviated by rubbing the temples with a slice of lemon.

If your feet ache after dancing, soak them before you get into bed in hot bay salt and water, dry them and rub briskly, especially about the ankles, with a rough towel.

But putting your wrists under a stream of cool running water, you will obtain relief from the heat almost at once. Bathing the temples with cool water is a great comfort when one is overheated.

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BEAUTY TALKS

By OAKLEY SELLECK.

Beauty: The power that rules the world yesterday that was, today that is, and the tomorrows that will be. It has changed the map of nations, has been the inspiration of the best and the temptation of the worst. Heroic deeds and bloody crimes may be traced to its spell, and so long as the human race shall survive, its fascinating power will remain the same and nature's highest type, its sublimest effort, is centered in womanhood. With the foregoing asserted as a fact that will not be denied by many and cannot be refuted at all, I now proceed in a more prosaic but convincing argument to the ladies, bless them, who want and demand only their absolute rights, and those who do not want their rights, and with the best intent, no doubt, do their best or worst to prevent those who do from getting them. Many reasons are given why women should not have the franchise and vote her choice and opinion on an exact equality with man. Among the opponents of feminine enfranchisement stands Marie Corelli, and the reasons she advances are peculiarly her own. I understand she says most women are mentally unfitted to vote because they paint, wear pads and frizz their hair; and, therefore, are unable to think straight. How dreadful! Many men pad, but men, fortunately, vote under the law just because they are men. If morals, honesty and one or two other qualifications I could mention were requisite, where would the men "be at?" Let us consider together. Is it a crime or even an offense for a woman to look as well as she can? We all know that women, or most of them, instinctively wish to look well, and when nature has been forgetful or downright mean in handing her a lot of sharp corners and angles instead of pretty, plump curves, and is shy on physical development, she knows what and where to buy what is lacking to give her the form nature intended her to have. Is this not to be commended instead of condemned?

Shall not a woman wear something or other (I don't know what) which did not grow there, but when worn produces a harmonious and satisfying picture to the eye? As the public is not permitted to examine the goods, we are none the wiser. Honestly, is she not doing all parties concerned a favor by so innocent a deception? Should she rather inflict a hollow chest, and the suggestion of a cough upon us? Miss Corelli was never more mistaken in her life than in her disapproval of the high art (for art's sake we may be sure) practiced by her sex to please (or deceive) the

rest of us. They might be criticised with justice if they were in any way at fault for their physical shortcomings in form and feature, but they are absolutely innocent of any participation in their physical defects, therefore can only be commended for the outlay and trouble they undergo to remedy the same. We must look backward for the criminal and I think we may charge it to the non-descript, catch-as-catch-can, go-as-you-please production of the human race. Ladies: As a man I love and honor you as a sex, knowing you are doing your best to look your best at least before marriage. If Miss Corelli's strictures are justified, and women should abandon all the pretty little arts of form and face beautification, I have misconceived the duties we owe each other. The human eye is a lens that photographs the objects that pass within the radius of its vision. These photos are stored away in the gallery of memory to be cast again upon the screen and we see them in our mind's eye.

A few months ago, I saw a charming little play, and I saw a girl in the title role. She was a very fine-looking young lady in private life, but in the costume, the make up, her expression of face as she spoke her lines, I saw before me, TO ME, the most beautiful picture of divine girlhood I had ever seen or ever expect to see, and for this never-to-be-forgotten picture I was indebted to much that was artificial. I positively assert that no person, man or woman (and woman particularly), has a right to present to my eyes ugly features or an ill-shapen ill-dressed figure, if the defects can be remedied. I love the beautiful, and wish to fill the picture gallery in my memory with the most beautiful pictures possible and a beautiful woman is the acme of nature's sublimest handiwork. Art and ingenuity surely should be used to remedy that which she would not have forgotten if she had an even chance. But it is as it is. What a shocking thought when fully comprehended, that prize pigs and chickens are bred better than the human race. They are the result of intelligent calculation, their ancestry known, their future calculated to a nicety, and they generally make good. Why is this? They represent just so much money. Now, ladies, you are very much more valuable than prize pigs, chickens and ducks, even if not bred as carefully, and as you are always more or less on exhibition, never forget what appearance means. It is not necessary to sacrifice your health to look your best—that would not be intelligent. It would fail of its object. Keep within the rules of

health. To revert to the opening paragraph of this article, let me say, if voting was based entirely upon intelligence, honesty and honor, without regard to sex, ladies, you would hold most of the offices or we men would have to behave much better than we do now, and as a parting say to you, I must repeat my earlier remarks: Look your best always. Cover the defects, if any, with pads, powder and frizzes, and a delicate touch of pink if the skin is rebellious and refuses to ornament the cheek with bloom. Look as well as you can and try and feel even better than you look.

This article was written by a man, so, ladies, you may know our views on Miss Corelli's remarks. Do not heed them. Some romance, not all reality, is what we men prefer.

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THE NEW ONTOLOGY

A Complete Course of Lessons on a New Science
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BY ROYLE THURSTON

NOTE: We have secured from Mr. Thurston the sole right to publish from month to month the entire lessons which comprise the four parts of his science. This is the first time any magazine has ever attempted to publish in its pages such an exhaustive work as this and much can be learned by readers who follow the lessons carefully. If you secure future issues of this magazine and preserve them you will have a good grasp on the science of "The New Ontology," which will comprise many pages.

"The New Ontology" aims to cover the subjects of Hypnotism, Telepathy, Psychology, Biology, Astrology, Cosmology, Ontology, Psychic and Spiritual Healing, Personal Magnetism, Clairvoyance, Disease, Health, Happiness and Success. Methods and complete rules are given for producing many occult and mysterious phenomena and the science clearly shows how health may be gained and maintained. "The New Ontology" is, without a doubt, a work with facts of profound interest, and was prepared during a period of three years, while Mr. Thurston was testing his methods and systems in connection with his work before The New York Institute for Psychical Research. This has not been published in book form and can only be learned through the series published in this magazine. We may publish the book next year.—EDITOR.

LESSON NUMBER SEVEN

While the body is growing, the mind is growing, or developing also. It must be remembered as taught in the first lessons of this science, that the mind is not a material organ; it is not formed of material substances. The brain is the material organ of the mind and body, but mind itself is not made of substances. It is everywhere within the body; for, as has been stated, it is part of the vital force of life—it is the soul.

THE HEART.

Let us now examine in detail the working of the heart, the most vital physical organ of the body.

Physiology of the ordinary kind tells us that life depends to a great extent upon the heart. This is really more true than scientists of the past have realized.

The heart is an electrical pump sending forth through the system, by way of the vessels, the blood. The action of the heart is electrical in nature, as will be shown.

The formation of the heart is very interesting. Its general shape and position need not be treated here since any book on physiology will give this information.

But the exact nature of the surrounding parts is not so clearly given. Previously I have referred to a peculiar bag or covering for the heart and the solution which it contains. Let us note what Thomas H. Huxley, LL.D., F. R. S., an eminent authority on the subject, has to say regarding the heart. I quote from his book on physiology:

"It is lodged between the lungs, nearer the front than the back wall of the chest, and is ENCLOSED IN A SORT OF DOUBLE BAG, the *pericardium*. * * * Between the two layers of the *pericardium*, consequently, there is a completely closed, narrow cavity, lined by an epithelium, and con-

taining in its interior A SMALL QUANTITY OF CLEAR FLUID—the *pericardial fluid*."

Then there follows a foot-note explaining what this fluid *probably* is. The foot-note reads as follows:

"This fluid, like that contained in the peritoneum, pleura and other shut sacs of a similar character to the *pericardium*, used to be called *serum*. * * * The fluid is, however, in reality a FORM OF LYMPH."

My students will note in this last paragraph the great doubt as to what the fluid really is. At one time it was considered *serum*, but now it is only known to be a FORM OF LYMPH! Thus we see that science is still in doubt on this important question.

I have found, after careful analyses, the exact chemical nature of this fluid AND KNOW WHY IT IS THERE AND HOW IT AFFECTS THE HEART. This science will give this information for the first time.

In the first place, Huxley says: "When examined chemically, lymph is found to contain the same salts as are present in *plasma* and in about the same amount."

Plasma contains proteids, and examination will show that this strange fluid which surrounds the heart contains proteids. If we examine further we find that proteids are composed of the four elements—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen.

No doubt my students realize the importance of this fact. If they will recall, it has been stated that the chemical composition of the human or animal heart is a complex compound of carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen and oxygen. These four elements are of earthly substances and contain the *negative electrical current*. Therefore the bag which

covers the heart CONTAINS FOUR EARTHLY NEGATIVE ELECTRICAL ELEMENTS. This is the important fact and one which science has heretofore overlooked.

If we examine the action of the heart we find that it is similar to a pump; it does not take in the blood through suction, however, but takes it in and forces it out through a series of contractions and relaxations. The action is very similar to the opening and closing of a hand when making a fist.

Certainly there must be a force which causes this action of the heart; for it is plainly something besides a chemical action. That physiology does not attempt to explain what this force may be is seen from these words from Huxley's book: "The heart contains within itself *something* which causes its different parts to contract in a definite succession and at regular intervals."

What is this *something*? Science does not state; medicine says "life" and religion says *God*. But these are no answers at all. My students know the answer, however, for it is the working of the two electrical currents, the *negative* and *positive*; one current causing the contraction, the other causing the relaxation.

Let us see how this is possible. I have just explained that the heart is of material negative substances covered by a bag in which, and surrounding the heart, is a chemical fluid composed of the same negative chemicals as are contained in the ovum and protoplasm. Therefore the heart is purely a negative quality, ready to be acted upon by any positive electrical force which may touch it. The next question is how this positive electrical current touches the heart. But before presenting this fact let me prove to you that electricity does cause the action of the heart.

A galvanometer is an apparatus for measuring the nature of electrical currents. Electrodes are attached to the galvanometer, and if these two electrodes come in contact with an electrical current the nature of them is shown on the dial of the galvanometer. Two electrodes have been placed in contact with the heart of various animals, and the galvanometer indicated clearly that both *negative* and *positive* electricity were alternating. Let me explain here that the action of any electrical current is an alternating current of negative and positive qualities.

First, the negative will act and then the positive, then the negative again and so on. They do not both act at the same time. Therefore, the galvanometer showed that the alternating contraction and relaxation of the heart was an alternating influence of negative and positive electricity.

This test with the galvanometer can be made by any physician or surgeon and the fact proved. However, it was never made in the past.

Since the two electrical currents act upon the heart, let me explain how this is possible in as few words as possible.

THE LUNGS.

As has already been explained, life depends upon the taking into the body the positive electrical currents of the atmosphere through the lungs. Now, let me explain how this is accomplished.

I shall attempt to do so without using technical or scientific terms. The blood in each capillary of the lung is separated from the air by only a delicate thin skin, which is part of the lung membrane. This membrane acts as an electrical conductor. The blood is on one side of the membrane and the air in the lungs on the other side.

Physiology has claimed for years that the blood was purified by allowing the air to pass through this membrane to the blood, but examination will prove that this is impossible, for the membrane is not porous, and therefore the air could not reach the blood in this way.

The truth is this: As fast as the blood in the various vessels comes in contact with the thin membrane of the lungs, the blood becomes charged with the positive electrical current of the atmosphere, and this positive current is carried by the blood to the heart. Understand this clearly. When air is breathed into the lungs the lungs are immediately filled with the positive electrical current which the air contains. The lungs are made of chemical earthly substance, and are therefore negative in electrical quality, and this negative quality attracts the positive quality of the atmosphere. The blood is touching the thin membrane of the lungs, and these membranes conduct the positive electrical quality to the blood which is then carried on to the heart.

For proof of this two electrodes were inserted in the lungs. Then the galvanometer showed that when breath was inhaled the lungs contained *positive* electricity, and when the breath was exhaled the lungs contained *negative* electricity. In other words, the two electrical currents alternate. When we take air into the lungs, the lungs are filled with the positive current, and when we empty the lungs only the negative electrical current remains. Thus the blood passing by the lung membrane takes to the heart first a charge of positive electricity, then the negative, then again the positive current and then the negative, and so on. These alternating currents reach the heart and cause the action of that organ in this manner. When the positive current reaches the heart it contracts, for, the flesh being charged with this current, it manifests the power by its contraction. Then when this current leaves the heart and only the negative quality remains the heart relaxes. Thus, the heart is continually alternating between a negative and positive and a contracted and relaxed condition.

Thus you see the action of the heart is very simple, and is no mystery at all; but science has never made this explanation before. It is the secret to the whole mystery of life. Electricity is the key that unlocks this riddle.

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Recently a reader sent a letter to the Editor of The New York Evening Journal, asking for the editor's opinion as to the value of the study of Theosophy. The Editor publicly replied in the issue for September 4th, as follows:

If you should NEVER read Annie Besant's writing on theosophy you would not miss very much. The good work that Annie Besant did was work apart from theosophy and its teachings. The study of theosophy, and of all old Asiatic thought, is interesting, like the study of any ruin, but ONLY as the study of ruins.

The teaching of Asia is an old and tired teaching. It doesn't represent the vigorous thought that DID THINGS in Asia, that gave civilization to Greece, to Rome and to us. It represents the tired-out, fag-end of dying philosophy, a dying intellectual movement.

If you take our advice you will drop theosophy and study REALITY.

Read a good astronomy, Ball's astronomy, for instance—there's more food for your mind and imagination in that than in a thousand theosophies.

Read a good book on geology—Professor Shaler, of Harvard, wrote a good one, easily understood.

Read Professor James' book on psychology—there's some guesswork in that, but it's at least modern, up-to-date guesswork, and there is a great deal of absolute truth in it—scientific truth.

Read a short analysis of philosophical thought—Zeller's little book on philosophy is excellent. George Henry Lewes' book on philosophy is bigger, more entertaining, more easily read—not quite as modern, but sufficiently accurate.

Read two or three of Shakespeare's plays—"King Lear," "Macbeth," "The Tempest"—there's more in those three plays than in nine million Annie Besants and all the theosophy that ever was heard of.

Study the men around you. Read history. THINK ten times as much as you read, discuss public questions earnestly with earnest men—that's the way to grow mentally.

What do YOU think? Is it true that if Annie Besant's writings on Theosophy were never read, that little would be lost? Is it true that the good work which Annie Besant did was "work apart from theosophy and its teachings?"

Is it true that the teachings of Asia do not "represent the vigorous thought that DID THINGS in Asia?"

Is Theosophy "a dying intellectual movement?" and has Theosophy accomplished nothing?

We would like to have our readers answer these questions and discuss the subject from their own experiences if possible. We would be pleased to hear from some of our friends at Point Loma where the Theosophical movement is doing such noble work.

Write us what you think in as few words as possible. Give facts if you can. The best letters received before December 10th will be published on this page and an award of one year's subscription to this Journal will be given to those whose letters are published. This award you may have transferred to a friend if you wish.

Address all letters to: Discussion Club, care of The Future Home Journal, 16 East 28th St., New York.

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The Vibrations of Names

A COURSE OF LESSONS ON
CHARACTER READING FROM NAMES

BY JOSE COLARDO

LESSON NUMBER FIVE.

The following is a continuation of the meanings of the letter and planets with the Egyptian hieroglyphics as started in lesson number four in the August issue.

- L.—A taste and love for literature combined with the ability to express thoughts clearly and beautifully. It often brings inspiration from nature and unknown places and seems to rise above the ordinary thoughts of life. The planet is Neptune and this lends beauty, art, sweetness and elegance, although there is a tendency to love too greatly the pleasure of life and sensuousness. This may be overcome, however. The hieroglyphic is the *Lioness* and this indicates that great strength can be attained in all things feminine, beautiful and artistic. (Note: Neptune here always brings some chaotic or mysterious influence difficult to analyze.)
- M.—Statesmanship, leadership and an ability in politics unusual. The planet is also Neptune and this makes the influence strange and mysterious. As a statesman the letter signifies an unusual one, difficult to compare with the ordinary man. In leadership the mysterious and chaotic element will be strong also. The hieroglyphic is *The Owl* and this shows the wisdom, the keen insight and the watchfulness of the letter.
- N.—Teaching, lecturing, demonstrating and excellent reasoning abilities. The planet is Uranus and this makes the letter bring to it influences of an occult, psychic, erratic and unusual nature. The hieroglyphic is *Water* and this indicates the ability to sift, analyze, compare and extract all knowledge, easily flowing.
- Q.—Gives admiration and desire for religious subjects or for religion itself. It also indicates a love for the home, the family and the children. The planet is the Sun and this indicates great heights, fame and power in these things—the life or beginning of great movements. The hieroglyphic is a *Circle* and signifies that the influence is continuous, steady without break, no end or beginning.
- P.—Here is a strange, susceptible temperament. Too easily influenced by others at times. Hard to understand or analyze in temperament. The planet is Uranus, making the influence erratic and unusual. The hieroglyphic is *The Shutter* and this indicates that much will be withheld from view and that more will be shielded and protected adding to the strangeness of the temperament. It also means discretion and caution.
- Q.—Strong, bull-dog tenacity; stubbornness. The planet is Mercury, which makes most of the influence mental and lends a desire to travel, aid in transportation, etc. The hieroglyphic is the *Knee* (angle) and shows obtuseness in many things.
- R.—Harmony, love of music and a taste and desire for beauty and nature and peace. The planet is Venus, which strengthens these influences. The hieroglyphic is *The Mouth* and this organ may be the means of expression, perhaps through oratory or singing.
- S.—This gives emotionalism and insatiation of a high and fine degree—almost infinite. The planet is Neptune and this again adds mystery and dreaminess to the influence. The Hieroglyphic is *The Garden* which signifies how inspiration and infinite thoughts may blossom and bloom in this influence.
- Sh.—These two letters, when occurring in any name together, have the same influence as the letter S except that the numerical value is different as will be explained in future lessons.
- T.—Self interest, pride and tact and a high degree of diplomacy. The planet is Venus which makes the above influence more decided and exact. The Hieroglyphic is *The Lasso* and indicates that many things will come within the grasp of this influence.
- U.—Great aptitude for medicine and science. The planet is Mercury, indicating a fine intelligence, memory and ability to study and acquire knowledge, invent, draw, illustrate, explain and demonstrate. The Hieroglyphic is the same as the letter F.
- V.—Fond of animals, outdoor sport and outdoor life. The planet is Mercury and the Hieroglyphic is the *Asp*, both having the meanings as given in F and U.
- W.—Criticism and reforming. The desire to correct evils and better mankind. The planet is the Moon and this makes the influence spasmodic and variable. The Hieroglyphic is the double asp and makes the influence very slow, tedious and serious.
- X.—Violent temper, uneasy disposition, disagreeable nature and often cruel. The planet is Mars, adding to the hot, fiery and impulsive nature. The Hieroglyphic is the *Chair Back* which is a secret symbol of a checkered career.

Y.—Magnetic personality, the opposite of the influence of the letter X. It gives kindness, love, personal influence and success. The planet is Saturn which, however, tends to make the above influence serious and for material purposes. The influence also leads to the ability to talk well. The Hieroglyphic is also the *Asp*. (See letters F, U, V and W.)

Z.—Strength and power to win, to finish and complete any task or scheme once started. The planet is Venus and this makes the influence fortunate but warns also that this influence would cause trouble with women for it would lead to a woman's downfall were a man to use the influence to cause this end. The Hieroglyphic is *The Duck* and warns all to beware of the use of this letter's influence.

A STRANGE STORY.

(Continued from page 89.)

giving directions as to the unloading of a van of furniture.

I felt somewhat ashamed of my trespass and turned to retrace my steps. I had gone but a few steps when I saw Mr. Vigors, walking beside a lady apparently of middle age. Since she was evidently the new owner of the house, I did not care to meet them, and turned down a small by-path for escape. Here I found a fountain or well, over which was a Gothic dome. It was a relic of the ancient Abbey. A large willow which overhung the dome and the green shrubbery surrounding it gave the scene a touch of romance. In the midst of the shrubbery sat a human form.

The form was so slight, the face so young, that at the first glance I murmured to myself, "What a lovely child!" But as my eye lingered it recognized in the upturned, thoughtful brow, in the sweet, serious aspect, in the rounded outlines of that slender shape, the inexpressible dignity of virgin woman.

(To be continued.)

Walked Into the Trap.

Miss Waything—Can you explain to me anything of this theory to which scientists are giving so much thought of late—the theory of pragmatism?

Mr. Wapp—You've got me now.

Miss Waything (with enthusiasm)—Oh, thanks! It's so sudden, but since you admit that I've got you there is little left for me to do but consider myself engaged.

LEARN HOW TO REST.

Rest is not merely doing nothing with the hands and keeping the feet still. Almost the greater part of it is in relaxing the nerves and mind. When one can do this, good looks and life will be prolonged and the temper will be vastly improved, for nervous exhaustion is the cause of many a quick word better left unspoken.

When trying to rest it should be remembered that no constricting garments can be worn. If necessary, the time for "rest" had better be shortened, while the tight clothing is removed to put on again, for thus more benefit will be gained.



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GHOST OF WOODSMERE.

(Concluded from page 79.)

ences I have chronicled here or whether the spirit of Melissa, desiring to let the fate of her lover come to light, communicated with me telepathically, I leave to be solved by those who have gone deeper into the occult than I have.

It is a curious fact, however, that after the night I spent in the haunted chamber, the apparition never appeared in the old colonial house of Woodsmere again.

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COULDN'T DO BETTER.

Two friends who had not seen each other for several years met again, unexpectedly, as neighbors in a new suburban place.

"Hallo, Bilkins! Who are you working for now?" asked Simkins, over the garden fence.

"Same people," was the cheery answer. "A wife and five children."

"What paper do you take now?" asked Simkins. "Why—The Future Home Journal, of course!"

"Guess I'll subscribe also," said Bilkins. And he did. Now they are both doing well.

THE SHADOW OF THE SILENCE.

By Henry Austin.

I wander through the woodland
Where once thy perfect words,
With sung or spoken music,
Encharmed the listening birds.

They listen still; or trill not,
Save in a broken way,
As if, thou gone, they doubted
The beauty of the day.

The river, on whose bosom
Our boat so oft was rocked,
In the same keep of silence,
Deep and forlorn, is locked:

Lingers to sing; or singing,
To monotone is dulled;
As 'twere that Grief by moaning
Reiterance could be lulled.

That favorite hill where couchant
Beneath a mateless oak
Of Solitude's high solace
Our spirits often spoke:

That hill, beloved of zephyrs,
Looks cold and lone. Like one,
Smitten with sudden palsy,
It shivers in the sun.

And the broad vale, so varied
In gay and glowing green,
Where to thy fingers plucking
The flowers were fain to lean:

That loved and lovely valley—
The same how can it seem,
As when thy sweetness made it
The valley of a dream?

Gone! And the things remaining,
Unperfumed by thy breath,
Seem unto Grief the real
Things that have suffered death.

Not gone, not lost, not vanished!
Simply, no longer seen;
But just as close; ay, closer,
When Grief hath grown serene.

For, softer than a whisper
Out of a rose's breast,
Can spirit breathe on spirit
A benison of rest.

Hush, then, my heart, all sorrow!
Lo! from the forest lorn,
Just at our sorest moment,
Message of balm is borne;

And pensive as we wander
In well-remembered ways,
The light of Faith's tomorrow
Crowns that of sweet, dead days;

And in a mystic fashion—
That may not be revealed
Thro' word, look, touch or music,
Yet cannot be concealed—

A shadow haunts the silence
Of river, vale and hill:
The scenes that felt her presence,
O heart! they feel it still.

THE RAREST JEWEL.

By George Washington Moon.

The rarest jewel at the richest
shrines
Where God is worshipped is
Humility.
'Tis like the star that trembles as
it shines
And by its trembling brighter
seems to be.



The Future Magnetic Success Club :: :: ::

"IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH"

DOING THINGS NOW.

One thing that makes for success more than any other, is the habit of doing things *now*. Procrastination is not only the thief of time, but the pilferer of success. To put off till tomorrow what can and should be done today not only robs us of valuable time but takes from us of the opportunity which may be the result of the deed.

It's the man who grasps at every opportunity while the "iron is hot" that succeeds. This applies to women as well. If success in life is your aim, then lose no time, for time and opportunity are the makers of success.

William McAdoo, the young Western lawyer, came to New York at a time when the great city was in need of a subway to the Jersey shores. The subway had already been planned, attempted and started, and called a failure and impossibility. But the time was ripe for such a subway and McAdoo had the opportunity. He did not wait, but striking while the "iron was hot" he proceeded to raise capital, engage engineers and make plans and within two years he saw the work completed—one of the most marvelous under-water tunnels in the world.

The man of the hour is the man who becomes successful. The man who waits for opportunities is lost.

The right time to do anything right is *all the time*. Days and hours are not allotted for the successful accomplishing of any deed. The man who lay awake at midnight in his bed planning a political campaign and who arose at once, in the early hours, and started the campaign, was the man of the hour and success was assured from the start, for his opponents were awaiting the bright sun light.

Opportunities are always within grasp. The time to grasp them is *now*, not tomorrow or any other time. Opportunities do not wait to be coaxed or petted into material existence. They always exist in some subtle form and the successful man grasps at them and turns them into material form.

Environment and education have some effect, but the boy upon the farm can rise to the opportunity and grasp it as successfully as the college-bred city boy. Witness this in the cases well known in history. Take a modern instance. Note the present world-wide success and fame of the Wright brothers. They were two humble boys working in a small shop repairing bicycles. Most of us would think that few opportunities come in that business but they did not wait for opportunities to come. They read that our government and every other government was interested in airships. They rose to the hour and began experimenting on the invention of a successful air-ship and after a few months' trial, they have won the world's record for the longest and most successful flights in the air and today the whole world bows to them as being the successful solvers of a problem which has interested the scientific world for many years.

But note that they did not wait. They did not ask for time, money, opportunity or assurance of remuneration. They saw a possible opportunity, went to work *at once* and turned the subtle opportunity in a living material success.

You can do as much—and more—if you will try. Do things **NOW**. Tomorrow someone else will have the same opportunity and you will have to seek elsewhere.

SPECIAL SECRET ADVICE.

The secret advice given to members in the following code can only be read by those who have taken an advanced degree in the Future Magnetic Success Club. If you wish to take an advanced degree or become a member of the club address a letter to: The Future Magnetic Success Club, care of The Future Home Journal, 16 East 28th Street, New York.

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"Good Morning Smith"

By Oakley Selleek.

"Good Morning Smith" was a splendid chap,
His smile was sunny, his voice a rap
At all the miseries here below,
He talked them away with easy flow.
He spread good cheer where'er he went,
With Smith about there was calm content,
And enemies grew to like each other
Almost, indeed, like brother and brother.
"Good Morning Smith" with smile for all
Had changed his world at Good Morning's call.

"Good Morning Smith" had changed himself
From a money fiend with a craze for pelf;
He now had time to cheer another
And acted like an elder brother
The world is full of poisonous weeds
And some men think that evil deeds
Will in the end bring happiness;
But Smith, he'll tell you, "No," I guess.

Smith knew the world and he knew it well
He'd tasted the failures that come from Hell
And had won at last and the world said, "Great!"
Success was his, and his estate,
Was counted by the million score;
No trouble now to make it more,
But he couldn't find what he wanted most,
It baffled him as 'twere a ghost.

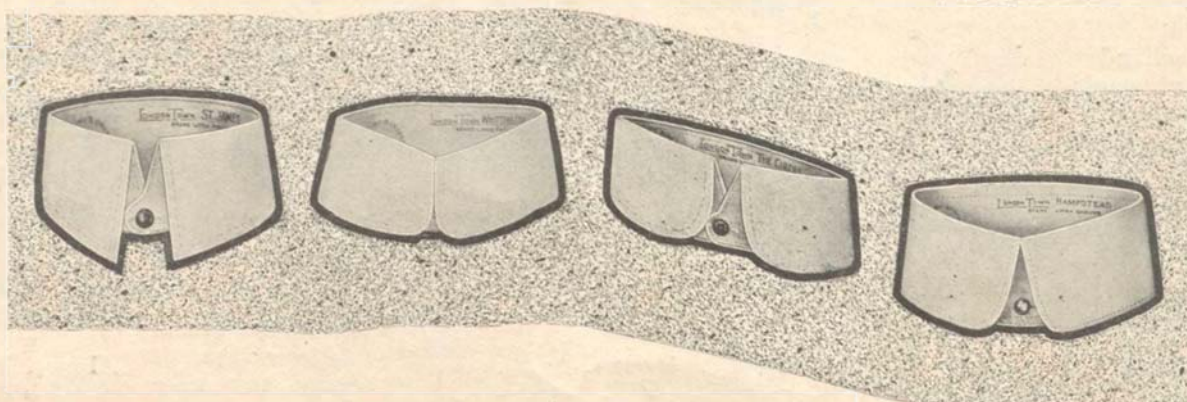
Smith was proud of his wealth and high estate,
He could buy the best, was he not great?
He had all the luxuries money brought,
Had friends by scores, he was widely sought
Yet he knew he'd failed and he wondered why.
"What is it I lack?" This was his cry.
And his wealth laughed loud and it sang success,
"Love me," it cried, "I am happiness."

Smith knew it lied, for had he not tried
This very game and 'twas all the same.
"I'll try love of others and change my gait;
"I'll say good morning to this estate."
Smith found that affection's the soul's great wealth,
Which none can steal. It's a giant's health;
And so, where'er I was pressed by care
"Good Morning Smith" with his smile was there.

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