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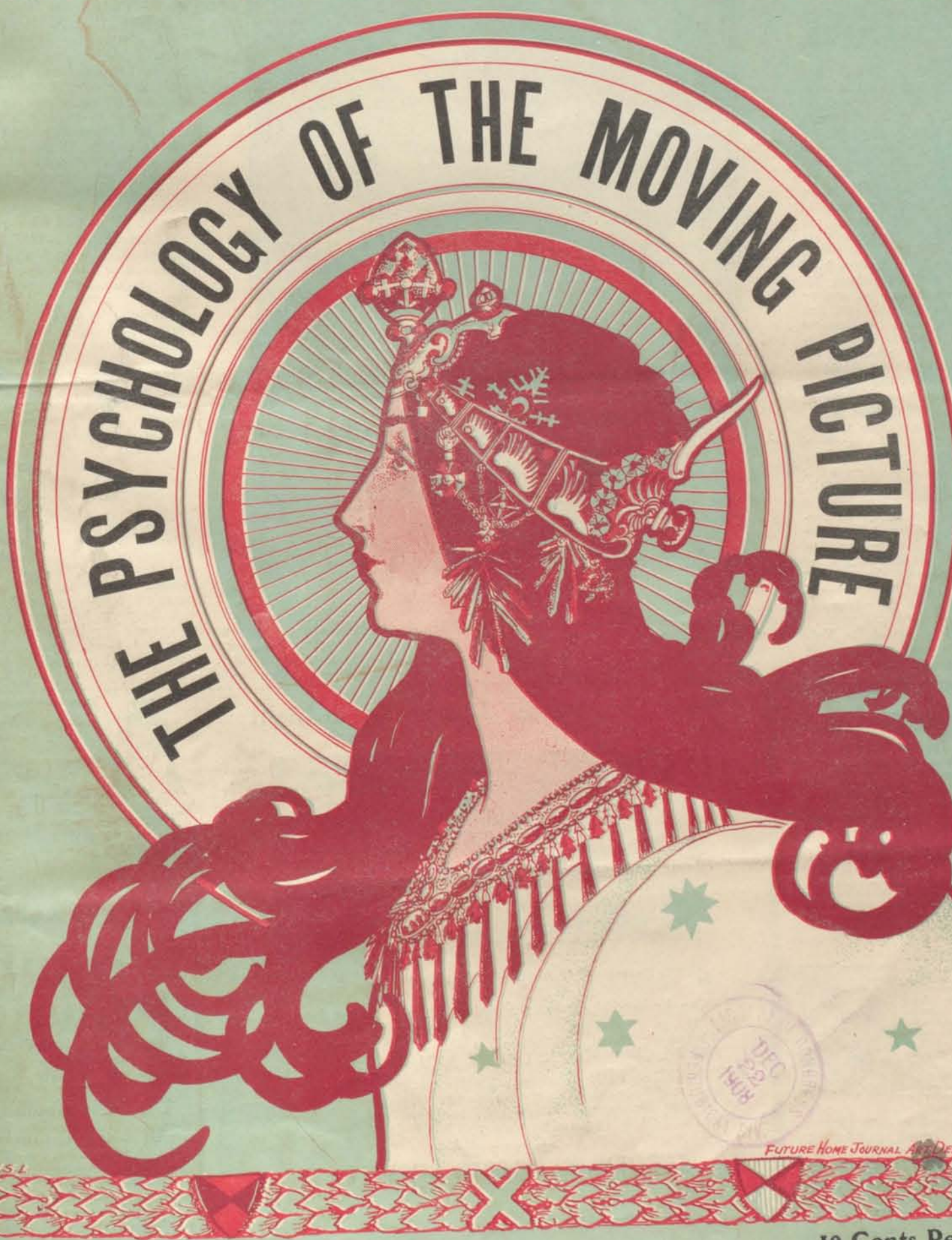
THE FUTURE HOME JOURNAL



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During that period he made several visits to Europe, not for recreation, but to study with minute microscopic attention the results of European experts in the ever-expanding domain of Plastic or Featural Surgery, with a view to adopting any of the methods of his professional brethren there, which might possibly be superior to those originated by him.

Dr. Nelden found in France and Germany this marked general distinction in the conditions prevailing. French experts of eminence pay more attention to the art of beautifying the human countenance by surgical skill, while Germany, in dermatology pure and simple, has achieved the highest eminence. He also found in these countries that the tendency was to specialize; to divide and narrow the field of practice which he has always covered so broadly.

For example, one man devotes himself to the nose, treating nothing but diseases of that organ and feature, or even occupying himself with just one branch of that, such as the *Surgical Straightening* of the *Nose Alone*. Another concentrates his attention on *rectifying* projecting ears or remoulding protruding lips. Yet another makes it his sole business to remove superfluous hair, such as that unpleasant semi-masculine fringe of moustache that so often mars the comeliness of a woman's face, otherwise highly attractive to the manly sex, as Mother Nature meant it should be always; or, to quote a well-known American humorist, at least "as long as the human race go on human-racing." Still another European "Beauty Doctor" confines himself to the extermination of Blackheads or extirpation of Pimples or the removal of Wrinkles wrought by domestic troubles, business cares or advancing years.

So it went, and it surprised Dr. Nelden to find that he was regarded by his distinguished professional brethren abroad as a sort of a monumental wonder, an extraordinary specimen of the most extraordinary people the sun ever smiled on, our progressive, all-embracive American Nation—just because, all over the United States east of the Mississippi, he has been doing all these things for years, and many more of similar value, hundreds and hundreds of times.

ANDREW LINN NELDEN, M. D.

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Miss W. of Boston writes: "I am so grateful that I am telling all my friends who are troubled in any way to write you. I tried nearly all kinds of facial treatments but never received any permanent relief until I took your course of home treatment."

GOT HIS GIRL AND A RAISE.

Mr. G. of St. Louis writes: "I would have saved hundreds of dollars, had I known of you sooner. Your home treatment has brought about two important changes in my life, which were uppermost in my heart for years, namely—the Partner in Life I most desired and Promotion in my Business."

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THE FUTURE
HOME JOURNAL

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PYTHAGORAS

THE DOCTRINES OF THE FAMOUS GREEK PHILOSOPHER IN THEIR RELATION TO MODERN RELIGION, MODERN SCIENCE AND MODERN ECONOMICS

By JAMES REALF, Jr., K. P.

"Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And Sophists madly vain of dubious lore,
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labors light;
To hear each voice we feared to hear no more;
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight—
The Bactrian, Samian Sage, and all who taught the right!'

—From Byron's Childe Harold.

The sage of Samos, a son of Mnesarchus, engraver of gems, born on that lovely, luxurious island in the sparkling Mediterranean (about 582 B. C. conjecturally), is one of those historically misty figures that appeal to the general imagination of the multitude as well as the special imaginations of poets like the very great poet who refers to Pythagoras in the stanza quoted.

Pythagoras, unlike Socrates, is reported to have enjoined on his disciples that they should not take notes or commit any of his utterances to writing, which may, to considerable extent, account for the Pythagorean mystery or "Pythagorean enigma," as it has been styled by some writers.

Five hundred years after his death he was just as much, if not more, of an enigma to philosophers and historians as he was in modern times up to a recent period, when the comparative method of historical research began to be applied by trained minds to his case, and his true place in the House of Fame determined.

Lucretius, the august Roman philosopher, author of *"De Rerum Natura,"* a scientific poem on "The Nature of Things," apparently had so little regard for, or else felt so much uncertainty about, Pythagoras, that he dismisses the Samian sage with but a line of allusion.

As a contrast with this almost utter ignoring of his claims upon attention that brilliant modern scholar, the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco, writes thus: "Pythagoras was the Newton, the Galileo, perhaps the Edison and Marconi, of his epoch."

Had I been making this comparison, I should have put Tesla in place of Edison, not with any intention of depreciating the latter, but because the conjunction of the imaginative with the scientific faculty in Tesla's mind would seem more in accord comparative with the intellectual character of Pythagoras insofar as I am able to penetrate the Pythagorean mystery.

When one refers to the doctrines of Pythagoras, the general listener is at once apt to think of the idea of reincarnation or metempsychosis which ever since Ovid wrote his delightful "Metamorphoses" nineteen hundred odd years ago has been deemed the special doctrine or inspired message which Pythagoras gave to the world. This idea—that we are to reappear on earth and play new parts, which in the story following this page has been so powerfully illustrated by the fantastic mind of Poe, and which Poe, as a master of the weird in fiction, utilized more than once in his writings—very likely was entertained and perhaps was taught by Pythagoras to some extent.

Whether to the extent pictured by Ovid in his exquisite tribute to the Sage, that is, to the extent of teaching that our souls and those of our kin or friends at times inhabit the bodies of various animals, is questionable. The subtle Samian, in his desire to inculcate considerate treatment of animals, may have intimated to his followers that such a doctrine was held by peoples in the Orient among whom Pythagoras had traveled in early life, and may have urged that it was a doctrine worth considering, since it would tend to make men slow to hurt their friends in animal disguise. That Pythagoras ever asserted it as a positive fact on which to base an argument in favor of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals would seem to me doubtful; though, if one reads the charming passage in Ovid of which a partial translation can be found in Bulfinch's Age of Fable, one is tempted to believe that Pythagoras did teach this just as the poet ascribes it to him; for it seems good enough to be true.

But while this ascribed "Pythagorean" doctrine is of dubious authenticity, it does appear clear that Pythagoras leaned to a doctrine still more curious, and may have taught it to the elect among his disciples; namely, the doctrine which denies the positive existence of matter—a thesis which the famous Bishop Berkeley maintained with rare ability in his day and which Mrs. Eddy in our day has exploited with such amazing practical success.

Here please take note that I am not a believer in Mrs. Eddy, but am simply stating a fact, known to all who have carefully studied this new development of an idea which antedates the Christian era, that this cult of Christian Science is an amazing practical success; and it is perhaps only fair to add that I know a number of cases where embracing it has greatly advantaged the individual in health and equanimity as well as in pocket.

In fact, that Pythagoras regarded matter as merely a temporary phenomenon is by no means unlikely. Plato, who must have been familiar with his teachings, discusses the doctrine of phenomena or appearances in such a way as to show it was old in his day—a part of the body of Greek philosophic thought—and it is not attributed exclusively to any other Greek philosopher.

Turning from religion or philosophy, which are twins at heart, to the realm of economics, it is fairly well established that the Samian Sage urged the adoption of a social system corresponding to that which is now urged by earnest thinkers in various forms, all comprehensible under the general term, Socialism. The great Greek invited his followers to put all family rights into a common pool; endeavored to establish a share-and-share-alike sodality. But in so doing, the comparative method of history shows us, he was not originating, but merely adopting, with certain original modifications possibly, a system of living already in favor among certain highly civilized communities along the Mediterranean.

The Socialism of Pythagoras, however, in some respects would jar the sensibilities of my distinguished friend, Professor Daniel DeLeon, for it was an aristocratic socialism; that is to say, a socialism in which the best were culled from the general community to cooperate by themselves—a socialism of select groups.

And here we are compelled to take note that Pythagoras comes to the fore as the father of Physiognomy, for the first test a candidate for admission into his immediate circle had to stand was a rigid examination or profound study of the candidate's countenance. He or she was investigated feature by feature, and probably curve by curve as to their figures, too, since the Greek generally set quite as much value on harmonious development of the body as on symmetry of the features. Beauty culture was inculcated and practiced to an extent unknown to modern times: whatever was unbeautiful was un-Greek.

The next investigation was into the inherited constitution of the candidate. Here we see a clear anticipation by Pythagoras of certain ideas on the subject of stirpiculture, that are slowly effecting entrance into the somewhat thick general skull of modernity. Only the other day a preacher of some note declared that he would never again wittingly perform a marriage ceremony between contracting parties one of whom was tainted with consumption.

If a candidate passed these tests fairly well a probation of two years—in some cases five—followed, and during this period the discipline of silence was obligatory. To listen, not dispute, not even to ask questions, was the law.

(Continued on page 107)

A TALE OF THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

During the fall of the year 1827, while residing near Charlottesville, Virginia, I casually made the acquaintance of Mr. Augustus Bedloe. This young gentleman was remarkable in every respect and excited in me a profound interest and curiosity. I found it impossible to comprehend him, either in his moral or his physical relations. Of his family I could obtain no satisfactory account. Whence he came I never ascertained.

Even about his age—although I call him a young gentleman—there was something which perplexed me in no little degree. He certainly seemed young —and he made a point of speaking about his youth—yet there were moments when I should have had little trouble in imagining him a hundred years of age. But in no regard was he more peculiar than in his personal appearance. He was singularly tall and thin. He stooped much. His limbs were exceedingly long and emaciated. His forehead was broad and low. His complexion was absolutely bloodless. His mouth was large and flexible, and his teeth were more wildly uneven, although sound, than I had ever before seen teeth in a human head.

The expression of his smile, however, was by no means unpleasing, as might be supposed; but it had no variation whatever. It was one of profound melancholy—of a phaseless and unceasing gloom. His eyes were abnormally large, and round like those of a cat. The pupils, too, upon any accession or diminution of light, underwent contraction or dilation, just such as is observed in the feline tribe. In moments of excitement the orbs grew bright to a degree almost inconceivable, seeming to emit luminous rays, not of a reflected, but of an intrinsic lustre, as does a candle or the sun; yet their ordinary condition was so totally vapid, filmy and dull, as to convey the idea of the eyes of a long-interred corpse.

These peculiarities of person appeared to cause him much annoyance, and he was continually alluding to them in a sort of half-explanatory, half-apologetic strain which, when I first heard it, impressed me very painfully. I soon, however, grew accustomed to it and my uneasiness wore off. It seemed to be his design rather to insinuate than directly to assert that, physically, he had not always been what he was; that a long series of neuralgic attacks had reduced him, from a condition of more than usual personal beauty, to that which I saw.

For many years past he had been attended by a physician, named Templeton, an old gentleman, perhaps seventy years of age, whom he had first encountered at Saratoga, and from whose attention, while there, he either received, or fancied that he received, great benefit. The result was that Bedloe, who was wealthy, had made an arrangement with Dr. Templeton, by

EDGAR ALLAN POE
(From a Stuart engraving by courtesy of The Funk and Wagnall's Company, New York.)

which the latter, in consideration of a liberal annual allowance, had consented to devote his time and medical experience exclusively to the care of the invalid.

Doctor Templeton had been a traveler in his younger days, and at Paris had become a convert, in great measure, to the doctrine of Mesmer. It was altogether by means of magnetic remedies that he had succeeded in alleviating the acute pains of his patient; and this success had very naturally inspired the latter with a certain degree of confidence in the opinions from which the remedies had been educed. The Doctor, however, like all enthusiasts, had struggled hard to make a thorough convert of his pupil, and finally so far gained his point as to induce the sufferer to submit to numerous experiments.

By a frequent repetition of these a result had arisen, which of late days has become so common as to attract little or no attention, but which, at the period of which I write, had very rarely been known in America. I mean to say that between Doctor Templeton and Bedloe there had grown up, little by little, a very distinct and strongly marked *rapport*, or magnetic relation. I am not prepared to assert, however, that this rapport extended beyond the limits of the simple sleep-producing power; but this power itself had attained great intensity.

At the first attempt to induce the magnetic somnolency the mesmerist entirely failed. In the fifth or sixth he succeeded very partially, and after long-continued effort. Only at the twelfth was the triumph complete. After this the will of the patient succumbed rapidly to that of the physician, so that, when I first became acquainted with the two, sleep was brought about almost instantaneously by the mere volition of the operator, even when the invalid was unaware of his presence. It is only now, in the year 1845, when similar miracles are witnessed daily by thousands, that I dare venture to record this apparent impossibility as a matter of serious fact.

The temperament of Bedloe was in the highest degree sensitive, excitable, enthusiastic. His imagination was singularly vigorous and creative; and no doubt it derived additional force from the habitual use of morphine, which he swallowed in great quantity and without which he would have found it impossible to exist. It was his practice to take a very large dose of it immediately after breakfast each morning—or, rather, immediately after a cup of strong coffee, for he ate nothing in the forenoon—and then set forth alone, or attended only by a dog, upon a long ramble among the chain of wild and dreary hills that lie westward and southward of Charlottesville, and are there dignified by the title of The Ragged Mountains.

Upon a dim, warm, misty day, toward the close of November, and during that strange interregnum of the seasons, which in America is termed the Indian Summer, Mr. Bedloe departed as usual for the hills. The day passed and still he did not return.

About eight o'clock at night, having become seriously alarmed at his protracted absence, we were about setting out in search of him, when he unexpectedly made his appearance, in health no worse than usual, and in rather more than ordinary spirits. The account which he gave of his expedition, and of the events which detained him, was a singular one indeed.

"You will remember," said he, "that it was about nine in the morning, when I left Charlottesville. I bent my steps immediately to the mountains, and, about ten, entered a gorge which was entirely new to me. I followed the windings of this pass with much interest. The scenery which presented itself on all sides, although scarcely entitled to be called grand, had about it an indescribable and to me a delicious aspect of dreary desolation.

"The solitude seemed absolutely virgin. I could not help believing that the green sods and the grey rocks upon which I trod had been trodden never before by the foot of a human being. So entirely secluded, and in fact inaccessible, except through a series of accidents, is the entrance of the ravine, that it is by no means impossible that I was, indeed, the first adventurer—the very first and sole adventurer—who had ever penetrated its recesses.

"The thick and peculiar mist, or smoke, which distinguishes the Indian Summer, and which now hung heavily over all objects, served, no doubt, to deepen the vague impressions which these objects created. So dense was this pleasant fog that I could at no time see more than a dozen yards of the path before me. This path was excessively sinuous, and as the sun could not be seen, I soon lost all idea of the direction in which I journeyed.

"In the meantime the morphine had its customary effect: that of enduing all the external world with an intensity of interest. In the quivering of a leaf—in the hue of a blade of grass—in the shape of a trefoil—in the humming of a bee—in the gleaming of a dewdrop—in the breathing of the wind—in the faint odors that come from the forest—there came a whole universe of suggestion, a gay and motley train of rhapsodical, immethodical thought.

"Busied in this, I walked on for several hours, during which the mist deepened around me to so great an extent that at length I was reduced to an absolute groping of the way. And now an indescribable uneasiness possessed me—a species of nervous hesitation and tremor. I feared to tread, lest I should be precipitated into some abyss. I remembered, too, strange stories told about these Ragged Hills, and of the uncouth and fierce races of men who tenanted their groves and caverns. A thousand vague fancies oppressed and disconcerted me—fancies the more distressing, because vague. Very suddenly my attention was arrested by the loud beating of a drum.

"My amazement was, of course, extreme. A drum in these hills was a thing unknown. I could not have been more surprised at the sound of the trump of the Archangel. But a new, and still more astounding, source of interest and perplexity arose. There came a wild rattling or jingling sound, as if of a bunch of large keys, and upon the instant a dusky-visaged and half-naked man rushed past me with a shriek. He came so close to my person that I felt his hot breath upon my face. He bore in one hand an instrument composed of an assemblage of steel rings, and shook them vigorously, as he ran. Scarcely had he disappeared in the mist, before, panting after him, with open mouth and glaring eyes, there darted a huge beast. I could not be mistaken in its character. It was an hyena.

"The sight of this monster rather relieved than heightened my terrors, for I now made sure that I dreamed, and endeavored to arouse myself to waking consciousness. I stepped boldly and briskly forward. I rubbed my eyes. I called aloud. I pinched my limbs. A small spring of water presented itself to my view, and here, stooping, I bathed my hands and my head and neck. This seemed to

dissipate the equivocal sensations which had hitherto annoyed me. I arose, as I thought, a new man, and proceeded steadily and complacently on my unknown way.

"At length, quite overcome by exertion, and by a certain oppressive closeness of the atmosphere, I seated myself beneath a tree. Presently there came a feeble gleam of sunshine, and the shadow of the leaves of the tree fell faintly, but definitely, upon the grass. At this shadow I gazed wonderingly for many minutes. Its character stupefied me with astonishment. I looked upward. The tree was a palm.

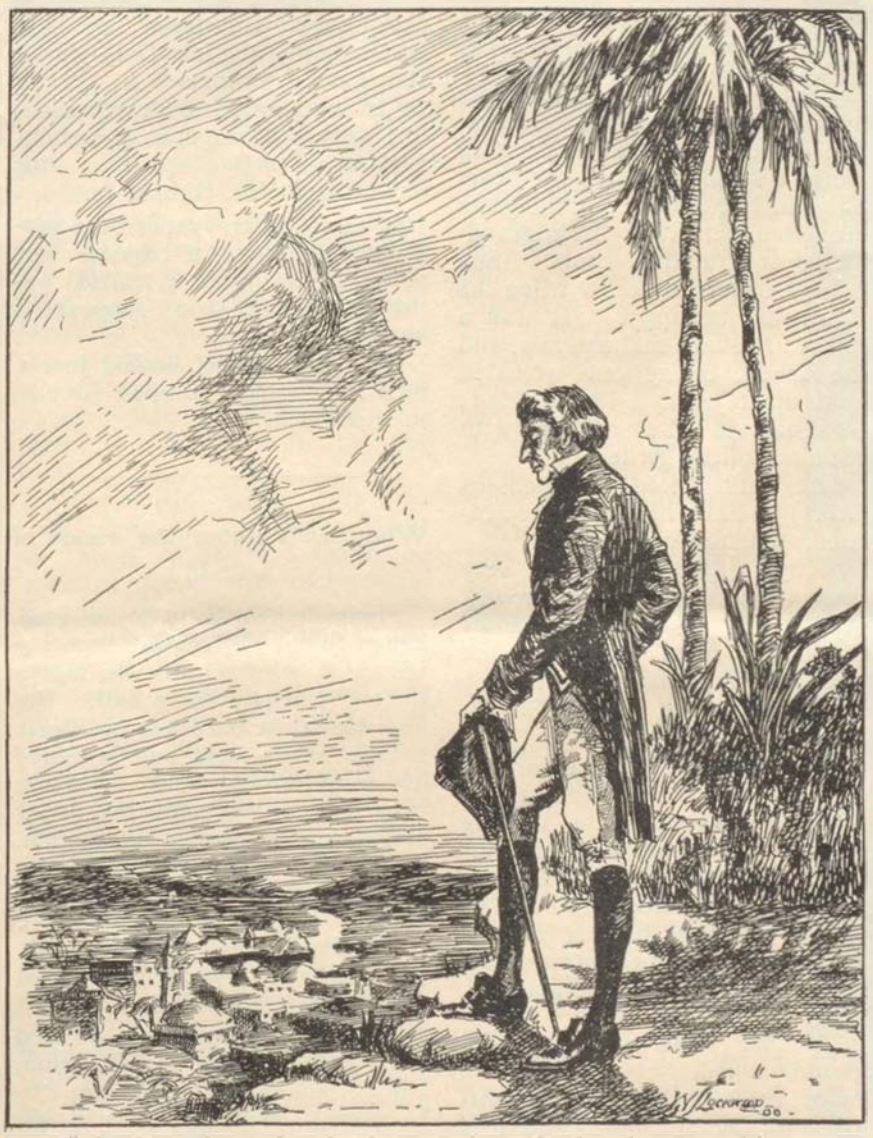
"I now arose hurriedly, and in a state of fearful agitation—for the fancy that I dreamed would serve me no longer. I saw—I felt—I had perfect command of my senses—and these senses now brought to my soul a world of novel and singular sensation. The heat became all at once intolerable. A strange odor loaded the breeze. A low, continuous murmur, like that arising from a full, but gently flowing river, came to my ears, intermingled with the peculiar hum of multitudinous human voices.

"While I listened in an extremity of astonishment which I need not attempt to describe, a strong and brief gust of wind bore off the incumbent fog, as if by the wand of an enchanter.

"I found myself at the foot of a high mountain, and looking down into a vast plain, through which wound a majestic river. On the margin of this river stood an Eastern-looking city, such as we read of in The Arabian Tales, but of a character even more singular than any there described. From my position, which was far above the level of the town, I could perceive its every nook and corner, as if delineated on a map. The streets seemed innumerable, and crossed each other irregularly in all directions, but were rather long winding alleys than streets, and absolutely swarmed with inhabitants.

"The houses were wildly picturesque. On every hand was a wilderness of balconies, of verandas, of minarets, of shrines and fantastically carved oriels. Bazaars abounded; and there were displayed rich wares in infinite variety and profusion—silks, muslins, the most dazzling cutlery, the most magnificent jewels and gems. Besides these things, were seen, on all sides, banners and palanquins, litters with stately dames close veiled, elephants gorgeously caparisoned, idols grotesquely hewn, drums, banners and gongs, spears, silvered and gilded maces. And amid the crowd, and the clamor, and the general intricacy and confusion—amid the million of black and yellow men, turbaned and robed and of flowing beard, there roamed a countless multitude of holy, filleted bulls, while vast legions of the filthy, but sacred, ape clambered, chattering and shrieking, about the cornices of the mosques, or clung to the minarets and oriels.

"From the swarming streets to the banks of the river there descended innumerable flights of steps leading to bathing places, while the river itself seemed to force a passage with difficulty through the vast fleets of deeply burdened ships that far and wide encumbered its surface. Beyond the limits of the city arose, in frequent, majestic groups, the palm and the cocoa, with other gigantic and weird trees of vast age; and here and there might be seen a field of rice, the thatched hut of a peasant, a tank, a stray temple, a gypsy camp, or a solitary, graceful maiden, taking her way, with a pitcher upon her head, to the banks of the magnificent river.



"I found myself at the foot of a high mountain, looking down into a vast plain."

"You will say now, of course, that I dreamed; but not so. What I saw—what I heard—what I felt—what I thought—had about it nothing of the unmistakable idiosyncrasy of a dream. All was rigorously self-consistent. At first, doubting that I was really awake, I entered into a series of tests, which soon convinced me that I really was. Now, when one dreams, and, in the dream, suspects that he dreams, the suspicion never fails to confirm itself, and the sleeper is almost immediately aroused. Thus Novalis errs not in saying that 'we are near waking, when we dream that we dream.' Had the vision occurred to me as I described it, without my suspecting it as a dream, then a dream it might absolutely have been, but, occurring as it did, and suspected and tested as it was, I am forced to class it among other phenomena."

"In this I am not sure that you are wrong," observed Dr. Templeton. "But proceed. You arose and descended into the city."

"I arose," continued Bedloe, regarding the doctor with an air of profound astonishment, "I arose, as you say, and descended into the city. On my way I fell in with an immense populace crowding through every avenue, all in the same direction and exhibiting in every action the wildest excitement. Very suddenly, and by some inconceivable impulse, I became intensely imbued with personal interest in what was going on. I seemed to feel that I had an important part to play, without exactly understanding what it was.

"Against the crowd which environed me, however, I experienced a deep sentiment of animosity. I shrank from amid them, and swiftly, by a circuitous path, reached and entered the city. Here all was the wildest tumult and contention. A small party of men, clad in garments half Indian, half European, and officered by gentlemen in a uniform partly British, were engaged, at great odds, with the swarming rabble of the alleys. I joined the weaker party, arming myself with the weapons of a fallen officer, and fighting I knew not whom with the nervous ferocity of despair. We were soon overpowered by numbers, and driven to seek refuge in a species of kiosk.

"Here we barricaded ourselves, and, for the present, were secure. From a loop-hole near the summit of the kiosk I perceived a vast crowd, in furious agitation, surrounding and assaulting a gay palace that overhung the river. Presently, from an upper window of this palace, there descended an effeminate-looking person, by means of a string made of the turbans of his attendants. A boat was at hand in which he escaped to the opposite bank of the river.

"And now a new object took possession of my soul. I spoke a few hurried, but energetic words to my companions, and having succeeded in gaining over a few of them to my purpose, made a frantic sally from the kiosk. We rushed amid the crowd that surrounded it. They retreated, at first, before us. They rallied, fought madly, and retreated again. In the meantime we were borne far from the kiosk and became bewildered and entangled among the narrow streets of tall, overhanging houses, into the recesses of which the sun had never been able to shine. The rabble pressed impetuously upon us, harassing us with their spears, and overwhelming us with flights of arrows.

"These latter were very remarkable and resembled in some respects the writhing creese of the Malay. They were made to imitate the body of a creeping serpent, and were long and black, with a poisoned barb. One of them struck me upon the right temple. I reeled and fell. An instantaneous and dreadful sickness seized me. I struggled—I gasped—I died."

"You will hardly persist now," said I, smiling, "that the whole of your adventure was not a dream. You are not prepared to maintain that you are dead?"

When I said these words, I, of course, expected some lively sally from Bedloe in reply; but, to my astonishment, he hesitated, trembled, became fearfully pallid, and remained silent. I looked toward Templeton. He sat erect and rigid in his chair; his teeth chattered, and his eyes were starting from their sockets. "Proceed!" he at length said hoarsely to Bedloe.

"For many minutes," continued the latter, "my sole sentiment—my sole feeling—was that of darkness and nonentity, with the consciousness of death. At length, there seemed to pass a violent and sudden shock through my soul, as if of electricity. With it came the sense of elasticity and of light.

"This latter I felt—not saw. In an instant I seemed to rise from the ground. But I had no bodily, no visible, audible, or palpable, presence. The crowd had departed. The tumult had ceased. The city was in comparative repose.

"Beneath me lay my corpse,

(*Concluded on page 105*)

CHILD LIFE

Studies of Reality for the Education of Mothers and All-Round Development of Children.

By MARY MADELINE WOOD

"MISTER FANTSDIVIN"

"Janice, I want you to sit down and keep quiet for five minutes. I cannot have you bothering me all the time."

Mrs. Dutton spoke impatiently, for she was busy preparing for Thanksgiving, in which Janice was also interested, in a way, for it was the first Thanksgiving the little girl remembered, and she entertained very hazy ideas regarding it beyond the fact that mamma was cooking many delicious kinds of food, and the little palate was continually longing for "tastes."

The child paused a moment to think. "Janice!" Mamma called her Janice only when she was very much in earnest, for "Jansey" sounded so much prettier and "more cuddley." Yet everything smelled and tasted temptingly good. So a little hand was outstretched, and in her most coaxing tones the child pleaded:

"Dust one tiny, teeny, teentsey little cwumb, mamma, please?"

But mamma did not stop to think; instead, her floury hand came down upon the outstretched

A Grown-up Janice with Niece and Nephew

pink-tinted hand of her little daughter with a sharp, stinging slap.

"Go and sit down," she commanded.

For a moment Jansey caught her breath, so unexpected and sudden was the blow. How it stung! Mamma's hand was so large and strong compared with the hand of her little daughter. Then the tears came. Jansey closed her eyes so tightly that the lids wrinkled and crinkled in an odd way; yet despite this the tears would find their way out and roll down the little girl's cheeks.

She stole quietly to the farther corner of the big kitchen so as to be just as distant from mamma as possible, and sank down in a low chair. Presently Norah came her way and dropped a few raisins into her lap. But Jansey could not eat one. It seemed to choke her when she tried to swallow. She couldn't even smile back to Norah's smile, although her heart was a little comforted by the girl's unspoken sympathy. Then grandma, dear grandma, came. She always seemed to know when the child was unhappy. It was a sullen little face that she saw, and she asked, laying one wrinkled hand upon Jansey's bowed head:

"What is the matter with grandma's little girlie?"

The child lifted a rebellious face. "I hate him!" she ejaculated, "I hate him!"

"Why, Jansey, this is very sad," grandma said slowly. "Whom do you hate?" Jansey was lifted from the chair and placed in grandma's lap, an angry little girl clasped close in loving arms.

"Old Fantsdivin'. I fort he was doin' to be nice, or mamma and Norah wouldn't be making so many dood fings for him. But I hate him, I hate him! And—" wee Jansey glanced timidly at her mother, then, placing her lips close to the dear grandma's ear, whispered, "I hate that mamma, too!"

"Is that child sulking yet?" mamma asked.

But grandma led the little girl out into the sunshine, and told her the story of the first Thanksgiving held in this country, and sought to banish the thoughts of hatred which filled the child's heart by gentle, loving words.

"I don't know as I ought to have slapped Jansey today," the mother said late that evening, as the child lay sleeping in her little white bed.

"I know you ought not," grandma replied, "for your act and words were evil seeds, that sown in the child's heart sprang up and fruited immediately. The poor little baby had no idea what Thanksgiving was. You know that a year ago you were so ill that the dear old festival could only be thought of with fear and trembling, so Jansey remembers no Thanksgiving. The child had an idea that some one by the name of Thanksgiving was coming to visit us, and you were making all the preparations in his honor. I say 'his,' because she thought it was probably a man, 'sumpin' like my drandpa, only bigger,' and that perhaps he would take her on his knee and tell her stories. She was loving this 'Mister Fantsdivin'' in advance, and I doubt not was weaving childish air-castles about him. But your reproof and punishment turned all the sunshine to clouds, and little Jansey, who should have been sweet of soul and tender of heart, 'hated that old Fantsdivin'' and 'hated that mamma, too,' so she told me."

"But the child must be obedient!"

"Yes, but it should be obedience to the law of right. If you had explained to her how tired you were, and how busy, then turned her activity into some helpful channel, the little pink palm need not have smarted, nor the child's joy been transformed to anger."

"If anything on this earth needs 'the wisdom of serpents,' it certainly is the bringing up of a little child," said Mrs. Dutton.

"No, daughter," replied the gentle grandmother, "it requires only unlimited love and unwearied patience. Don't you suppose I know?"

The grandmother smiled just a little; the mother flushed slightly in silent reply.

Who Can Fathom the Heart of a Child?

Henry, a dear little boy of four, called with his mother upon a friend at whose home he met a little girl of two and a half. The tiny damsel at once lost her heart to the small boy, and watched his movements with admiring eyes. As he sat upon the upper step of the broad verandah, "Baby Gowry" seated herself by his side, the little face bent forward to look into his. Soon a wee dimpled arm stole about his neck, and then a curly flaxen head leaned against his shoulder.

The embryo man was pleased with these marks of adoration, and yet apparently somewhat embarrassed, perhaps because his elders were present. He arose and went into a field nearby, from whence he soon returned carrying two large handfuls of white daisies which he had gathered. With a courtly bow which would have done credit to a disciple of Chesterfield, he presented one bouquet to Baby Gowry. The little lady accepted the flowers and followed the lad out on the lawn.

Here there was another little girl named Frances some half dozen years older than Henry. Her bright eyes quickly discovered that Henry's bouquet of field flowers was composed of large blossoms, while Baby Gowry's contained only the smaller ones. She failed to realize the sense of fitness or daintiness which evidently made such division proper in the boy's eyes, and so insisted that he give the little lassie one of the large blossoms. This he stoutly, although not ungraciously, refused to do. Then, as might seems sometimes to make right in this very strange world of ours, young Frances robbed Henry of one large blossom, and deliberately pulled off every petal. The child's lips trembled, his chin quivered, but he uttered no word until, the devastation complete, she handed the despoiled flower back to him. He took it from her outstretched hand, and with a grieved expression, and then with

MASTER HENRY AT ONE

one it was difficult to fathom, sorrowfully uttered the words:

"It won't grow now! It won't grow now!"

So grieved was the boy that the place where he had been playing happily immediately became distasteful to him, and he besought his mother so determinedly and persistently to "go," that she complied with his wishes, which, in fact, had risen to commands; and some weeks passed before the child seemed willing to call at that house.

Frances undoubtedly supposed that she was teaching Henry a needed lesson in generosity by thus interfering with what was clearly his own affair; but she outraged his sense of fitness, made a happy heart heavy, disturbed the child's pleasant fancies, and the effect was evil.

So I fell to wondering how often the discipline we elders inflict has this effect, and how careful we should be to understand the sensitive hearts of children before we seek to graft upon them, or fit them with, our own ideas of propriety and of right, because, perhaps, they may be seeing with a clearer vision. Often we older ones perpetrate a greater wrong, and 'tis a greater pity, than to check the growth of flowers. Too frequently we hinder the development of kindly deeds and words, of noble or of tender impulses, mayhap of divine characteristics, and call into existence just their opposites.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE MOVING PICTURE

By HARVEY LEWIS

In a recent issue of Collier's Weekly there appears an unwarranted, slightly prejudiced, and illogical arraignment of the moving picture show.

The author of the attack, A. Minnie Herts, has not prepared her article without due consideration of some facts, but all the facts are not given, and some are either distorted or built upon a basis of calculation which does not meet the average percentage.

She states that in Greater New York there were, at the time of her investigation, 485 moving-picture shows, catering to audiences of 291,000 daily. So far the figures are approximately correct. The error is made, however, in stating that these audiences consist of children and young people. Anticipating my defensive reply, I will say that it would be far better were this the actual truth, but investigation reveals that only about 45% of the audiences are composed of "young people" under the age of 21. Further investigation indicates that fully 30% are over 21 and under 40. and the remaining 25% are persons between 40 and 60. So much for the statistical figures.

Before attempting to present the true psychology of the moving-picture show, let me relieve the reader's mind of any feeling that I may be biased or, perhaps interested financially, in the business end of this latest form of amusement. The facts are, that nine years ago, when the first moving-picture machine was established at the Keith Theatre in Union Square, New York, I was well acquainted with the manager of the American Mutoscope Company, who operated the machines. At that time I became interested in them from an educational standpoint and soon began to appreciate the value of the moving picture as something more than a form of amusement.

Since then I have made a very careful study of the possibilities involved and it was quite by accident that two years ago I noted, and at once began to study, the psychological effect these moving pantomines produced upon children. Outside of such scientific study I have no other interest in the moving-picture show business.

But the interest I have is quite sufficient to stir me to a defense of it and really the theme is worthy of more serious and able attention than I can give to it; is, indeed, of grave enough import to warrant the closest methodical study. Therefore it was with more than usual interest that I read the attack of A. Minnie Herts in Collier's Weekly. That anyone, who openly professes to have made a study of the effects of the moving-picture of modern times, should find naught but condemnation for them, is remarkable, to say the least.

The article says: "Children really long for and desire above all things to see and realize in outward form the pictures of their fancy. The moving-picture show degrades this desire to the injury of the child." Can any statement be more illogical and untrue? Truly, the child does desire and long for a semblance of reality in its fairy dreams and what is more detrimental to the development of a child's imagination than the lack of occasional realization of imaginative characters and scenes? Did not you and I cease to dream of fairies as soon as we found that they could never be seen? And did not we cease to imagine Jack's giant bean-stalk when we never could find a realization of one among all the bean-stalks in our garden or those of our neighbors? How then can we hope to develop the valuable mental asset of imagination in a child if we at once attempt to check all semblance to a realism of these imaginative things?

In another part this article says: "Dramatic instinct is the very root of the impulses which feed the imaginative life. To organize this instinct in its relations to education is to train the child to full human development." Granting this true, which every psychologist will concede, wherein, then, do the moving-pictures fail to provide food for this "dramatic instinct?" As a matter of fact, do not the moving-pictures abound with more real, human drama than the studies

(Continued on page 107)

A SCENE FROM THE FAIRY STORY: "THE PRINCESS IN THE VASE"
Hundreds of dollars were spent on this series for costumes and scenery to portray more clearly the beauty of the historical incidents.

By the kindness of the American Mutoscope Company, I am enabled to publish on this page a number of pictures selected from millions of films sold by them for moving picture shows.

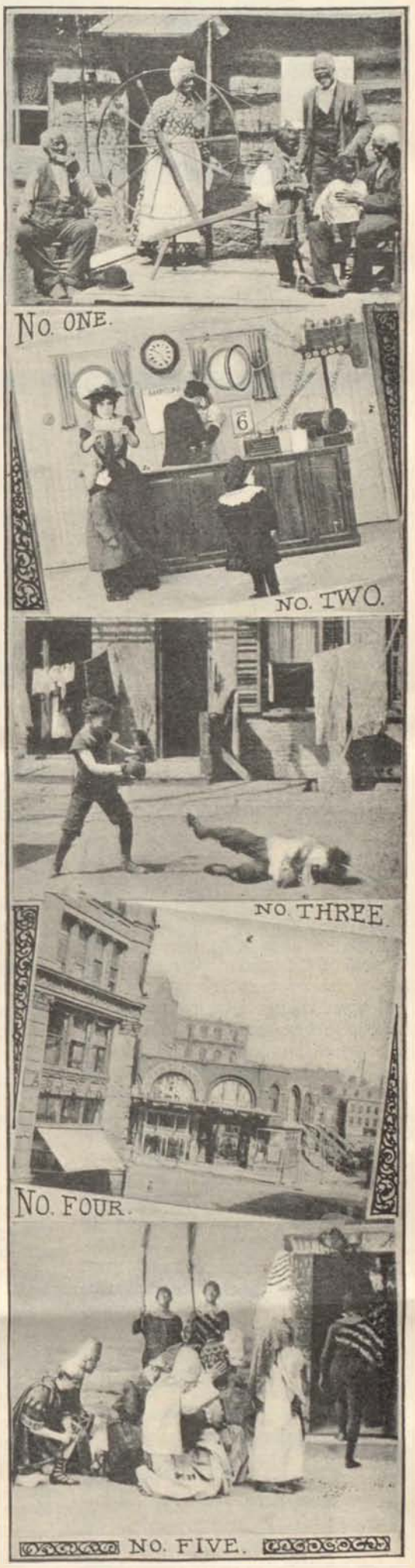
Illustration number one, to the right, is a scene of an old cabin in Lincoln's time. The moving pictures were taken at an exposition and give a better impression of the old negro life than could be obtained from books

Number two is one film among the many of its kind that tells a story in which the latest scientific achievement is exhibited in practical operation, for this picture shows the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy in use on board an ocean liner. How better could children learn the value of this invention?

Number three is a picture from an amusing film which depicts two youngsters boxing. Is there anything harmful or degrading in this? Boys will be boys, and will fight. So long as they learn to fight fair, who shall forbid exuberant nature?

Number four is one picture from one of the most marvelous and curiously interesting films ever made. When seen upon the screen, the old Star Theatre at Broadway and 13th street, New York, is quickly torn to the ground by hundreds of workmen with carts and horses who seem to work by magic; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, the building begins to grow again. Within twenty two minutes the building has been torn down and rebuilt; a thing which, in reality, took many weeks. Such pictures as these tend to prove the value of the moving picture for making records of historical events.

Number five is another picture of the story of the Princess in the Vase, showing the burial scene of that wonderful fairy story.



THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH OF THE FUTURE

SERMON BY A LAY BROTHER

Life is a mystery between two others—the mystery of birth and that of death.

That we are alive our senses tell us, when awake, but when we are fast asleep, though we are still alive and may be playing many parts in many dramas of dream, we are not conscious of being alive to the external world; or of being a living power in any way, except in the events we dream, if, indeed, we are self-conscious in those events all the while, or every time.

Suddenly aroused from deep sleep or even from shallow slumber, it often happens that one fails at first to realize the visible entities round about. However familiar they have been to one's normal wake senses, they seem strange at first, for the sleep-world is clinging close—the spell of the dream-life lingers. One even at times, when waking suddenly to the everyday world of external matter, may fail for a few moments, although conscious of being alive, to realize not merely where one is, but who one is; may feel as if one's individuality had been lost or merged in a vague universal consciousness. This, too, happens to some, when awake, who have been long in profound thought. That almost saintly soul, the late Dr. Andrew Peabody of Harvard University, is authentically reported to have forgotten his own name on several occasions.

Are we to be merged finally; will our individualities be blended ultimately, in and with a Universal Consciousness, which we dimly apprehend, when we try to realize the meaning of the word, God? Or will our individualities persist when we have shed this pitifully soiled or this beautifully radiant raiment of the flesh? Shall we know each other and love each other hereafter, as we have here, only far clearer and far better?

The evidential weight of hope, belief and faith—which are facts in human experience to be dealt with by the reason just as much as the chemic facts of matter or the mental concepts of numbers and other such things—tends heavily to prove that we shall keep ourselves; that our individualities will persist. But it cannot be denied that myriads of Orientals have lived, and are living, in the expectation and the hope of absolute mergence in the Infinite Will, the Universal Consciousness. Nor can it be gainsaid, that many in all grades of our Occidental society, apparently have no care and no consciousness of aught else than the life of the moment, either drudging a dreary round with hard craves or dim desires for something better merely in a material way, such as less labor, more playtime, finer food, costlier clothes and so forth; or else utterly steeped in vain pleasures that finally pall; or else feverishly trying to gather, and heap, and accumulate yellow dirt.

But whether we are to retain our individualities hereafter or to be merged in the Universal Consciousness, here at least it is well that we should seek, individually and self-consciously with a throbbing intensity, to identify ourselves with that Universal Consciousness, or with God.

"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth, as it is in Heaven."

Here, at least, is to us gain uncountable; to us, and through us to others, in seeking such a sublime and mysterious merger. Not in any spirit of abasement, but taking unto ourselves the thought that man originally was meant to be "an image of his Maker." Not in a conceitful regret at losing sense of our special selves. Rather in a spirit of triumphant calm, of serene self-surrender. How beautifully that spirit is reflected in the Twenty-third Psalm!

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely Goodness and Mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

This has well been called the top song, the master-chant, of the great singer of Israel, and few minds can be found so dull as not to appreciate the splendor of the simplicity of its high poetry. The succession of pictures presented is, in verity, exquisite. The Lord in the gentle guise of a Shepherd; the lying down in green pastures; the leading along beside tranquil waters; the contrast of this peacefulness and beauty with the valley of the Shadow of Death; the turn from the subtle mental concept of death as a shadowy valley to the simple symbolism involved in those concrete things, the rod and the staff; the rise from this to the banquet spread, to be calmly enjoyed in the presence of enemies; the anointing of the head and the intimation of superabundant blessings conveyed by the over-brimming of the cup; the summing-up that Goodness and Mercy shall follow; that is, be attendants or servants, and that the spirit shall dwell as a guest in the House of the Lord forever—such an harmonious thronging of images has rarely been surpassed, if, indeed, ever equalled in so short a compass in any poetry of any language known of us.

But, escaping from the spell of a purely intellectual revel in this poem as a piece of literature, a jewel of joyous art, let us possess ourselves of the spiritual picture *as a whole,* that is contained in this verbal and musical imagery. What does it convey? What does it radiate? Absolute Confidence and Absolute Serenity!

The very first line sounds the keynote of confidence. The resultant of serenity comes to us in the central image: Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." Quiet Confidence, Imperturbable Serenity, both absolute in their vibrations of harmonious relation to each other as purely spiritual qualities capable of attainment here, right here on earth.

Now, it must not be rashly asserted that a serenity cannot be achieved without a perfect confidence or surrender of ourselves to the Power that leads us in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Doubtless it can be, and has been, by many of stoic mould, but it is a hard serenity, not a sunny serenity that inspires others who may come within the charmed and charming circle of its rays. This kind of serenity is marvelously well expressed in some verses by the late Ernest Henley which have been widely quoted and as deservedly admired for their perfection of literary form.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my indomitable soul.

In the fell clutch of Circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of Chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this vale of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

For still, however strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the Master of my Fate —
I am the Captain of my Soul.

But this, though fine as a literary feat, is purely pagan; purely in the pose of an exaggerated ego as to its feeling and philosophy. Comparing them, do not we instantly instinctively feel that the other is much better: has more vital verity and value? There is naught of abject or crawling submissiveness about it. On the contrary it is the paean of an abiding peace, an abiding joy: a triumphant co-operation with Divine Will, a mergence of self in the Universal Consciousness. Truly, it seems to me that if all else in the Book of Books were destroyed, save the Lord's Prayer and the Psalm of David, we still would possess the essence of a religion and a philosophy of life combined; still would have a sufficient working hypothesis to enable us to solve our spiritual problems and to feed our nature's deepest need.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

By Alexander Pope.

Father of All!—In every Age
In every Clime adored
By Saint, by Savage and by Sage—
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my Sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heaven pursue.

What Blessings Thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid, when Man receives;
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound;
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing Hand
Presume Thy Bolts to throw
And deal Damnation round the Land
On each I judge Thy Foe.

If I am right, Thy Grace impart
Still in the Right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh! teach my Heart
To find that better Way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride
Or impious Discontent
At aught thy Wisdom has denied
Or aught Thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel Another's Woe;
To hide the Fault I see;
That Mercy I to others show,
That Mercy show to me!

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy Breath;
Oh! lead me, wheresoe'er I go
Thro' this Day's Life or Death.

This Day, be Bread and Peace my Lot!
All else beneath the Sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let Thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar Earth, Sea, Skies,
One Chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's Incense rise!

TRAINS OF THOUGHT

By OTTILIE WALLNER WIGLEY, C. S.

"Stop! Look! and Listen!" is the watchword upon the sign-posts of many of our railroad crossings and those who wantonly or ignorantly disobey these signals usually pay a very heavy penalty.

Not only are those three words significant for the above purposes, but in every walk of life, every day, fine, because we have heedlessly and we are paying some heavy price or ruthlessly swept on in our course, utterly disregarding the sign-posts or sound-signals at the crossways, or the bend in what seemed a very straight road, until ground and crushed by a train of thoughts that rushed on, leaving us physically wrecked and mentally mangled.

MRS. OTTILIE W. WIGLEY

Yet this same train of thoughts had given us timely warning. It always does, even to the shrieking wailing whistles as it bears down upon us. But we heeded it not, rather feeling ourselves so superior, clothed in the arrogance of self-importance, cloaked in the mantle of conceit and hooded in the bonnet of pride, that we were blinded and helpless through the very burden of what seemed to us the most desirable of garments.

Would you know the secret and science of life, you must dispense with these weighty garments and be clothed anew through the righteousness of correct thinking. Not from weeds do flowers grow; nor from vegetables fruits; neither fruit-trees from acorns. Each bears the fruitage of its own seed. Thus it is with us: whatever seed we sow in thought must bear fruit in actions and conditions. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and "man walketh in the direction toward which he looketh" are prophetic in their significance to all mankind.

Would you know the truth of life, then seek it first in thought; and you will find it manifested all around you. Think the truth and you cannot think the false; and the more the former prevails, the less room there will be for the latter and the sooner the truth will be typified in your conditions and surroundings. Whatever your conditions, they will be the results of that to which you gave birth in thought.

Now, Stop! Look! Listen! What is in your mind? Is it a thought or fear of the uncertainty of the future, a fear of illness, sorrow, suffering, loss of any kind or failure? If so, weed your mental garden at once. Tear out by the roots every element foreign to good! Stamp it out and leave a clean, clear road for a train of thoughts full of joy, of happiness, of success, of health—which will speedily bear you to the peace that surpasseth understanding, to the platform and station of affluence and plenty, to the Land where want of any kind is never known. And that Land is Here and Now; not a realm far away beyond the distant horizon, seemingly never to be reached, but the Promised Land of Today.

To-day; do you know what that means? Well, then, just unfasten the bonds of despondency that bind you and think Joy, Peace and Plenty, until your feet dance to the music in your heart and your hands, head and body become willing servants to obey your every command for a forward march of progress to a perfect prosperity.

This is your rightful heritage as a child of God, a child of a King, a Father who gave you royal rights to his Kingdom and blessed you abundantly with all that is good. If we but let His law prevail and move us in thoughts and deeds, it will lead us on to the Heights of Understanding, which will prove the bulwarks of our defense, when we again descend into the valley to sow the seeds we gathered on the heights; and surely the harvest shall be fruitful.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS

(Concluded from page 101)

with the arrow in my temple, the whole head greatly swollen and disfigured. But all these things I felt—not saw. I took interest in nothing. Even the corpse seemed a matter in which I had no concern. Volition I had none, but appeared to be impelled into motion, and flitted buoyantly out of the city, retracing the circuitous path by which I had entered it. When I had attained that point of the ravine in the mountains at which I had encountered the hyena, I again experienced a shock as of a galvanic battery; the sense of weight, of volition, of substance, returned. I became my original self, and bent my steps eagerly homeward. But the past had not lost the vividness of the real—and not now, even for an instant, can I compel my understanding to regard it as a dream."

"Nor was it," said Templeton, with an air of deep solemnity. "Yet it would be difficult to say how otherwise it should be termed. Let us suppose, only, that the soul of the man of today is upon the verge of some stupendous psychal discoveries. Let us content ourselves with this supposition. For the rest I have some explanation to make. Here is a water-color drawing, which I should have shown you before, but which an unaccountable sentiment of horror has hitherto prevented me from showing."

We looked at the picture which he presented. I saw nothing in it of an extraordinary character; but its effect upon Bedloe was prodigious. He nearly fainted as he gazed. And yet it was but a miniature portrait—a miraculously accurate one, to be sure—of his own very remarkable features. At least, this was my thought, as I regarded it.

"You will perceive," said Templeton, "the date of this picture; it is here, scarcely visible, in this corner—1780. In this year was the portrait taken. It is the likeness of a dead friend—a Mr. Oldeb—to whom I became much attached at Calcutta during the administration of Warren Hastings. I was then only twenty years old. When I first saw you, Mr. Bedloe, at Saratoga, it was the miraculous similarity which existed between yourself and the painting that induced me to accost you, to seek your friendship, and to bring about those arrangements which resulted in my becoming your constant companion. In accomplishing this point I was urged partly, and perhaps principally, by a regretful memory of the deceased, but also, in part, by an uneasy, and not altogether horrorless, curiosity respecting yourself.

"In your detail of the vision, which presented itself to you amid the hills, you have described, with the minutest accuracy, the Indian city of Benares, upon the Holy River. The riots, the combat, the massacre, were the actual events of the insurrection of Cheyte Sing, which took place in 1780, when Hastings was put in imminent peril of his life. The man escaping by the string of turbans was Cheyte Sing himself. The party in the kiosk were sepoys and British officers, headed by Hastings. Of this party I was one, and did all I could to prevent the rash and fatal sally of the officer who fell, in the crowded alleys, by the poisoned arrow of a Bengalee. That officer was my dearest friend. It was Oldeb. You will perceive by these manuscripts" (here the speaker produced a notebook in which several pages appeared to have been freshly written) "that, at the very period in which you fancied these things amid the hills, I was engaged in detailing them upon paper here at home."

In about a week after this conversation the following paragraphs appeared in a Charlottesville paper:

"We have the painful duty of announcing the death of Mr. Augustus Bedlo, a gentleman whose amiable manners and virtues have long endeared him to the citizens of Charlottesville.

"Mr. B., for some years past, has been subject to neuralgia, which has often threatened to terminate fatally; but this can be regarded only as the mediate cause of his decease. The proximate cause was one of special singularity. In an excursion to the Ragged Mountains, a few days since, a slight cold and fever were contracted, attended with great determination of blood to the head. To relieve this, Dr. Templeton resorted to topical bleeding. Leeches were applied to the temples. In a fearfully brief period the patient died, when it appeared that, in the jar containing the leeches, had been introduced, by accident, one of the venomous vermicular sangsues which are now and then found in the neighboring ponds. This creature fastened itself upon a small artery in the right temple. Its close resemblance to the medicinal leech caused the mistake to be overlooked until too late.

"N. B.—The poisonous sangsue of Charlottesville may always be distinguished from the medicinal leech by its blackness, and especially by its writhing or vermicular motions, which very nearly resemble those of a snake."

I was speaking with the editor of the paper upon the topic of this remarkable accident, when it occurred to me to ask how it happened that the name of the deceased had been given as Bedlo.

"I presume," said I, "you have authority for this spelling, but I have always supposed the name to be written with an 'e' at the end."

"Authority? No!" he replied. "It is a mere typographical error. The name is Bedlo with an 'e,' all the world over, and I never knew it to be spelled otherwise in my life."

"Then," said I, mutteringly, as I turned upon my heel, "then, indeed, has it come to pass that one truth is stranger than any fiction—for Bedlo without the 'e,' what is it but Oldeb conversed? And this man tells me it is a typographical error!"

In a near issue will appear another story by POE: "Some Words with a Mummy," chosen because of its pleasant relativity with the next article on the Mysteries of the Great Pyramid by Professor Wilkins, and this amusing Poe-story will be illustrated by W. J. Lockwood of Montclair, New Jersey.

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The Present is the Time to Work for the Future.

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EDITORIAL

JUST A PLAIN TALK

To you, my subscribers, my constituency of the heart and the mind, curiously scattered over the world, yet united by the bond of a true interest in this magazine, I am going to speak intimately this time, instead of writing the customary kind of editorials: little essays on themes an editor finds interesting to himself and believes or guesses will be equally interesting to others.

How do I know you are united by such a bond, invisible, intangible, yet stronger than steel? The answer is easy. Since this publication came into my hands with its issue for September greatly delayed and since additional, apparently unreasonable delays were piled on the first one by circumstances quite beyond my control—though not beyond my patience or capable of shaking my faith—I have had "from earth's four corners" a pretty steady flow of letters by subscribers who have been wondering and grieving at not receiving their copies.

A study of these communications, had I not been already convinced by experience and by faith in myself, or rather let me say, faith in my aims, would have amply sufficed to assure me that I made no mistake, when with little capital besides my long experience and my strong ambition, I took upon myself the responsibility of this property; for a study of these letters reveals that I possess in my present constituency, comparatively small though it be, the nucleus of a stable and a noble organization.

Subscribers have a right to feel aggrieved at not receiving regularly that for which they have paid in advance; but the vast majority of those who have written in to find out what the matter was have shown themselves more grieved than aggrieved. The temper of the letters, mostly from women, has been admirable. Only three have been truculent, one of these an early complainer, to whom adequate explanation had been made. Some have charitably opined that Uncle Sam was to blame, but the fact is that the Post-office is one of the most admirably conducted departments of our Government and the percentage of errors due to its employees is very, very small. Even when things are running regularly in a magazine business with the highest facilities blunders will occur or wrappers may break. I shall endeavor, hereafter, to keep on hand a sufficient stock of back numbers to supply any subscribers who may fail to receive copies, but I am not able to promise any of the back numbers except the August issue; although if anyone wishes to complete a file, I will advertise free that desire so it can be purchased from another who, possessing it, may be willing to sell it.

Now as to the future of this magazine. My editorial conceptions and aims are somewhat different from those of its founder, but I trust that its readers will find them agreeable—more—will find them satisfactory. I have taken all my life a profound interest, a deep delight, in the strange, the weird, the mystical, the occult. Most of my many writings in prose and verse bear witness to this. I believe, with Hamlet, "there are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

But, while enamored of what let us call for lack of a better phrase the ethereal, I am also an ardent advocate of the claims of the practical. I have more at heart the bettering of this beautiful, visible, tangible world than the proving that ghosts may hold communion with those immured in flesh. I believe in, and hope for, a life hereafter, but this life seems to me the business in hand.

So, while I am quite ready to print occasionally articles or stories dealing with adventures in ghostland, I could not conscientiously conduct a magazine which would make that its most prominent feature or were likely to pamper a morbid curiosity in matters "beyond the veil." Still, at the same time, I think it is well to acquaint ourselves, I think it broadens our minds to be familiar with, any and all the curious beliefs or waking dreams of man.

Therefore, in this number I have reproduced a weird story by that unfortunate possessor of indubitable genius, Edgar Allan Poe, the pivot of which is the very ancient doctrine of reincarnation, a doctrine yet devoutly held by many millions of thinking men and women in the Orient and by some in the Occident. And I have preluded that tale with a too brief article by a writer of distinction, Mr. James Realf, Jr., about Pythagoras, the philosopher of Samos, who is believed by many to have given that doctrine, with others more practical, to the then western world. This leads me to speak of other articles and their writers in this issue.

To conduct the department of Child-Life I have engaged the services of Mrs. Mary Madeline Wood, whose picture I hope to present in the November issue. Mrs. Wood will write about real children and real mothers who have come under her keen and sympathetic eyes and will write to them as their personal friend. She is a woman of high character and her writing has a grace of style grafted on the abiding charm of sincerity.

Mr. Lewis, whose article "The Psychology of the Moving Picture" admirably answers an attack in Collier's Weekly on that "amusement of the children of the poor," is a young associate of mine in whom I discern promise of many good things. Some of the art work of this number is by him, notably the excellent cover design. I commend his article to the careful perusal of my immediate readers and the general public.

Mrs. Ottilie W. Wigley, a Christian Scientist, who makes her bow as a writer here, is a practical business woman, a hard worker for whom I entertain a great respect.

I am not a follower of Mrs. Eddy, but as an editor I realize that many thoughtful persons wish to know more about Christian Science and I shall from time to time give liberal space to its proponents as well as its opponents, or to the professors of "New Thought" or kindred cults.

I am not estopped by my own beliefs or mental preferences from presenting those of others. Drink I look upon as a colossal curse, a thing that tends to sap our civilization as a whole in addition to its marked blight on individual lives here and there. But if anybody can frame a reasonable defence of it or a well-written attempt to defend it I will print it side by side with its answer.

In the field of economics pure and simple the Individualist, the Socialist or the philosophical Anarchist are welcome to their say in this magazine, so the say be respectably written.

I believe in Women's Rights; that they should have all the rights men have, anyway, and as many more as they can get by straightforwardness, not by cunning or chicane. Yet I have no objection to printing an argument against the extension of the suffrage or one in favor of its curtailment, for that matter. I do not feel sure that foreigners, for example, should have a right to vote until they have sojourned here a goodly number of years and have passed special examinations. I am inclined to think that the sudden endowment of the negro with suffrage has wrought more harm than good upon that race as a whole. I am willing to give space to good-tempered discussions of these or kindred topics.

One of the original departments which upon my accession to the editorial throne I was at first disposed to drop was that entitled "The Universal Church of the Future," because many years of travel and of study have inclined me to think that this world has too many religions and not enough religion.

On reflection, however, I decided to retain it, not with set purpose of establishing a special theological cult or separate, specially labelled organization, and decidedly not with any purpose of antagonizing any religion or branch of religion now appealing to the souls and consciences of mankind; but rather in the hope that the sermons preached month upon month from this pulpit may appeal with equal force of intellectual interest and moral insight to the intelligent Christian, Jew, Mohammedan or Buddhist alike, and may help to hasten the dawn of that day divine, when our sublime, but somewhat far-away concept of the Fatherhood of God shall be made closer and intensified to us by a more vivid realization in deed, as well as in thought, of the Brotherhood of Man.

Finally, I invite you, my regular subscribers and my casual readers, learn-ed and unlearn-ed, to write me your opinions on anything that is in, or not in, this magazine. Your views will always receive respectful consideration by me. I have met in my half century very few persons from whom I could not learn something valuable, and I am just as ready to learn from my readers as I am to teach them—or to give them any message that has been given to me. We are all still, as Newton described himself, with the modesty of the true scientist, merely "picking up pebbles by the shore of the vast ocean of Truth."

HENRY AUSTIN.

ON THE BRINK?

Henry Legate, a man of much intellectual gift, said to me seven years ago: "The last half century has been signalized by marvellous discoveries and inventions on the materialistic plane. During the next fifty years the pendulum will swing the other way; mankind will find itself making mighty discoveries and vast advances on the spiritual plane."

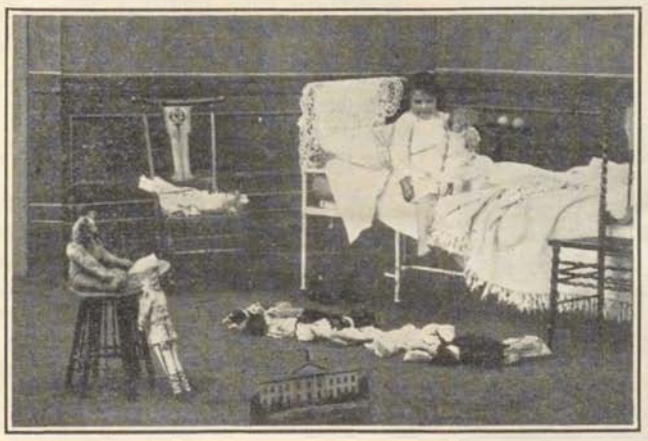
Since then I have been watching for signs. But, I confess, I have noticed no cessation of materialistic miracles. The era of the airship is at hand, and soon, no doubt, we shall be flying about with safety, and the auto, like the bicycle, go out of fashion. Yet it also seems to me there is a stirring of the mental atmosphere that promises to substantiate his prediction. Publications devoted to "New Thought" and to Occultism are multiplying rapidly. Telepathy is an admitted fact like wireless telegraphy, though not yet systemized or scientized. Perhaps we shall develop a sixth sense. For if the Darwinian theory be true, why should evolution ever absolutely cease? The time necessary to develop an additional faculty might, of course, be very long; the finer the sense, the longer the period of incubation requisite. A sixth sense? Ay, a seventh—and more. Why not?

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE MOVING PICTURE.

(Concluded from page 103)

in the class-room? And do not the moving-pictures, whether of a serious or humorous form, organize this dramatic instinct in its true relation to education?

Let me cite, briefly, instances where the moving-pictures do provide a better form of education than the lessons of the school. Thousands of children are taught in our public schools about the wonders of the mountains, valleys and plains of our West, and of Europe. Rude pictures are shown in the school books which purport to be scenes from life. But, in fact, the average school geography contains more space-filling sketches, untrue to life, than we find in the child's fairy book. While on the other hand the moving-picture, regardless of the nature of the subject, whether humorous or serious, often reveals in startling realism the true beauty and wonders of the mountains, and usually the pictures accentuate the beauty and wonders of these



OPENING SCENE FROM "DOLLS IN DREAMLAND."
A little girl bids goodnight to her dollies, after many hours of play, and in her dreams the dolls come to life.

CLOSING SCENE FROM "DOLLS IN DREAMLAND."
In the dream the dolls appear life-size and hold a carnival, until dawn brings the child from her dream.

scenes by portraying human activities incident to the scenes.

Can not a child understand and appreciate, to a greater degree, the perils, the wonders and the peculiarities of a rocky slope, when, instead of an inaccurate sketch, which lacks depth, focal atmosphere and detail, he watches with awe and wonder a mountaineer climbing one of these slopes with all the realism of motion?

Again, the article says: "Teachers sufficiently progressive and intelligent encourage children to dramatize their history and geography lessons." Yet this statement is used as an argument against the moving-picture show, when substantially the moving-pictures have done more in this direction than the most progressive school teacher or school board. Among the many films of pictures shown at all the popular shows there are such subjects as "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and hundreds of others which portray and illustrate in a most dramatic and realistic degree many incidents of our American history. The various boards of education throughout our land could not hope to do better work than at once to adopt a daily exhibition of such moving pictures in connection with the various lessons.

But there are many other points in favor of the moving-picture show. From my own experience and study of children at these performances I find that they are amused. I have seen many, yes, hundreds at one performance, laugh so heartily that tears were in their eyes, at some highly amusing scene, and it matters not what may cause the laughter, so it be not immoral and obscene. If it makes one little heart rejoice, it is good and worthy of all the consideration we can give it.

The contention in Collier's article is that the moving-picture robs the child of the opportunity of developing its imagination, by presenting such pictures as the child should try to imagine. I contend, and so will every student of the child-mind, that it is far better for the child to imagine the words being spoken by the pantomimes or moving-pictures, than to read the words and try to picture mentally the difficult dramatic scenes that such words describe. Word-building is far more important to the child than picture-building, and if we study the child at the moving-picture show we shall see that it is constantly trying to interpret the situations to the setting of spoken words. Very often clever phrases are invented by the youngsters to explain an action on the part of the moving figure and this desire to understand and imagine what is, or may have been, spoken causes the deepest concentration, careful study, logical reasoning to a certain extent, and the constant anticipation of climaxes, which develops another phase of the child's imagination.

Many of the subjects shown are costly and elaborate presentations of fairy stories. Thousands of children have been delighted with seeing the story of "Alice in Wonderland," "Cinderella," and many others enacted before them in beautiful colors. The children follow the scenes with intense interest and try to recall the words which accompany each action and many return to their homes eager to have the story re-read and others retold.

But there is one other phase to this unwarranted attack in Collier's Weekly. This publication has a reputation for attacking many things merely for the amusement, or profit of attacking them. In this instance there seems to be a motive in the substitute which is offered by the author of the article. The substitute is in the form of an "Educational Theatre," which will enact, in theatrical form, various plays along an educational line.

Whether the article was written to interest capital in such a scheme or no, is not clear, but capital—great capital—would be needed to carry out such a project. The moving-picture show is the amusement of the poor. An educational theatre would be one beyond the means of the poor. Since there are 485 moving-picture shows in Greater New York, it is plain that not one, nor ten, nor one hundred "Educational Theatres" would suffice to take the place of the moving-picture shows. And what of the small country towns throughout America and Europe? We can hardly find any town of 5,000 inhabitants which has not some place where these moving pictures can be seen for either five or ten cents. Could "Educational Theatres" be built and maintained in such towns? And should we suppress the moving-pictures and then offer a substitute which would supply but one-thousandth part of the demand?

As it is to-day, anyone, with a capital of $100 to $150 can open a moving-picture show. This is why it is so popular with the poorer classes and one reason why it will be so hard to suppress. You cannot take from the poor their amusement and offer them a rich man's toy. Neither Collier's nor any other publication catering to the classes can ever hope to destroy that which is wholly the property of the masses.

The patient masses will bear many things, but you cannot take from them that which brings them pleasure for themselves, education and enjoyment for their children. The moving-picture has come to stay and well it may.

PYTHAGORAS

(Concluded from page 99)

Pythagoras also preached the simple life; was the first of Greeks to promulgate the doctrine that the true wealth of a man consists not in the abundance of his material possessions. To one of the most luxury-loving peoples under the sun he denounced and ridiculed luxury. Thrift, according to him, begat virtue; purity, not dress, was the true adornment for a woman. On women he strove to impress the necessity of having charity toward and showing respect to their husbands; in boys he endeavored to inculcate a becoming modesty and a desire for mental acquisitions. To keep out of politics, to live apart unspotted by the world, to respect and not neglect the body, but, above all, to heed and feed the mind were his teachings.

Just as monism, not dualism, in the spiritual government, or drama, of the universe was the cardinal religious doctrine held by him—a system in which the principle of evil, the Devil, is not recognized as existent at all—so his scientific view of what poses as the material universe was that now held by many, if not a majority, of thinkers; that which denies essential or elemental difference and asserts the underlying oneness of all things. In the Pythagorean scheme (as Arthur Harvey says in his admirable monograph read before the Royal Society of Canada not long ago), "Ether, matter, electricity seem to merge and be the ur-stuff or protyle from which atoms grow."

Where did Pythagoras get his ideas? This natural query modern research in part answers positively.

His large conception of the universe, his knowledge that the earth was round and was revolving about the sun, and his belief that the solar system in its turn was revolving about a central fire, he undoubtedly derived from the Egyptians whose positive knowledge of the earth's rotundity and revolution has been amply demonstrated, as the very singular article in the September issue on the Great Pyramid stated.

The ideas of Pythagoras about immortality in general may be regarded as innate, but the specific ideas of reincarnation and metempsychosis he may have gotten, if indeed he held and taught them, from the East Indians and Persians among whom he sojourned.

There is a legend that he met Zoroaster in the train of King Cambyses, when that conqueror overran Egypt and that Zoroaster said to him: "Immortality will come to the living at last."

We do not know this positively, any more than we know the features of the man Shakspere, but we do know that Pythagoras was one of the noblest characters and spreaders of ideas in ancient days, and that in the realms of thought and of practical brotherhood his name shines like a star and remains a spell to conjure with.

A STRANGE STORY

By EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

Condensation by ROYLE THURSTON

NOTE: This story is unique—without a doubt the strangest yet written. It abounds with dramatic, psychic, mystic incidents. It is probably, from all points of vision, the best story dealing with the occult. Its famous author, the first Lord Lytton, was not only a man of rare originality—a high genius—but all his days and nights a profound student of "the mysteries." Many believe that he was a member of the old Rosicrucian Society and interested in alchemy and the hidden arts. This novel, begun in the September issue of the Future Home Journal, is inspirative with teachings of a lofty philosophy as well as vibrant with human interest. The original book was large, and readers who have the time and money to spare are advised to possess it and study it. For such as cannot conveniently do so this condensation has been made. Without omission of telling points the original has been materially, but not essentially, reduced at editorial suggestion by Mr. Thurston for serial publication here.—H. A.

CHAPTER IV.

A book was in her lap, at her feet a little basket, half filled with violets and blossoms culled from the rock-plants that nestled amidst the ruins. She did not notice me, so fixed was her attention. I stood in rapture at the beautiful sight.

I heard a step behind me and I recognized Mr. Vigors' voice. Not caring to meet him I hurried to the gate and out into the city where everything seemed so dull after my few moments in the paradise of love.

Before that evening I had looked upon Mr. Vigors with supreme indifference. Now he assumed importance in my eyes. He knew the new occupants of Abbots house and I knew him, and—Here my conjectures were interrupted by the sight of an invitation on my table which read: Mrs. Poyntz, At Home, Wednesday, May 15th, Early.

At her home I could not fail to learn all about the new comers, who could never without her sanction have settled on her domain. Nor did I fail to learn all I wished to know. The name was Mrs. Gilbert Ashleigh, the widow of Gilbert Ashleigh of Kirby Hall. The beautiful young daughter was Lillian Ashleigh. I also learned that Mr. Vigors was a distant connection with Gilbert Ashleigh, and executor to his will which made Lillian Ashleigh an heiress. I also learned that Lillian—for I must call her so—was weak in health, although suffering from no special trouble. But that very evening she was taken ill and, although Dr. Jones would have been recommended by Mr. Vigors, Mrs. Poyntz, who seemed to analyze my feelings, recommended me and once again I was in the grounds of that old gable house. With a chill at heart I was ushered into the room where Dr. Lloyd had died and there began this strange story. Lillian had been unusually well, but had just suffered a fainting spell. The details interested me and I asked to be ushered into the sick chamber.

She did not at first heed me, but kept murmuring to herself. However, she fully recovered after a time, and since I had heard that the girl might be suffering from consumption, I put, after we were alone, many questions to her mother. No consumption was on either side of the family and her father had died quite early, but of brain fever from over-study. I also learned that the girl was quite impressionable, since music, pictures, nature, books, greatly moved her. It was with a view to make her life more natural that Mrs. Ashleigh had come to Abbey Hill.

* * * * * *

My dream of love was shaken by a note the following morning which enclosed a fee and stated that my services would not be required again. I knew then that Mr. Vigors had recommended Dr. Jones.

I remembered Mrs. Poyntz, however, and called to see her. She was not at home and I left my card. The following day I received a note in which she regretted her absence and also the change which Mrs. Ashleigh had made. "Mr. Vigors," she wrote, "and Dr. Jones both frighten the poor mother, and insist upon consumptive tendencies."

To my selfish grief anxiety for Lillian was now added. Dr. Jones was a cunning, needy, crafty man. My fears were soon confirmed, for it was announced that the daughter was very ill and that Dr. Jones hoped to do wonders.

Several days passed during which I confided to Mrs. Poyntz my love for Lillian. Then I received a note from this lady of the Hill asking me to call upon her and she confided to me that after a consultation with Mrs. Ashleigh she found that Lillian was much altered, very weak and suffering from the unskillful treatment of Dr. Jones. She had arranged that I should see Lillian again and together we went to the Abbots House. I there learned that a clairvoyante, at the recommendation of Mr. Vigors, suggested that Dr. Jones would be a better physician and more en rapport with Lillian than myself, and it was due to this that Mrs. Ashleigh had dismissed me and summoned Dr. Jones.

I found Lillian reclined on a sofa near the window, which was, however, jealously closed; the lights of the bright May day were obscured by blinds and curtains. I sat down by her side; I lured her on to talk of indifferent subjects—the weather, the gardens, the bird in the cage. Quietly and gently I made my observations, addressed my questions, applied my stethoscope; and when I turned my face towards her mother's anxious, eager eyes, that face told my opinion; for her mother sprang forward, clasped my hand, and said, through her struggling tears:

"You smile! You see nothing to fear?"

"Fear! No, indeed! You will soon be again yourself, Miss Ashleigh, will you not?"

"Yes," she said, with her sweet laugh, "I shall be well now very soon. But may I not have the window open; may I not go into the garden? I so long for the fresh air."

Together we strolled about the garden. Our conversation upon light and indifferent subjects soon put Lillian at her ease. Arrangements were made whereby I was to call often. I also arranged that I was not to be humiliated with the offering of a fee at each calling.

"I wish to call so often," I remarked upon leaving, "that I should seem the most greedy of doctors, if my visits were to be computed by guineas."

"A book was in her lap. * * * I stood in rapture at the beautiful sight."

CHAPTER V.

In less than a week Lillian was convalescent; in less than a fortnight she regained her usual health—nay, Mrs. Ashleigh declared that she had never known her daughter appear so cheerful and look so well. I had established a familiar intimacy at Abbots House and most of my evenings were spent there.

My happiness was soon ended, however, by a letter received by Mrs. Ashleigh from Lady Haughton, a sister of Mrs. Ashleigh's late husband. In this letter Lady Haughton suggested that Mrs. Ashleigh and Lillian should visit her at Brighton.

"You said," explained Mrs. Ashleigh, "that sea air might be good for Lillian during the heat of the summer, and she seems well enough now for the change."

I could not honestly say that she might not go with safety, but my heart sank like lead as I answered:

"Miss Ashleigh does not now need merely medical care; but more than half her cure has depended on keeping her spirits free from depression."

My reason for speaking thus was that I did not care to see Lillian leaving Abbots House. I was selfish, perhaps, but I knew that only recently Lady Haughton had lost her son through an accident and the house at Brighton might not be so cheerful. Then again I was not satisfied with my observations of Lillian. While I had made a cure, I had not discovered the cause of her

illness and I was quite sure that there was a mystery back of her depressions.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Poyntz I decided to lay bare my heart's secret to Lillian at once, although I had known her but a month. I found her by the Old Monk's Well.

How did I utter it? By what words did my heart make itself known? I remember not. But Lillian was startled and expressed fear. Then she begged me to turn my face aside, while she explained the cause of her fear.

"As far back as I can remember," she began, "there have been moments when there seems to fall a soft, hazy veil between my sight and the things around it, thickening and deepening till it has the likeness of one of those fleecy clouds. Strange appearances present themselves to me, as in a vision; sometimes I saw the face of my lost father; sometimes I heard his voice; I even saw this old house weeks before I ever knew it existed, and on that evening when you first saw me seated here, I saw you also, but in my vision, and my heart was stirred as it has never been before, and then I saw my father's face and heard his voice—whispering—'Ye will need one another.' And now—now— will you love me less that you know a secret in my being which I have told to no other; cannot construe to my self?"

"Hush," I said, drawing her to my breast, "of all you tell me we will talk hereafter. If out from all such illusions start one truth, it is enough for us. Each has need of the other,—you of me, I of you! My Lillian! my Lillian!"

Then we repaired to Mrs. Ashleigh, who after hearing our story merely said, "As she chooses, I choose; whom she loves, I love."

From that evening till the day Mrs. Ashleigh and Lillian went on that dreaded visit, I was always at their house. It was agreed that our engagement should be, for the present, confided only to Mrs. Poyntz. When Mrs. Ashleigh and Lillian returned, which would be in a few weeks, it should be proclaimed. So we parted—as lovers part. I felt no jealous fears, but from earth was gone a glory; from life a blessing.

CHAPTER VI.

During the busy years of my professional career, I had snatched leisure for some professional treatises, which had made more or less sensation, and one of them, entitled "The Vital Principle; Its Waste and Supply," had gained a wide circulation among the general public. I had been the last two years engaged on a work of much wider range, a work upon which I fondly hoped to found an enduring reputation. It was an inquiry into organic life. The work had been laid away for the last agitated month; now that Lillian was gone, I resumed it earnestly.

The very night of the day she left, I reopened my manuscript. I clamped and soldered dogma to dogma in the links of my tinkered logic, till out from my page, to my own complacent eye, grew Intellectual Man, as the pure formation of his material senses; mind, or what is called soul, born from and nurtured by them alone; through them to act, and to perish with the machine they moved.

Strange, that at the very time my love for Lillian might have taught me that there are mysteries in the core of the feelings which my analysis of ideas could not solve, I should so stubbornly have opposed as unreal all that could be referred to the spiritual.

Strange, that at the very time when the thought that I might lose from this life the being I had known scarce a month had just before so appalled me, I should thus complacently sit down to prove that, according to the laws of the nature which my passion obeyed, I must lose for eternity the blessing I now hoped I had won to my life! Ah! how distinctly dissimilar is man in his conduct from man in his systems!

But I had proved to my own satisfaction that lover, poet and sage are dust, and no more, when the pulse ceases to beat. And on that consolatory conclusion my pen stopped.

Suddenly—beside me, I distinctly heard a sigh—a compassionate, mournful sigh. The sound was unmistakable. I started from my seat, looked around, amazed to discover no one—no living thing! The windows were closed, the night still. That sigh was not the wail of the wind. But there, in the darker angle of the room, what was that? A silvery whiteness, vaguely shaped as a human form, receding, fading gone! Why, I know not, for no face was visible, no form, if form it were, more distinct than the colorless outline—why, I know not, but I cried aloud, "Lillian! Lillian!"

The next day I was summoned to the bedside of a steward of Sir Philip Derval. I found the patient just recovering, so I was told, from an apoplectic fit, but when I found his constitution strong, with no tendency to fits, I inquired whether there might not have been some strong emotion which would have caused the fit. I learned then that he thought he had seen a ghost!

"A silvery whiteness, vaguely shaped as a human form."

The man, well advanced in years, had left his bed that morning earlier than usual to give directions about some cattle that were to be sent for sale to a neighboring fair. An hour afterward he was found almost lifeless by a shepherd, near the mausoleum. On being removed to his room he told his wife that he had seen a bright white light at the entrance of the mausoleum and that, on closer inspection, he saw that it had taken form and appeared to be his master, Sir Philip Derval, who was at that time supposed to be in the East. The face of the apparition seemed that of a corpse. Finally the apparition faded and seemed to vanish into the sepulchre itself. I staid some time at the patient's side, and did not leave until he had removed to an armchair, taken food and seemed perfectly recovered.

That evening I called on Mrs. Poyntz, it being one of her ordinary reception nights, and discussed Sir Philip Derval. A strange gentleman present became interested in the discussion and told of his acquaintance with Derval in the East.

"He was then still, I believe, very fond of chemical science; a clever, odd, philanthropical man; and studied medicine, or at least practiced it; was rumored to have made many marvelous cures. He was a pupil of Haroun of Aleppo, who was a magician, held in great reverence by the natives. Haroun had the reputation of extraordinary wisdom and the lively imagination of the Orientals invested his character with the fascinations of fable. Foreigners declared that he had discovered rare secrets in medicine—his countrymen said 'charms.' Sir Philip claimed to owe his knowledge of medicine to this great sage, and upon this rare, mystic knowledge Sir Philip cherished an ambition to found a philosophical celebrity for himself."

Late in the afternoon of the day following I was introduced to a young man whose life was to become strangely linked to mine. Never have I seen human face so radiant as that young man's. There was in his aspect an indescribable something that literally dazzled. As one continued to gaze, it was with surprise; one was forced to acknowledge that in the features themselves there was no faultless regularity; nor was the young man's stature imposing. But the effect of the whole was no less transcendent. He had large eyes, unspeakably lustrous; a most harmonious coloring, and an expression of contagious animation and joyousness. He was introduced to me by the name of Margrave.

He fascinated me and I endeavored to analyze the fascination, and it seemed to me—ever endeavoring to find material causes for all things—that it sprang from the contagious vitality of that rarest of all gifts—perfect health. We separated like old friends, he promising to call upon me soon.

The house I occupied at L—— was a quaint, old-fashioned building—a corner house. This house I had inhabited since my arrival, and it held many attractions for me, but it was not one which Mrs. Ashleigh would have liked for Lillian. I had turned one room into a rude study for scientific experiments, in which I generally spent some early hours of the morning before my visiting patients began to arrive. The morning after I had met the young stranger, I was up, as usual, a little before the sun and was busily engaged in some electrical experiments, when I heard a loud ring at my street door.

(To be continued)

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.

What's all this breeze of talk out of the West about the Government guaranteeing the depositors in banks? What I want is a Government which will guarantee I shall have a deposit in a bank commensurate to my ability and my energies. But maybe if I could capitalize myself I should cease to grumble; maybe if I should gain a roll of bills I should lose my role in the drama of life. I guess I'll spend this last cheque before it has a chance to become the foundation of a colossal fortune.

* * * * *

Have you read in this issue A Tale of the Ragged Mountains? If not, do so. Poe, who wrote the tale had some peculiar ideas and one of them was about re-incarnation. It seems mere moonshine to me. I'm tired of this life now, but I'd go crazy if I thought that some time I would have to come back on this troublesome earth and live—and work—again. It's the work that bothers me.

* * * * *

This further reminds me. I want to fulminate—fulminate's a good word, isn't it?—against that article in the September issue which reveals the secrets of the Great Pyramid. I don't know who the gentleman is that wrote the blamed thing, but he has no business to be digging up the old dead secrets of 3,000 years ago. Let them alone; the mummies mind their own business; they don't worry anyone who's alive and I don't like digging into dead things anyway. We should be gay; but decently gay: we shouldn't carrion like that.

* * * * *

And about those moving-pictures. They're all right in their place—and while I admit I have never seen any yet, it seems mighty foolish to speak of "The *Psychology* of the Moving-Picture." Pretty soon we'll hear of the *psychology* of acting, eating, dressing, walking, working, riding, etc. But what of the psychology of paying rent? Or of drinking? These two things—paying landlords to live and drinking rum to die—seem more important to me. Can anyone explain the *psychology* of excessive drinking at the saloon bar, or the getting drunk merely for sociability's sake?

* * * * *

And—why do we prohibit the sale of opium, morphine and laudanum, but permit—yes, even license and encourage—the sale of alcoholic drinks containing vile adulterations and poisons—just as if alcohol all by itself were not a sufficient poison.

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 body are often 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 center of all that is modern in medical therapeutics, have found the greatest relief and the most pleasant kind of treatment in 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 vibrations 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.

These 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 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.

MR. ELIOT LORD,

formerly Managing Editor of Boston's most conservative paper, The Daily Advertiser, has promised to prepare, for **The Future Home Journal**, a study of one of the most picturesque personalities now in the World's eye, namely: John Hays Hammond, the great American mining engineer, who for years was closely connected with Cecil Rhodes, a maker of English Empire in South Africa. Mr. Lord's revelation of the rise of United States Senator Stewart in Mr. Munsey's magazine, "The Live Wire," is excellent indication of what Mr. Lord will accomplish with such a peculiarly interesting subject as Hammond, the man who probably gets—and possibly earns, unless the Socialists happen to be right—the largest salary in the world, only half a million dollars a year.

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These fourteen volumes are of a size and weight easy to the hands in reading and make a valuable addition to any library. They are sold only by subscription on very easy instalments, and even persons who have heard the Stoddard lectures might be very glad to possess them and renew their pleasure by taking them up in hours of leisure or of illness. The style is fine and facile.

Steele, the famous essayist of the 18th Century paid his wife the exquisite compliment of saying that "to know her was a liberal education." Almost the same might be said of these unpretentious, pleasantly informative, thoroughly agreeable books.

A SINGER WORTHY OF NOTE.

The poems of Robert Underwood Johnson, now and for many years Associate Editor of The Century Magazine, deserve a niche in every American library. A patriotism broad and high, a quiet strength and a delicacy of diction in presenting ideals and a keen perception of Beauty in Nature and in Art, combine to make his utterances always noteworthy and at times distinctly noble. His blank verse—the most difficult thing for a poet to write distinctively—is particularly fine. His long poem in this measure, entitled Webster, abounds in passages worthy of the Elizabethan masters, and alone would suffice to rank Mr. Johnson as a poet and a thinker to be received with respectful consideration. I especially commend it for study to all teachers and all persons interested in the great abiding lights of our history. A review of Mr. Johnson's work will appear in a subsequent issue:—Henry Austin.

POEMS

by

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

Associate Editor of The Century

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