

Isn't it strange how automobiles won't take a joke?

Possibly the society smuggler is only a kleptomaniac.

Further, an aeroplane, judiciously handled, lays golden eggs.

Portland cement is to be cheaper—have you tried digesting it?

Summer keeps running back for just one more parting word.

Detroit goat eats a \$10 bill. Well, what goat ever got indigestion from swallowing ten bones?

The new five-dollar bills will be smaller, says an exchange. Easier to break, too, we presume.

King Alfonso is afraid he may lose his throne. Foolish boy!—why didn't he put it in his wife's name?

These are fine days to find mushrooms. If you feel ill the next day, you'll know that you didn't.

New York waiter buys \$100,000 worth of government bonds. "All things come to him who waits."

Wild grapes are very scarce this fall, says the Boston Globe, but the sour variety are still plentiful enough.

A French duke has invited his friends to an aeroplane tea. Could any "high tea" be higher than that?

New York street car conductor breaks his arm ringing up fares. Talk about strenuously in doing one's duty!

A New York woman who obtained a divorce 18 years ago has just applied for alimony. When is a poor devil safe?

San Francisco is waging a relentless war against rats, but it doesn't seem to have any effect on Paris coiffures, so far.

With the Bible still leading the list of best sellers, the morals of the country cannot be so very much deteriorated, after all.

An Italian has invented an aeroplane which cannot fall. This is an improvement even over those which can swim and climb trees.

If there is any argument in favor of letting college boys haze themselves it must be that they need to get it out of their systems.

Someone has written an article on "The Duty of the Dollar," this being something that our American tourists have been trying to dodge.

In New York there is a woman one hundred and two years old who has lived ninety-six years in Manhattan. Well, it must have been in Harlem.

New York man, forty years old, and about to wed, says he has never yet kissed a girl. He'll still be "about to wed" forty years from now.

A Pittsburg bridegroom of five weeks deserted his bride because she was "a block of ice." Naturally, she immediately proceeded to make it hot for him.

There is a man in Virginia who says that to marry after fifty means trouble. He is an optimist. What does he think it means to marry before fifty?

When a man of ninety-six walks ten miles to get a marriage license the truth that life is ever young gives another knockout blow to the Oslerian theory.

An Ohio judge rules that a pretzel is not a dangerous weapon. Whether he will be so confident concerning the exhibition of sliced cucumbers remains to be seen.

Isn't there a fine touch of unconscionable humor in the preachment on American extravagance which American millionaires deliver when they come home from motor tours through Europe?

Why is it that the man who cunningly plans to murder his wife or his sweetheart and brutally carries out his plan always "breaks down and cries like a child" when his guilt is fastened upon him?

Why should there be so much excitement when an aviator breaks the record for attaining the greatest height? The thing to become enthusiastic over, it seems to us, is in getting safely down from the greatest height.

A St. Paul burglar has returned money he had stolen three years ago. He has evidently reformed—partially. When he completely reforms he will insist on paying the penalty he incurred by violating the moral and criminal law.

Thieves have been known to steal hot stoves, but even this feat is surpassed by that of robbers in New Jersey who stole six cars loaded with merchandise by cutting a freight train in two and escaping with the booty. So far, this holds the record.

Universal Mind

Gradually Drawn to Believe Matter Is Term

By E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE



WE ARE gradually and inevitably drawn to the conclusion that mind is everything and matter but an expression of the universal mind. A table, a house, or a machine is the embodiment of some human mind. A stone is the embodiment of some mind at present inaccessible to us, of some will at present inscrutable.

Matter signifies existence, life independent of ourselves, but subject to our will under certain conditions, just as men are to some extent. Motion means change or experience. Inertia means habit. The ether means, perhaps, the all-embracing, all-connecting oversoul of the universe. Radiation means perchance the intercommunication of smaller minds.

Here we enter upon that virgin field where, I believe, the science of the future will blossom forth. In entering upon it a new perspective opens out, a perspective infinitely more glorious than the starry host visible to our human eyes. We breathe a higher and purer air, an air of freedom, of infinite life and power and greatness, unfettered by the shackles of our earthly existence. Many of the sons of men, in all ages, have caught glimpses of such a higher existence. It is open to all of us, and, I believe, destined for all. But its possibility and prospect need not draw us away from the present phase prematurely. Like devotees of chess or football, we descend into the arena and consent to be bound for a time by more or less absurd restrictions. We play the game. And that game has always been played and will always be played. It is a necessary discipline and liberal education.

Of one thing we may be certain—no universe exists which is entirely unconnected with this of ours. We know that the fruit of our slightest act goes thundering down the ages, that nothing is ever effaced, that everything of infinite and eternal consequence. And if it leaves a permanent mark on the material universe it will affect also all invisible universes. This reflection may give a new zest to our present form of existence. To pierce into the innermost recesses of nature, to mold natural forces to our will, to make life happy and glorious for ourselves and our kind, to assert our supremacy over disease and death, to conquer and rule this universe in virtue of the infinite power within us, such is our task here and now.

It is being more and more consciously taken in hand by the human race, a race which, since its earliest origins, has numbered about a billion individuals. The aggregate lives of these individuals cover a vast variety of experiences and circumstances and the record of these experiences is embodied in our own physical organisms and other records more or less permanent. The human race has hurled itself against the fastnesses of nature and captured them one by one. The way has been a record of blood and of tears.

But in the new generation the wounds are healed and the tears are dried and the battle is renewed.



For several years past I have been what my friends termed a "fresh-air crank," but lately I came to the conclusion that this fresh-air craze can be overdone as well as underdone, and especially that the value of night air is greatly overestimated.

My mother is a scholar of the old school and she has always contended that the air after sundown is of very little value—in fact, that it often does more harm than good, especially when it is damp, as that of Chicago occasionally is.

Last spring I had a slight attack of bronchitis. It would begin with a wheezing, which would keep up all night. After three nights of suffering my mother persuaded me to try sleeping with my bedroom window shut. Before that I would have it wide open, winter and summer. I closed the windows and that night I was entirely free of the wheezing.

I tried this several times afterward, starting with the window open, but would always have to get up and close it to get relief. Since last spring I have slept with the window closed more or less and never felt better.

Of course I believe in thoroughly airing the rooms during the day and letting all the sunshine possible in, but I believe that the dampness from the lake and the dew does no one any good and perhaps some harm, especially to those with nose or throat trouble.

Mental concentration and force of direction are more to be sought in telepathy than determination, which sometimes mounts only to stubbornness. A suggestion given to a subject at such a time that there are no conflicting thoughts will go far toward creating an involuntary auto-suggestion for the desired end, especially when the end sought is the object desired by the subject.

Should the subject's line of thought be so intense or continued as to become an accepted fact a suggested change in that line may be so opposed as to remain below the threshold of consciousness. If there is at any time existing between operator and subject a condition of mental rapport then will the suggestion be received.

So in the case of Ceres, if the error that her friend is about to commit is an act that the friend does not consider wrong it will take more than a single suggestion to remove the desire to act. Some logical reason must be used, as the suggestion will be analyzed and the reason for the change must be so clear and the suggestion so forcibly received that all opposing suggestions will be overruled. Abstraction is to be sought as much as concentration, and when you arrive at a mental condition where you can voluntarily exclude all wandering thoughts practise suggestion. But don't use your suggestions solely for your own gain or think that your mental emanations are supreme, for other minds consider theirs worthy of notice.

If, after several attempts at telepathy, you fail to influence your friend, try telephony. It is much easier and only costs a nickel.

Agatha Penryn's Query

By EMMA J. BOWEN

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Aunt Penelope—Aunt Penny, for short—waved a lean, ringed hand at a row of ancestral portraits on the wall. "These," she said, sternly, "are the people on whom you are determined to bring a public scandal, Agatha."

It was not the first time in my experience that Aunt Penny had brought me before this court of the past, that hung in the upper hall. I had broken my engagement, one Aunt Penny had planned and executed for me, and with the wedding day but a week off.

For forty-odd years Aunt Penny had worshipped at the shrine of family as it was pictured here. For instruction, correction or reproof, she had always brought me to face these shadows in their atrocious frames. To her they reflected the glorious and honorable past of the family of Penryn. To me they seemed a quaint, half-giddy array of men and women who, in their day and time, had believed themselves unworlily and correct. Some of the women wore monstrous hoopskirts, some of them held up attenuated arms to display leg-o'-mutton sleeves; others faced the world from the depths of huge poke bonnets. They were all object lessons, teaching the absurdity of some fashions that have passed away.

Some of the men, with their great shoe buckles, resembled the pictures of George Washington; some of them—these must have been the poet-artists of the Penryns—wore wildly long hair, that had the appearance of being uncombed. None of the gentlemen, in the matter of apparel, would

Leon was twenty-two—all at once separated us. We had played together in childhood, we had been sweethearts in early youth, but with the wedding day a week off I felt that I was taking a mean advantage of a child to marry Leon. I did not love him.

But I might have known better than to tell this story to Aunt Penny, born fighter that she was. Since I could remember, Aunt Penny had never been so happy as when she was doing battle with some one. I loved her warlike spirit, but when she changed in a minute to the soldier she was, and declared, "Agatha, this shall be looked after immediately!" I saw far consequences of my rash conduct. She left me with her fine eyes glowing with battle light, and I fled in the limousine that had waited for me for an hour to the office of Leon Masters.

He had received the letter that morning, I knew, if the mails had done their usual work. He took me to his inner sanctum and I hurried my explanation:

"Leon—Mr. Masters—I've told Aunt Penny that you—that you are the one who didn't wish—she is hurt, very much hurt, Leon, and angry—and I thought that perhaps you would tell her that it is you who decided that it isn't best!"

Leon looked unutterably relieved. "Is that all, Agatha?" he said. "I was afraid—very much afraid—that you did not mean—that you might have reconsidered your letter—that you were not—that you wanted to go on, you know!"

His blunt words, his evident satisfaction with what I had done brought the hot blushes to my face. And I had expected to find him overwhelmed with grief—had even pictured his efforts to win me back!

"So," I stammered, "you really didn't!"

"No, Agatha, I really didn't, but I would not have caused you any—embarrassment—not for a king's ransom. And dad had set his heart on it—he thinks you are perfection, Agatha—and you are. I didn't want you ever to suspect how I had really begun to feel about it! Dear old Aunt Penny! Of course, I'll see and tell her that it is what I wished to do!"

Worse and worse! Home I went, hot and trembling. I shut myself in my room and would see no callers. Toward evening, when I had reasoned it all out, and had begun to be glad we had both been saved from our friends and from the great mistake, Aunt Penny came to me with a triumphant light in her eyes.

"Agatha, my poor lamb," she said, "Leon's father has come to set things right. You must come down and see him."

When I reached the drawing room, where he waited, I could not help thinking how young and handsome Leon's father looked. He might have been forty-five—he had been a widower for many years. He took my hand in his.

"Agatha! Miss Penryn!" he said, "what can I say to you—what can I do?"

Sitting there with my hand in his, I told him the whole bald, disagreeable truth. He bent over me when I had finished.

"Agatha!" he whispered, "dear!"

Love that had fled from a long courtship came to me that instant without any courtship. I loved Leon's father, and I knew it. I found myself swept, unresisting, into his arms. Aunt Penny came in soon, and we told her of the change, and restored her to normal afterward. There was to be a wedding on the day set. I would marry Leon's father. There would be a little gossip, of course, there is always a buzz of excitement over the marriage of an elderly man who writes checks sometimes in seven figures; but there would be no scandal. I would be a mother to Leon, after all; but never would I dictate to him when it came to his marriage.

When I went upstairs on that night of my second betrothal I glanced along the wall at the faces of my ancestors. They seemed to smile approval at me, all but one. My great uncle, Peter Penryn, lay face down on the floor, a perfect ruin. When he fell, or why, I never knew. Was he ashamed of me, I wonder, or was he overcome with joy?

Hindu Superstition.

The "Indian Antiquary" contains the following note taken from a "Bombay General Letter" (March 17, 1707), that appears in volume I of "Bombay Abstracts." It illustrates the close control that the authorities at that time exercised over religious bodies:

"Upon a dream of a negro girl of Mahim that there was a mine of treasure, who being overheard relating it, Domo, Alvares, and some others went to the place and sacrificed a Cock and dug the ground, but found nothing, they go to Bundarra at Salaest, where disagreeing, the government there take notice of the same, and one of them, an inhabitant of Bombay, is sent to the Inquisition at Goa, which proceedings will discourage the inhabitants. Wherefore the general is desired to issue a proclamation to release him, and if not restored in 20 days, no Roman Catholic worship to be allowed on the island."

AFTER SUFFERING ONE YEAR

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wis.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made



me a well woman, and I would like to tell the whole world of it. I suffered from female trouble and fearful pains in my back. I had the best doctors and they all decided that I had a tumor in addition to my female trouble, and advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more backache. I hope I can help others by telling them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—MRS. EMMA LUSSE, 833 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.



"That First Invented Sleep."

"Now blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap; and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man even. There is only one thing, which somebody once put into my head, that I dislike in sleep—it is that it resembles death. There is very little difference between a man in his first sleep and a man in his last sleep."—From Cervantes.

Not Easy.

Pat was a married man—a very much married man. He had married no fewer than four times, and all his wives were still in the fore. According to Pat's own account before the court where he was tried for bigamy and found guilty, his experiences were not altogether satisfactory. The judge, in passing sentence, expressed his wonder that the prisoner could be such a hardened villain as to delude so many women.

"Ver honor," said Pat, apologetically, "I was only tryin' to get a good one, an' it's not alisy!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Same Old Point.

Jack—I went gunning in the country one day last week.
Tom—Bag anything?
Jack—Nothing but my trousers.

THE FIRST TASTE

Learned to Drink Coffee When a Baby.

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—*caffeine*—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving the babies coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. As my parents used coffee exclusively at meals I never knew there was anything to drink but coffee and water.

"And so I contracted the coffee habit early. I remember when quite young the continual use of coffee so affected my parents that they tried roasting wheat and barley, then ground it in the coffee-mill, as a substitute for coffee.

"But it did not taste right and they went back to coffee again. That was long before Postum was ever heard of. I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work, I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.

"At night, after having coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum. My wife and I did not like it at first, but later when boiled good and strong it was fine. Now we would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever tasted.

"I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Telephone Cheaper Than Telepathy

By THOMAS H. WATSON