



SUGGESTIONS.

One of the first questions asked by new subscribers (who, by the way, are pouring in as never before) concerns our letter circles, what these are for, how they are conducted, what it costs to join. A letter circle is a group of 10 persons who pay 10c each for membership, for purposes of private correspondence. Each member receives a certificate of membership and a list of the members of the circle or group in geographical order, ranging across the country to facilitate the passage of the letters. No 1 on the list writes to No 2, No 2 to 3, and so on, each adding his or her own letter and forwarding it along with those received. Thus No 10 on the list receives nine letters, adds one of his own and forwards the entire bunch to No 1, who withdraws his old one, writes another and sends the bunch to No 2. In this way each hears from all. Of course the Editor cannot compel members to write faithfully. The success of a circle depends on the members. Many circles are a source of keen delight to their members, increasing their list of friends throughout the United States, broadening their interests and sympathies and bringing them valuable information. Other circles have failed through the carelessness or indifference of certain members. Applicants are placed in new circles, not in those already formed. A circle is made up as often as 10 applications are in, from persons of about the same age. Applicants are requested to give their age, so that unfortunate mixtures of young folks with elderly ones may be avoided. Circles are always forming, so the reader may send his dime or stamps at any time.

It is going to be a lively winter at our Council to judge from the discussion of the last two or three issues. Wasn't Mrs Clarke's account of an imaginary Christmas dinner of our Councillors cute?

MANY MINDS

Phrenology—Hurrah for Mrs P. K. Clarke! A splendid piece of literature. Come again. The F & H Council was bright and cheerful in the Jan 1 issue. How much better it is to show the bright side than the dark! Now then, I will give my mind an airing on my favorite subject, phrenology. I have



been making observations and discoveries in this science and I am becoming more and more convinced that phrenology is no humbug, but full of important facts which only require a little investigation to reveal. I have captured the hawk and removed the skull from his brain in search of phrenological evidence. I was astonished at the flatness and great breadth of his head in the region of destructiveness and appetite. There was also a great mass of brain over and behind the eyes, which gives him that keen perception to discern his feathered prey at long distances and the proneness to keep safe from danger. All flesh-eating animals have broad heads, which is the part of brain assigned to the selfish propensities. I have the skull of a parrot four months old, and the thinness of the skull shows what part of the brain beneath it was in activity. I illuminate the interior of the skull with a light and in a dark room there appear on the surface light spots where the organs of imitation, appetite and perception are located. The skull covering these illuminated spots is as thin as paper, caused by the activity of these organs, while the dormant part of the brain is covered with a denser bone and appears dark. The parrot being a vegetarian, it has no fierce activity from the organs of de-

destructiveness and combativeness, thus it shows a very narrow head in comparison with the hawk. I made a plaster of paris cast of the brain of a pig that was raised up by hand. It shows a remarkable organ of friendliness. This pig was a great favorite with the children and seemed to crave companionship and to be noticed and petted just like a little child. This explains the large protuberance on the brain at friendship. If we examine a cat's skull we will find a fullness in the region over the ears where destructiveness and secretiveness are located. The cat is in nature very shrewd and shy when after its prey. So much, then, for phrenology in the animal field of discovery. Every right thinking person will not deny the claims of phrenology if they investigate its principles, for it will stand the test of experiment and observation.—[Clifford H. Dougan (Plow Boy).]

A New Century—Is the incoming century the 19th or the 20th? There are those who are trying to make me believe we have all been mistaken for a hundred years, but I don't see it.—[Mrs A. B. Townsend.

The incoming century is the 20th; the question is when it comes in. According to the weight of authority, the year 1900 is the closing year of the 19th century, the 20th beginning Jan 1, 1901. [Editor.


Stepmothers—A Stepmother's letter made us very anxious to answer it, to give her encouragement. We both think that stepmothers make a poor matter worse, and we think that they generally put more care on their stepdaughters than on their own, and stepmothers expect more of their stepdaughters than of their own daughters. We don't think there is any need of women being stepmothers, to cause themselves trouble. This is all the encouragement we can give you this time.—[Two Stepdaughters.

Not the Greatest—Miss Pro Bono Publico asks for "some great soul inspiring subject to discuss." I sympathize fully with her. I do not concede that "love is the greatest thing in the world." Human nature itself is greater than any of its passions or emotions; and love is one of these. Love is sweet, full of bliss, soul inspiring and divine. But it seems to me pitiable to make human nature or the human personality a slave or servant of any emotion, however exalted or fine. A human being is, by right of birth (however he may have deteriorated) a king, a god, or a queen, a divinity. The "greatest thing in the world" for any person is for that person himself to be great, and to be conscious of being so, to feel one's natural relationship and affinity to the infinite. The poet Byron, on the shore of the ocean, could "mingle with the universe" and feel vast feelings and sentiments that were beyond expression but all the same he knew them, he felt them. So, let me suggest as a subject for discussion, "The various ways in which a person may be divinely great"—(M. R. Rowe.

Web of Coquetry—Roxane. I would if I could, gladly agree with you in that there is no pleasure in wrong-doing. Do not understand me to speak from experience; but how can I account for all the laws, prisons, courts, houses, saloons and other dens of vice, and maintain there is no pleasure in wrong-doing? Why must man wherever he goes have laws follow at his heels? There may be some pleasure in trying to live in blissful ignorance of some things as they really are, but the millennium is not yet, and the fact is, man is by nature a sinner and takes to it as naturally and pleasurably as a duck to water. Nor is it so much what will his God think of his actions as what will his neighbors think, that tends to keep him in order. He has always and must ever act as he is most strongly influenced, and the life he lives depends upon the composition of his brain, his condition and his circumstances. All actions are but the result of some influence upon the mind. Often he is held between two or more equal and opposing influential forces, one tending to drive him into one action, one into another, and, as he expresses his condition, he is bothered and doesn't know what to do, and remains so until there arrives upon the scene some new influence which may reinforce one of those

first, and break that "balance of power" or acting independently and alone, be strong enough to get him into action. But more often there are no conflicting influences and he moves easily from one action to another, "doing as he pleases," and little dreaming that he is an object in the stream of causes and effects and is moving here and there as each influence in turn acts upon him. Someone repeats what has become of Kink. Very likely she has caught some hapless "soul" in a web of coquetry, and in the excitement of the moment, forgotten us all, or perhaps the right one has at last made his appearance and she in her ecstasy swooned away and is conscious of nothing but his enchanting cooling. Niskayuna, you have my deepest sympathy, but there is hope. Cheer up, ever look heavenward and in prayer take your troubles to the ever-listening—old maids.—[Shiftless "C" nson.

Pretty and Beautiful—To One Who Does Not Agree With C. S., do you think



I'm preparing to write a highly sensational novel? The thought is absurd, for I've never even dreamed of such a thing. You must fancy me something of an exile to think I did not enjoy outside companionship. But again you are mistaken. My friends visited me as often as they ever did, for they realized that my being apparently so contented to remain at home was done from a sense of duty and not from choice. That is past and I'm now seen in society as often as my friends. My

brother is indeed one to be proud of and is handsome, too, yet there is a contrast, for one is dark, the other fair. I am called both pretty and beautiful. Where was the harm in that? Remember beauty is but skin deep, and for all that I may be a very disagreeable person. True worth lies deeper than beauty of face and form. As to what kind of a girl you are, one can imagine from your letter. To me you are one to whom it is habitual to look on the dark side of life. You told me to get some of those notions out of my head. Kindly allow me to say 'twould be to

[To Page 21.]

To Mrs. Pinkham,
Lynn, Mass.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKEAM NO. 41,307]

"DEAR FRIEND—A year ago I was a great sufferer from female weakness. My head ached all the time and I would get so dizzy and have that all gone feeling in the stomach and was so nervous and restless that I did not know what to do with myself.

"My food did me no good and I had a bad case of whites. I wrote to you and after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as directed, I can truly say that I feel like a new woman and cannot tell you how grateful I am to you.

"I have recommended it to all my friends and have given it to my daughter who is now getting along splendidly. May you live many years to help our suffering sisters."—Mrs. C. CARPENTER, 233 GRAND ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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