

But I could not form any clear idea of the relation between this Divine Love and the material world. I lost myself many times in shadows and uncertainties, wandering back and forth between the Light which was an ineffably reassuring and the chaos and darkness of nature that seemed so real as not to be gainsaid. One day I was made radiantly happy and brought nearer to a sense of God when "I watched" an exquisite butterfly, just out of its cocoon, drying its wings in the sun, and afterward felt it fluttering over a bunch of trailing arbutus. Someone told me how the ancient Egyptians had looked upon the butterfly as an emblem of immortality. I was delighted. It seemed to me as it should be, that such beautiful forms of life should have in them a lesson about things still more lovely. Nevertheless, the same buzz-saw continued to worry me until one day a sudden flash of intuition revealed an infinite wonder to me.

I had been sitting quietly in the library for half an hour. I turned to my teacher and said, "Such a strange thing has happened! I have been far away all this time, and I haven't left the room." "What do you mean, Helen?" she asked, surprised. "Why," I cried, "I have been in Athens." Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when a bright, amazing realization seemed to catch my mind and set it ablaze. I perceived the realness of my soul and its sheer independence of all conditions of place and body. It was clear to me that it was because I was a spirit that I had so vividly "seen" and felt a place thousands of miles away. Space was nothing to spirit! In that new consciousness shone the Presence of God, Himself a Spirit everywhere at once, the Creator dwelling in all the universe simultaneously. The fact that my little soul could reach out over continents and seas to Greece, despite a blind, deaf, and stumbling body, sent another exulting emotion rushing over me. I had broken through my limitations and found in touch an eye. I could read the thoughts of wise men—thoughts which had for ages survived their mortal life, and could possess them as part of myself. If this were true, how much more could God, the un-circumscribed Spirit, cancel the harms of nature—accident, pain, destruction, and reach out to his children. Deafness and blindness, then, were of no real account. They were to be relegated to the outer circle of my life. Of course I did not sense any such process with my real mind; but I did know that I, the child I, could leave the library and visit any place I wanted to, mentally, and I was happy. That was the little seed from which grew my interest in spiritual subjects.

I was not at that time especially enthusiastic about the Bible stories, except the story of the gentle Nazarene. The accounts of creation and the driving out of Adam and Eve from Eden for eating a particular fruit, the Flood and all the wrath and vengeance of the Lord seemed to me very similar to the Greek and Roman myths I had read—and there were many few gods and goddesses I could admire.

I was disappointed not to find in the Bible that my good aunt held up to me as a Divine Book, a likeness of the Being whose face shone so benign, beautiful, and radiant in my heart. She told me tales out of the Apocryphes, and still I felt a void I could not explain. What could I see in a war between God and dragons and horned beasts? How could I associate the eternal torture of those cast into the lake of fire with the God whom Christ declared to be love? Why, I wondered, should one particular City of God be described with pavements of gold and walls of precious stones when heaven must be full of everything else just as magnificent—mountains, fields, oceans, and the aw-fruited earth, restful to the feet? The touching story of Christ, comforting the sorrowful, healing the sick; giving new light to the blind and speech to mute lips stirred me to the depths; but how could I worship three persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost? Was that not the sort of false worship so terribly punished in Old Testament days?

Such were the bewildered, dissatisfied thoughts on the Bible which possessed my mind when there came into my life one of the friends I loved most, Mr. John Hitz, who had for a long period held the position at Washington of Consul-General for Switzerland in this country. Afterward he was superintendent of the Volta Bureau in Washington, which Dr. Bell founded with the Volta Prize money he received for inventing the telephone. This bureau was established for the purpose of collecting and distributing information about the deaf, and publishing a magazine in their behalf, *The Annals of the Deaf*, which is now called *The Volta Review*.

in Boston and Cambridge, and every time my teacher and I stopped over in Washington on our way to or from my southern home, we had delightful trips with him.

After my teacher and I settled down in Wrentham, Mass., he spent six weeks with us every summer until the year before he died. He loved to take me out walking early in the morning while the dew lay upon grass and tree and the air was joyous with birdsongs. We wandered through still woods, fragrant meadows, past the picturesque stone walls of Wrentham, and always he brought me closer to the beauty and the deep meaning of Nature. As he talked, the great world shone for me in the glory of immortality. He stimulated in me the love of Nature that is so precious a part of the music in my silence and the light in my darkness. It is sweet as I write to recall the flowers and the laughing brooks and the shining, balmy moments of stillness in which we had joy together. Each day I beheld through his eyes a new and charming landscape, "wrapped in exquisite showers" of fancy and spiritual beauty. We would often pause that I might feel the swaying of the trees, the bending of the flowers, and the waving of the corn, and he would say, "the wind that puts all this life into Nature is a marvelous symbol of the spirit of God."

On my fourteenth birthday he presented me with a gold watch he had worn for more than thirty years, and I have never been separated from it since, except one time when it was sent to Switzerland for some parts that were worn out. Curiously enough, it was not made for the blind in the first place. It once belonged to a German ambassador who had it fixed so that he could keep important appointments exactly. He was obliged to call upon a high dignitary of the Kaiser, and it was not etiquette to look at the watch, nor was it etiquette to stay too long. So the Ambassador went to a jeweler and gave him instructions about making the watch so that he could slip his hand into his pocket and "feel" the time. It has a crystal face, and a gold hand on the back, which is connected with the minute hand, and goes with it and stops with it. There are also gold points around the rim of the watch which indicate the hours. I wear it always against my heart, and it ticks for me as faithfully as my friend himself worked for me and loved me. He whose love it keeps ever before me has been gone nearly twenty years, but I have the sweet consciousness that each tick is bringing me nearer and nearer to him. Truly a treasure above price, linking time and eternity!

Mr. Hitz and I corresponded for many years. He learned the Braille system so that I could read myself his long and frequent letters. These letters are a record of spiritual kinship which it comforts me to read over when I long for the touch of his hand and the wise, inspiring words with which he encouraged me in my tasks. His first and last thought was to lessen the obstacles I encountered. He quickly perceived my hunger for books I could read on subjects that particularly interested me, and how limited were the embossed books within my reach. For eight years he devoted a part of each day to copying whatever he thought would give me pleasure—stories, biographies of great men, poetry, and studies of Nature. When, after reading "Heaven and Hell," I expressed a wish to know more of Swedenborg's writings, he laboriously compiled books of explanations and extracts to facilitate my reading. All this he accomplished in addition to his duties as superintendent of the Volta Bureau and his extensive correspondence. In his letters he often referred to "the quiet morning hours before breakfast" he spent transcribing for me, and his "joy of being in daily touch with his *swaigst geliebte Tochter Helena*." Many friends have done wonderful things for me, but nothing like Mr. Hitz's untiring effort to share with me the inner sunshine and peace which filled his silent years. Each year I was drawn closer to him, and he wrote to me more constantly as the days passed. Then came a great sorrow—separation from the friend I loved best next to my teacher. I had been visiting my mother, and was on my way back to Wrentham. As usual, I stopped in Washington, and Mr. Hitz came to the train to meet me. He was full of joy as he embraced me, saying how impatiently he had awaited my coming. Then, as he was leading me from the train, he had a sudden attack of heart trouble, and passed away. Just before the end he took my hand, and I still feel his pressure when I think of that dark time. I could not have borne the loss of such an intimate and tender friend if I had thought he was indeed dead. But his noble philosophy and certainty of the life to come braced me with an unwavering faith that we should meet again in a world happier and more beautiful than anything of my dreaming. With me remains always the helpful memory of his rare personality.

He was a man of lefty character, a man of rich spiritual gifts. His heart was pure and warm, full of childlike faith in the best he saw in his fellow-creatures, and he was always doing for other people something lovely and dear. In all his ways he kept the Commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." At eighty years of age he had the heart of an evergreen, and his inexhaustible power of enjoyment lifted him far above the average of humanity. He remained young with the young. He

was never old to me, and I was never deaf and blind to him. He spelled with difficulty on his fingers, and he was so hard of hearing I had often to repeat a sentence six times with my imperfect speech before he could understand me. But our love covered a multitude of difficulties, and our intercourse was always worth every effort it cost us.

As we talked thus, Mr. Hitz came to realize fully my hunger for literature I could read on subjects that especially interested me. He himself had grown deaf, and that enabled him to see the distorted angle of my thoughts with regard to the world of my senses. He told me that if I would only try to put myself in the place of those with sight and hearing and divine their impressions of things, they could unite their senses with mine more and more and thus wonderfully increase my enjoyment of the outer world. He showed me how I could find a key to their life, and give them a chance to explore my own with understanding. He put into my hands a copy of Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell" in raised letters. He said he knew I would not understand much of it at first, but it was fine exercise for my mind, and would satisfy me with a likeness of a God as lovable as the one in my heart. He told me always to remember that it is easier to see what is good than what is true in a difficult book. For, as Swedenborg put it, "Good is like a little flame which gives light, and causes man to see, perceive, and believe."

When I began "Heaven and Hell" I was as little aware of the new joy coming into my life as I had been years before when I stood on the piazza steps awaiting my teacher. Impelled only by the curiosity of a young girl who loves to read, I opened that big book, and lo, my fingers lighted upon a paragraph in the preface about a blind woman whose darkness was illumined with beautiful truths from Swedenborg's writings. She believed that they imparted a light to her mind which more than compensated her for the loss of earthly light. She never doubted that there was a spiritual body within the material one with perfect senses, and that after a few dark years the eyes within her eyes would open to a world infinitely more wonderful, complete, and satisfying than this. My heart gave a joyous bound. Here was a faith that emphasized what I felt so keenly—the separateness between soul and body, between a realm I could picture as a whole and the chaos of fragmentary things and irrational contingencies which my limited physical senses met at every turn. I let myself go, as healthily, happy youth will, and tried to puzzle out the long words and the weighty thoughts of the Swedish sage. Somehow I sensed the likeness of Him whom I loved as the One and Only, and I wanted to understand more. The words Love and Wisdom seemed to caress my fingers from paragraph to paragraph, and these two words released in me new forces to stimulate my somewhat indolent nature and urge me forward evermore. I came back to the book from time to time, picking up a line here and a line there, "precept upon precept," one glimpse then another of the Divine Word hidden under the clouds of literal statement. As I realized the meaning of what I read, my soul seemed to expand and gain confidence amid the difficulties which beset me. The descriptions of the other world bore me far, far over measureless regions bathed in superhuman beauty and strangeness, where angels' robes flash, where great lives and creative minds cast a splendor upon darkest circumstances, where events and mighty combats sweep by endlessly, where the night is lit to eternal day by the Smile of God. I glowed through and through as I sat in that atmosphere of the soul and watched men and women of nobler mould pass in majestic procession. For the first time immortality put on intelligibility for me, and earth wore new curves of loveliness and significance. I was glad to discover that the City of God was not a stupid affair of glass streets and sapphire walls, but a systematic treasury of wise, helpful thoughts and noble influences. Gradually I came to see that I could use the Bible, which had so baffled me, as an instrument for digging out precious truths, just as I could use my hindered, halting body for the high behests of my spirit.

I had been told by narrow people that all who were not Christians would be punished, and naturally my soul revolted, since I knew of wonderful men who had lived and died for truth as they saw it in the pagan lands. But in "Heaven and Hell" I found that "Jesus" stands for Divine Good, Good wrought into deeds, and "Christ" Divine Truth, sending forth new thought, new life and joy into the minds of men; therefore no one who believes in God and lives right is ever condemned. So I grew to womanhood, and as unaccountably as Conrad found in English the language of his choice, I took more and more to the New Church doctrines as my religion. No one encouraged me in this choice, and I cannot explain it any more than anyone else. I can only say that the Word of God freed from the blots and stains of barbarous creeds has been at once the joy and good of my life, wonderfully linked with my growing appreciation of my teacher's work and my own responsibilities of service, hours of struggle and solitude, hours of deepest joy, harsh truths faced squarely and high dreams held deeper than the pleasant

truths have been to my faculties what light, color, and music are to the eye and ear. They have lifted my wistful longing for a fuller sense-life into a vivid consciousness of the complete being within me. Each day comes to me with both hands full of possibilities, and in its brief course I discern all the verities and realities of my existence, the bliss of growth, the glory of action, the spirit of beauty.

To be continued.

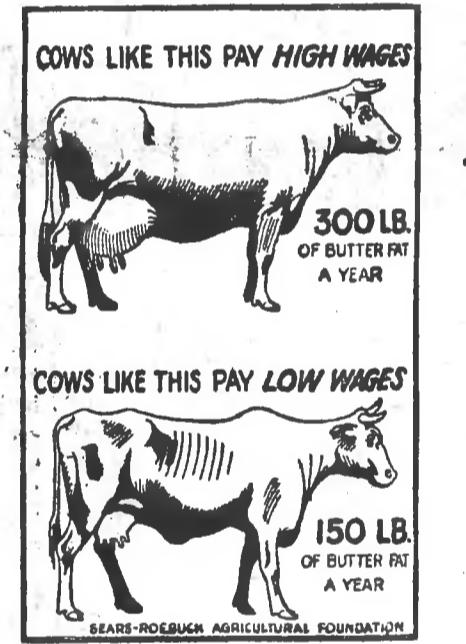
Nitrogen Is Big Factor in Better Yields of Cotton

A number of tests conducted by Southern experiment stations clearly show the importance of nitrogen in fertilizing cotton. At the South Carolina and Alabama Stations, for example, experiments have shown that the increased yields of cotton obtained by increasing the amount of nitrogen in a fertilizer were much greater than where increased amounts of either phosphoric acid or potash were applied.

Nitrogen must be relied upon for increasing yields per acre, and when an insufficient amount is furnished in the fertilizer applied at planting it is obvious that side dressings must be made to insure the profitable production of the crop which is obtained through high yields per acre. Side dressings of nitrate of soda are important for furnishing this nitrogen because the average mixed fertilizer applied at planting is out of proportion as regards the percentage of nitrogen.

Home mixing of fertilizers is increasing in popularity. By buying his nitrate of soda, acid phosphate and potash and mixing his own fertilizer, the farmer is absolutely sure of the materials he is using, knows that he is getting the best and generally saves a nice sum of money. Where home mixing is followed it is often advisable to put only a part of the nitrate of soda under the crop and the remainder as a side dressing after chop-slag.

BETTER WAGES FROM BETTER MILKERS



By following certain well-defined rules, any farmer can obtain good wages for taking care of milk cows, says the Sears Roebuck Agricultural Foundation. Failure to adopt the practices laid down by these rules will cause the farmer to work for very low wages and possibly nothing.

Records covering 21 farms in one county, gathered by the Minnesota College of Agriculture, showed that the wages received for the time spent on milk cows varied from as high as 77 cents per hour to as low as 7 cents. Since the farms were all in the same locality and had the same market, this variation must be attributed to differences in the methods employed.

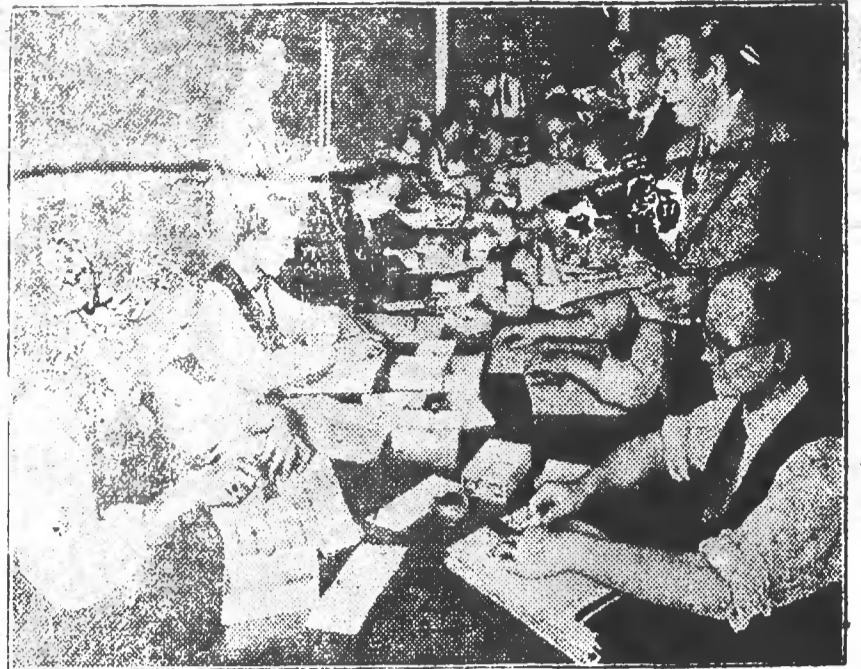
The principal rules by which to obtain good wages for milking cows, as shown by the actual experience of many farmers, are as follows:

1. Keep cows bred by pure-bred bulls of high producing ancestry.
 2. Weed out the poor producers, as indicated by the amount of milk produced, the butter fat test, and feed record.
 3. Take measures to control disease and eliminate losses from tuberculosis, abortion, garget, etc.
 4. Feed rations which are adequate with respect to protein, succulence and variety, and vary the quantity in proportion to production.
 5. Supply ample pastures throughout the season.
 6. Keep the expense for barns and equipment on a reasonable basis.
- One of the most important factors in determining the wages received for milking cows is the rate of production per cow. An average production of 800 pounds of butter fat is a reasonable goal. In some fluid milk districts, it has been found that dairymen whose cows produce less than 9,000 pounds a year stood little chance of making a profit. A farmer who keeps average cows producing only 140 to 165 pounds of butter fat a year can not expect to receive good wages for taking care of them.

Tammany Costs Respect

Resigning from leadership of Tammany Hall, Lewis Nixon asserted that he could no longer remain as leader and retain his self respect.

W. O. W. Has Great Faith In Future of North Carolina



Here are \$20,000,000 in bonds being handled by employees of the Woodmen of the World. W. A. Fraser, Sovereign Commander, is standing with sheaf of bonds in his hands. \$13,769,000.00 of these bonds represent North Carolina investments. The employees are clipping the semi-annual dividend coupons.

That the Woodmen of the World Life Insurance Association has faith in Hoke County is evidenced by the fact that W. O. W. has \$73,500.00 invested in municipal bonds of this county, according to a statement today by W. A. Fraser, Sovereign Commander of the Woodmen of the World and President of the Globe Life Insurance Company.

"The Woodmen of the World has great faith in the future of this state," said Mr. Fraser. Sovereign Commander Fraser also announced that the Woodmen of the World Life Insurance Association now has \$13,769,000.00 invested in municipal bonds in the state of North Carolina.

"Our funds are used to help the development of the various parts of the United States where Woodmen of the World members are located," said Mr. Fraser. "We are glad in having the opportunity to aid the various counties and states in building roads, school houses, court houses, street improvements and other municipal enterprises."

"Not enough people in America realize the importance of modern and up-to-date school houses and modern methods of education. Sanitary and modern school houses tend toward making both teachers

and school pupils more contented and, therefore, more efficient. Good school houses with their sanitary conveniences, proper lighting and ventilation enable school teachers to do better work, and nothing is more important than education of our children—the future citizens of tomorrow."

Mr. Fraser said the factors entering into security of their investments are based foremost on the community's financial responsibility, both present and potential. But in addition, however, he said the Investment Committee was also guided by good faith of and confidence in the municipality issuing such bonds.

"Great assurance of good faith is given to the Committee in the simple statement that American Municipalities of any importance do not default in the principal or interest of any of their obligations," said Mr. Fraser.

During the thirty-seven years existence of W. O. W., the association has been very careful in the disposition of its funds for investments. The company now has \$88,000,000 invested in municipal bonds. During its twenty-seven years, W. O. W. has handled more than \$120,000,000 of investments without losing a cent of principal or interest.

Bring Happiness and Comfort to Dependent North Carolina Families

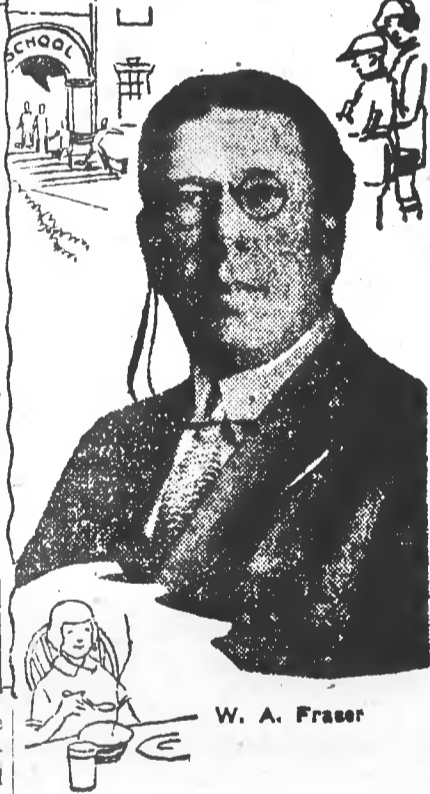
Value of Life Insurance
By W. A. Fraser

Life insurance has saved many families from going to the poorhouse.

Life insurance has made it possible for children to continue with their education.

Life insurance has eliminated misery; has kept the wolf from the door of widows and orphans; has brought comfort to old age.

It is a dawn of hope that will reveal itself when days of sorrow have come.



The marvelous story of the life insurance that has been eliminated and the happiness and comfort that has been brought to thousands of North Carolina families whose providers were members of the Woodmen of the World is fully emphasized by figures compiled by W. A. Fraser, Sovereign Commander of the Woodmen of the World.

W. A. Fraser, Sovereign Commander of the Woodmen of the World, has announced that the Woodmen of the World Life Insurance Association has been in operation in this state since 1853. The Woodmen of the World started in 1853.

What these millions of dollars in insurance benefits have done for those families whose providers were members of the Woodmen of the World is beyond imagination. One does not have to stretch his imagination to realize what this money has done for the widows and the orphans of the families of this state. If these families had not been insured, think of the great misery which would have come into the lives of the wives and children through no fault of their own. Just a little thoughtfulness on the part of the fathers and husbands of these families brought untold happiness, gave the children a chance for an education, kept many families out of orphan asylums and poorhouses and in this way saved the taxpayers of the state thousands of dollars. The Woodmen of the World has been glad to pay these claims and

bring this happiness to these many thousands of families of this state.

"The marvelous record of the Woodmen of the World can be traced greatly to the loyalty and enthusiastic support given us by the people of this state. We enjoy doing business here and we hope we will always be able to play an important part in bringing happiness and future security to the families of this state who suffer the losses of their bread winners."

"The maintenance of the War Memorial hospital at San Antonio, Texas is one of the great services performed by the Woodmen of the World. Patients are cared for free of charge in an institution that contains every possible means of renewing the health of our members. Of the 3,000 patients that have been cared for a majority have been returned to their homes cured, and in a position to become useful citizens of the nationwide communities in which they live."

Mr. Fraser announced that the Woodmen of the World is 100% solvent and now has \$89,000,000 in municipal bond holdings in its reserve. A large portion of these bonds have been invested in this state, thus aiding in the building of the state's roads, schools, and various public improvements.

"The Woodmen of the World is now the richest fraternal life insurance association in the world," said Mr. Fraser.