



tmos



Be Cheerful



NOW is the Time to Live



Edited By O. N. ORLOW Ph. D. D.

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Atmos

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WHEATON

Atmos

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No. 2.

*Love man and help him make life true,
Help him his daily strength renew,
Be unto him joy undefiled,
Believe in Father Mother, Child.*

The Philosophy of Ath-mos.



ALL life is directly due to a perfect principle, a natural law, created and governed by its inherent perfection.

The central starting-point of this is called God.

Humanity is the physical, mental and spiritual embodiment of this principle—in its possibilities.

A special revelation of God to man, such as seems to have been the starting-point of nearly all religions, is unfair and illogical; but in the development of the spiritual part of

man, the idea of it is necessary.

Each period of universal life gives a better understanding between man and nature.

The existence of a fundamental power or principle is proven by our own existence and our power to re-create.

We pass through various and entirely connected stages of development, commonly called life, before we reach the full understanding of the purpose of it all.

When this is understood, a grander, freer, and more active cycle of life unending commences, either in living again on earth, or in understanding the world better while on a different plane of activity.

Anything created can be changed, but it can never die. All evil conditions are man-made, and consequently capable of being rectified by man.

The temporary man-made evil is justified; its results being the true understanding of right gained by the experience of life.

Our spiritual, mental and physical condi-

tions depend upon our will, more or less circumscribed by our understanding or lack of understanding.

Death neither sustains nor nullifies our conditions in this life, but gathers its tangled webs together for a straightening out.

There need be no fear of a judgment after death; but there is *certainty of it here*, and that by the results of our own acts.

A complete trust in the *wisdom* of good and the *folly* of evil is the guide to tranquility in this life, and the better understanding of the lives yet to be lived.

We are not punished *for* our sins, but *by* our sins; not in the *hereafter*, but *now*.

The great human virtues are but mirrors of ourselves; the great human vices but leading to the Truth—vice being virtue misled.

Our slightest thoughts or actions affect all the world.

By helping others we help ourselves; by injuring others we injure ourselves.

Every condition in life is necessary for development, and to find fault with it is unnatural; to better it, our duty.

Do You Live Now?



FOR thousands of years we have been busy centering our attention on the *hereafter*, and, in the fear of it, have neglected the *present* life. From time to time, individuals (who knew better) have been benevolent and independent enough to say so; they have usually suffered for it. Others, equally intelligent but more cautious, have used the prevalent understanding of life to lead the masses gradually upwards to a better life—through the devious ways of creeds, cults, laws of all kinds, fear, and so on.

They laid the foundation of Truth by using human error as a means to an end. These leaders succeeded better.

The history of mankind is written in the tears of fear of the *hereafter*, oftener than in the joy of the present.

All human actions were expressive of longing for the mysteries of the grave, rather than for the realities of life *now*.

But in this, our century of gladness, the work of the ages becomes manifest in more enlightened views, and a truer, holier conception of the *Now*. We are being drawn closer to the great heart of humanity, and the work of the future will be the universal desire to better understand our brothers here, and our duty towards them.

Humanity no longer groups itself under the cross of the *dying life*, but around the cross of the *living man*.

The world faces the greatest awakening of the human mind known to the cycles of time. Let us be glad that we are living *now*, for now we can see reasons—physical, sensible reasons—for being rich, poor, ill or well; and knowing this, we can change for the better. The creed of the future will be based upon the marvelous anatomy and physiology of the *human body*.

When humanity realizes that by being untruthful, insensate, immoral and selfish, the

internal organs of the body will be affected for evil and thereby made incapable of performing their natural functions, then, for this reason, will it stop to consider its actions, and not because of a belief that some force outside of it—God—is offended and will punish in the hereafter.

If the laws of the body are violated, the active, intelligent expression of the body, called mind, suffers, and cannot perform its function properly, thereby affecting all the senses. The senses then become incapable of clear actions, and do not convey their natural conclusions to our brains, and we become unbalanced.

Illness, poverty, badly used riches and badly treated health follow as the result. Formerly such result was attributed to a force in opposition to the good; *i. e.*, evil, the devil.

Life itself, with health and opportunities, was considered a *gift* from God, thoroughly undeserved by us—and *that view* made a slave

of a being intended as a co-worker and a companion.

How absurd, and still how necessary, that error was in the development of character and knowledge of life.

In our hands is the fruit of it all, so let us thank the error for the truth it proved. Right and wrong are only *relative* terms after all. Natural conditions alone are absolute, and a natural life is the only right life, when it is in conformity with the laws of expression, not of repression. Stoics as unnatural, as are theologians. Dogmas based upon mere beliefs are like bats; they cannot see except in the dark.

So long as man was considered as having once *fallen*, the echo of that fall forever jarred his body and soul, and in the fleeting moments of the joy of life, reminded him, forever and forever, of the wickedness of his existence.

That beautiful and true ideal of the necessary existence of a supreme force of power and intelligence, was turned into the skeleton of the dark closet of the human family, and,

needed as a threat, was made to rattle its bones.

To-day, the hope of man—the *need* of such a supreme ideal, called God—opens the great heart of the world to the needs of the *individual*.

The great unselfish teacher of humanity, the gentle Son of Mary, stands forth in the glory of his sympathy for all suffering souls, not as a Redeemer of them through his blood, but as their big-hearted Brother; one on whose breast his younger and more willful brother may well rest from the fatigue of his thoughtlessly spent vitality—called evil—and gather strength within his stronger arms.

The enlightened manhood and womanhood of this hour of the clock of life, refuse to put their burdens upon the shoulders of the dearest friend they have, however willing he may be to carry them.

In the past, the glorious Example of this great child of God—the Christ—was made to be like the beautiful butterfly, whose body was devoured by insects, creeds and dogmas, leaving nothing but useless and powerless wings.

What of To-day?

ATMOS



TO-DAY is the jewel
Rightly worn, as a light in the
darkness,
As the joy of the morn.

To-day is the flower
Held close to our heart
And its sweet fragrant secrets
In whispers impart.

To-day is the smile
Of a heaped-up measure,
Of strengthening forces
Which are our treasure.

To-day is the laugh
Heartily sincere,
That gayly surrounds
And captures our tears.

To-day is the chance
If opportunity given;
Will change all our life
And lead us to heaven.

Stray Bits of our Philosophy.

THE question is not the survival of the fittest, but what can we do to make everybody fit to survive. One of the compensations of a wrong done and understood is that it saves many a man from becoming a Pharisee.

No man is *ever* better than he wants to be.

There are many dead among living people, but those who know say they are the only live ones.

Humanity will ultimately, definitely, and consciously organize itself as a great World state, eliminating much that is mean, small and wrong in man of to-day.

The world has run mad with the question—the insoluble one—what is to come *after* life. Learn what life is to us *now*.

We shall hear in other worlds the music we long for in the present.

A religion incapable of relieving the hell *on earth* cannot be a sure guide to a heaven in the *hereafter*.

Life is not a collection of facts, but an analysis of them.

Facts are the raw material of life; experience, the substance of it.

Be one of those rare men and women who are just men and just women, nothing more elementary.

A piano is often under-estimated. It often enhances the value of silence.

All things work easily with love; *hard* with hate.

When the real New Thought people become more progressive—then aggressive, more practical, less visionary—the Thought will become a power in the land.

Man can never be saved by proxy; he must be his own savior.

Evil is not an inheritance; it is the result of ignorance.

Existence is a collection of half-injustices, which, brooded about, spoil the joy of living.



HE piety of some people forces others to believe in the devil.

Every man is a world. The oceans thereon are his great virtues and great vices; its mountains his strength; the bogs his weaknesses; its sky, his thoughts; its air, his whims; its days, his actions; its nights, his tears; its sunlight, his smiles; its rain, his resolutions; its flowers, his impulses; its trees, his words; its rivers, his love; its deserts, his desires; its life, his opportunity; its death, his chance.

Formerly there was but one religion and many gods; now there is only one God, but many religions.

What is a great virtue in man but a light-house on the rock of time?

Life should be a daily worship, tremulous with reverence, beautiful with prayer and song, fragrant with the incense-perfume of holy thoughts and good deeds.



STOICAL resignation to the ills of life is the danger-signal of character losing its hold.

In the great crises of life, the face of the strong man is like a frozen lake with a swift river running underneath.

The world can only become Godlike through the conflict of intellects—not by beliefs.

The true weapon of man is his brain—not his fingers nor teeth.

The unbelief of a man in something ideal is due to his lack of experience, not to his desire.

The true great man of to-day is the incarnation of the good in his past.

Sing no song of grief and sorrow,
Breathe no tale of woe;
Gather in the sunshine tender,
Let the shadows go.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a frown.

The Natural Law of Color.

AT the moment of the conception of a human being, a perfect prism of colors appears in the centers of nerve-force, and flows like a golden stream into the newly awakened atom of life. The Sex-thought of life, called Mother; the Sex-act of life, called Father; the perfection or imperfection of their respective nerve-fluids; determine the color principle of the Thought and Act. Result, the Child.

The color generated by the positive principle of *electric force*, if of strong violet-tinted pink appearance, determines the *physical* condition. The color generated by the negative principle of nerve-ethers, if pale blue, determines the *mental* condition. The word condition is used as meaning the foundation. The full-grown human being builds upon, or remodels, or destroys, or weakens the structure by his own acts.

The first act of conscious reasoning within the hitherto merely physical atoms of brain

structure, if due to a natural impulse, colors the psycho-ethers of the body a light violet or heliotrope. A successive use of the reasoning faculty, due to natural impulses, strengthens the colors, and deepens their influence within the atoms, for strength. A natural thought is like an electric discharge sent through the body—a continuous vibration of violet lines. A nervous shock caused by joy is unlike, in color, to one produced by fear. Joy causes a vibration of violet lines, slightly curved in the center, having the appearance of the upper half of an O in the exact middle. These vibrations produce a natural strength of the nerve-force of the body, and constitute a perfect ultimate unit of consciousness.

Fear causes light brown vibrations to produce a disturbance of the unit, and a partial paralysis of the nerve-fluids results. These vibrations, thousands of which are within the unit of a nerve-cell, are almost straight lines, slightly curved at the beginning. At the in-

stant of this disturbance, a vapor of brown-colored moisture, thrown off by the excited nerve-cells, ascends to the cerebellum and causes the brain-tissue to *contract*.

At once the circulation of the blood becomes stagnant, and confusion reigns, mentally as well as physically. The will is impaired, and the darker colors of life enter into the emotional faculties and suffocate their expression. Result: the mind becomes inactive. The body sways and falls. Mind and body, having lost their balance, are unable to attract the electric colors of the ether, and become, for a time, inactive—that is, colorless. Water, dashed or sprayed upon the face, by its innate electric color, arouses reaction in the skin. Instant reaction, by generating heliotrope rays in comb-forms within the air-cells of the skin and tissues of the body, accumulates nerve-energy, which, by the rays of color, excites the nerves, and causes them to act in their creative power, sensation.



MORE brains are required in domestic work than behind a counter or at a machine.

God makes our features, but we make our own countenances by our mental habits of thinking and our manner of eating and drinking.

Happiness consists in desiring the things we possess; in cultivating to the fullest extent delicacy of feeling, refinement and moral loveliness, and in giving them to others.



THE religion of the future must be scientific and logical. It must convince the understanding, inspire the heart and direct the conduct of men. Thus will the true significance of life again shine in its splendor in the darkness of our present conditions, and the beautiful symbol of the Christians, the cross, will signify a real living force in life, and not a mere living at cross-purposes.



EVERYTHING is upward tending,
Pain and joy and sin;
Wrong in right forever blending,
Love and hate akin.

Trusting in the morning's promise,
Smiling through the day;
Silent in the sunset's glory.
Dream the night away.

Fall to rise—is ever growing
Fruit of loving heart.
Smiles are heartache's mystic knowing
Of the Plan a part.

Sin—a weary path to knowledge
Of the living God;
Virtue—glorious love, rejoicing
In the holiest thought.

Passion—fiery pain, fighting
Love's eternal war;
Burning ashes, when entitled
To a flaming star.

Breaking hearts— a certain promise
Of a fairer day;
Pain is but transmuted glory,
Hate but love astray.

Fame—a seeking golden nuggets
In the mines of life;
Finding care and desolation,
Troubles, grief and strife.

Ah me! *All* is constant growing
Through travail and pain,
Ending in the greater loving
Of the God in Man.

Existence is a court where everyone is
kindly and unfairly tried.

It is never wise to turn a blessing over to
see if there is not a curse on the other side
of it.

Never allow yourself to be *dissatisfied* with
life, but ever unsatisfied.

No evil thing is ever fully a success, and no
good is ever a failure.

One Brother to Another.



AN, brother of the stars, the infinite unit of a world of atoms, stand upright. Greet the fullness of a growing day. Harken! The voice of all the past calls thee to do thy task in life.

And is not thy task in life the giving of knowledge about the natural laws surrounding thee, so thou mayest know the inner working of the forces, set into action by an infinite thought of good, called God?

And is He not the harmony and symphony of all, if love to all is born within thy *thinking* of Him? Arise to greet the morn with smiling eyes, unseeing to the evils of a wrong lived day, but discerning there the seed of loving understanding of the morrow.

Think no evil. Evil is but the drop of poison within an ocean of the living waters. Think of the days to come as *one* with now. Work daily for the recompense of honest toil, and count thyself great; for great thou *will* be,

if willing to work with all thy brethren for the common good.

Be not disquieted with or by the thoughts of others. Hold fast to that within thee which is true. Live it in countless deeds of loving kindness. Fear nothing. Love all the worlds, the earth, the stars, the flowers and the birds, the joyful waters of the shadowed brook, the gentle swaying of the green-leafed bough, the sunkissed lights of day, the growing shadows of the coming night, the joys and woes, the tears and smiles of all the fleeting hours.

'Tis true, some things are wrong, but let it be *thy* task to make them right. It is the easiest thing in the world to die for humanity, but the hardest thing to live for it. All religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good.

Thou canst not live on probabilities. The faith on which thou canst live bravely and die in peace must be a certainty, so far as it professes to be a faith at all, or it is nothing.



WHAT I am criticising is not religion and not theology, but the existence of dogmas, articles of blind faith, mere superstitions and assertions, which are not brought out by the facts of our daily experiences. The reasons given to justify the existence of churches, fail to satisfy the thinking man, and it is an incontrovertible fact that modern theology no longer exerts any influence whatever over the hearts of man. The average man is a natural-born Christian, meaning by that that the principles—the Christ taught—are based upon natural laws, and as man is the product of these laws, he is by nature, Christian.

If churches stand, as they claim to have stood for nineteen hundred years, as the embodiment of the Christ principles, why is it that to-day they are unmistakably morally insufficient for the needs of the great heart of humanity? While the condition of the world

in some respects, thanks to the magnificent spirit of natural church members, not church makers, is infinitely better than formerly in some very vital respects, the hypocrisy of the general spirit of the world is degenerating man! The reason is not that churches have lost their hold upon man, but that he has lost his dependence upon *them*. He is no longer living in fear of God, but wishes to become better acquainted with *himself*. He desires a moral force to guide and direct the social and the individual life. His experience has taught him the narrowness and exclusiveness of mere creeds. His common sense proves to him time and again, that *everything* in his life develops an irresistible force, making for improvements, improvements in sanitation, common knowledge and desire to improve the physical well being of humanity. The incentive for all this is mostly the making of money. What of that? If that money is legitimately earned and made the best possible use of, the

effect is good and improves mere living. There are *tangible* results of activity of brain, constantly seeking to find expression.

The churches have failed in regulating our own national and international affairs according to purely Christian principles. The laws of Christ, natural laws, do not rule in business or social life. The average man does *not* aim to live a Christian ideal. He acknowledges the beauty of it, but knows that if he were to live it, he could not make a living in accordance with his legitimate needs. How many are there in the churches, or out of them, who have a well-defined Ideal in life? Thank the great love of the world that there are numberless ones *naturally living* it.

Self-interest dominates largely. Humility, self-abnegation and unworldliness are rare. There is no strong religious force prompting man's actions, though its need is apparent everywhere.

If the churches again aim to take the lead

in the betterment of the world, their teaching must adapt itself to the intelligence and heart of man. Man, divinely restless, seeks knowledge, not of visions of a life *hercafter*, but of the *realities* of life *now*.

GOSSIP has made of many a home a hell on earth. Gossip has parted husbands and wives. Gossip has blackened and sullied the character of many innocent men and women. Gossip has ruined more reputations than war has taken lives in battle. The gossip is about the lowest and meanest thing on earth, outclassing the ingrate, the hypocrite or the miser.

In the noise, man hunts for thoughts. In the silence, thoughts hunt for man.—*Grant Wallace*.

“Happiness is the legal-tender of the soul. Contentment is wealth.”

III Health.



DIS-EASE is wrong, unnatural;
Unnecessary to the world—and health
The gift of all. All nature helps, sustains
To keep the man in health, the tender
nerves
Stand Sentinels to guard the human frame.

Adjust the frame
To proper touch and balance, then alone
Will hardy nature work in grooves long
known,
Since first creation was.

'Tis wrong to wait,
And let the body fall into disease,
When natural action, prompt, effectual,
By natural means will cure the ill,
And banish liability to hosts
Of fancied wrongs. First fix the active
mill,
Then will the golden grain be surely
ground,
The mind restored—and life, in perfect
health,
One grand sweet song.

E. H. RYDALL.



HERE is a strange mixture of heaven and earth in every human being, and God alone knows the outcome. The conscience of the twentieth century is trembling as though it were about to plunge into some abyss. The new 'Thought of to-day about the old 'Truth of the past does not imply the belief that the whole life of the world, of thousands of years past, *has been wrong*, but that we *now* understand it better.

Everything evil that ever has been in the world, and is now, contributes to its ultimate good. The condition of the Christian part of the world of to-day is proof reasonable that man, the individual, has been converted for nineteen hundred years. Men, as nations, are utterly pagan.

From Short Studies on Great Subjects. I A. Froude Vol. I Page 225.

A MAN said to the universe: "Sir, I exist!"

"However," replied the universe "the fact has not created in me a sense of obligation."

Contempt is murder committed by the intellect, as hatred is murder committed by the heart.

The great question in life is the suffering we cause; and nothing can justify the man who has pierced the heart that loved him.

Intelligence is a consequence of love; nor is there any true intelligence without it.

All depends upon this: one must *be* something in order to *do* something.

Give thanks to God when hard he presses,
And thank him too when he releases.

Manners are stronger than laws.

Hate is only love inverted.—*Persian Poet.*

Human improvement is from within outwards.



OW happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!

* * *
This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing yet hath all.

—*Old Song.*

Greeting.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: The publisher of this magazine has placed your department in my charge, and, through these columns, allows me to send you stories, poems, anecdotes, memory gems, etc., of a kind to entertain you, and, at the same time, to help you see many happy things in both the outer and inner world. That is to say, we expect to help you to see things in nature and society more clearly, because I lend you my spectacles. And, right here, let me say that my spectacles are rose-colored, and refuse to see anything unpleasant. They are also made so as to magnify smiles, and all else that is sweet-natured, tender, courteous, gentle, brave, noble, and gracious. In a word, they magnify all good things, and reduce bad ones to invisible specks.

The motto or poem at the head, please commit to memory, and hold it in your hearts for all time to come. I shall do the same, and

thereby become helpful to each other, having the same good thoughts. Better than telegraphic messages, our thoughts will flash over the many long miles between Chicago and San Francisco, and gird our heart with the golden circlet of sympathy. S. E. S.

Ratie—A Child of Nature.



ONE beautiful day in summer, Mother Nature called her children together for a council.

"I wish to see," said she, "what can be done for for the poor little girl from the city, who has just come among us.

"All her life, so far, has been spent among high brick walls, which shut out the green fields, the bright sunshine, and even the fresh, pure breath of heaven.

"She never even heard of Mother Nature and her great happy family until that kind lady brought her to us yesterday. More than

that, she has lost her mother.

"Do you wonder that she is pale, and thin, and ill? Do you wonder that her step is slow and lifeless? Do you wonder that the blue eyes are sad, and that neither smiles nor laughter curve the pale lips into beauty?

"Can we not change all this, you and I, my children? For myself, I shall try to be a mother to the little waif, that she may no longer feel so forlorn and alone in the world.

"I will deal with her so gently, heal her wounds so tenderly, that I hope to make her love me well enough to stay with me always.

"Now speak, my children. What will you do for this neglected little one, who has never known either health or happiness?"

As Mother Nature finished her story, a murmur of pity and helpfulness went up from her children.

Then the glad, beautiful sunshine spoke: "I will give her freely of my warmth and brightness. Each morning will I awaken her

from sleep with a kiss upon her eyelids. So soft and loving will it be, that she shall smile from very gladness." The wind hastened to say that he would see that she had plenty of fresh air. "There are no brick walls here to shut me out. And," said he, "the little breezes will fan her hot cheeks, bring sweetest perfume from the flowers, and coax her into many a gay frolic. So shall lightness come to her step and brightness to her eyes."

The grass promised to furnish a soft couch for the little maid to rest on; and the great trees said they would spread protecting arms above her, and set all their leaves to dancing for her pleasure.

The little brook merrily rippled and gurgled, saying: "She shall soon learn to laugh like me."

"She shall not only laugh, but sing, chorused the birds. "We will teach her all our sweetest songs."

The roses agreed to supply color for the

cheeks and lips, and the violets shyly promised a deeper blue for the eyes.

The twinkling dew-drops offered to make for her use jewels more beautiful than ever graced the diadem of a queen.

"Moreover," said these tiny wonder-workers, "we will distill for her use honey-dew, that shall so infuse itself into her soul, that the words which fall from her lips shall be as sweet as the flowers, and as pure as the dew which produces the precious nectar."

The bee, flitting from flower to flower, offered to supply honey of a more substantial sort. "For," said he, "the body must be properly nourished in order to be a fitting tenement for a strong, beautiful soul."

Then the speckled hen promised plenty of fresh eggs, and Buttercup, the beautiful Jersey cow, offered butter and cheese, and sweet milk in abundance.

The gentle old horse offered daily rides, and the sheep promised wool for warm clothing.

The clouds would paint beautiful pictures for the child, and teach her that rain-drops are better than tear-drops, while the rainbow agreed that hope should supplant the sadness now filling the child's heart.

The great, solemn mountains promised to create high and holy thoughts, that should fill the childish soul, and lift her above all that was base and mean in her earth surroundings.

As the mountain ceased speaking a hush came over the group. Twilight veiled the scene in a soft gloom, lighted only by the pitying eyes of the stars.

"And you stars," breathed Mother Nature's voice, in the solemn silence, "my children, all, though so distant ! What will you do for this needy little one ?"

The distant stars sang together, as of old, an anthem of praise and thanksgiving for the life that endures even beyond the stars. Then a star shot quickly to earth, to bear this message to the waiting assembly :

"We will strengthen the work of all the others, dear mother, and add the highest good, the lesson of immortality."

And faithfully were the promises kept.

Mother Nature and her generous children so surrounded and entered into the life of little Katie, that the frail, puny body grew into beauty and strength.

Moreover, the stunted, shrinking soul developed and expanded, until Katie herself, became a true child of nature, dwelling close to the great heart from which she had gathered beauty, strength and happiness, for life eternal.

SARAH E. SPRAGUE.

Truth depends upon no one's favor or disfavor, nor does it ask anyone's leave. It stands upon its own feet and has time for its ally. Its power is irresistible; its life is indestructible. —*Schopenhauer*.

"There is no time so miserable but a man may be true."—*Timon of Athens*.

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THE AIM AND OBJECT OF THIS SOCIETY
IS: To try to understand Life, through the rational knowledge of natural Laws.

☞ To recognize a divine principle in man and in all creation.

☞ To apply such knowledge and recognition in all affairs, large and small, of our daily life.

☞ To establish schools, homes, settlements, and communities where these principles will be practically applied and lived, individually and collectively.

☞ Classes for the better understanding of self and the inner forces meet every Tuesday and Friday Evenings, 8 o'clock, at 3440 Clay Street.

☞ Each lesson is complete within itself.

☞ Inquiries may be addressed to Business Department "Atmos."



I LOOK for the HOUR
& WHEN THAT SU-
PREME BEAUTY
WHICH RAVISHED
the SOULS of THOSE
EASTERN MEN
& through THEIR LIPS
SPOKE ORACLES to
ALL TIME & SHALL
SPEAK in the WEST
ALSO

—Emerson—