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"Fasten your souls so high, that constantly
The smile of your heroic cheer may float
Above all floods of earthly agonies,
Purification being the joy of pain."

Life Without Limitation

OUR life is limited if considered a preparation for death; it is without limitations if considered eternal. Conventionalities, fashions, useless conversation limit the power of the human mind to gain a breadth of knowledge. Aspirations, perseverance, and hope initiate the mind into the circle of limitless expression. Customs of religion, iron-bound creeds and human vices keep imprisoned our mind powers. Liberty of thought and speech, regard

ATMOS and respect for the rights of others, all human virtues, liberate the powers of the mind to unfold itself. The conventional regulation of modern life is mostly limitation. So long as man believes that the elements of his body are the source of danger for his soul, allows his mind to believe in the separation of body, mind and soul in distinct entities, the power of his thought is restrained—limited because divisible. There is nothing reasonable we cannot attain if we believe firmly in our powers and act with them. The power of the mind over matter is limited when considered a master; unlimited when used for the development of matter. Each particle of matter is limited as to size, but unlimited in its possibilities of growing into perfection if guided by an infinite mind. The limited conception of the power of mind creates a hell within; if believed unlimited, heaven is a possibility, life a reality.

The Sense of Touch

ATMOS



THE sense of touch is the great medium between individual and universal life. It is the magnet the interior body employs to attract the exterior conditions of the air and extract from them what is required in the physical organism for stability and cohesiveness of the nerve, the brain, and the skin tissues.

There are many persons in whom the sense of touch is so highly developed that they can see by means of it and are enabled to tell the texture and color of anything presented. The ability to do this is due to the electric fluid of the nerve force which, in oozing out, connects with the nerve fluid of sight in the aura and thus brings a complete picture to the brain.

This sense can be so well developed that a perfect brain will gradually manifest itself in the finger tips. In dissecting human

ATMOS bodies there has been found at the finger tips of sensitive persons developed in touch to the highest degree, a gray matter resembling the brain in the skull. This is due to the fact that the nerves are of conscious tissue matter of the same nature as that which exists in air, earth, and water. We should have in proportion as much brain all over the body as we have in the finger tips. If the bodily pores are not sensitive to pin pricks, they are paralyzed. The reason is that the magnetic fluid in that portion of the body has lost connection with the similar fluid in the spinal column. Every pore of the skin should be an avenue through which the truth may enter.

The entire body is covered with crystallizations, like dewdrops, which contain particles of the electric nerve fluid of the universe. This concentration is a life force. If we allow the sense of touch to remain undeveloped or unused, those particles decompose and by means of the breath enter into

the pores of the skin, producing waste mat- **ATMOS**
ter which causes bodily disease. It is a
well-known fact that the insane and also
those who are partially unbalanced men-
tally are deficient in the sense of touch.

Frequently we come in physical contact
with people from whom we shrink; there is
something in the touch, however undefin-
able, that conveys a feeling of repulsion or
disgust; it gives to the mind a sensation of
physical displeasure, and intuitively distrust
is born. That distrust is based upon truth.
Our intuition tells us that there is a radical
difference between the magnetic fluid of the
other individual and our own; this difference
produces inharmony, the great enemy of the
life force.

The physical sense of touch is a necessary
factor for it is the storehouse of the intui-
tive faculty; it thereby becomes the physical
counterpart of the seventh sense—illumined
intuition. Whenever we touch the hair of
one of whom we are fond, and experience

ATMOS a feeling of discomfort at the finger tips, it is well to sever quietly all relations with that person. The hair is an exterior expression of the strength of the nerve-fluid in the brain. It is the connecting link between that fluid and the forces of iron and nitrogen in the atmosphere. This contact of the elements with the fluid produces light electric shocks which are not always perceptible to the individual, but which aid the vibrations of the outlying forces to pass over the body and charge it with life-giving streams.

Erasmus, the great thinker, was at one time in the house of Van Houten, the greatest scientist of his time. Erasmus, given to speaking about new ideas mentioned something in relation to a law of chemistry which much astonished Van Houten, who said, "That is strange; only yesterday afternoon I discovered the same thing you referred to just now, and I have been for three years trying to reach it. How did you know it?" Erasmus answered, "It simply leaped into

my brain. I could not help receiving the **ATMOS** thought." That was the result if intuition. Van Houten had absorbed himself so completely in his study that the knowledge gained had become a factor of force outside of him, and had so mingled with his aura that it had become crystallized there. Erasmus was sensitive and having the sense of touch and intuition highly developed became aware of the chemical fact by this means.

Intuition, not reason, is the great guide of life. Reason can be degraded by some wrong act of the physical senses, but intuition cannot, because it is the crystallized expression of God's divine purpose. And as intuition is so closely allied with touch, that is the sense which must be properly and fully developed that we may be brought in accord with the one-ness of physical, mental and spiritual life.

* *

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

—Emerson.

THERE is a strange law of vicarious suffering wrought into every structure of human life. The child does not come singing like a cherub from the hand of God. The mother cries, and the child cries, and men say, "A man is born." It is suffering that gives life, and then it is suffering that is worn as a robe for life. For every one that has been ministered unto; for every one that has been educated; for every one that has been advanced by development through the stages of animalism up to the social elements and the moral sentiments,—for every such one there have been some to suffer. Our thrift and advancement in moral things are the result of the sufferings of others.

To say that we are morally developed is synonymous with saying that we have reaped what some one has suffered for us. There is no friend that does not suffer for friend.

It may almost be said that we measure **ATMOS** friendship, not by excess of joy, but by joyfulness of suffering one for another. There is no good accomplished that is not accomplished through the medium of somebody's suffering. No great principle was ever wrought out except by toil and trouble and suffering. No great thought was ever born that was not born through suffering. No great truth was ever applied to the cause of morals in this world that was not accompanied by suffering proportionate to the good that it effected. God measures the magnitude of blessings by the sufferings that men are willing to bear for the sake of attaining them. We that buy our joy and peace by trouble, sow seeds. Tears are God's seeds. They come up joys. It might almost be said that groans are the key-notes of joy.

Men seem to set themselves against the monstrous injustice, as they call it, of Christ's sufferings. They seem to revolt at

ONE who goes through life understandingly can readily comprehend the influence imagination has upon the individual as well as upon nations. A great German scientist has said that if you wish to know the character, the spirit, the strength or the beauty of any individual or national life, study their legends—the part that imagination plays in their life, and if they are nature loving, then they will follow their true imagination, which is only another name for intuition.

There is a certain glamor connected with the legends of India because of the antiquity of the Indian nation. The thoughts and the legends that have their origin among those people are of great interest to us as they show the life of the individual.

One of the greatest Indian philosophers has said, "A legend is the desire of the human heart to reason out something by means

of the imagination that the head cannot understand." It is characteristic of the East Indian or Hindu that he dearly loves the play of the imagination. About every thing that he sees and hears he weaves the web of romance. Every mountain, valley and forest has its local legends, and every thought in physical, mental, and spiritual life is connected with and illustrated by one. In India it is commonly understood that the sea hears, the mountains speak, the sky sees, the air touches, and the earth emits odors. The Indian believes in the four-fold use of each sense. Each use is considered and treated as a god; the first use is called Krita; the second, Treta; the third, Drapara; the fourth, Kali. Krita, the first, represents the **opening of the eyelid**. There is a peculiar virtue attached, in the legends of India, to the coming out of sleep—of darkness or ignorance, and the opening of the eyelid is the first step towards the light, the gaining of knowledge. Trita, the god of

ATMOS Thought, represents the holding of the eyelid in one position, as in thought; Drapara, the drooping of the eyelids as in a period of concentration for gathering strength; Kali, the fourth, the wide opening of the space between the eyelids at the moment of action or use.

When Krita, the first and most important god is to be made manifest to the physical sense of sight it appears in the form of a cat. This will help to explain why the cat plays such a great role in the Egyptian religion, which was brought direct from Thibet several thousand years before the Christian era. Treta is represented as a dog, Drapara as a serpent, and Kali as the fruit that is known in the Western World as an apple.

Upon the application of the physical senses is based the legend of The Twinkling-of-the-Eye-of-God-Batd-i-Satru, meaning, the God of Sunlight. This is the legend. The first being born was blind, and the place

of its birth was under the armpit of the god **ATMOS** Batd-i-Satru. This being was sexless and was placed by the mighty arm of the god upon a mountain called Pra-vittua, signifying the Look-of-All-Things. When this first being stood apart upon the mountain top it felt a movement at its left foot. This was caused by a cat rubbing against it. At the same time the left eyelid which all this time had been closed over the eyeball began to flutter. Stretching out the left hand it felt the touch of something moist—the warm, wet nose of a dog. Then the eyelid of the left eye began to be drawn across the pupil of the coming eye. The movement of the dog set in motion in the organism of the being a certain force. At the same time there coiled around the feet that which it found out later to be a serpent. Then suddenly, a light, that had its origin in the brain, began to be lowered into the eye-socket, just as a lantern is suspended on a chain.

ATMOS was left moist. An odor arose from the earth and the moisture of this odor poisoned the breath of the first two human beings.

When this moisture had poisoned the breath, the part of the apple which had been eaten—meaning thereby the matter of physical substance of man and woman—broke into pieces and from it a single seed fell into the moist soil. The seed grew quickly, became a large tree that sent branches high into the air and roots deep into the soil. The trunks of the tree grew so large that the man and woman could not see each other although they were constantly running around this tree in the effort to meet.

But the influence of the sky, the air, the sea, the mountains and the valleys brought forth another being—a huge serpent that found a resting place upon the lowest branch of this great tree. As the serpent swayed back and forth in its coils, a pity which was almost human took possession of

its movements; seeing the man and woman **ATMOS** following each other around fruitlessly, it lowered one of its great coils, picked them up and for a fraction of time bade them touch each other. Instantly a blossom appeared upon one of the branches, and when daylight fell upon that blossom, it grew.

When the sun had risen high in the heavens and it was already noon, the serpent in looking for food beheld the blossom which had meantime grown into a fruit; darting angrily at it the serpent bit it, and as night came the fruit, an apple, withered and dropped. Then the serpent again lifted the man and the woman in its coil, and again they touched each other and another blossom appeared upon the branch, only to be bitten as the night came. This was repeated many times, but one evening the serpent forgot to sting the fruit which gained strength as the night wore on. The serpent awoke and seeing the work of its life defeated, began to wither and die. In its con-

ATMOS vulsions it uprooted the tree of which the roots were no longer very firm in the soil on account of the deep path which the man and woman had made around the trunk in the incessant search for each other. As the tree fell, the ripened fruit was taken by the hands of the man and woman, and as it was good they ate of it. When the perfect fruit was eaten Death died, and Life claimed that it would live forever in the person of the first child.

Now we come to the legend of the **Birth of the First Dog**, contained in the legend of Hamuri, signifying **Origin of One Who Knew**. The legend goes on to say that at one time while the Sun was idling, God leaned one arm upon him and with the other stretched forth and placed his fingers upon the highest mountain peak of this earth; and as He did this, a pain came from under His fingers, extended to His arm, reached the brain and then the heart. And God looked and saw a mother almost

crushed under His palm, and a child that **ATMOS** appeared to be dying. As He removed His hand, the mother turned up her face to Him and said, "Why dost Thou take my child from me in death? Is there no comfort Thou canst give me? Instantly was expressed from Him the desire to comfort, and to the child He said, "Thou shalt live," and to the mother, "The child shall live for thee, and to you both I gave an example of trust and hope." Then He laid the first dog in their arms.

This legend, however imperfect it may appear, is highly cherished by the Hindu. Those among that simple people who have suffered and know the value of a tear realize that in their legends the true life of man is portrayed—the true life of the ideal.

The Legend of the Sunrise is found in the religion of Buddha. It is said that Buddha, in resting under a tree, fell asleep, and dreamed he saw a great fire issue from the heart of a mighty, gigantic figure which

ATMOS seemed to overshadow the world. The eyes of this figure were so piercing, its length of arm tremendous and its strength so great that Buddha felt crushed by its mere presence, and as this sensation continued he stretched out both hands for help and sympathy. As he did this he saw what is called in that religion **The Movement of Awakening Life**. He then awoke and instead of that great figure, the sunrise appeared for the first time in his mental consciousness.

Nobility

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.
We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses,
Helps more than the thing which it gets,
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing and doing
As we would be done by is all.—Alice Cary

Love of truth shows itself in discovering and appreciating what is good wherever it exists.

* * *

The gigantic evils of this life arise from the desire to rule others or to make them do as we wish them to.

* * *

It is impossible to control the evil tongues of others, but a good life enables us to bear with them.

* * *

We cannot strike the full chords in the harmony of life until we know love's joys and love's sorrows.

* * *

A moment's work on clay tells more than an hour's work on brick. So work should be done on children's hearts before they harden.

IF WE have aspirations that seemingly cannot be achieved in this life, it is absolutely certain that they will be achieved in a life to come. The opportunity to advance will be given us.

A farmer plants a number of seeds in the ground, many of which do not grow. Are any of those lost? Not one. Some of them grow for the purpose the farmer intended; others decompose and become a part of the soil to appear again at some future time in another form of life. So it is with our aspirations. They exist but are not realized for the reason that their time of ripening has not yet come.

It is better to attempt things and fail than to attempt nothing at all. That which often seems to be accomplished by another without effort is often attained by the greatest of struggles, deprivations, and suffering either mental or physical, or perhaps both.

It is well to have ideals and the desire **ATMOS** to reach them, for if there be not that aspiration in the human heart which speaks for forward living then there is stagnation; and stagnation means death.

Our desires are selfish when their aim is only for individual happiness. Acts born of a desire to make others happy, even if unsuccessful in their purpose, contribute to our own happiness and well-being. It is true that every condition of unhappiness is man-made; there is not one that is ever made by nature.

Life is an education. Every act and thought is an instrument by which we can perfect from out of the rough marble the real man and the real woman. All afflictions, in the fullness of time, give way to harmony; for harmony is, in its first instance, a sob which lengthens out into a tear; then the sunshine of God's love turns this tear into a smile.

Education and Learning

T IS useful to make a proper distinction between these terms, too often regarded as synonymous. Learning is the mere acquisition of knowledge; education includes the discipline of the faculties which enables us to make use of it. Two elements are an especial part of this discipline—system and application. Without order in the arrangement, mere knowledge is as piles of lumber; valuable indeed, intrinsically, but requiring to be sorted out, and sawed up, before it can be applied to any purpose. Without a habit of steady application, all acquirements must be superficial, and the direction of them to practical purposes uncertain. He whose strength barely enables him to lift from the ground a heavy bar, must be unable to support it so firmly as to use it to advantage as a tool. And so it is with the mind whose powers are so weak that they are with difficulty ap-

plied to the labor of successful study. That **ATMOS** which is hardly grasped is with still more difficulty made use of. Thus it is that a man may be learned, and not know how to use his learning; and another, with less learning, succeeds much better, even in cases where learning is especially required. The latter is provided with a spade and a shovel, with which he digs for what he has not got; and hardly fails of finding it. The former understands the veins of the mine, where the gold lies, but he has not learned to use the miner's tools.

* * *

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarreled with him was never worth the sacred name of friend. A breach of kindness on one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.—Victor Hugo.

IN LIFE there is continual progress; a continual growing better in mutual relationships, an uplifting tendency among nations as well as individuals, and that which we call age or the mere passage of time usually brings to the earnest lover of life a truer, holier, saner understanding of the needs, inclinations and responsibilities of one's associates.

No one who looks earnestly and honestly can deny that the intellect grasps daily a better solution of the seeming inconsistencies of life. We know that within our short time the world has grown better, and that its progress is based upon a clearer knowledge of human service. Less than seventy years ago the following advertisements appeared in a Savannah, Georgia, newspaper: "To be sold, the following negro slaves, to wit: (eight slaves described) levied as the property of H. L. Hall, to sat-

isfy a mortgage issued out of the McIntosh **ATMOS**
Superior Court, in favor of the Board of
Directors of the Theological Seminary of
the Synod of Southern Carolina and
Georgia." Also, "On the first Monday of
February next will be put up at auction be-
fore the Courthouse, the following prop-
erty belonging to the estate of the late Rev.
Dr. Furman, viz.: a plantation, a lot of land,
a library of miscellaneous character, chiefly
theological, **twenty-seven slaves**, two mules,
one horse, and an old wagon."

When we realize that in the short space
of seventy years there has come such a su-
perior understanding of human rights, re-
gardless of the race or creed of the indi-
vidual, then will become clearer to us the
natural law of evolution which shows that
nature tends not towards an explanation
and justification of its existence, but to its
perfection that is not found in the worship
of a God but in the mutual service among
men. We will realize that the wonderful

ATMOS religion of a Buddha, of Christ, of Wesley, of Luther and many other great teachers has served a manifest purpose that is gradually but surely leading mankind out of the narrow path of misunderstanding into the broad one of truth, not by recrimination or hasty judgment, but by acts of kindness and love.

The Philosophy of Athmos does not teach the belief in an orthodox God but it acknowledges and emphasizes the existence of a divine principle in man and nature. It sees the good in every human being and strives to draw out the best there is in him. This principle being ever existent, proves the continuity of life.

So-called revealed religion and orthodoxy which insure to good people an eternity of future bliss in which they forget or ignore the sufferings of fellow human beings in hell, must be relegated back into the darkness from which it came. The human heart will not spend time in yearning for a heaven

in the hereafter but will find one on earth **ATMOS**
now.

The heaven of life is to be found in the understanding that there is no limit to the love of God or to that between man and man; that there is a better day coming which is our duty to hasten, not by finding fault with others and spreading ill of opposing creeds, but by showing consideration and kindness towards all; by placing a soothing hand upon the feverish brow of the afflicted; by quenching the fires of disquietude and discord with all the great warmth of love we can give in our effort to serve. To have without holding, to see with the heart and not with the head; to hold every thing in personal ownership; to believe in love without restriction, and in the simplicity and truth of life will bring us the happiness that will glorify the present.

Immortality is something to be earned. a soul must be built up by the gaining and the holding of character. A soul and a

ATMOS character can be acquired only by the application of the God-given qualities in man—love, self-denial, self-control, gentleness, purity, sincerity, hope, and truth; by the subduing of the tendencies to make hate and revenge the twin serpents to selfishness and desire for the attainment of transient things. This view will enable us to realize better that the life hereafter is a natural sequence of the character acquired in the present, and give us greater strength to shoulder our responsibilities.

Let us believe then, that, when the time comes, not to lay down the burden of life for that is a misconception, but to take up another opportunity of living, we will take with us the character we have formed in patience under unkindness and persecution. That character will not be labeled Catholic, Protestant, Turk, or Pagan—it will not be labeled at all, but will be a living flame that will shine again upon the path of another and a better opportunity than has

been had before. Then let us believe that **ATMOS**
when we pass from this life into the life to
come we will take with us that which is the
love of all mankind; that which we keep
pure and undefiled by our own heart. By
understanding the beauty of this life we will
realize the glory of the one to be lived; and
the beauty of this, lies in the belief in an
immutable, omnipotent, ever-living creation
of eternal life called God—by believing in
the all-living heart of man—by believing
in his ceaseless striving to understand all
things that will enable him to grasp the
beauty, opportunities, and truth in whatever
position in life he may be placed.

* * *

Like the star
That shines afar,
Without haste,
And without rest,
Let each man wheel with steady sway
Round the task that rules the day,
And do his best. —Goethe.

Reflections

To be content to have while others have not, to be content to be right while others are bound and crushed with wrong, to seek Heaven while our brothers are in Hell, is deepest perdition and not salvation; it is the mark of Cain in a new form.

* * *

Be humble; never imagine yourself great because you possess much knowledge, or experience profound thought. A simple dew-drop reflects all the glories of a beautiful day, yet nothing thereof belongs to it; it is thus of the soul.

* * *

Believe in the harmony of natural laws. This faith will preserve us from anticipating evil and being vexed by apparent disorder, for what appears to us irregular is only the result of a law which escapes our notice. We shall find in this consideration the great secret of resignation.

A Sunday Morning in Moscow ATMOS

IT IS Sunday morning in Moscow and the air is full of warmth and sunshine as a gaily dressed throng wends its way to church. Innumerable bells are ringing from the dome of church and monastery—sweet-toned, silvery bells. The Russian Church is famous for its bells; none in the world are greater in size, and none purer in tone.

Let us follow in the footsteps of those who pass into the Cathedral of the Assumption. The church is full, and all classes are there. Rough-bearded droschke drivers, meek-looking tea sellers, gentlemen of high rank, corpulent merchants, people in rags, others in broadcloth and some in sheepskins, officers, soldiers, peasants, water-carriers, richly dressed ladies, and women in homespun—all on the same level, for the Greek Church knows no distinctions. There is no pew for the man with the gold ring, indeed,

ATMOS there is no pew at all; beggar and noble stand side by side, looking toward the altar, bowing lowly, and crossing themselves. There is a smell of incense, a blaze of lights, and many pictures covered with jewels that sparkle brightly in the semi-darkness.

The Russian Church allows no images in her temples, but places no restrictions on pictures. Sacred pictures or icons are everywhere. They are in the corner of every room; no pious Russian travels without one among his belongings. In this Cathedral are many famous pictures. Every pillar is covered with them, and the fine spacious domes are magnificently frescoed. Here round the church are the tombs of the Patriarchs of Moscow, before which the devout kneel in prayer.

The sweet singing we hear comes from a divided choir of men who stand on each side of the altar-screen and alternately chant the responses. There is no organ allowed in the Greek Church and such an innovation

would be stoutly resisted by the Metro-ATMOS
politan, the devout and blessed Philaret. A
Greek church is divided into two parts, or
rather a screen called the iconostasis cuts
off a portion of it at the eastern end. In
this screen are three doors. Behind one is
the sacristy or robing chamber. Behind an-
other the credence table, where the sacra-
mental elements are prepared. Behind the
center door stands the high altar. This
screen is generally profusely decorated, and
behind it a great part of the service is per-
formed, the priest being out of sight of the
people.

There are times in the service when the
center or golden door opens, and the priest
comes forth from the Holy of Holies, as
this hidden part of the church is called. He
comes out to read the gospel and to give the
sacrament to the worshippers. There are
no pulpits in the Greek church, and conse-
quently no sleepers; no worshipper seems to
be under the impression that he is in a pub-

ATMOS lic dormitory. The priest's vestments are resplendent, and each piece symbolizes some great mystery in connection with the solemn service.

In Russia the church allows the circulation of the Bible, and in every peasant's home the Bible is regularly read with the approbation of the clergy. No church has a greater hold on its people than the Russian. Its blessing is asked on every circumstance of life. If a man builds a house, changes his dwelling, launches a ship, starts on a journey or does anything of a special character, a priest is sent for to read a particular service and bestow the blessing of the church.

* * *

Let us be content to work
To do the things we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little.

—Robert Browning.



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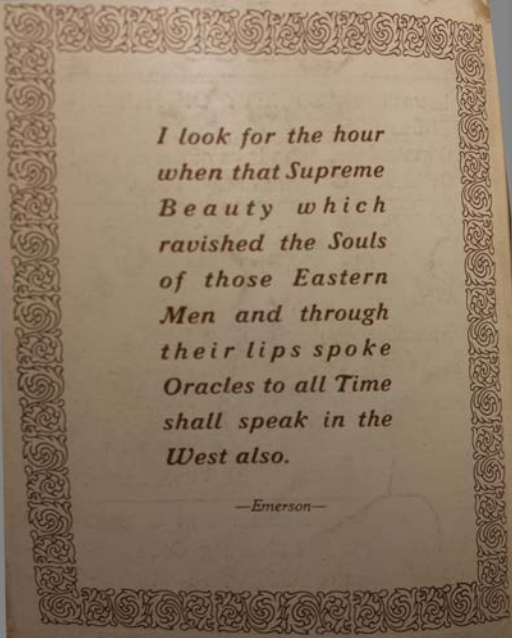
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*I look for the hour
when that Supreme
Beauty which
ravished the Souls
of those Eastern
Men and through
their lips spoke
Oracles to all Time
shall speak in the
West also.*

—Emerson—