

Magazine of **THE** New Thought

NAUTILUS

SELF-HELP
THROUGH SELF KNOWLEDGE

SEPTEMBER, 1908

New hope is fairer than an old regret,
Let me pursue my journey and press on—
Not tearful eyed, stand ever in one spot
A briny statue, like the wife of Lot!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

—EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY—
• ELIZABETH TOWNE AT HOLYOKE, MASS. •

W. V. BELMA

The Message.

I stood in the morning, glad and gay,
Breathing the perfume of the day;
Seeing in each bright gleam of light
All that was fair and just and right,
Feeling the joy of a great content
That all was good in the firmament.

But at dusk the perfume had passed away,
Leaving no trace of that perfect day.
Sombrous clouds hung low overhead,
Peace was lost and joy was dead,
For a doubting that had swept my soul,
Hiding from sight its beautiful goal;
Every promise that dawned so fair
Had faded as mists in noonday glare.

I sought in silence the broken thread
Of Peace that Fear and Doubt had fled;
In silence I sought and the word came clear:—
Toil on! Have Faith! There is naught to fear!
Press ever on till life be spent,
Pause not in doubt nor discontent.
One little thot of uncertainty brings
Armies of doubts with their flapping wings.

Press on, press on, tho' the fight be fierce,
And still have faith thru' the flying years;
Take up the thread where it snapped in twain,—
With steadfast purpose march on again!
Courage, with face turned toward the light,
Cheering the brothers you meet in the fight.

Have faith, have faith, 'tis the gleam that dispels
All mists and clouds and funeral knells;
Come, doubt no more, oh, timid heart,
KNOW that of All Good YOU are a part.

This was the message the silence brought,
This was the calm out of chaos wrought;
And into my consciousness, clear and strong,
Faith shed her glory the whole night long,
To never again cease singing her song.

—Florence Newhouse F

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NEW THOUGHT CENTERS.

Following is a list of New Thought centers, reading rooms, bookstores, etc., where New Thought publications may be found, and where visitors are always welcome.

BOSTON, MASS.—The Metaphysical Club, 211 Huntington Chambers, 30 Huntington avenue.

BOSTON, MASS.—Smith and McCance, 38 Bromfield street.

BRUNSWICK, O.—Co-operative Book and Subscription Agency, R. S.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Anna C. Waterloo, 823 North Clark street.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Progressive Thinker, 40 Loomis street.

CHRISTCHURCH, New Zealand—Ida M. Burges, Fendalton.

DENVER, Col.—J. Howard Cashmere, 1700 Welton street.

DENVER, Col.—Dr. Alexander J. McI. Tyndall, Albany Hotel.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.—Hale's Popular Variety, 51 Luke Lane.

LONDON, England—Higher Thought Center, 10 Cheniston Gardens, W.

LONDON, England—L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E. C.

LONDON, England—New Thought Pub. Co., Ltd., T. W. Henry, Mgr., Temple Chambers, Temple ave., E. C.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Metaphysical Library, 611 Grant Bldg., 355 South Broadway.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—The Ramona Book Store, 516 South Broadway.

MELBOURNE, Australia—Miss E. R. Hinge, 178 Little Collins street.

NEW YORK CITY—New Thought College Free Reading Room, 1 Carnegie Hall, ground floor.

OAKLAND, Cal.—Rest Reading Rooms, 719 14th street.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—Dr. H. Lewis Belknap, Suite 701 to 703 Carl building, corner Wood and Ross avenue, Wilkinsburg Station, P. O. Box 174.

PORTLAND, Ore.—W. E. Jones, 291 Alder street.

SPOKANE, Wash.—Spokane Book and Stationery Company, 114 South Post street.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—H. H. Schroeder, 3537 Crittenden street. German publications a specialty.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—Ida Willius Goldsmith, 442 Summit avenue.

SAN DIEGO, Cal.—Loring & Co., 762-766 Fifth street.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Olivia Kingsland, corner Haight and Devisadero.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Occult Book Co., 1710 Devisadero, near Sutter.

SEATTLE, Wash.—Thomas A. Barnes & Co., 1325 Third avenue.

SEATTLE, Wash.—W. H. Wilson & Co., 903 Pike street.

SPRING VALLEY, Minn.—Mrs. Rose Howe, Box 165.

SYDNEY, Australia—Progressive Thought Library Co., 5 Moore street.

TOLEDO, Ohio—Progressive Book Co., 417 Adams street.

TOLEDO, Ohio—Mrs. Anna L. Stoeckly, 622 Navarre avenue E.

TORONTO, Can.—W. H. Evans, 488 College street.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Oriental Esoteric Center, 1443 Q street, N. W.

WILLIMANSETT, Mass.—Mrs. S. A. Emerson, 30 Emerson street.

WINNIPEG, Man., Can.—Prof. R. M. Mobius, 494½ Main street, Suite 1.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, through its various branches, supplies *The Nautilus* on a returnable basis to all newsdealers who request it. If your newsdealer hasn't it on sale please suggest that he request his branch to supply him.

LIST OF BOOKS

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

PRACTICAL METHODS FOR SELF-DEVELOPMENT, SPIRITUAL, MENTAL, PHYSICAL.

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JUST HOW TO COOK MEALS WITHOUT MEAT.

Paper; price 25 cents.

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By Bruce McClelland. Cloth bound, half-tone of author, 160 pages; price \$1.00.

THE STORY OF A LITERARY CAREER, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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Nautilus News.

BY THE EDITORS.

W. J. COLVILLE'S DISCOVERY. W. J. Colville is a most interesting writer and unique character, known from one end of the earth to the other wherever advanced thought has gained a foothold. He has written us a few leaves from his personal experience entitled "What I Have Discovered About Success and Failure," and we shall print it in our October number. He tells how he applied practical psychology to running a Boston boarding house during the dullest season of summer, and turned a seeming fizzle to such success that his own house was filled to overflowing and several of his neighbors were helped out of the abundance of overflow. Mr. Colville explains the psychological law by which he wrought the change, in such an interesting manner that you will surely want to read every word of it in October *Nautilus*.

"OSTEOPATHY AND NEW THOUGHT." Many readers will recall the account of Helicon Hall fire, which we published in our May, 1907, issue of *The Nautilus*, and will remember the letter to *Nautilus* readers from our Grace MacGowan Cooke, published in the same number. Mrs. Cooke and her sister Alice were seriously injured at this time. They applied new thought methods, of course, and they also tried Osteopathy, believing it a sensible remedy for the dislocated backs for which they were seeking adjustment. Osteopathy proved so practical a short-cut to the desired results in this case that Mrs. Cooke has written for us an account of her personal experience with new thought, Fletcherizing and Osteopathy since the Helicon Hall fire. Be sure to read Grace's article on "Osteopathy and New Thought" in October *Nautilus*.

"COSMIC ENERGY." "We are living hourly in the midst of a great physical and metaphysical abundance of health of which the majority of mankind know nothing." This is the opening sentence of a splendid article by Dr. Julia Seton Sears on "Cosmic Energy," which will appear in October *Nautilus*. It unfolds the doctor's teachings about pranic ether, the very finest forces of the universe, tells how by connecting the solar plexus and cerebro-spinal centers the body may be held in "a well established electrical circuit." Read this interesting paper in October *Nautilus*.

W. R. C. LATSON, M. D. Dr. Latson will talk to us in October about a subject which he makes very practical and useful, "The Larger Life." You'll find it many times better than the title, I assure you, and it will hold your attention like a novel. In fact we have some of the best thought-stirring, practically helpful articles we have ever printed for our October

(Continued on page 2.)

Mention NAUTILUS when answering advertisements. See guarantee, Page 5.

A WOMAN'S PROFESSION EASILY LEARNED BY MAIL

Is your life too narrow for your spirit? Do you yearn for more earning power—more money? Write to me—today—and let me tell you how I found a way to the bigger things in life through my profession. Mine is a profession of opportunity.

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Write for my **Free Book**, it fully explains the Elizabeth King System of Beauty Culture and tells how I teach women this fascinating and profitable profession. My Charts, Diagrams and Illustrated Lessons give you every advantage of personal instruction, and enable you to learn in 8 weeks—all of the secrets of Beauty Culture that have taken me years to master.

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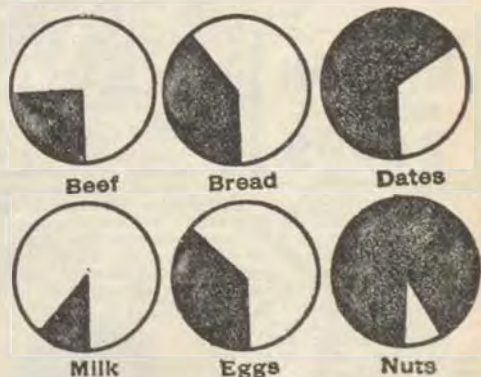
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Upon receipt of 25 cents we will mail specimen samples of nut meats, nut butters, nut preparations, etc., with Guide Book, or upon 15 cents, five samples of Health Foods and Guide Book.

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The Key to Health, Wealth and Love

By JULIA SETON SEARS, M. D.

This, the latest book by Dr. Sears, is a masterpiece. Its powerful vitality pervades all its pages.

Wherever Dr. Sears is known, either through her personal teaching, her lecturing or her writing, she is recognized as one of the strongest and most powerful exponents along New Thought lines.

Being a regular graduate physician who was for many years in active, general practice and having a natural scientific, as well as religious and philosophical mind, she has delved into the science, philosophy and religions of the past and present, and this, together with her unlimited experience with humanity in general, has fitted her for her great life's work, which is that of teaching the least, as well as the greatest, of God's children to heal themselves of disease, poverty and unhappiness.

This book contains the basic principles of Dr. Sears' scientific and humanitarian investigations, the teaching of which has brought her the wonderful success she has achieved and has rescued many lives from poverty and brought Health and untold Joy to many seeking souls.

The Great Secret, which is way above and beyond the Plane of Competition, and which enables one to gain and retain Health, Wealth and Love, is directly treated in a manner new to the minds of men.

A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

"Book at hand! Good! Thank you."—Elizabeth Towne, *Nautilus*, Holyoke, Mass. "Sane, definite and practical."—*Power*, Denver, Col. "The book teaches the highest optimism."—*Daily Herald*, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The book contains 33 pages, 4½x6, neatly printed in good, readable type, on antique book paper; prettily bound in paper cover. Price, 25 cents silver, postpaid anywhere.

SEARS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 8 Carnegie Hall, New York City.

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The Ensign Remedies are sold largely to physicians of all schools, who use them in their practice. The patient does not know he is taking Ensign Remedies, but he does know that he is getting help, and the doctor adds to his reputation and bank account. One doctor writes us this month: "Whatever reputation I have is due entirely to Ensign Remedies. I have cured hope-

less, given-up cases; I have cured diseases that are considered incurable except by the surgeon's knife, and I have cured cases the surgeon did not dare to touch." The only physicians who fail with the Remedies are those who attempt to mix them up with drugs. Some people also make this mistake, taking our Remedies for a special purpose, and drugs for other diseases. This cannot be done successfully. Either use the Remedies alone and give them a fair chance or do not use them at all.

We have booklets which explain our Remedies. We have one on General Diseases, one on Women's Diseases, one on Varicose Veins and Varicocoele, one on the Heart and leaflets on various subjects. All or any of which we will send to you free. There is no obligation to buy. We would like to hear from physicians who want to be put in the successful class. Write today. **ENSIGN REMEDIES COMPANY, Dept. E, Battle Creek, Mich. Canadian Office, Windsor, Ont.**



W. S. Ensign, Phys. Ch.

number. And this reminds me to ask you to please be sure and read carefully our announcement on another page regarding the introduction of *Nautilus* into new homes. Won't you help us to reach those who need and are ready for *The Nautilus* teachings?

VALE

At the setting of the sun on June 24, Eleanor Kirk passed from objective life at her home in Weekapaug, R. I. The immediate cause of death was a severe nervous shock and other injuries received by a fall last April. Eleanor Kirk was one of the pioneers in new thought, always a bright, clear, logical writer, and although seventy-six years of age she continued to write up to the time of the fall which led to her death. She had been a regular contributor to *Nautilus* for several years. We shall publish next month the last of her articles which were written for *The Nautilus*.

Eleanor's life spoke for itself in a clear, sweet, helpful tone, and her work was the work of the uplifter.

"Your journal actually makes me read it every month, so that there is some hope of reforming."—JOHN MCCLURE, The Stenographer, Philadelphia.

"I have often wanted to tell you how much *the Nautilus* has done for me. Instead of the pallid, forsaken, melancholy girl of a few years ago, I have rosy cheeks and perfect health, am light-hearted and free and having the best of success. This letter does not tell half. I know now that my success is sure, and owe it all to your dear *Nautilus* and the friend who had it sent me. Had some one else sent it it would not have cracked the orthodox shell. Your friend—ALICE ROWER, Columbus, O.



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"The Way to Perfect Health and 100 Years" reads like a Novel.

It Is Absolutely Free.

"The Way to Perfect Health and 100 Years" tells of my long struggle for self-mastery in my fight against ill health. It tells, too, of my GREAT DISCOVERY OF THE INTERNAL FORCES OF NATURE and my victory. It shows why "Back to Nature" often fails because it teaches only the EXTERNAL forces of Nature. It proves conclusively that the INTERNAL forces of Nature are greater than the EXTERNAL and must always precede the latter. It gives an EXACT science of health—one that never fails. It tells how ANY ONE may generate the Vital Force of Nature and cure his or her disease. Send today for this wonderful little book. Address,

Dortch Campbell,

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Dortch Campbell, the Author.

Mention NAUTILUS when answering advertisements. See guarantee, Page 5.



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**Cooked Food
Devitalizes**

"By eating Nature's own food, human beings become healthy, natural in weight and strength. If sick and run down you can become normally healthful like wild animals, for health is natural and disease unnatural," says Dr. Julian P. Thomas, the famous food specialist and aeronaut. If



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Dr. Thomas is so certain that he can help you that if you will send 25 cents for a week's supply of his famous Uncooked Bread, he will give you a scientific Diagnosis of your case and treat you by mail one week without charge. He could not afford to do this if the chances were not strongly in favor of complete success. Address



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It is a natural combination of raw, vital herbs, fruit and protoplasm. It is not a dead chemical mixture, contains no medicine or other poison. The herbs cleanse and purify the stomach and bowels of gas, acid, catarrhal and other matter. The fruit acts on the liver, spleen and kidneys. The Protoplasm feeds the nerves and enriches the blood. This preparation is designed especially to help digest large quantities of milk and other food. It made my patients improve so fast and feel so much better, that I named it

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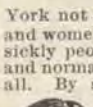
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This is an improved model of the apparatus with which Dr. Thomas made the world's record lift of 1,257,000 lbs. in 30 minutes, and is creating a sensation in New York not only among stout men and women but among thin and sickly people. It brings health and normal weight and figure to all. By simply bending, then



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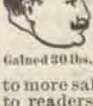
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straightening the knees, an enormous force is exerted which melts fat, strengthens the body and perfects the figure to normal proportions.

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The price of the Human Mould is \$16.00, and hundreds have been sold and given entire satisfaction at this price.

However experience has shown that one sale leads



Gained 30 lbs.

to more sales, hence I have decided to sell the Human Mould to readers of this magazine during September only, for just half price; \$5.00 cash with order. Send your name, address, height, weight and waist measurements.

JULIAN P. THOMAS, M. D., Dept. 2E, 522 West 37th St., New York.



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AND WE WILL TELL YOU, NOT WHAT
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We will send you (as long as they last) **The Taste Book**, which is the first step in scientific nutrition. **The Taste Book** tells how to combine and proportion food so as to get the greatest possible nourishment with the least expenditure of digestive power and the smallest outlay of money. It tells what to eat and when and how to eat it. It will prove of priceless value to those who are interested in increasing their mental and physical capacity. It is printed in colors. It will be sent you **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, together with **SCIENTIFIC NUTRITION**, which tells all about our sun-cooked foods. Write today—NOW. Address **VIRILE FOOD CO., Middlesborough, Ky.**

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The only way to cure catarrh, etc., is to keep the nasal passages in a clean, healthful condition. When this is done, Nature will do the rest.

The best, simplest, most efficient device in the world to introduce antiseptic liquids into the nose, is the

HARRIS NASAL DISH.

By its use catarrh, colds, hay fever, etc., can positively be cured. It is as essential to cleanse our nasal passages as it is our face or hands. Write for descriptive circulars. If your druggist does not handle it, sample by mail 50c.

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A New System of Physical Culture and Mind Training. The Chapters of the Book:—Natural Breathing Gives Health and Joy—A Magnetic Personality Insures Affluence and Power—Practical Methods for the Cultivation of Memory—Chart and Guide to Intuition and Genius—The Invincible Will Emancipates the Mind and Conquers Adversity—Power Through Repose and Affirmation. Bound in Purple silk cloth, \$1.00. Paper cover 50 cents. German Edition, paper cover, 50 cents.

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Mention NAUTILUS when answering advertisements. See guarantee, Page 5.

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Every Year—Explanatory
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LEARN HOW.

Write for this free book. It is the most profitable volume a man or woman without capital can read. It tells how any one of ordinary school education can learn in class; or be taught by mail, during spare hours, at home, without interference with present occupation, the independent, highly-paid profession of Mechano-Therapy—the art and science of bloodless surgery and drugless healing—so highly endorsed by the medical profession. Get this book and learn what wonderful social and financial strides lately graduated doctors of Mechano-Therapy—recent students of ours—have made in the last few months. It gives the names, photos and new incomes of several. The amounts these formerly small-salaried people now earn will surprise you. Find out why you may do as well. Get the book today and learn how we guarantee success in the study of this profitable profession. Familiarize yourself with the details of the course—the authorized diplomas we grant and our helpful system of graduated partial tuition payments. Write for this free book now—while our special rates of tuition are in force. It is a little thing, but a wise thing to do. It obligates you to nothing but may help to make your life a success. Address

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THE NAUTILUS.

Vol. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1908.

No. 11.

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THE NAUTILUS.

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Prof. Edgar L. Larkin
Karl von Wiegand
Eleanor Kirk
Wallace D. Wattles
Ella Adelia Fletcher
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These Are
NAUTILUS
Contributors
for 1908-9.
Others
Coming!

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CURED OVER 1200 LAST YEAR

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As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
—Holmes, "The Chambered Nautilus."

THE NAUTILUS.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

MONTHLY,
One Dollar a Year.

SEPTEMBER, 1908.

VOL X
No. 11

EDITORIALS

By Elizabeth

ONE SPIRIT. The spirit of All Life is one. It has *your* interests as much at heart as it has mine, or Jesus Christ's. What the spirit leads you to do will prove not only for your best good *but for mine too*; though sometimes I may in my ignorance imagine that what the spirit led you to do was an "injury" to me. I may even imagine the spirit did not lead you at all.

I am apt to make mistakes in judgment whenever I forget the spirit and go muddling around among *the spirits*, in the flesh or out. It is a simple matter to listen to and understand and trust one spirit within me; it is a very complex matter to understand individual spirits. The only safe way is to *trust* the one spirit when I cannot understand individual spirits. When I look upon spirits my head is apt to whirl with the apparent confusion and conflict. When I rise mentally and live with the spirit I find myself in peace, and my vision clears.

In the spirit is all understanding.

A CREED

ON WEATHER.

I certainly *do* believe we can govern even "the elements"—the weather—by thought power.

I believe *weather is a reflection of the moods of the race*, and that as we and our moods evolve the weather changes to match.

And I believe it is quite possible for your mental treatment or mine to stem the world tide and change the weather, just as one man's thought sometimes stems the thought tide of a mob and changes its course.

Why not? This is a fluid world made up of thought in motion. All its currents are set by thought, your thought and mine and every man's. Why then cannot air currents and thought currents be stemmed by more thought from you and from me?

They can be! Nothing is impossible to him who believes and keeps on trying.

This sounds like a creed on weather. It is. I've nothing beyond "coincidences" and faith to prove it by.

But "faith is the *substance* of things not seen," and the not-seen things are the really real ones.

The man who governs his thoughts speaks peace to the weather waves.

I AM

REMINDED.

I am reminded here of the good monk with faith plus who thought he knew what the weather ought to be. He planted him a little tree and prayed God to send rain to make it grow. It rained.

"Now, oh, God, let the rain cease and the sun shine upon the little tree." And the sun shone.

Again the monk prayed, "Oh, God, send the rain again and keep the air

EDITORIALS



warm and soft that the little tree may flourish and bear many olives." And the rain came and the air was soft.

So prayed the monk many times through the summer, and always his prayer was answered.

But the little tree died.

The monk was sorry, and long he meditated, while wintry winds blew.

Again he prayed, and this is what he said: "Oh, God, I forgot to ask for frost to harden the little tree. And it may be I asked for too much sunshine. I will plant another little tree, and I beg thee to bless it and to send rain and sun and frost according to thy will that the little tree may grow and bear much fruit."

And he planted a tree and tended it carefully, and believed God sent each kind of weather because it was best for the little tree.

And the little tree grew apace and flourished beyond any other tree in the land.

And so I have wondered sometimes what would become of the trees if man exercised his dominion over himself and the weather. Would man command himself to always gentle thoughts and weather? And would the trees languish for lack of man's outgrown frosts and furies?

CHANGING WORK. If I were a teacher of music and thought there was "a higher and nobler field of expression for me," I would be decidedly suspicious of my attitude of mind.

"Each thing in its place is best"—there is no "higher and nobler" for any man who has found his work. And if he is adapted to his work, *enjoys* it, and is useful in it, it is his work.

Until something else draws him.

Maybe the writer before me is thus drawn toward a new line of work. But the letter doesn't indicate it.

In the first place you mention no particular work your desire points toward.

In the second place that "higher and nobler" phrase sounds as if you are moved not by an inner desire and fitness for another work, but by the sort of exterior ambition which makes people choose to be a poor doctor rather than a good merchant.

This sort of ambition comes from looking too long on the outward appearance and judging unright judgment.

False standards of value and the bump of imitativeness are the hot-air life of this sort of ambition.

Puncture the bubble with **THE TRUTH** that, not your profession, *but the manner of your working at it*, determines its highness and nobility, *and yours*.

Sweep your mind clear of conventional ideas and motives and get down to your own naked *desire*. Then you will know whether to change your profession or not.

You will likewise know just what to change to.

As long as you are in doubt about the next step see you teach music better than it was ever taught before. Therein lies true greatness and nobleness right in your path.

And keep mum. Don't tell everybody—nor anybody—that you have "aspirations." If you do you will lose your best pupils. And worse, you will waste in talk the thought-energy and soul-energy that you need to enable you to make the business change.

Dam the chatter and let it make plans, and power to work out.

EDITORIALS

By Elizabeth

GIVING YOURSELF AWAY.

If you are being treated, or if you are treating yourself, it is nobody's else business. Don't go around telling all you know. Say nothing and TREAT. Then if you don't happen to perform miracles the first thing nobody can look wise and say, "*I told you so.*" If you do happen to turn the world upside down everybody will ask who did it, and how. Then will be *your* time to look superior and tell about how you did it with your little hatchet. Speech is silver but silence is gold and precious stones, *not to mention healing power.*

The same admonition should be observed with regard to your aims, ambitions and desires. Keep them to yourself. Don't *give yourself away*, dearie. Shut up and *think*. When you can think right down to the point where your words will *tell*, then say a few. Just a few—the fewest number that will accomplish your purpose.

CHATTER. If you go dribbling words all around over everybody you meet it is as if you kept your bucket of water joggling until the water all slopped out. When you get to your destination where you want to *use* the water there is none to use. Words are just that much thought force slopped over.

Some people are bored when you slop your thoughts over on 'em. They may be too polite to tell you they are bored; but they go around the corner and tell John Smith, who never liked you very well anyhow, and is therefore rather pleased to hear that you are a bore.

Some people yawn whilst you slop over; or change the subject; or slop some of their own thought force onto you; or openly resent your taking them for the policeman.

Some folks let you slop until they catch your Idea; then they go off and coin money out of it—whilst you go on slopping. About one fellow in a lifetime is really *interested* in your aims, ideas and ambitions; and if he knows beans he will tell you to shut up and do something.

What do you want to tell all you know for? I'll elucidate. Thought force is welling up within you, a spring of life and activity. It is the Self of you pressing for expression, the divine energy with which, rightly conserved and directed, you can accomplish *anything you desire*. But your mouth is such an easy and convenient outlet! Why, you even sleep with it open! It is easier to you to let your thought force dribble than it is to hold your jaw up! And you never happened to think that you are *wasting* your force through your mouth.

Concentration is the mode of all success. The first step in concentration is to shut off the waste. The first step in creating power to run all these Holyoke paper mills was to build a \$1,000,000 dam across the river. The water, held back from dribbling away, rose higher and higher, and was turned as a mighty power through definite channels, for the accomplishment of a *purpose*. The river in its natural state dimpled and flashed in the sun, an uncertain quantity. It still flashes and dimples, and accomplishes something besides.

Dam your chatter and use the rising tide to *accomplish* the things you've been chattering about.

SOCIAL EXTREMES.

Every woman knows how it is with her husband—he works and meets people all day and then he wants to stay at home evenings instead of going out to some

EDITORIALS

By Elizabeth

social function with his wife who prefers the social function herself, having worked alone at home all day.

Staying home evenings may be good for Jack, but staying home all the time makes Jill a dull girl. Then Jack takes to the club. By and by lonesome Jill goes on a social spree.

It is something like that with William and me. All day we work together on *Nautilus* and kindred things. We see and oversee the same girls in the same office. Evenings we are like Jack—it is too much trouble to go out, even to the occasional good theater that comes Holyoke way. Once in a month or so we have a pleasant call or a little visit from somebody who has journeyed from Boston or New York or Jericho to see the home of *The Nautilus*.

After a whole season of this quiet life I begin to be reckless. I know how the man feels who knocks off work once in so often and goes on a spree.

I have made a discovery. It is not good that a man and woman live unto themselves and their work, no matter how congenial the work nor how they love it.

Club functions, dinners, church sociables, smoke talks, card parties and teas in moderation lighten heart and mind and save us from extremes.

Which reminds me of one inspired saying, "Observe moderation in all things."

A SOCIAL SPREE.

William and I having observed immoderation in pegging away, nothing would satisfy us short of a social spree. We hunted the map, guide books and our desires for the most delirious, delicious, hilarious social go-as-you-please, to match

our joyous ebullitions that were threatening to bolt with us.

We decided on the Philistine Convention, at East Aurora, the first two weeks in July. We went.

For a soul satisfying social spree where *Liberty—Equality—Fraternity* is something more than a dream, commend me to a Hubbard convention.

"Working in the Cuban schools is no occupation for an American who *can't bend*," says Miss Phillips, supervisor of English in Havana.

A Roycroft convention is no place either, for those who can't bend. But it is a liberal education for Head, Hand and Heart of him who attends, goes minus bias, crotchet, caste and cant, *desiring to know the truth* about everybody and everything he touches.

This, too is great—

To be a mixer,

Without being mixed.

ROYCROFT

CONVENTIONS.

We were at a Hubbard convention the first week of July, 1906, and the high water attendance was something over 200, no two alike.

This year the attendance on July 4 and 5 hovered around 400. The Roycroft Inn, the new Emerson Hall, and Emerson Cottage were full, and the overflow was housed in surrounding homes. "We are *swamped* this year—I never saw anything like it," said Alice Hubbard.

And still no two alike! There were poets, *civil* engineers, mothers, babies, novelists, society folk, Marilla, editors of all kinds, an Indian Princess, Christian Science practitioners, teachers, stenographers, T. V. Powderly, millionaires, Swedes, sculptors, musicians, a United States Army officer, preachers, painters,

EDITORIALS



the Little Bateese man, insurance agents, Hubbards, drummers, adologists, doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs, rich men, poor men and Caleb Powers. Not to mention by name the balance of the four hundred or so other occupations, big guns and little Gunns, nor the three hundred odd Royerofters besides. And every man, woman and child had lost his ax and his hammer on the way.

William and I were ubiquitous, heard everybody talk about himself and his views, and saw him listen with interest and respect to everybody else's views, publicly or privately expressed. Not a heated discussion nor a cross baby cropped up in the whole two weeks.

Either Elbert Hubbard attracts exceptionally happy, bright, broad and tolerant folk, or else those four hundred people caught the Hubbard spirit for the occasion.

**TWO WEEKS
GO-AS-WE-PLEASE.**

I can't begin to tell you all the delightful things that happened in that two weeks, two and three programs a day, walks and talks afield, lyceums, tramps to the farm, all kinds of addresses, recitals, music, vaudeville, authors' recitals, and the inimitable Walter MacRaye, who interprets Dr. Drummond's French Canadian habitant poetry to make your thrills and tears and risibles rise. The Fra says native French habitants go to MacRaye for pointers!

Next to the Fra himself, and Viola Jenny, the little girl who makes the big grand pianos talk and cry and laugh and run foot races and worship, MacRaye's "Little Bateese" took the cheers and encores at Royeroft. Between times he laughs and loves Swinburne and says "Little Bateese" is the only one of

Drummond's poems he can do well enough to satisfy his own sense of the artistic.

Next to these, a close second, came Miss Blanche Kerr, severely tailor-made, madonna-coifed, with her rich baritone-alto voice and delightful songs. And the male quartette from Rochester.

And Professor Lionel with his weird music that made you feel the stealthy Indians creeping down the shores of Lake St. George to massacre the whites.

And Toby Claude, the "smallest actress not in the freak class." And Marilla Ricker herself, ninety-two years young according to Hubbard, and still fighting for Bob Ingersoll and woman's rights.

And Terence V. Powderly with his good story of his and Roosevelt's big government employment agency that has taken a thousand men from the bread line and found for them useful work outside the big cities.

And the Canadian M. P. who gave us a Fourth of July address without twisting the lion's tail or plucking a feather from the eagle's.

And—and—but space forbids.

**"THE ESSAY
ON SILENCE."**

One of the institutions at Roycroft Inn is the "Essay on Silence," by Elbert Hubbard, a tiny limp-leather bound volume that everybody carries. On being told that many people consider this the finest thing Hubbard ever wrote, and others say it is his one lucid interval, you eagerly deposit thirty cents with the cashier and walk away with your copy. An easy chair, Roycroftie, in the beautiful cathedral-like Phalanstery invites you to immediate perusal. Down you

EDITORIALS



sit and open your "Essay on Silence," to find the real silence—eighty pages or so of smooth, creamy paper, nothing else!

After the laugh you find everybody around you is looking for a chance to decorate one of those smooth pages with some bright thought and his name—provided you will do the same by his little Essay. Swapping autographs is a Roycroft habit. Contagious, like other childish diseases. None but the old and ankylosed escape it. I should think Elbert and Alice would have writer's cramp.

Among the scores of bright things written in my *three* little Essays is this pretty fancy by Richard Le Gallienne, the "Omar Khayyam Repentant" poet, whose fine printed chirography shows the artist and man of culture:

"Great men are nourished by the elements: woman is an element—all the elements in one: earth, air, fire and water met together in a rose."

Next to the poet's page is another worth meditating upon, long and often. It was written by 'Ras Wilson, of the *Philadelphia Gazette*, who was raised a Quaker and gave us a good Quaker sermon that sounded like new thought. He says he got this idea from the Quakers:

"Read DESIRING TO KNOW, and you will understand."

The emphasis is his. "You know most people read to criticize, or to prove what they think they already know," says Erasmus Wilson.

We heard one evening a most pleasing exposition of Christian Science, with experiences in healing by sweet Mrs. Ella H. Doty, Christian Science practitioner of Detroit. In my Essay she penned her own Christian Science "statement of being," which also repays meditation:

"God is the only Life, Spirit the only Substance, Love the only Law."

Another bright double-page was written by Katherine Yates, of Chicago, author of many Christian Science stories for children:

"Suppose that your beautiful varicolored soap-bubble should collapse,—(whatever it may be for the moment)—the world is full of soapsuds and pipes,—blow another, instead of cherishing the little wet spot on the carpet where the last one collapsed."

Caleb Powers who has been "doing time" eight years for another man's crime, wrote this:

"Time aids the zealous seekers of eternal truth."

T. V. Powderly wrote this:

"If you owe a man a dollar, pay it; if you owe him a grudge, forget it."

Leonard G. Foster, the nature poet, broke into rhyme like this:

"We have received from you both joy and bliss

In reading monthly from your Nautilus;

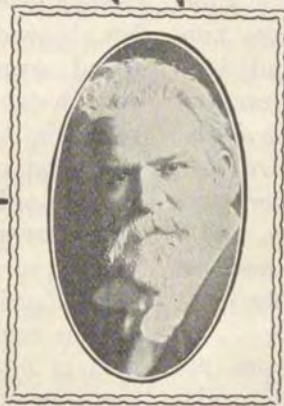
May it continue on its mission fair

Until all people breathe a purer air!"

Which reminds me that nearly everybody at Roycroft had been reading *Nautilus*. So many were our friends that it seemed to be a *Nautilus* convention. There were a lot of Christian Scientists there too, many of them *Nautilus* readers and they were all nice folks and better mixers than I gave them credit for being.

*"Turn Failure into Victory,
Don't let your courage fade;
And if you get a Lemon
Just make the Lemon Aid."*

A Workman to the Gods



Once Phidias stood, with hammer in his hand,
Carving Athene from the breathing stone,
Tracing with love the winding of a hair,
A single hair upon her head, whereon
A youth of Athens cried, "O Phidias,
Why do you dally on a hidden hair?
When she is lifted to the lofty front
Of the Parthenon, no human eye will see."
And Phidias thundered on him: "Silence, fool:
Men will not see, but the Immortals will!"

—EDWIN MARKHAM

The Path to Paradise.

KATHERINE QUINN.



"If you wish for anything that belongs to another, you lose that which is your own."

That's what Epictetus wrote hundreds and hundreds of years ago.

"I have always wanted peace and happiness more than anything else. I have tried for more than twenty years to get them, and I don't think it's my fault that I have not succeeded." That's what a lady wrote to me a few days ago.

I wonder why it is that no one, not even excepting Jesus likes a self-righteous man or woman, while everybody has a "soft spot" for the acknowledged sinner? But all through the Bible, both Old and New Testaments, we are warned about being wise in our own conceit, and Jesus issued the ultimatum when he declared there was more joy in heaven over one sinner doing penance than over ninety-nine just who need not penance. I wonder if Jesus didn't mean ninety-nine who are just "in their own opinion."

The self-righteous never do penance because they never see that there is any cause for penance. They are the kind of people who keep on doing the same old thing for twenty or thirty years, lamenting all the while that they can't get results, but never suspecting that there is anything wrong with their way of working for results. "The world must be wrong because I can't get along with it, and, of course, I'm all right." That's the creed of the self-righteous. It's the

old Quaker over again, you know, with even the wife left out. It's just "me."

And the human race has been at it since the beginning of recorded time. Adam started it in the Garden of Eden; Eve promptly took it up, and each succeeding generation has echoed it until it has obsessed the race consciousness and found expression in the race thought and ideals. Can't you hear the indignation in Adam's tone as he denies the allegation of law breaking? "Not I, oh, no, Lord, not I, but the woman whom thou gavest me. It was she who tempted me." And then Eve: "Not I, either, Lord, but the serpent. It was the serpent made us sin." No wonder God thought it would take twenty or thirty centuries of laboring and sweating and child-bearing and things to make real men and women out of those shilly-shallying, blame-the-other-fellow creatures.

The man who wrote the lines at the head of this article was always in Paradise. He was a slave, poor and miserable, so far as this world's things go, but he denied the power of any man to take his joy from him. He was always happy because he looked for happiness to that one unfailing source of supply—himself.

The woman who wrote the lines just under them is out of Paradise and will never get in until she, too, looks for the key in the only place in heaven or on earth where she will ever find it—within herself. Epictetus realized that he must have happiness within himself if he was ever to have it at all, and so set about cultivating it. The woman, on the contrary, believes that happiness is a foreign substance that has to be put into us from the outside. She thinks it comes

from other people, (in her case from her husband and daughter), and that in order to possess it we must have the ability to make those other people do as we wish.

I tried to tell her that from a purely economic standpoint it was wiser to adjust ourselves to other people than to adjust other people to us, because there wasn't so much of us and we were more easily managed. But she replied that she had no desire to adjust the world to her views, that she merely wanted to adjust the lives of her own husband and daughter so they would vibrate in harmony with her own.

It really seems as if in this big place with its millions of inhabitants we might have the privilege of running a life or two besides our own, doesn't it? It disagrees with our idea of expansion to think we have no rights outside of our own individual existence. Especially when we think we know what is good for people so much better than they know themselves, and when we *mean* to be always kind. But it is the Truth, and there is no single truth within the whole range of the law that is so rigidly enforced as this one.

I think it is the very hardest lesson we have to learn, and I know, because the time was when I thought I would rather die than learn it. I thought I would rather lie down and calmly give up the ghost than admit that my life was a separate entity, and that I must learn to be sufficient to myself.

I didn't think about God, you see, for being "sufficient unto yourself" only means that you must *let* God be sufficient unto you. Nobody really thinks of God who allows himself to be made unhappy about other people. We see the tiny stream trickling down the mountain side, and forget about the mighty source that feeds the stream. Then by and by when the stream dries up we cry out that

there is no water in all the land. We catch glimpses of the Universal Love; we see it shining in the eyes of friends and dear ones, and straightway give ourselves up to the worship of it. Then when the light passes on to shine in other spheres we cry out in agony that there is no love in all the world. Foolish, foolish children! All the love that was, is now and evermore endures.

I know, too, just what it is to feel that some outside source is responsible for our troubles, and I know there is nothing in the world that makes one so miserable and helpless and useless as the belief that one is the slave of circumstances. Yet that is more or less the feeling of every man, woman or child who believes that he or she is not individually responsible for his or her condition in life.

The woman I have quoted thinks she is dealing with only two lives when she speaks of her husband and daughter. She doesn't see the network of loves and interests and hopes and ambitions that stretch out and around that husband and daughter, each crossing and intercrossing countless other lives and interests, all of which she would have to control in order to have control of them. She doesn't see that her husband and daughter haven't *entire* control of themselves; that they are working under the directions of the Great Director; that they sometimes want to do things without exactly understanding why they want to do them, but that those very impulses which they cannot explain, and which she resents because they can't explain them, may be necessary to their development.

She doesn't know that all are one. Her husband, that is herself; her daughter, that, too, is she. When she realizes that one power works in and through us all, that the one God made us and loves us, and speaks to us through our neighbors and likewise through our-

selves, she can no longer be unhappy or misunderstood. When we reach that phase of development we shall know that each thing is in its place, and that each thing is necessary and sufficient unto that place, and we shall no more insist in some things being put into our lives from our neighbors than we would think now of insisting that one of our vital organs quit its work and go to the assistance of another one. We shall no more be able to be jealous or envious, or "feel hurt" at somebody's conduct than we would resent our blood's not leaving our hands and feet and collecting in our head whenever our head happened to take a foolish notion to have it there. Because we shall know that all are One, and that that One is big enough and great enough for all.

To say that happiness is within ourselves and that we can find it nowhere else doesn't mean that joy cannot come to us through our fellows. "God uses us to help each other, so lending our minds out." That's what we're in this world for—to help and be helped—and through nothing but this helping process can we reach the heights we are to attain.

But to look for happiness *primarily* through others is to lose sight of its source.

If you are out of Paradise and want to get back you must cultivate a different mind from that which was in Adam and Eve. You must quit blaming somebody else. Just as soon as you hold yourself responsible for your state you have the reins in your own hands and you can drive where you please. You can drive right up to the gates of Paradise and the Angel with the Flaming Sword will stand aside and let you in. This joy is not only your privilege, but your right, but if you would not lose "that which is your own" you must quit wishing for that which belongs to some-

body else, whether that something be houses, lands, husbands, wives—or just the right to do as he pleases.

Never is man his own master till, like the centurion with his soldiers, he can say to Joy, "Come," and to Grief or Anxiety, "Go," and be obeyed of these.—Weir Mitchell.

Companions in the Sky.

ADELAIDE KEEN.

Catch a car to Anywhere,
Take a trip to Mars;
Have a picnic with the Sun,
And sing among the stars!
Navigate the ocean,
Travel in the air,
You will find the Universe
Friendly, kind and fair.
If we bear our burdens
With a gentle grace,
There is happy laughter
On Venus' pretty face.
Old Saturn is so sorry
When we are tired and sad;
Uranus does a two-step
Whenever we are glad.
Every little Comet,
Waves its fiery tail,
Whenever we are suffering
The Milky Way is pale.
Jupiter is powerful,
Mars is brave and bold,
Mercury is running
To tell the tale I've told.
The clouds are listening gaily,
The moon is sailing on—
And all our little troubles
Will pretty soon be gone.

So, catch a car for Anywhere,
Take a trip to Mars,
Have a picnic with the Sun
And sing among the stars!
Draw upon the Infinite,
Never stoop to fear;
Be a constellation,
And glorify your sphere!

A Meditation for a Period of Seem- ing "Evil Circumstances."



*"Anxiety is the foe of knowledge.
Like unto a veil it falls down before
the Soul's eye. Entertain it, and the
veil only thicker grows."*

*"O Brooding Spirit of Wisdom and
of Love,*

*Whose mighty wings e'en now o'er-
shadow me;*

*Absorb me in thine own immensity,
And lift me far my finite self above!"*

I KNOW THAT as long as I am controlled by a frenzied desire to shun or run away from this, or any experience, I have not learned the lesson that this phase of my individual experience holds for me. I know further that I cannot, if I would, escape my lessons. They would pursue me, even though I take "the wings of the morning and fly away." The gates of high heaven could not shut them away from me; the abysses of Hades could not hide me from them.

When the lesson has been fully learned I shall pass on leaving the experience behind me forever; but at present it is mine. I have no wish to escape it, because it is good. In the end it will lead me to the very Heaven of my desires. And (for me) there is no other way possible. I have built this road of stony griefs out of my yesterdays; but today I will build another and a smoother path, that tomorrow I may walk joyfully thereon.

I affirm my perfect confidence in the Guide within who leads me with unfailing wisdom along the path which I tread alone—and yet not alone—the path which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

The Law of Opulence.

WALLACE D. WATTLES.

PART III.

ABUNDANCE.

"I am come that they might have life; and that they might have it more abundantly."

God, the Mind of nature, produces the Abundance of nature with the purpose of providing for the development of man; not of some men, but of man. The purpose of nature is the continuous advancement of life; and as man is the embodiment of God and the highest form of life, the purpose of nature must be the continuous advancement of every man into more abundant life. That which seeks the advancement of every man cannot take anything from any man; therefore to be one with the Mind of nature is to seek the advancement of all at the expense of none; to seek to get for all what one desires to get for one's self. This must lift one entirely out of the competitive thought. "What I want for myself, I want for all;" that is the declaration of independence aimed at the competitive system; "Our" Father, give "us," that is the prayer of the advancing life. This declaration and prayer are in unison with the Mind of nature; the man who so declares and so prays is mentally one with all that lives, God, nature and man; and this is the At-one-ment.

To be mentally one with the Mind of things makes you able to register your thoughts on that mind, and your desires as well. When you desire a thing, and your mind and the Mind of things are one, that thing will desire you, and will move toward you. If you desire dollars, and your mind is one with the Mind that prevades dollars and all things else, dollars will be permeated with the desire to come to you, and they will move

toward you, impelled by the Eternal Power which makes for more abundant life. To obtain what you want, you only need to establish your own at-one-ment with the Mind of things, and they will be driven toward you.

But the primal purpose of the Mind of things is the continuous advancement of ALL into more abundant life; therefore, nothing will be taken away from any man or woman and given to you unless you give to that person more in the way of life than you take away. It will be plainly seen that the Divine Mind cannot be brought into action in the field of purely competitive business. God cannot be divided against Himself. He cannot be made to take from one and give to another. He will not decrease one man's opportunity to advance in life in order to increase another man's opportunity to advance in life. He is no respecter of persons, and has no favorites. He is equally in all, equally for all, and at the service of all alike.

To make the at-one-ment, you must see that your business gives to all who deal with you a full equivalent in life for the money value of what you take from them. I say in life; that does not necessarily mean in money value. Here is what many critics of the profit system fail to understand: that a thing of small value to one man may be of inestimable value to another who can use it for the advancement of his life. A box of matches would be worth more to an Esquimaux than Millet's "Man with the hoe." The value of a thing to a man is determined by the plane of life on which he stands: what is of no value on one plane, or in one stage of his development, is indispensable on another plane, or in another stage. The life-giving power of any

article may be out of all proportion to its monetary value. This magazine is not worth a dollar a year in so far as the cash value of the paper and ink are concerned, but one sentence in it may be worth thousands of dollars to any reader. You may sell an article for more than it cost you, making a profit; but the purchaser may put it to such use that it will be worth hundreds of times its cost to him, and in that case profit is no robbery. See that your business meets this fundamental requirement; that is the first step.

When you have done this you are one with that Intelligence in nature which is working for more life for all; you are "working together with Him," as St. Paul says; you and your Father are one. The aim of your work is that all may have life, and have it more abundantly. What you seek for yourself you are seeking for all, and the mental principle in everything that you need begins to gravitate toward you. If you need dollars, the Mind of things, IN the dollars is conscious of the need; and you can affirm with truth "Dollars want me." Dollars will begin to move toward you, and they will come, invariably, from those who need what you can give in exchange. The Divine Mind will attend to the transference of that which is needed for the advancement of life to the place where need exists. This will apply not only to all that you need to keep your business going, but to all that you are capable of using to enter into fuller life yourself. No good thing will be withheld from you. Your unity with the Evolutionary Power, with the Purpose of nature, will be such that you will receive all that nature has to give. Because you will do always the will of God, all things are yours, and you need to compete with no one.

But you must bear in mind that your wants are impressed on the Divine Mind only by your faith. A doubt cuts the

connection. Anxiety and fear cut the connection. Exactly as you are in the matter of impressing your own subconscious mind, so you are in the matter of impressing the Mind of things. Your affirmations fall flat unless they are made with the dynamic power of absolute faith. The Mind of things will not act positively for doubt and hesitancy. "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." We cannot walk and work with God and distrust Him at the same time. If you feel distrust, you impress the Mind of things with distrust of you, and things will move away from you rather than toward you.

The requirements for non-competitive success are very simple. First, desire for everybody what you desire for yourself, and be sure to take nothing from anybody without giving a full equivalent in life; and the more you give the better for you. Then move out in the absolute faith that all you need for the fullest life you are capable of living will come to you. Pray with unfaltering faith to the Father that it shall come to you, and thank him in every prayer, from a heart full of gratitude that it DOES come to you. Everything that comes to you will mean more life to someone else. Each gain you make will add to the wealth of someone else. What you get for yourself—life—you get for all. Your success adds to the life, health, wealth and happiness of all.

But someone says: Wherein does this differ from competition, after all? Are you not still competing with those in the same line of business? No! What you gain will not come from the limited supply for which others are struggling, but from the Whole. Let me illustrate: It may be said that there is only a limited supply of money in the country; not enough to supply the needs of all.

Suppose a large number of people enter this Way of Life, and dollars begin to move toward them all, there will not be enough to go round. That is true, but the thought of need impressed upon the mind of things would react upon the minds of men; new currency laws would be passed; the bullion would begin to move toward the mints; and the printing presses to turn out bank notes if they were necessary to the advancement of life. The Mind of things reaches beyond the coined cash, into the gold and silver lying in the hearts of the hills; and it will all begin to move forward when it is called for by the prayer of faith. And the same is true of everything else. Not only the mints, but the mills will start whenever a sufficient number of people have entered the way of the Advancing Life. If it be urged that the wage system prevents the workers from living full lives, the answer is that whenever the workers begin to live full lives, if

the wage system stands in the way of their advancement it will be changed. Their demand for more life will be all that is required to change it. Life cannot be advanced by changing systems, but systems may be changed by the advance of life. There is plenty of work to be done in the erection of useful and beautiful things; all that is needed is a demand for those things by those whose sole purpose is to use them to give more life to all. As the number of such people increases, the prosperity of all will increase, and a constantly increasing proportion of all classes will come into the Truth, abandoning competition and the way of the limited supply, until the kingdom will be established on earth as it is in Heaven.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more crying, neither shall there be any more pain; and there shall be no night there." Amen.

Visions.

MME. AIDA DE NILE.

And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.—*Joel 2.*

I have also spoken by the prophets and I have multiplied visions, and used similitudes by the ministry of the prophets.—*Hosea 12:10.*

Then thou scarest me with dreams and terrifiest me through visions.—*Job 7:14.*

Where there is no vision, the people perish.—*Prov. 29:18.*

Then thou spakest in vision to thy Holy One.—*Psalms 89:19.*

And the Lord answered me, and said, write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth.—*Habakkuk 2:2.*

That there is implanted in man, an instinct, a faculty, an intuition, or an inner sense or sight, that gives premonition of danger, warns of disaster and foreshadows coming events, and that this is a noble heritage from the ONE, a ray

from the Universal Sun, a spark from the Ineffable Supreme Being and a part of the indestructible and immortal self of each individual, and that this intelligence, call it your Higher Self, your Soul, or what you will, speaks today to whosoever will listen, as it did in the ancient Bible times, is my firm belief, based upon my own experience and close observation. Even animals have this instinct and in their own peculiar way, appear to sense danger, know that storms are coming and that the seasons will soon change. Is it logical, is it possible that the All-Wise Creator denied to mankind what he gave to the animals and left man a plaything for the elements, walking blindly amidst death, disaster, accidents, and the thousand and

one dangers which make life on this planet so uncertain? I cannot believe it.

This peculiar faculty is more developed in some than in others, while there are those, in fact the vast majority, in whom it seems to be entirely extinct or at least dormant.

From childhood up I have had visions and been given to "seeing things." Both asleep and wide awake, unbidden, coming from whither I knew not, visions of exhortation, warning, reproach, answers to fervent prayers, and the foreshadowing of coming events, obtruded themselves upon my consciousness, always seeking to protect me, warn me of danger, sickness or death. Some were symbolical, allegorical or mystical, while others were apparently too deep for me to grasp, or else were meaningless. Strange unutterable things, scenes and pictures, some as repulsive and horrible as others were inexpressibly beautiful, mirrored themselves before my inner vision.

Had I on the one hand not been of an extremely practical turn of mind, finding much pleasure and joy in life, with a peculiar light-hearted faculty of seeing the bright side of things, although much deep sorrow and pain had been my share, I might have become a "visionary," wandering about in a dreamy self contemplation and abstraction. On the other hand, a deep reverence for that inner sense, has always prevented the thought of misusing it for commercial purposes.

At first the visions were wholly spontaneous. Even to this day, they come spontaneously to some extent, but in later years I began to give them methodical study, and sought to learn something of the laws that govern them, until now, thoughts, desires, prayers, are answered and public events foreshadowed in that manner.

My first vision is still indelibly impressed upon my mind. I was seven years old when my mother took me and my brothers and sister to a little summer resort in Ohio. My brother, aged nine, my sister of four years, my baby brother two years old and myself, one day went to play under a large chestnut tree about a quarter of a mile down the road from the house where we were staying. It was noon, the sun was shining brightly and it was time to go home for luncheon. As we turned into the road, I saw a figure coming up over the hill and down the road, past the house. I said to my brother, "There is a strange man coming." It was the figure of a man with long wavy hair, hanging loosely over his shoulders. He had a full beard, was clad in a long loose flowing robe, upon his feet were sandals and in his right hand a staff. It looked like a picture of Christ. When about 150 yards from us, he waved the staff over his head and called to us. The voice was indescribably deep and full, yet low, soft and musical, vibrating with wonderful intensity and power.

Never before nor since have I heard such a voice. He approached rapidly and seemed to float rather than walk down the road. A peculiar light, like a flame of fire, surpassing the dazzling rays of the hot noonday sun, seemed to surround the figure. My brother, my sister and even the baby saw it and were absolutely paralyzed with fear. The boy's face was as white as snow. He seemed to be on the verge of collapsing. I was more awed than frightened. "Let's run," he finally stammered out and suiting his words, he and the little four year old girl dragged the baby out of the little express wagon in which we had hauled him, and threw the little boy over the fence surrounding a small church standing by the roadside. I was riveted to the spot and remained in the road while

the figure approached within 50 yards of me until I could clearly see every outline and the peculiar kindly expression of the face. But I could not stand it any longer and ran after the children, who were hiding behind the church. When we managed to get up courage to look, the figure had disappeared. I remember clearly how I looked in the dusty road for tracks and found none and how I asked mother, who was sitting on the porch of the house when the figure passed it, whether she had seen the figure. She had not but she was greatly concerned over our fright, my sister and elder brother being almost hysterical. To this day, my brother, now a hard-headed business man, maintains that we saw a vision of the Master.

One night when twelve years of age, I had another strange experience and saw the vision of an aged man whom years later I met in Los Angeles. At that time we lived in an eastern state. My sister and I slept in the same room but in separate beds. We had just retired and mother had not yet been in the room to bid us good night and take away the lamp which was burning brightly on a table between the two beds, as was her custom. I had covered up my eyes to shut out the light. Suddenly I had a peculiar impression of some one in the room, I can hardly call it fear. Peeking from under the cover, I listened and heard footsteps, slow and measured. It was not mother's quick nervous step. As I looked out I saw the figure of an old man, thin and slightly bent, with snowy white hair and straggling beard, walking. I was more awed than frightened, for instinctively I knew that I had nothing to fear from that kindly old face. Approaching the table, he turned the light down very low, all the time steadily gazing at me. The room became so dim that I could hardly see his outline. When

it seemed that the wick of the lamp was so low that the light must go out, he began to slowly turn the light up until it was much higher than before. Then he backed away, never taking his eyes from me, and reaching the door of the room, faded away.

I immediately spoke to my sister but she had seen nor heard nothing. Mother came in just then and noticing that the light was so high that it was smoking, said: "Why did you turn the lamp so high?" as she hastily turned it down.

"Why, mother, I saw a man come in and first turn the light down, then up," I answered.

"Oh, nonsense, what is the matter with you," she said as she laid her hand on my head to see if I had fever. But there was no fever.

Twelve years later while in California, I met in the physical, the man who appeared to me in that vision. I recognized him at the first glance. He was a physician, a wise kindly old man and a mystic. A peculiar attachment sprang up between us and through him I learned many things.

One night two or three years after the incident related, I heard a dog howling under the house. It seemed to be right under my bed. Again and again, my father, who at first scouted the idea but later admitted that he too heard something, got up during the night and went out to look for the dog but found nothing.

Strange to say each one of these three incidents was followed by a serious illness for me. Especially shortly after the vision in the bed room, I was taken ill and for some time it seemed that I would not recover. I believe that the turning down and up of the light, was a symbolic foreshadowing of that illness.

(Concluded in October Number.)

Religious Education For New Thought Children.

HELEN RHODES.

CHAPTER IV.

ADOLESCENCE: FROM THIRTEEN TO TWENTY-FOUR.

This is the period of "storm and stress." Depression and difficulty center about the thirteenth year. There is a lowering of physical endurance and lessening of mental grasp. A short static period on account of difficulty of adjustment. Now follows the birth of the mental and spiritual self. He is rapidly approaching the point of "saturation," when he will have no more of you and doubt becomes a legitimate expression through which previous knowledge is clarified. Already the influence of home and parents are second to teacher and friend. He demands a wider circle. From fourteen to nineteen religious feelings are deepest. This is the golden age of conversion. Sixteen is the highest point. Conversion is a normal experience and when arrived at quietly and from consistent development is reincarnation. It is simply "resisting the backward pull." To some it may be the result of a moment's decision, to others a lifetime struggle. To the mystic it is "entering upon the path." Don't undervalue it but seize the opportunity to iron-clad his nature to resist temptation. A susceptibility to good is highest now, so is the opposite, the influence for evil. The most gifted characters have not been the easiest to control in youth. Independence, force, strength of will are not always comfortable qualities to deal with. *Morality* concerns itself with the social life. *Religion* is fellowship with the divine

in the consummation of the social life of humanity. Psychology places religion in the realm of the emotions in distinction from but not less than the realm of intellectual reason. Dead reckoning may balance figures but we glimpse the divine in the realm of feeling.

His social life finds satisfaction in athletics which is as imperative to the adolescence as religion. Every child should have the privilege of a gymnasium. It is a moral tonic. Stanley Hall says, "Knowledge which does not develop a motor side is monstrous." Activity mitigates the sexual stress and gives self control.

The power of memory reaches its greatest strength at this time. True imagination begins to create its ideals which awaken longings to BE the ideal. For his religious training he needs a world hero, not a missionary hero. The life of Christ belongs here. Use the Gospel of Mark alone. There are no nativity stories in Mark and we do not discuss these matters in day school in relation to world heroes. Forget your theological invectives and keep to the LIFE. Later you may take up the other gospels. Matthew is an orderly presentation of certain theories to prove his thesis. You will probably read the comparisons between the other gospels and be able to appreciate the purpose of this literature, and the transcendent beauty of its spiritual expression. At thirteen to fourteen teach the life of Christ. At fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, Paul, Peter and beginning of the history of the Biblical library with historical parallels. At seventeen to eighteen, belong the his-

tory of religion within the Bible, comparative religion, and the valid appreciation of the sacred books of all ages.

The power of memory reaches its greatest strength between thirteen and sixteen. Interest in Proverbs is ripest at the dawn of adolescence. This wisdom and wit anticipate the lessons of experience. Only those should be taught which may be within the comprehension of the learner at the time. Should be analyzed and applied to probable situations. They forestall the necessity of having to learn by bitter experience. This, the age of daring and chivalry, he needs the lives of heroes and heroines and reformers, not of saints and devotees. There is a strong element of self-sacrifice and devotion arising at this time and he may live vicariously the high martyrdoms of Jesus, Peter and Paul, and the motives of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Amos, Hosea. It is not our business to fill children with Biblical facts but to set the currents of the soul in channels of truth. Sensations sweep with lightning speed to the brain to flow out through the physical realm, or are transformed into soul force, no one has ever told us how. It is the chemistry of the unseen. From the earliest stories based upon myth, we pass to the legends and epic or hero tales of history, then to the purpose stories of Ruth, Jonah, Esther and Job, which belong to the last

of this period. Job is an attempt to understand the afflictions of the righteous. Nowhere in all literature is there such a stimulus for moral stamina. This period is the battle-ground between the human nature and the divine nature. It is left to the mothers to restore this "Autobiography of the Hebrew nation" to its rightful place for spiritual development and present it in such a way as to waken the divine imperative in the soul of the child.

Someone has said that "you do not lose your child at seventeen, you lose him at seven," IF you do not begin right by initiating a set of faculties which when brought to birth emerges as ingrained endowments in a well rounded life.

BOOKS FOR FOURTH ARTICLE.

- Coe, "*The Spiritual Life*." Revell. \$1.00.
Coe, "*The Religion of a Mature Mind*." Revell. \$1.00.
Halleck, "*Psychology and Psychic Culture*." American Book Company. \$1.25.
Wendt, "*The Teaching of Jesus*." Scribner. 2 vols. \$5.00.
Burton and Mathews, "*Constructive Studies in the Life of Christ*." \$1.00.
Harper, "*Priestly Element in the O. T.*" \$1.00. University Chicago Press.
Harper, "*Prophetic Element in the O. T.*" \$1.00. University Chicago Press.
Sanders and Kent, "*The Messages of the Prophets*." 2 vols. \$1.00.
McGiffert, "*Apostolic Age*." Scribner. \$2.50.
Ramsay, "*Paul the Traveler and Roman Citizen*." Putnam's Sons. \$3.00.
For the Wisdom Books and the Psalms use: Moulton's volumes of the "*Modern Reader's Bible*," 35c to 65c, according to binding.
Mathews, "*The Messianic Element in the O. T.*" University Chicago Press. \$1.00.
Sayce, "*The Religion of Ancient Egypt and Babylon*." \$3.50.
Sabatier, "*The Religions of Authority*." McClure. \$3.50.
James, "*Talks to Teachers*." Holt. \$1.50.
Hasting's Dictionary of the Bible is a library of historical and literary criticism.
Waring, "*The Christian Church and Its Bible*."

The Rose and the Friend.

I picked a rose with fragrance most enchanting,
And shades and tints of color rarely found;
As I raised the blossom fondly to enjoy it,
A bee flew out, and dealt a wicked wound.

I found a friend, almost divine before me—
A purer life, me thought, I had never known;
One day an act disfigured my ideal,
And all my love for that dear one had flown.

But what avails me loss of friend or flower?
For the friend is the rose; the bee, the deed unkind;
So many guests unbidden are our errors,
And Love must ever to our faults be blind.

—Paul Vandereike.

Written for *The Nautilus*.

Sermons of a Scientist.

BY W. R. C. LATSON, M. D.

NO. I. TRUTH AND FREEDOM.

And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.—John 8, 32.

Jesus of Nazareth was not only the greatest spiritual teacher of all the ages: He was perhaps the most practical philosopher who ever lived. His words show not only his infinite spiritual powers, but also a shrewd and far reaching knowledge of human nature and human affairs.

Time and time again, when pressed upon by vindictive questions, his replies, calm, simple, kindly, brought out with crushing force the malice and sophistry of their attitude. Could anyone devise a more perfect retort than: "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's and unto God the things which are God's." Could any judgment have been more perfect than his speech: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone?"

Not one of His great epigrams is there but that is true—true in the deepest and strictest sense. Not one is there but is perfectly practical in its application to our everyday life. Not one is there which should not be to us a guide to practical living as well as a help toward spiritual enfoldment.

And I am deliberately convinced that the man or the woman who desires to reach the highest degree of power, not only spiritually but mentally and physically as well, can do no better than to confine his or her reading largely to the actual words of Jesus of Nazareth, as they are reported in the four gospels.

That our forefathers should have failed to realize the significance of these wonderful sayings; that they should have misapprehended and misapplied these sayings for centuries; that they

should often have made the words of the gentle Sage a pretext for persecution and cruelty and even murder—this we can excuse, even as we can excuse those same forefathers for their ignorance of astronomy.

Today in the light of modern science and philosophy, we can, however, appreciate something of the splendid qualities of those remarkable speeches; and we bow in awe before their deep spiritual significance and their sane and practical wisdom.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," He had said to the crowd of ignorant and unbelieving Jews who were elbowing and gaping around him. And they answered: "We are not in bondage to any man." Were they not? Were they not, each of them, in bondage to himself—and to the influence and opinion of others—and to a thousand material conditions? And are not you, and you and I?

Yes, all of us are in bondage to our own selfishness, avarice, littleness and appetites. All of us are in bondage to our ignorance of many things, outside and inside of ourselves. We do not all know the truth that perfect joy comes only when others also have perfect joy. And so we suffer—suffer only because we make each other suffer. "Pain is for all 'til all are free." We do not all realize the simple truth that to take from others more money than we need for moderate, simple living is mean, cruel and absurd. And so we are in bondage to avarice. And only when we know the truth shall we be free from cupidity and commercialism.

We do not know the truth regarding the laws of mentation; and so we suffer from defective memories, from wander-

ing, confused thoughts, from lack of will and poverty of imagination. Some day we shall know the truth about these things; and then we shall be free from faults of mind. Is it not simple—and practical?

And then we havenot the truth regarding the best method of doing our daily work. So we do the work but poorly; and when the work is done we are fatigued and irritable. And the work seems a drudgery instead of a joy; and life is all wrong. But—that is only because we do not know the truth. In the first place, as I have proven personally in many thousand physical examinations only about one person in five hundred knows how to move the body without using up from ten to twenty times the amount of energy necessary. Those who have the truth are never tired—this I, myself, can vouch for. Fatigue is the result of a waste of force. To have the truth about the nature of fatigue will make us free of fatigue.

And how shall we be free from indigestion and rheumatism and catarrh

and the thousand and one other "ills that flesh is heir to?" Why, learn the truth about those things. Get the truth as to the real nature and causation of disease, and you will be free from disease. To know what some of us know even now is to be practically free from human weakness and ailments.

And so we see that in the realm of the spiritual life, on the plane of our mental activities and, quite as truly, with regard to our physical health, strength and efficiency we are free from the bondage of error, pain and failure only by knowing the truth.

Slowly greed, cruelty, brutality and meanness are passing from the earth. Slowly we seem to be gaining knowledge of ourselves and our habitation, the world. Slowly we are learning the laws of our bodies. At times, like the hands of the clock, we seem to be standing still. But the words of the Sage are unmistakable; and their practical logic is impregnable—"and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Tangled Threads.

One day wearied with my weaving, heeding not if 'twere ill done,
 Watched I other weavers working—saw their threads break one by one;
 Knot and snarl, and tear and tangle—not one perfect fabric there—
 And few did seem to know it, and none did seem to care.
 And I sought perfection, purely, thought not on the brittle thread;
 And for flaws I idly sorrowed, till a voice within me said:
 "Would it help their faulty weaving if you grieved out all your years?
 God sees it. Think ye His eyes too are dimmed with futile tears?
 It is smoothing out the snarls that helps, not weeping over wrong.
 So take from out Love's workbox now a skein of joy-thread strong;
 And the ragged, raw, rough places you have wept for all this while
 You shall overcast with beauty and embroider with a smile.
 Then return to your own shuttle, from these threads weave new brocade—
 Threads of Joy that will not tangle, threads of Love that will not fade—
 And with this fairer fabric and more perfected design,
 No weariness, fault-finding, nor tears will then be thine."

—Lannie Haynes Martin.

Phyris, Phylos and Phrena.

BY EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

PART II, CHAPTER VIII.

PHRENA TO REVIEW ANCIENT WISDOM.



"And the stone hewn without hands, is the understanding, manifested in a New Word or Gospel of Interpretation, which smiting the monster mis-called Civilization, shall 'scatter in pieces the iron, the

clay, the brass, the silver and the gold.'"

—The Perfect Way.

"And the seven angels that had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound."—Revelation viii, 6.

"Every nation is looking for a Promised One, or indeed, for two Manifestations. The existent world needs a uniting power to connect nations. I enjoin you to the service of the nations and to the pacification of the world."—Baha, Acca, Palestine, A. D., 1904.

"The Lord said when I was in readiness, I cleft asunder the continent of Pan and sunk it beneath the waters."—Book of Aph, Oahspe, Chapter II, verse 8.

"For in the time of Kosmon their relics shall be testimony."—Verse 11. *"So will I, the Lord, provide in the Kosmon era to discover the sunken land."*—Verse 12. This era began A. D., 1847. *"To North Gautama, because she is the ground on which the circumscribing of the earth by the different nations shall take place, where the revelations of heaven and earth shall be made to man, I will establish a heavenly kingdom, and it shall be called Kosmon."*—Book of Cpenta-Armij, Oahspe, Chapter V, Verse 32. *"And unto Eber were born*

two sons: The name of one was Peleg; for in his day was the earth divided."—Genesis x, 25.

For Solomon's Seal, the Hebrew Shiloh, on ancient occult and symbolic maps of the earth appears in the Pacific Ocean over the center of the submerged continent Pan. And the Sphinx over North America, which is North Gautama in the quotation from Oahspe. The Swastika is, or was, pre-eminently the symbol of Pan. I have just returned from an archaeological expedition to Catalina Island, in the Pacific, south of California. I discovered four Archaic types of the Swastika in rocks within and in front of a prehistoric cave temple. And fine Swastikas have been found in the modern Egyptian town Coptos on the ruins of the ancient city Panopolis. For when Pan sank, survivors scattered throughout the earth, reaching Panama, Peru, Yucatan, California, Catalina, Arizona, New Mexico, Hudson's Bay, Lake Superior, Quebec, New England, New York, the West Indies, and filled with relics all three Americas. These wise men reached Europe, Africa and the south half of Asia, and wrote Genesis as far as the tenth chapter. All persons conversant with the world's literature produced during the last ten years, are aware that events of vast import to all that part of the earth called Christendom are impending and are almost due. Let me go one step farther and assert that they are beginning now.

PHYLOS AND ALGONQUIN.

"Algonquin, my brothers of the sixth degree of ancient mystery, thou Son of Clay, give heed. I would speak to thee."—Phylos.

"Phylos, thou Illumined One, I hear; what would thou say?"—Algonquin.

"Meet me in Los Angeles, Cal., United States of America, on the first day of the sixth month this current year of Christendom."—Phylos.

"O, Son of Dust, the Blessed One permitting, I will meet thee. May peace be thine."—Algonquin.

Phylos when he spoke to Algonquin was standing on, or near the site of the buried Oracle of Dodona, in Thesprotia, once a city in ancient Greece. He was in a thoughtful mode, wondering what the seven priestesses, especially Plexavre and Tythe, revealed here concerning submerged lands, mighty races and wisdom. There names were those of Pan. Phylos was also longing for means to pay for making excavations, striving to discover ruins of this venerable oracular temple. Algonquin at the same time was on the island of Mullocollo, in the New Hebrides group, in the Pacific Ocean, and was engaged in trying to exhume two colossal statues, when he heard his name called in the interior of his brain, by Phylos. The statues are of hard stone but sculptured with exquisite artistic skill, in a style unknown at present. But the features and dress are similar to prehistoric statues now in "Occult Japan." All readers who study these subjects must know by this time that Phylos is a Master. Algonquin is well advanced, and both are brothers in a mystery that has descended in an unbroken line from Pan. Its symbol is a flower indigenous to Pan, enclosed in a pentacle. This mystery now is in possession of all the wisdom that survived the destruction of the continent; except, so far as is known to them, that stored by means of hereditary subconscious accumulations in Phrena, the subliminal mind associated with Phyris, the mind above the threshold. Phylos went from Greece to New York, and on arrival, looked into the maze in Southern California, into the little home within, soon to become a world center of strange things, and saw Phyris—reading. A

phase of mentalism was now to be experienced by Phyris, new to her, even with all her insight and mental power.

She heard her name called, but the sound seemed to arise and develop in the brain. It will be seen by referring to Chapter II, that the first communication made by Phylos to Phyris was by means of causing her anesthetized hand to write. But this message, as follows, was sent to the subliminal mind:

"To Phyris, thou partially illumined, greeting and peace. Myself and a brother will call upon thee on September 21. We desire the wisdom in thy possession regarding the submerged continent Pan, and its civilization. Wilt thou meanwhile summon thy powers of introspection during four hours each day; two beginning at noon, and two at midnight. May the peace of the Blessed One's be thine," thy teacher, Phylos.

This the reader will understand was sent to Phrena. Phyris was in deep thought within a moment, and in a maze indeed. She remained in this meditation for an hour, then arose, went to her bookcase, took down her box of Swastikas and examined each one with an intense fascination. There were nearly a hundred different patterns in many kinds of materials from ivory to metals. Then a latent thought came and she dashed out of the maze and into the house. "Oh, Father, give me the ancient box in the safe," she exclaimed. He was astonished and asked her what had happened. She told all; and then he said, "My daughter, the time has not arrived for it to be opened, the world is not yet prepared," and refused to give it to her. Then a voice spake within his brain saying: "Phyris is ready to receive." Speechless with amazement, he opened the huge safe, and with trembling hands took out the little ancient chest of bronze and gave it to Phyris. It looked like a relic of the Bronze Age of Man.—*Lowe Observatory, Echo Mountain, Cal., July 21, '08.*

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

BY ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE AURIC ENVELOPE: HOW AFFECTED.

Although personal character determines certain permanent colors, the human aura expands and varies in colors and hues according to the nature and the intensity of man's thoughts and emotions, every thought having its effect. Thus the aura reflects absolutely what is transpiring within. Indeed, Occultists say, "The astral man, whose color is determined by his evolutionary progress, is the real man."

The clearness of the thought-form depends upon the thinking; if one is vivid, so will the other be; and the purity and beauty of the colors depends upon the purity and virtue of the thought. Indefinite thoughts make forms as cloudy and vague as the forces whence they emanate. In such cases, the colors blend indistinctly. The dreamer to "dream true" must picture clearly. No effect is greater than its cause.

Of all psychic conditions no other is so infectious as depression, which grays all colors till indigo absorbs them. Worry, anxiety, and irritation also degrade the colors; vicious passions and vices pollute them. All degradation of colors by graying and browning changes and lowers their signification and coarsens their atomic structure. In every color this change is the seal of intense egoism, and usually of absorption in things material, in sordid and selfish interests.

Remember that Nature works the same on all her planes. God placed in her hands the implement of vibratory Force, and through the varied character of these vibrations she chisels all forms, making fine forces

visible through their color which proclaims their character and effect. We have the reflection of all the "Forty-nine Fires" within us. It is a comforting thought that the possibility of every color, every hue, every tone—*therefore of all perfection—is within.* Verily a bewilderingly complex creature is man.

It is this variety of color which makes possible such a range of vocal power—especially influenced by *Apas*, the water vibration—for every modulation of tone is the effect of a distinctive modification of form through *Tattvic* permutations; and hence has its special shade, tint, or hue of color. *Râma Prasâd* says, "Good and bad tendencies are imprinted on the *Prâna* by the power of sound;" because sound imparts to the vital force its own colors, modified only in degree by the individual *Prâna* upon which susceptibility depend.

Thus, a *Tejas*-colored song rouses heat and excitement (as witness the effect of all patriotic songs), and may provoke intense emotion. The *Akâsha*-colored song deepens melancholy and may cause fear and forgetfulness; and as every emotion of the human heart has its color, the sound of that color tends to rouse its corresponding emotion. The important science of color therapeutics, or chromopathy, is based upon this fact, as also all musical therapeutics, or "medical music" as the cult was called when *first revived* a hundred years ago.

Every tone of the human voice whether in speech or song shares with the thought it expresses in the effect upon the vital currents and their emanations in the auras. Therefore is the training of the speaking voice of highest

importance in the perfecting of the individual.

When told that the color of a tone affects the nerves, hold in mind the fact that color and sound are the visible and audible effects of particular energies. It is the vibration which produces the given effect, whether it be our eyes or our ears which receive it and transmit it over our nerves; and the varied effects produced upon human beings by the same color or music are due to the modifications of individual idiosyncracies,—the peculiar colors active within and hence pulsating throughout every person's aura. Nature's seal, determining the key, modifies its response to external stimulants.

While the ability to distinguish the varied colors in the auras of our fellows is still an exceptional gift, it is at the option of all to test the power of visible color to affect, favorably or unfavorably, the whole complex human being; that is, to act upon him physically as a stimulant or sedative of organic functions; and to affect him mentally and spiritually as well.

The benefit derived from surrounding yourself with a certain color or wearing it is, that the objective presence of the color aids greatly in visualizing it internally, and by thinking the color till it is vividly present to your mental consciousness, you connect yourself with the *Tattvic* currents of that color and draw them to you. Thus you actively accelerate their beneficent work; and in this way, rightly applied, color becomes a powerful aid in mental therapeutics.

The colors most commonly seen in the so-called *Tattvic* aura (really a misnomer, because *all* is *Tattvic*) are, from the skin outward, luminous pearl-white, blue, violet, yellow, red; or in reversed order from the luminous band. But there are many variations, as, orange-yellow, bright line, blue, orange-yellow, and red; or, dark line (indigo?), red,

yellow, blue, and lavender-violet, and these changes in order and in colors are of course indicative of characteristic activities. With every change of *Tattvic* and *Prânic* currents the intensity of the colors varies; the physical condition of vitality or fatigue is also plainly marked, and this whole chromatic band pulsates in rhythm with the breathing; broadening with expiration, and decreasing with inspiration. I think myself, though I have neither seen nor heard the fact conjectured, that this one phenomenon proves the "*Tattvic* aura" to be the psychic breath between the dense and subtle bodies (the *Sthûla*-and *Sukshma-sharîras*).

The *Tattvic* currents split at the pulse and run up the fingers separately in the regular order, from thumb to little finger, of *Akâsha*, *Vâyu*, *Tejas*, *Apas* and *Prithivi*. The air (*Vâyu*) *Tattva* dominates the whole hand as the index-finger does its mates, and gives to it its remarkable tactile delicacy, its suppleness and dexterity. By examination of the pulse vibrations and the finger auras, the Hindu physician discovers which *Tattva* is disordered and diagnosis the consequent disease accordingly. His index-finger is sensitive to any preponderance of "wind" in the body; his middle-finger (*Tejas*), to an excess of bile, and his ring-finger, to the condition of the phlegm.

Musical sounds affect the *Tattvic* aura, intensifying not so much the existing colors as their lines of conjunction, and especially, the luminous band lying next the skin, which is mainly *Akâshic*. This effect is not emotional, but indicates the inevitable mechanical, rhythmic connection of sound vibrations. I believe all crashing, tumultuous, warring noise causes a similar but greater disturbance, and that the irritating effect upon the nerves begins right here, the shock tangling the vibrations and even loosening the connection between

the gross and subtle bodies. Emotional influences from music are much more powerful than these mere rhythmic disturbances in the color-changes induced throughout the aura.

The lower auras, *Tattvic*, *Etheric* double, and *Kâmic*, extend farther out in the order named, and follow in shape all the outlines of the dense body. The three highest auras have the ovoid outlines of the Auric Envelope; and the aura of Lower *Manas*—"intermediate in form as in Nature"—while ovoid follows the sinuosities of the visible body, especially the movements of the head and shoulders. The *Etheric* double has its own *Tattvic* aura reflecting faintly the colors and geometrical figures of that playing upon the surface of the dense body. Any physical disturbance which is immanent can be seen in this form body, which is literally a shadow of the future.

It is in the *Kâmic* and the two *Manasic* auras that color plays most vividly and proclaims unmistakably the man within; for these are the desire and thought vehicles wherein the influences dominating and swaying the man set their seal of energy. The color is the outward indication of the force either used within, drawn by desire, or generated in that mightiest engine for good or ill—a man's brain!

I think it is a mistake to speak of these auras as emanations from the different sheaths; for I believe they are the sheaths themselves, all together making up the aura, and filling the Auric Envelope. Thus instead of many auras, we have simply the sheaths of the principles composing the septenary man, showing in the aura exactly how they interblend; which Principle is most active, and how through increasing refinement of the component elements, the sheaths extend farther out, manifesting the same increasing subtlety of structure from within outward that we see in the physical body from *Prithivi*, in the bones, to *Vâyu* in the skin. If we hold this picture in mind, we have an exact correspondence in form and activities between man within his Auric Egg and the minutest atom.

The *Kâmic* sheath of the undeveloped man is a cloudy mass of dense, coarse

atoms, "fit to respond to all the stimuli connected with passions and appetites." Brickish-browns, hot inflaming reds, and murky greens are the predominant hues, with a trace of dingy yellow about the head. Mrs. Besant says (*Ancient Wisdom*): "There is no play of light or quickly changing flashes of colors through this astral body; but the various passions show themselves as heavy surges, or, when violent as flashes; thus sexual passion will send a wave of muddy crimson, rage a flash of lurid red. * * * The centers of the organs of sense are definitely marked, and are active when worked on from without, but in quiescence the life-streams are sluggish." At this stage, growth must come from outward stimuli, and often suffering, either physical or mental, is needed to rouse from a life of stupid inertia.

All good and unselfish emotions are steps in ethical and mental progress that improve this sheath by refining its constituent particles. Its outlines grow clearer and finer; characteristic colors begin to assert themselves as fixed factors; though changing, ebbing and rippling, under the impulse of consciously directed thoughts and activities. Sudden ecstasies of pure exalted affection fill the whole *Kâmic* sheath with whirling thought-forms of purest, luminous crimson, while a flush of translucent rose-color veils all the throbbing, pulsating hues beneath.

In reply to inquiries we append the following glossary of principal Sanskrit words used in Miss Fletcher's articles, compiled from Rama Prasad's "Nature's Finer Forces":—

Tatwa—1. A mode of motion. 2. The central impulse which keeps matter in a certain vibratory state. 3. A distinct form of vibration. The Great Breath gives to *Prakriti* (the undifferentiated cosmic matter) five sorts of elementary extension. The first and most important of these is the *akasa tatwa*: the remaining four are the *prithivi*, the *vayu*, the *apas*, and the *agni* or *tejas*. Every form and every motion is a manifestation of these *tatwas* singly or in conjunction, as the case may be.

Tejas (or *agni*). One of the *tatwas*, the luminiferous (or sight) ether; its color, red.

Akasa—The name of the first *tatwa*, the soniferous (or sound) ether. In this everything is, but is not seen.

Prithivi—The odoriferous (or smell) ether.

Vayu—The tangiferous (or touch) ether.

Apas—The gustiferous (or taste) ether.

Prana—The life principle of the Universe and its localized manifestation; the life principle of man and other beings. An ocean of the five *tatwas*. The suns are the different centers of the ocean of *prana*.

Pranayama—The practice of drawing deep breaths, keeping the indrawn air inside as long as possible, then breathing the lungs out as empty as possible.

Samadhi—Trance state.

Sushumna—The spinal chord with all ramifications.

Clairvoyance and Auras.

By J. C. F. GRUMBINE, B. D.

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Under this general head six specific topics are discussed. They are concise, practical lessons on the realization of the Clairvoyant vision and how to see auras. Auras emanate from both persons and things. These lessons are for the old and young. The subjects are:

1. A Power Supernormally Active.
2. How to See Clairvoyantly.
3. The Aura, Its Colors and Influence.
4. What Colors Mean.
5. Divination.
6. Crystal Reading.

LESSON IV.

WHAT COLORS MEAN.

If it is possible, speaking scientifically, to assign a spiritual quality to color, and such qualities can be universally applied to colors wherever manifest, that particular branch of chromopathy will prove not only a fascinating study but help in assigning things to their proper sphere. More than this, when the senses fail to record impressions or when they prove unreliable, the aura, like the vision, will advise one as to what is the best course to pursue. That is what is meant by the aura quality and the deeper meaning of color. Color like sound is simple and complex, the complex colors becoming over and under tones of the simple. A complex color is one so differentiated as to conceal its original form or forms.

The three primary colors, red, yellow, blue, originally came from light which is no color at all, but may be called white because of its glory. The complementary colors (four in number), orange, green, violet, indigo, are complex and vary the quality of the primary colors. Each color adds a shade of meaning by intensity, and the clairvoyant whose perception of aural colors is acute is able to determine exactly what the tincture signifies. Briefly the color dictionary can be thus explained, so that the values of the complementary and primary colors can be seen at a glance:

TABLE I.
Primary Colors.

Red.....	Magnetic or Thermal
Yellow.....	Natural
Blue.....	Electrical or Cold

Complementary Colors.

Orange.....	Semi-Magnetic
Green.....	Semi-Electrical
Violet.....	Electro-Magnetic
Indigo.....	Electro-Etheric

TABLE II.

Primary Colors.

Red.....	Heart
Yellow.....	Will
Blue.....	Head

Complementary Colors.

Orange.....	Will Controlling Heart
Green.....	Intellect Controlling Will
Violet.....	Intellect Controlling Heart
Indigo.....	Spirit Controlling Intellect

TABLE III.

Primary Colors.

Red.....	Love
Yellow.....	Motive Power
Blue.....	Intellect

Complementary Colors.

Orange.....	Laudable Action
Green.....	Neutralizing Action
Violet.....	Subdued Action
Indigo.....	Self-Sacrifice

Now if one reads the color red in each table he will understand what significance it has on the physical, physiological or psychological, moral or spiritual planes. Again, if black be mixed with the color on evil magnetism, heart or love is generated; if light or lucidity, then good, in the sense of purity, unselfishness and a divine life. Magnetic colors have the red vibration and electrical the blue. The one is warm and attractive, the other cold and repellant. Magnetic persons attract, while electrical repel. This is a universal rule.

Mixtures or tinctures are subtle and hence convey a more subtle meaning. However, if the above tables are kept well in mind, an intelligent and working idea can be formed of the simple and complex colors, so far as their psychological effect on human life is concerned. This is true even to the colors of the gar-

ments persons wear, one wearing red or blue because they either vibrate their opposites, or because these colors harmonize with their actual auras. Of course superficial observations with consequent

judgments may lead to much error, but as a rule we desire and love certain colors because they agree with us, and because the real self, hidden in an aural mist hints if not reveals what it is.

New Thought and Red Pepper.

JESSIE L. BRONSON.

When I was a small maiden in long braids and a blue frock, and I went to school in a little white schoolhouse, and read in the Second Reader, I took great delight in a story of a very "bad" cat who *would* catch chickens, and whose mistress punished him by filling the feathers of one of his little dead victims with red pepper, then restoring it to its captor to be eaten. Whereupon this very "bad" cat became at once very "good," and renounced forever his taste for chickens and all innocent game.

Now I am the mistress of a great sleek, tiger-striped beauty, a model cat in most respects, but like his ancestors of the Second Reader, he has one fault, a too great fondness for game, in particular the flying variety. Mice he will not touch, they are too bourgeois a dish for his lordship, but birds—beautiful goldfinches and lovely bright-winged orioles suit the epicurean palate and eye of my kingly pet to a T.

Remonstrance, friendly or unfriendly, is of no avail. Why not try the Second Reader cure, I mused. So when the next little dead victim was brought and laid at my feet, I at once took possession of it, an act which Tiger-Stripes seemed to regard as a breach of politeness on my part. Like the gentleman he is, he did not resent my unladylike interference, but his gaze seemed to say, "Please, I'd rather not. I couldn't think of giving up my dinner to anyone else, but since it is you, I suppose you may have it if you insist."

Retiring to the house out of sight of wise-eyed pussy, I treated the plumage of the tiny dead body to a generous filling

of pepper and restored it to its rightful owner.

Tiger-Stripes began investigation at once, sniffing daintily at his restored dinner dish. Finding there something enigmatic, he immediately set about solving the problem like the good new thought cat he is.

After several detours and much sniffing, he commenced rolling the bird over gingerly with his paws, and emboldened by his success in dislodging the objectionable seasoning, he was soon tossing and shaking the bird most vigorously, retiring now and then to a safe distance to sneeze and shake pepper from nose and eyes. And, to my horror, he finally *began eating that bird*.

Not to be balked in my human discipline, I seized that bird with a lack of ceremony that I fear must have been really not quite polite, and this time I emptied the red-pepper box. But experience had taught proficiency. This time Tiger-Stripes knew from the first just what to do, and he did it. Sometime, somewhere, in some incarnation, I feel sure Tiger-Stripes had taken lessons of new thought. Obstacles could not balk him. I could quite fancy him saying over and over to himself (a la William Walker), "I can and I will."

Of course he ate the bird, and I didn't feel at all sure but that he had earned the right. Now I interfere no more with the spoils of his hunting expeditions. And to think he never resented my interference. He even forgave me before I did it. Who of us would have done better? If Tiger-Stripes isn't a "new thoughter, who is?

On Omar Khayyamism.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

The great majority of people live too largely in their emotions, feelings and physical sensations.

As a consequence they are driven about and buffeted like a small boat in a rough sea.

Whatever gives them physical pleasure or pain or pleases the emotions, looms large in their consciousness to the exclusion—for the time being—of all else.

Such people become hypnotized by their own surface vibrations and pass from heaven to hell and from hell to heaven, according as the barometer of their feelings rises or falls.

Many of the gentler sex (may God forever bless them) find a sweet and peculiar emotional delight in being sad and inviting the thoughts which have tear-drops sticking out all over them.

Especially is this true of the unmarried women with considerable leisure upon their hands. Such love to bury themselves beneath the billows of feeling which arise from a contemplation of the sad strains of Omar Khayyam, Le Gallienne and other poets who strike the minor notes.

These emotional debauches are all right, doubtless, provided they do not become a fixed habit.

To live too much in the surface vibrations is weakening. We should cultivate the consciousness of eternal, unchangeable Principle, which abides at the center, and which is not disturbed by the emotional storms which go on at the surface of being.

Instead of doing so much *seeking* we can with advantage put in a little more time in *doing*. The *doer* is generally too

busy to think about what he is going to get from some one or something outside himself. Likewise he isn't seriously disturbed by the lachrymose strains of elderly winebibbers who have burned the candle of life at both ends—and then wished they hadn't.

The *doer* recognizes the *justice* of eternal laws. He is *glad* to believe that we all get about what is due us in the long run, and that we cannot both "eat our cake and have it," but must *earn* what we get.

The trouble with the devotees of Omar is that they would have life an endless round of pleasure with no pain; they would live on cake altogether and give plain bread the go bye; they would reap where they have *not* sown and gather bananas from skunk cabbage plants.

It won't work, of course.

And the *doer* doesn't waste time trying to squeeze juice from the rind of the orange. He gets interested in hustling up another orange instead of bewailing the fact that the one he has is dry, or trying fruitlessly, to console himself with a false substitute for the wine of life.

If you must have your mental palate tickled, and your feelings harrowed up, by the artistic pessimism of Omar and similar writers, don't make the mistake of supposing that you are really drinking deep at the fountain of truth. You are simply looking at *one side*, and a very small and restricted side it is, of truth. You are looking at the shadow instead of at the sun. The great sun lights up the earth and the shadows only fall in a few places. Why exaggerate the shadows?

*"He that doeth good without hope of reward
has already received the highest."*



THE WAY OUT

BY GRACE MAC GOWAN COOKE.

CHAPTER VII.

MIRANDA TATE'S STORY.

As the two women worked over the sick child that night they came to a closer intimacy than years of ordinary association might have brought them. Virginia almost unconsciously responded to that trait in her companion which Kinney Lee had mentioned and poured out the story of her griefs, her necessity for guidance and help.

"I'll tell you how it was with me," Miranda said. "We'll sit up with Mary Lou and have one good talk together—sometimes you can put a night to a better use than sleeping."

Virginia agreed, they settled themselves, with the open door from the kitchen bringing some warmth to the chilly room, and Miranda began:

"There were just four of us in the family, father, mother, my brother Martin, and myself. We have been deathly poor ever since the War, but father and mother can't forget that we used to have a great deal. Father was a preacher, if he was a rich man's son, and he lays it all to our poverty that Mart got to running with a sporting crowd, and

finally owned an interest in a saloon. They wouldn't take a cent of money from Martin because father said it was tainted money. I began to teach as soon as I was through school, and we managed to live on what I could make and a little help now and then from some of our rich kin. Father had a stroke of paralysis ten years before he died, and was utterly helpless. Mother was always more or less of an invalid, but she managed to do the work with the help of one or two negroes that had been old family servants and would come and work for us for almost nothing. We got along pretty well till I broke down at teaching. My eyes gave out in a queer way; the letters used to split themselves and the lower half of them appeared above the line. The doctor said it was nervous exhaustion, and I had got to quit using them. He didn't need to add that, for I couldn't read and I could hardly manage to write my name."

"You poor child," murmured Virginia. "You were just worked to death."

"I don't think now that it was the work that hurt me. Teaching needn't be very hard, if you don't worry over

it. We quarreled all the time at home. You understand, I don't say that to be speaking ill of the dead, and criticizing my parents, but you have to know it if I'm going to help you about your troubles by telling you of mine. Father and mother wouldn't recognize Mart or have him about, and they were full of bitterness, poor souls; so they used to talk about their troubles, or quarrel with each other or with me from morning till night. I never sat down to a meal in peace. I generally went to sleep in tears. Break down at teaching—I should think anybody would—it's a wonder I didn't die!"

"Well, it wasn't your fault," urged Virginia. "You couldn't help it."

"Maybe I couldn't," said Miranda reflectively, "but the great Law of Life didn't pay any attention to whose fault it was. I was getting punished till I would make some effort to help it."

A flush rose to Virginia's cheek. She was thinking of herself, and how roundly she had blamed her brother with all her misfortunes. Plainly every soul must shoulder its own responsibilities.

"I resigned my place in the school and went into the cotton mill," Miranda's quiet voice continued. "Father and mother were so angry that they hardly spoke to me for days. I thought I had it hard up at the school before, but you know what factory work is, and from the time I started in here at Kesterson's my life was a sort of hell. I never used to close my eyes at night without being glad that I had lived through that much of it, and that it wouldn't be to do over again. As I look back at it I see that I was being driven into a corner, so that I would put out my hand and help myself."

"But you didn't know how—we have to be shown," whispered Virginia.

Miranda nodded. "Things were just at the worst with me when a young

lady that is a relative of Mr. Kesterson's got up a working girls' club, and had Sunday afternoon meetings with lecturers to talk to us, and although a year before that I would have been too proud to go to such a thing, at this time I was down where a chance to make life tolerable for an hour or two was welcome. I used to attend regularly, and we had just one woman that came and talked to us on the philosophy of life—Mary V. Garland—I'll never forget her! She was a plain, practical person, and she had no disposition to make a flourish over her speaking. Some of the girls didn't seem to get out of it what I did, but that woman and the truth she brought me made the world over so far as I am concerned.

"She gave me some addresses, and I've bought a few books that she recommended and subscribed for a little magazine that I like to read; but I got the whole of the truth right there listening to her. You can get it out of your Bible, or anywhere, if your eyes are open to see the truth. I like to get hold of anything new on the subject, but it isn't necessary."

"Do you mean that you got religion?" inquired Virginia in a puzzled tone.

Miranda turned to minister to the girl on the bed who roused a little and asked for a drink.

"Well," she smiled as she settled herself once more in her chair, "you might call it that if you wanted to. I was a church member when I went to hear Mrs. Garland, and I have never given up my membership since, though I don't get much time or chance to attend services. Mrs. Garland called the books she recommended New Thought—and it certainly was that to me."

"But what did you do? I believe I got a glimpse of just what you are talking about this very night, when I

kneeled here beside Mary Lou, and said to myself that I had to have help. I see one thing, I've got to take hold of my own life and live it for myself, not let other people decide things for me and then blame them for their mistakes."

"That's it—that's the very fundamental truth," agreed Miranda, "the truth that's at the bottom of the well."

"At the bottom of the well," echoed Virginia. "That's where I found it."

"I went home from Mrs. Garland's talk and instead of blaming father and mother for deciding things for me I began deciding them for myself, and using plenty of love with my wisdom. The first thing that I did was to go to Mart and tell him that he would have to provide a home for father and mother, and I'd make them accept it. He's a very warm-hearted man, just full of feeling, and he and I cried together over the thing. We talked to father and mother, and he promised them he'd never have anything to do with the saloon business again. Poor old father! he insisted that it was his own example which had finally converted Mart, and I was glad he could think so. His joys were mighty few, and he didn't live long in the new house. They all thought I would give up the factory right away; but Martin was going to get married, and it wasn't easy for him to do what he did for the old folks. I couldn't, decently, add to his burdens. Besides, I somehow felt that I had to stay on and love my work in the factory till I'd got it straightened out before anything better would be sent to me."

"That's what you said to Kinney, the first evening you met him, and he repeated your words to me," put in Virginia. "I'm willing to be convinced, Miranda, but it seems to me that if a place is bad, and bad for you, the sooner you get out of it the better."

"Yes," agreed the other, "but the way you get out of it makes a good deal of difference, too. I wasn't going to get out of the factory by piling myself onto Mart, and interfering with his plans. I had learned to be a very expert weaver and I could earn almost as much at the mill as I used to teaching."

"But it's unhealthy work—everybody says so," urged Virginia. "Look what it's done to us. We came from the plantation in good health, and we're all pretty near ruined."

Miranda smiled a little. "Did the factory do all that?" she inquired. "You changed your diet and habits entirely when you came to Kesterson's; don't you think that had something to do with it?"

"Well, we had to, on account of the mill work. A body hasn't time to cook anything, scarcely time to eat it; and I think breathing that air in the factory will give any person consumption sooner or later."

"I'll tell you what I do about breathing," said Miranda simply. "You'll notice that nearly everyone in the mill breathes through the mouth. I keep my lips closed all the time I'm in the weaving-room. Nature fashioned us a very excellent apparatus for cleansing the air we breathe. If we breathe through the mouth *anywhere* we suffer for it, and in a factory I'll admit it's deadly."

"But you get a cold, first thing, from that heat in there, and then you can't breathe through your nose."

"It was one of the things I had to settle for myself," said Miranda. "After I decided that I would stay in the mill till I had put by enough money to try something better, I certainly didn't want to get sick or injure myself, and I began taking some very simple deep breathing exercises morning and evening in the pure out-door air. While

I'm in the factory my mouth is shut, and you'll notice I've not even had grip this winter. Oh, it can be done, even when the surroundings are not favorable, if you just don't get scared and angry and conclude that your work is going to be the ruin of you, you can find a way to make it less injurious.

"My children and I can't stand being housed up so—it just kills us," mourned Virginia. You see we've lived all our lives in the country, where we were out of doors in any sort of decent weather almost from morning till night."

Miranda nodded. "That's what's bad about factory work" she agreed quietly. "Even if the air wasn't full of dust and lint, you're right about the outdoor air being better. But what folks have to do when they are trying to harmonize themselves with their conditions is to seek to make the best of things rather than the worst. You could spend eight hours out of the twenty-four in the open air and work in the factory."

"I'd like to know how—unless they'd set my looms out of doors," Virginia returned.

Miranda looked thoughtfully at her friend. "I always wonder that more hard worked—well, over-worked people—I hate to use that expression but I reckon it's a fair one—I always wonder that they don't take account of the hours they spend in sleep," she began. "I faced this matter of outdoor air when I first began to say to myself that the factory had got to be healthy to me for awhile. I took to sleeping, summer and winter, with my windows open."

"A lot of good that would do you in this low, flat place," said Virginia hopelessly.

"Do you think the air here is any better for having been housed up awhile and breathed some?" inquired Miranda smilingly but rather settlingly.

"Well—of course not," Virginia admitted. "But I shouldn't want my windows open to the night air here."

"Good gracious," laughed Miranda, "what do you expect to breathe at night? You can't hold your breath till morning. You'll have to breathe the night air if you breathe anything, and what comes from outside the house is better than what you have shut up in it. I don't think you've chosen a very wholesome situation. That's one of the good things about setting your face toward making the best of things the way they are—it causes you to question your steps. As soon as I decided that I would breathe outdoor air all night, I moved onto higher ground over on Price's Hill. It gives me a longer walk to my work, but I think that's good for me to. The first six months I slept with my windows up, and the next I got the privilege of moving my bed onto an upstairs porch, and I really slept out doors."

"I've heard of that—for consumptives," said Virginia; "but none of the Lees or Prestons ever had anything in the world the matter with their lungs."

"Dear heart," argued Miranda without the slightest trace of impatience in her voice, "don't you think if a thing will actually cure consumption, (and some folks say sleeping in the open air will do it), that it is good for people who are housed up all day and are liable to get coughs and colds? You just try it, honey, and you'll find out."

"Maybe that's what gives you such a fresh color," mused Virginia. "All the other mill workers are as white as the cloth they weave. I'm getting that awful, sallow look, and I notice it on Mary Lou, child that she is."

"Eat some air and get rosy and fat on it," whispered Miranda as they both glanced toward the sleeping girl and lowered their tones. "After all, Vir-

ginia, I think the eating of most of the people in the mill is what ails them; they haven't time, as you say, and they get the habit of gulping down their food in a hurry, so that they don't take time even on days when they have plenty of it. They'll live on baker's bread, and cheese and crackers and canned meat—anything you can get quick and easy. That noon meal that you have to hurry home for and crowd down so as to be ready to run back to the factory is enough to make anybody sick. Then they all eat too much."

"Why, Miranda! Most of the mill people look starved. I know I've fallen away in flesh."

"They *are* starved—starved from eating too much—eating what they don't make any use of," declared Miranda stoutly. "I'm not talking about anything that I don't know exactly. I've hunted around among the food that you can get ready cooked at the store and found what agrees with me—and it isn't canned meat and crackers, or baker's bread, either."

"Some of the others say that the things I buy are too expensive for them. The fact is they don't cost as much as meat and the little fancy crackers and cakes that nearly all of them eat so much of. I've got into the no-breakfast habit, and it leaves my mornings very free. I always take a glass of milk—and I sip it—I don't pour it right down—or a cup of hot bran coffee, or something in the way of fruit that I can eat slow as I'm dressing and tidying up my room. I expect maybe you notice that I don't go home at noon at all. I take my little lunch of nuts and brown bread and fruit and sit down out in the factory yard, if the weather is fit, and take the whole time eating it. When this is done, I am fed, and I won't have any indigestion after it. Then when I go home at night I get me up something very nice and tasty, for I believe in loving your food if you expect to have it love you."

"And I take my time about eating it, for there's nothing to hurry me, and I enjoy every bit of it. You talk about

my having such a good color; why, when I began living this way I was a confirmed nervous dyspeptic, and I looked like a woman made of clay!"

"Do you think you could manage that plan with children—a growing boy?" asked Virginia doubtfully.

"Well, it's a pity if you couldn't—as fine intelligent children as you've got, too," agreed Miranda heartily. "The young ones need it the most, and if their mothers don't see they get it, I don't know who will."

Virginia looked remorsefully at the sick girl on the bed. Her heart went out in an anguish of regret to the poor little boy shivering in jail. Truly, if the mother wouldn't seek and secure the best chance for her children there was nobody else to do it. She thought of their slovenly meals, of the bitter rebukes administered at the table, and her heart misgave her that she had done very ill indeed with these, her treasures.

"I don't believe a body ought to eat when they are angry or distressed," she said finally. "I think that's one thing that has made us all feel so poorly since we have been here."

Miranda reached forward and patted one of the hands that lay relaxed in her listener's lap.

"You're getting it all right," she said cheerily. "You're just one of the people that the truth comes to direct. I knew it the minute I put eyes on you. You make mistakes and suffer for about so long, and then the same energy that causes your error will cause you to seek a remedy. "See," pointing to the little window, "day is beginning to break. I reckon I'd better go on home. May Lou's sure to be all right. Keep her warm for a day or two, but don't you fail to have her breathe deep and breathe plenty of good pure air—that is the mortal foe of grip. I'll lend you some of my books, and some numbers of my magazine; you'll enjoy them, but if I'm any good at guessing, you won't need more than a hint. You're on the right track now, and first thing I know you'll be teaching me!"



BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

* * * One of our most interesting exchanges, considering the circumstances of its production—is *Lend A Hand*, published by the prisoners in the Oregon State Penitentiary. The editor is 5547, a life member of the institution, who finds recreation and a means of self-expression through this publication. *Lend a Hand* is a handsomely printed 16 page magazine, containing original articles, news items from the various departments of the prison and general literature.

* * * There is a growing disposition on the part of society to recognize the right of the individual to self-expression, even though it seems necessary to confine him within the limits of a prison. Such confinement is tempered, here and there, by efforts on the part of the prison officials to make the punishment meted out to criminals what it always should be, i. e., reformatory. Those who have any aptitude for useful employment should certainly be allowed by society to exercise it. And systematic attempts to awaken the desire (where it does not exist) for self-expression through useful work with head and hands, should be a part of the prison system.

* * * Self-expression is the one object of life. It is the only meaning of life. To become healthy and happy you must find expression along the lines of your own mental equipment and adaptability. Most of us haven't yet waked up to this necessity, so we reflect our present environment, the desires and opinions of our friends or family, conventional customs or almost anything but our real

selves. In other words we are more like sheep than like individuals. We accept our ideas ready-made to avoid the trouble of thinking. Most of the thought that comes our way is canned thought, and none too carefully inspected at the cannery to see whether it squares with nature and truth.

* * * Here and there an individual sticks his head above the dead level of humanity, looks about a bit, connects with the Cosmic Dynamo direct, and lo! we have a genius.

* * * It may be urged that with the development of individualism we shall have too little interest in the social organism as a whole. But I think it is necessary for one to realize the oneness of the universe before he can become an individual. And most of those who have individuality strongly marked you will find engaged in some work of a semi-public nature. It is the conventional thinker of canned thought and high chief promulgator of canned acts, according to the most ancient and cobwebby standards, who is most apt to be so hypnotized by his own little circle of life that he has no consciousness of humanity as a whole.

His consciousness is chained to Green-vill Corner, and he looks upon the rest of the world as a sort of menagerie, but does not consider that he bears any special relation to it.

* * * The man who possesses individuality gets out and rubs against people in other than his native environment, and comes in some sort to feel his relatedness to them.

* * * Just watch your own acts for a time and ask yourself at each step "Am I doing this because *I* really believe it is the right thing to do, or am I doing it because someone or something suggested it to me, or because I am afraid of what others may say if I don't do it?"

* * * To cultivate self-expression is to strengthen self-reliance. Just as soon as you get interested and busy in carrying out your own ideas and making them into realities, you forget to be sickly and to look for some one or something to give you happiness. We need self-expression to be healthy. Dr. Carr told us, at the Roycroft Spring, how he once saved a woman's life by setting her to shelling peas!

* * * It is detrimental to any person not to be obliged to work. If one has their living presented to them on a silver platter and their religion and politics ready-made—by those who work for a consideration—how can they help atrophying and becoming introspective? There is left no earthly incentive to self-expression, and they do not get exercise enough in that line to keep them sane, healthy, happy and really useful members of society. They begin to look for some one or something to live their lives for them, to inject joys into their consciousnesses as it were, and to supply by artificial methods that which would be the natural result of normal self-expression.

* * * I have just been reading one of the newly born new thought magazines in which the editor says he hopes to be able very soon to cut out all advertising. To me a magazine without advertising is not only a commercial impossibility, but it would be flat and stale as well. *McClure's* well and truly calls its advertising pages "the market-place of the world." The advertising section of any good publication contains most valuable material. It constitutes a public market or great department store where all valuable new inventions and discoveries are announced and called to the attention of the public. Without advertising we should be a hundred years behind the times, and we should miss

half the good things of life. If I were publishing a magazine it would contain advertising if I had to insert it free. Of course we want better advertising, and there is a great deal of advertising that can be improved, but may heaven deliver us, and I feel reasonably confident that it will, from falling upon the time when our magazines will be advertisementless.

A Little Lesson in Right Living.

SUSIE M. BEST.

God made all and all he made is Good.

God made no evil; therefore evil only seems.

Good is Life, Love, Truth, Honor, Justice, Affluence, Success.

Evil is any seeming inharmony of being or condition.

That only is real to me which I harbor in my thoughts.

I close my consciousness to evil.

By instant denial of its existence I weaken evil.

By constant assertion I make Good manifest.

I am an avenue for whatever thoughts I admit.

I am Open only to the Power and Presence of God.

I am closed to all inharmony, imposition and wrong.

God made me Perfect in His Own Image.

I permit no error of thought to mar that Image.

God means me to be and have all Good.

I am and have just what I *let* myself be and have.

I *let* myself be and have all God means for me.

No person or condition can encroach on my liberty.

No law, person or condition can limit me in Good.

I have Dominion over all things through God.

Circle of Whole-World Healing

Conducted by THE EDITORS.

Would you be at peace? Speak to the world.
Would you be healed? Speak health to the world.
Would you be loved? Speak love to the world.
Would you be successful? Speak success to the world.

For all the world is so closely akin that not one individual may realize his high desires except all the world share with him.

And every Good Word you send into the world is a silent, mighty power working for Peace, Health, Love, Joy, Success to all the world—

Including yourself.

Will you join all the readers and the editors of *The Nautilus* in daily periods of Whole-World Healing? No memberships, fees or special duties, no joining of anything but a spiritual movement. The entire visible sign and direction of this Circle of Healing appears in this column, in each number of *The Nautilus*. You join the Circle in thought only; no letters, fees, etc., are connected with it. You are free to secede when and how you choose.

No duties are attached and only one privilege: That of holding your own version of the thought expressed herewith, sending it out to all the world each night before you sleep, and as many times during the day as you think of it.

Each number of *The Nautilus* will carry in this column the thought to be used daily until the next number appears.

The emolument of membership in this Circle is *The Cosmic Consciousness*.

Which includes Health, Happiness and Prosperity to every Creature.—THE EDITORS.

Key Thought for Daily Meditation

*Let love abide;
Where'er its fragrance
falls,
The stony walls
Of sense decay, a sweeter
ray
Illumines heart, and soul,
and mind,
Gentle and kind,
This day
Let love abide.*

—Ernest S. Leigh.



Friends, the Wind Blows toward the new heaven on earth! We are all wafting that way. If you are not TOO BUSY you can see such indications all about you every day. And every paper and magazine you pick up contains little straws that show it! Here are a few the editor and some of our friends have culled while reading the daily papers and weekly reviews, etc. We shall be glad to have our readers keep an eye out for other Straws that show the way the Clean Winds blow, sending us any items they may think suitable for this column of very brief mention.—E. T.

A nurse at the polls to take care of the babies while the mothers voted was a novel feature of the election held the other day at Bellevue, Idaho. The election was close, the issue exciting, and every effort was made to bring out the voters, both men and women. All possible facilities were provided for the ladies, not only carriages to bring them to the voting place, but a nurse to look after the infants. The vexed question, "Who will take care of the baby?" is quickly solved where women have a vote. At the election in Finland, women workers belonging to the different parties volunteered their services to look after the young children in the homes of mothers who had no one to leave in charge of them. In England, it is said that a candidate has been known to tend the baby himself while its mother went to cast her vote for him. Where there is a will, there is a way.—*Springfield Republican*.

A big shake up in the liquor traffic went into effect today throughout New England. Laws went into effect which for the most part mean considerable advancement in the cause of temperance.

In Massachusetts, by changes in six cities and thirty-six towns, 210 licensed places, or ten per cent of the total number abandoned the liquor business at 11 o'clock last night.

In Vermont only twenty-seven cities and towns will legalize the sale of liquor as compared with ninety-two license cities and towns five years ago when local option took the place of state prohibition.

In New Hampshire an important ruling takes effect today whereby druggists' licenses throughout the state will be abolished.—*Holyoke Transcript*.

Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Missouri are among the states that have already abolished race-track betting. New York has abolished it, so far as the people's vote on a constitutional provision could accomplish that object. It remains for the Legislature,—the people's representatives,—to give that prohibition effect. Meanwhile, nothing is more clear than that New York needs another two years of Hughes in the governor's chair.—*Review of Reviews*.

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department.

Conducted by the Editor.

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen someone find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We are publishing herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matter of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of any number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send \$5.00 in money in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters.

—EDITORS.

Success Letter No. 137.

Success is so simple a thing that he who wills to obtain need only stretch forth his hand and grasp it. It lies not in the dim distance at the end of a fierce struggle that has exhausted the mind, body and soul. It is here, now, beside each one of us. To love and be loved is the sum of it all. To so thrill with deep love for all humanity that the hungry ask and receive unafraid, the tired child creeps into a friendly lap and falls into soft slumber, the forlorn yellow dog wags his tail in greeting when a friendly glance falls on him, those who are ill in mind, body or soul listen to cheering, helpful words, and all day long are soothed and comforted by the memory of the words and the smile. To so love the day's duties that the morning light brings to each one of us that the doing will be pure joy. Whether those duties be governing the United States or washing soiled clothes it matters not, if only the same joy goes into the effort of rightly governing, or bringing in from the line the garments made fresh and clean by the magic of water, wind and sun. To live a life so rich with kindly deeds and kindly thoughts toward man, bird and beast, that at the end it shall be said, "He was beloved by all, because he loved all." This is success, godly given and godly won.—IRENE WELCH GRISSOM, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Success Letter No. 138.

I love to watch the dear Nautilus folks playing at writing Success Letters. It reminds one of children burning kaleidoscopes.

And I want to have a turn, too. The fun is in the endless variation of the same theme—the all-embracing theme, good will. Evenings, before retiring, I like to recline on the settee, gaze into the great red caves in the fire on the hearth, and let my thoughts go where they will. Sometimes they picture those same dear Nautilus folks as fairies—the rarest and choicest show of babies ever on exhibit—earth babies, air babies, fire babies, water babies—and each a joychild, shedding blessing with every motion. And the saying, "Unless ye become as a little child, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," takes on new and added meaning. And I pray, "Renew the child spirit within me from day to day." Assuredly, if the simplicity, directness, trustful hope and untiring playfulness of childhood were guarded by us as precious possessions and applied to the occasions and emergencies of manhood, there would be little miscarriage of effort. Perhaps by this time Carlyle has revised his dictum to "Playful work is worship." So let all of us Nautilus folks laugh, dance and sing together; internally, yes, and externally, too; so that if perchance any may have lost on life's pathway the elasticity of youth, it may be regained and banded together, we may become in very truth an invincible army of blessed fairies.—KATE WINTER, Shawnigan Lake, Vancouver Island, B. C.

Success Letter No. 139.

Personally, there is one thing that stands out clearly above every other thing and that is nonresistance toward seeming evil. I say seeming, for so often the thing, or condition proves to be good so soon as we adjust ourselves to it. To illustrate: I have found that when my environment, a habit, or tendency that seemed to retard my development was resisted, it gained rather than diminished in power. Why? Simply because of giving it thought rather than the thing or condition that I really desired, and I have found also that by speaking to my mentality something after this manner the ghost would soon be laid. Now mind, you are not the only pebble on the beach, there are really and

truly others, the principal one being spirit, a very close relative of yours and much wiser. You know that you desire the very best to come, not only to yourself but to all concerned. Now, you just lie low, wait a bit, and if this thing is good, we'll find it out, you and I; if it is not, it will, like Longfellow's "Cares That Infest the Day," fold its tent like the Arabs, and as silently flit away.

Since I have come to treating things this way, the stress and tension have been relieved that put wrinkles in my face and gray hairs in my head, and now by "jolly" myself along, the wrinkles are smoothing out and the gray hair becoming beautifully less.

We all want success; yes, and deserve it, every mother's son (and daughter), and are told by the seer of Concord (ever dear Emerson) just how to attain it. He says, "Place yourself in the middle of the stream of power and wisdom, which flows into you as life (or, with breath and life) and you will without effort be impelled to right, truth and perfect content." Think of it, sweethearts, and do it, for I have proven and am still proving its truthfulness. It is just a letting our divine powers work, which they will do when we interpose no obstacles.—WINIFRED POTTER, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Success Letter No. 140.

The first thing for us to do in "making for success" is to get a clear idea of what success is. Of course, it is our idea of what is highest and best,—our ideals of the things or qualities that we most desire. Now, these ideals change with our growth. When we are upon the first stage of life, the animal desires to predominate, according to nature's plan, in order that the physical,—the foundation, shall get a good start; and during this period one is usually selfish, and success means to him the attainment of those things that he thinks will make just himself happy,—health, wealth and fame, or at least, a good reputation and an approving conscience. Then, when one enters upon the stage of married life, the horizon widens, at least enough to take in one's family and the ideal of success broadens also, and it then means success for the whole family. The one self becomes absorbed in many other selves. Then one learns that the success of the family is dependent in a degree upon the success of many other departments of life,—the schools, the town or city in which one lives, and so on. Perhaps some member of his family wears a garment that has been made by a worker that had tuber-

culosis and the dread disease takes away the loved one, and he is brought to see that his success is partly dependent upon the success and well-being of all the millions of workers on whom he is dependent for the most of his comforts and conveniences of life.

Then, if one is a reader of *Nautilus* and other new thought publications, and realizes what inspiration and joy he receives from them and similar sources, he tries to put himself in the place of the millions who have never received anything of the kind into their lives, but are giving their all to provide comforts and luxuries for him and others, of which they never partake, and who are crushed and driven like dumb brutes into living the lives which Edwin Markham has so vividly described in that immortal poem, "The Man with the Hoe." Now just note the evolution of ideas and ideals of this one. From the ideal of success for one he is now a part of ideal success for millions of others. The one is no less but infinitely greater, because he is standing in a large place and can sympathize with Moses when he desired of the Lord to be blotted out also, if his people were to be blotted out.—B. H. NOXON, 306 Elm Street, Ithaca, N. Y.

Success Letter No. 141.

The secret of success lies in adherence to the law of non-resistance,—swimming with the current instead of attempting to struggle against it. By doing the work at hand cheerfully, and to the best of one's ability, at the same time holding positive ideals of the better condition one desires to attract, the improved condition will be most quickly acquired and the person fitted to fill it with credit.

But in judging of what constitutes success, one must take into account the relative degree of development of the individual. Some souls are still in the primary grades of the school of experience, others in the grammar or high school departments, while a few highly evolved ones are doing university work. To look for proficiency for the higher mathematics from a pupil still struggling with problems in arithmetic would be manifestly unjust. Therefore, before judging of the success or failure of any person, one's self included, estimate carefully the stage of development of the soul. What may seem a signal success to an individual of low development, may spell failure to the highly evolved.—MARY, Clyde, N. Y.

Mary E. White, author of *Success Letter No. 136* in August *Nautilus*, was awarded the monthly prize this time. She is entitled to two yearly subscriptions, which we will forward to any desired addresses.



In this department I will try to reply to the poor odds and ends of life-problems and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of *The Nautilus*. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all!

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

LILY.—Read my editorials on "Changing Work," "Giving Yourself Away," and "Chatter," in this number of *Nautilus*. As to placing literary work: A book of essays or a set of lessons will not sell unless you have a name to sell it, or a big publisher to push it. Books published by the author never sell unless the author writes uncommonly well and is also a publisher. Selling books costs more than writing and printing together. Beware of publishers who want you to put up money as well as manuscript. If a publisher believes in your book he will be glad to pay the printer and push the book. Otherwise he will do nothing for you. To my mind the only way to begin is to write for established magazines until you have a name and confidence. Unless you go into publishing a magazine yourself, and that is still more of a lottery! No matter how you begin you won't earn your salt at writing until you have created a demand for your work.

As to the writing, that is a hard up-hill job unless you have a genius for it. The only way to tell is to write and send your articles to publishers. Keep on sending them until you are convinced one way or the other. "Trilby" was rejected thirty-seven times before it found a publisher, and then it made Du Maurier's fortune. And he was an elderly man at the time. You can write very well and to the point, but whether you have sufficient imagination and sympathy to write anything that would be accepted, is a question that must be proved.

There is only one way to bring about anything that you desire—believe that you receive and you shall have. Believe and work out what you know.

P. N.—You are reaping what you alone have sown, and at the same time you are sowing for future harvests. Never mind the things you are reaping. Put your thought into sowing aright. Think today what you DESIRE to realize—not what you are realizing. Live with your ideals, not with your reals. Vibrate with your soul environment, instead of with

the incompleteness of the physical conditions. Slowly but surely the soul vibrations will possess and transform the physical conditions and there shall be a new heaven and a new earth, and joy shall reign.

P. R.—I should say from the tone of your letter that you've got your eye on another man! After living all these years with your husband that repugnance would not come to you unless you were thinking of somebody else. At least this is my judgment. It is also my judgment that you are cultivating repugnance instead of trying to overcome it. The lesson of our lives is to learn to love everybody instead of loving one person to the exclusion of others. It may be that you think well of another man, but even so, there is no reason why you shouldn't love your husband as you have loved him, and there is no reason why he should become repugnant to you. Don't allow it. Remember that life has given you certain things, and these things you must love and cherish. Your husband is among them. It may be that he will not always be with you, but just now he is with you, and your duty is plain. If you are ever to be free from him, the spirit of truth which is within you will make it so plain to you that there will be no question in your mind as to the right or wrong of leaving him. Until you are thus convinced by your own spirit of truth be sure you stay right where you are and do your best to give and get joy out of the relations of life in which you find yourself. Nobody can decide for you. But this spirit of truth within you will make it positive and plain if the time ever comes when it would be right for you to make the change you are contemplating. And if there is another man in your mind, just remember this—that your own will come to you—that as long as he cannot come, he is not your own, and you would find yourself unhappy if you tried to force a meeting. Let life do with you and with him as it will, and remember that it and everything works for good to you and to the other persons concerned.

Paul says: "Blessed is he that doubteth not in that which he alloweth." Be sure you seek always the blessedness of a clear, honest conscience which is better and greater than any happiness or any love of any man for one woman. What shall you do? Do nothing until you know in your heart what is right to do.

M. A.—My dear girl, it looks to me as if you have turned that man away from you for good and all. He was a fool to put up with such things as you said to him. No wonder he took your word at last. He must have thought a good deal of you not to take it long before. As far as I can judge from your letter, you have only yourself to blame for the whole thing, and judging from that letter I should say that the only reason he didn't marry you long before was because you showed your jealousy and ill temper to him and let him feel that marriage with you would mean a split with his own people. Oh, of course I know what you said to him—that you would be lovely and good if he would only marry you. But he *couldn't* believe it. If you were not lovely and good to him under those conditions, if you were jealous and hateful in regard to his family, the same spirit would crop out *certainly* after marriage, and then it would be too late for him to take your word and go home to his mother and sister for good. I have a notion that this is the secret of your long engagement and the final separation.

Now I don't see one thing for you to do but to accept the inevitable and put the blame exactly where it belongs, on yourself. You say, "He does not sound like a good man, does he?"—but to me he *does* "sound" like a good man who loved you and did his best to stay with you, but who was at last driven off by fits of jealousy on your part.

I am very sorry for you, because I can get a glimpse of how you must feel about it. But don't let sorrow for yourself blind your vision nor make you do anything more than is rash. Accept the inevitable as yours, and *make the best of it*. Let go the man, in your thoughts. Consider that you are divorced! Then take up your life and make the most of it. Learn from this experience, and don't ever encourage jealousy and suspicion and temper in any of your relations of life. Of course there is a bare possibility that he might be attracted to you again sometime in the future, but it surely won't be until you have changed your vibrations from hate and jealousy to *love and kindness*. When you radiate an entirely different spirit, he may sense that spirit and come back, even though he may not know why he comes again. But I wouldn't bank on this! I would just give the whole thing up and cultivate the sort of spiritual attitude which attracts good things. If you would attract good things, you must radiate good things—there is no other way. If you radiate jealousy and suspicion, you will certainly attract that sort, and you will repel the things you desire. Give up the man, and live the sweet and radiant spiritual life that you were made to live. This will bring him to you eventually *if* it is best for you *both*. If it isn't you must be glad that he does what he considers best for him.

I know just how you feel—but don't feel so any more than you can possibly help. Time will help, and the radiating of love to all people and things, will help you still more. Get into the spirit of resignation and love, and *radiate*.

Little Visits

A Cosy Corner Department where everybody chats and the Recording Angel puts down what she can find room for.

Is Man a Reflection:—

One of two propositions must be true: Either God is all and in all—"all life, all power, all substance"—all inclusive—omnipresent, or there exists some other co-ordinate Deity.

Something can not be produced from nothing, and if man and matter are not parts of God—not parts in a strict sense either, for God is everywhere and indivisible, and hence has no parts—from whence come they? Granting that God called them into existence, from what did he fashion them; if from something other than his own substance, then some other Deity created that something and God was and is not all. This I can not believe, for I can not conceive of more than one ultimate cause. And Sacred Story confirms my belief with the statement: "In the beginning, God"—nothing else. Again, in the record we find that "In Him we live and move and have our being."

"God being everywhere and all-inclusive, how can he be absent or suggest the absence of omnipresence? How can there be more than all?" How then, can there be a place for God's reflection? Looking at the word etymologically, we have *re* (back) *flect* (from *flexio*, to bend or turn back) *ion* (act of). From this we derive the definition, "an image given back from a reflecting surface." Another meaning (now considered obsolete) as derived from Shakespeare is "a shining, as of the sun." Then, must we not consider a reflection as something outside of that which it reflects? Looking into the quiet waters of the lake, one may see there a reflection of the trees along the shore. But let those same trees send forth their roots and absorb that water and the image disappears, for that in which the reflection appeared has passed from without to within that which it reflected. I bend over a glass of water and my image looks back at me; I quaff that water, thus incorporating it in my body; my image no longer appears where it formerly existed, for that in which it appeared is now included in the original. The rays of the sun are not parts of the sun itself, but mere emanations therefrom and exterior thereto. If, then, God is omnipresent, everywhere present, all inclusive, there is no place where he is not, consequently no place for his reflection.

But another objection to considering man as a reflection of God. Referring again to the reflection of the trees in the lake: When the trees sway in the breeze, the reflected image moves also, and when a calm lulls the branches of the trees into a quiet repose, no motion appears in the reflected image. Likewise my image in the glass reproduces faithfully my

form and features and all my changing moods, attitudes and expressions—it has no volition of its own. The rays of the sun have no power in themselves, for they but carry vibrations from (through space exterior to) their creator. So, then, would it be with man if he is a reflection of God; he would be a mere machine carrying out the will of its creator, acting when that of which he is a reflection acts and resting when it rests—he would have no power in himself.

According to the inspired historian, "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul"—animated by the life which he received from his creator even as the child is animated by the life which it receives from its creators (parents). We also read in the Book that "Now are we the sons of God," and the idea of the Fatherhood of God and the Sonship (consequently Brotherhood) of Man arises before our mental vision. And then comes the thought, "How can man be a reflection of God, for no father would require that his son be a mere machine having no power in itself. On the contrary, the son is granted the largest amount of freedom commensurate with his well being. So must it be with man.

If God, spirit, is all in all—all substance, intelligence, wisdom, being, immortality, cause and good belong to Him, why is it necessary to deny the existence of matter, the incarnation of the ego in a physical body, the existence of our physical senses, etc., or to claim that mind and matter are antagonistic? If matter is non-existent, the very books of those who make such claims do not exist and the doctrine could not be promulgated in that manner. If the physical senses do not exist, others could not receive the message from the books, for the physical sense of sight must be employed by those who read; nor could the theory be disseminated by word of mouth, for if we take away the nerves of sensation upon which the sound waves impinge, there is no speech so far as we are concerned. Why not rather say if "God is all there is," that mind and matter are but parts of the same great Whole, and as such not antagonistic but harmonious, each aiding the other. This must be so, for a house divided against itself cannot stand, and the Infinite is and must ever remain inviolate and inviolable.

Science tells us that our bodies are built up of innumerable cells—a drop of blood, for instance, containing some 325,000,000 red blood corpuscles, each one a complete cell—each living a sort of independent life of its own, and uncomplainingly doing, to the best of its ability, the work which its station in the body demands of it; the bone cells give form and rigidity to the body; the muscular cells allow and aid movement; the skin cells protect the delicate tissues from things external; the nerve cells serve as messengers; the red blood corpuscles as common carriers; the white as scavengers—but why enumerate? Every organ, membrane, tissue of the body is made up of these cells, each differing from the others, each doing its own work, each selecting from the food supply at its disposal the elements re-

quired to maintain its life and individuality, and casting off those not suited to its needs. Daily thousands, yes, millions of these cells are being born—some giving parts of themselves that others like them may come into being—and daily thousands, yes millions, die (in a sense) and are resolved to earth again. But though they have passed from the body, the life that animated them while therein has not perished. Other cells have taken their places but the same life—the life of the body—if we may so speak of it—dwells in and enlivens the new that dwelt in and enlivened the old. This must be true, otherwise the death of the cells would soon destroy the body, and the destruction of its life would at the same time destroy (at least in so far as their activity in the body is concerned) all the "little lives" of which it is composed. Consequently no life is lost when body and cell part company.

Then may we not liken the universe (using this term to include all that exists) to the body of man, the life of the body to the universal life—God, the spirit, the absolute; the differing forms of matter as we see them—rocks, rivers, plants, animals, man—all matter in whatsoever form manifest—to the "little lives" of the body?

If the simile be true, what have we to fear, why should we be over-anxious—worry, if you please, why hurry hither and thither in search of something that, if secured, may prove to be as unpleasant as the flavor of the unripe persimmon to the palate. Why not rather do our work today to the best of our ability, as does each little life of the body, knowing that "all is well," that our lives shall not cease when that which we call death occurs. For as the life of the body manifested in the cell did not perish when it and the cell parted company, but found expression in another, so the life now manifesting in our bodies shall not cease when it shall part company with those bodies, but will reappear in some higher and better form, possibly, than that in which it now exists.—D. W. FREEMAN, Drake University, Des Moines, Ia.

We Send Our Word:—

I received a sample copy of *The Nautilus* last September. I immediately subscribed for the magazine. I have joined the circle of world wide healing, and I feel myself much benefited by practicing new thought principles. And now may I say a few words in Family Council? May I ask a favor of you all? I have a boy, an only son, in Los Angeles. He loves his mother and does not mean to grieve her nor cause her anxiety, but sometimes he does. I am continuously sending him helpful thoughts, but I want to try the principle that Christ tells us about when he says: If two agree, Matt. 18:19. And I ask everyone of you to send him thoughts of love, health, courage, success and prosperity that will reach him in one irresistible wave. Just send them to the widow's son, Los Angeles. God will guide them. I will tell you the result in a success letter, and I will send the same thoughts to every reader of the *Nautilus*.—THE BOY'S MOTHER.

From Lucia B. Griffin, Albia, Iowa:—

Picking up an old copy of *Freedom* last night the following item caught my eye. The date was December 21, 1898. To those of us who have been watching *Nautilus* grow this would be especially interesting. If you have not read the above since the year it was printed, please read it and take a smile on me, or with me or all by your "lonesome" as you like. Any how I hope *Nautilus* will get all the good things she deserves this year, and then some more years. May she continue to sail gaily along, and "toot" her whistle until she wakes up all the sleepers, so that they can "salute her properly when she comes steaming into port." *Dream plus dare plus do*—the winner.

Here is the item:—

THE NAUTILUS.

One of the many indications of the rapidly increasing interest of the public in *Mental Science* is the number of papers and magazines devoted to it that are springing up. The latest to come to our table is *The Nautilus* from Portland, Ore., whose editor, Elizabeth Lois Struble, writes us a very saucily flattering letter (such as smart women who want a favor of a gentleman know how to write), asking to be recognized as one of the family of *Mental Science* publications, and put upon the exchange list of *Freedom*. Among other things she says: "So well has *Freedom* taught and so well have I learned and put in practice the principle of success that here the little *Nautilus* bobs up serenely, and maybe a bit saucily alongside of *Freedom*, toots her shrill whistle and signals, 'Salute me please,' but if you won't I shall sail along anyhow! Success belongs to us both."

A *Nautilus* that has a horn and can toot is entitled to be saluted. Such as are picked up on the beach down here do not have them. The Pacific Coast kind is evidently another variety. Down here the shell of one is valued at anywhere from two to ten dollars, of the Pacific Coast variety the editor offers twelve for half a dollar, one each month for a whole year. They are worth the money. I have already "scissored" a column article out of the December number which I intend to use in *Freedom* before long.

May *The Nautilus* continue to sail—and toot.
C. C. Post.

More About Child Training:—

It was with sympathetic interest that I read the account of the reproduction of a story either told or read to a child; because the writer often used it as one of the means of developing the minds of the children while a teacher of "language" or English.

Time was too short to permit every eager narrator to take part, so the exercise was frequently varied by having the story written, after the teacher read or told it, without any comment from anyone.

Another exercise which was more popular with both teacher and pupils was to hold before the children a picture. Every pair of eager eyes was concentrated on that picture

for no longer than a minute at first when it was removed. Instantly several little bodies popped up in their seats anxious to tell the story the imagination so quickly conjured up.

No two stories were ever alike, and it was wonderful to note how many different ones could be told, and yet have each fit the picture.

It seems needless to state that the pictures chosen were those especially adapted to a child's mind. They pictured action. The children were encouraged to give the people and animals names while narrating their story, and to give such names as would indicate their geographical location if possible. For example: "Gretchen lived in Amsterdam with her—" "Oh! Sin's home was in Canton," etc., etc. So also their knowledge of history was drawn upon. Boughton's "Too Near the Warpath" took them to Colonial times. And if they knew no history they easily constructed a story from the scene, and after they had been given an opportunity to tell it, a fine opportunity was afforded the teacher to correlate history and language by placing the picture in its proper historical setting. After some practice the children were able to grasp the details of a picture which was held before them but an instant. This cultivated quickness of sight. Imagination, the most valuable attribute of the mind, concentration, quickness of thought, power of expression, cultivation of emotion, sympathy, all these were developed in an exercise of absorbing interest to both teacher and pupils.

Occasionally, paper and pen in readiness upon their desks, each began a written version of the picture as soon as it was withdrawn. This gave the bashful, timid ones a chance.—KATHRYN BIRD, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sympathy vs. Fortitude:

I have followed with interest the McClure's articles on Christian Science and note in one number the criticism of the "lack of sympathy" that Christian Science engenders. To give fortitude, in place of sympathy, is the keynote of all mental healing,—it is giving bread instead of a stone. To an orthodox Christian born and bred in the belief that all things are given him by an all-powerful God, sympathy should be an insult. If the good God chose to afflict him, why should he want sympathy? Why not accept the affliction as something given him for a purpose by an all-seeing, powerful mind—who cannot err—and bear that affliction manfully, uncomplainingly? To one who recognizes his mind as the organ of communication between God and men—such an one, feeling his mind disturbed because of bodily ailment, would seek through his mentality to find the reason for his suffering, and through undisturbed, fearless thought question and find the way of deliverance. A sick person is full of fears, and so like Job, the thing he fears comes to him. What such a man needs is not sympathy, it's backbone and spunk. He wants to get away from the fear of his pain and for that he needs fortitude and endurance. He must adopt either the mental attitude of Christian patience, or a non-believer

must implant bright, hopeful thoughts of recovery. He must supplant the weak "Oh, dear, I'm so sick," with the words, "I am strong," "I am fearless," thus can he change himself from a petulant, complaining invalid into at least an uncomplaining sufferer, whose strength of mind and hopeful outlook will soon show in a stronger body. It's not sympathy the sick want, it's backbone and strength. The Master did not say to the sick, "Oh, I'm so sorry for you; you will probably have to go to the hospital and have an operation before you will ever be well again." He said only, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk!" What became of the sickness? In the face of a positive courageous word it was forgotten and that's all most sick people need—just forget their aches and pains.—R. M. WARD, Plainfield, N. J.

How He Gets Absent Treatment:—

I cannot resist the temptation to give you one of my successes in thought force. To start out my story I must go back fifteen years, at this same place, where I was told by a friend that I would even forget my name, if I stayed in this place ten years. Another said it would take a man with a strong constitution and a weak mind to live here very long—and probably because I possessed some like qualities I undertook to stay and rebuild a large sugar factory. I guess I began to forget my name the first month, for I got so weak that I could hardly direct my work. I had previously been able to ward off ordinary sickness, but this thing, whatever it might be, was getting me down so fast that I decided to wire a healer to treat me provided I got bed fast. And for fear I might fall so fast that I could not write the telegram, I decided to write it in advance and send it when I must.

I prepared myself and wrote the address of the healer. Then a thought occurred to me—why should I be compelled to wire a healer when I expect him to answer me *mentally*? And I said to myself, there are Helen Wilmans, Oliver Sabin, Mrs. Eddy, Sarah Thacker and many more, who, I really believe, would help me pull through this thing if I could only make them know that I am in need. I at once put away my paper and went to bed. That night I called all these people to my bedside and kept them with me a long time, and when I did go to sleep it was in peace—not to awaken until nearly sunrise. I got up a *well man* and did a hard day's work. I was sick no more. I still use this remedy and, notwithstanding the present conditions, I shall still continue to use the name of Helen Wilmans as before. Yours in truth, CASSIUS M. C. BROWN, Ahorne, Mexico.

"And I will show that whatever happens to anybody it may be turned to beautiful results."—Walt Whitman.

Mention NAUTILUS when answering advertisements. See guarantee, Page 5.

Friendly Tip

Restored Hope and Confidence.

After several years of indigestion and its attendant evil influence on the mind, it is not very surprising that one finally loses faith in things generally.

A N. Y. woman writes an interesting letter. She says:

"Three years ago I suffered from an attack of peritonitis which left me in a most miserable condition. For over two years I suffered from nervousness, weak heart, shortness of breath, could not sleep, etc.

"My appetite was ravenous but I felt starved all the time. I had plenty of food but it did not nourish me because of intestinal indigestion. Medical treatment did not seem to help, I got discouraged, stopped medicine and did not care much whether I lived or died.

"One day a friend asked me why I didn't try Grape Nuts, stop drinking coffee and use Postum. I had lost faith in everything, but to please my friends I began to use both and soon became very fond of them.

"It wasn't long before I got some strength, felt a decided change in my system, hope sprang up in my heart and slowly but surely I got better. I could sleep very well, the constant craving for food ceased and I have better health now than before the attack of peritonitis.

"My husband and I are still using Grape Nuts and Postum." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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

Coffee the Cause

Of Various Ailments.

It does not require a scientist to discover if coffee is harmful.

Plain common sense and the simple habit of looking for the cause of things, soon reveals coffee in its true light—that of a habit-forming drug.

"My family on both sides were confirmed coffee toppers," writes a Penna. painter, "and we suffered from nervousness, headache, sleeplessness, dizziness and palpitation of the heart.

"Medical treatment never seemed to do any permanent good. I thought there must be some cause for these troubles and yet did not find it was coffee until I was forty-one.

"Hearing of the benefit that many had derived from changing to Postum, I quit coffee and used Postum entirely. Now I am like a new man.

"I sleep well, can eat three good meals a day, have no headache or palpitation, no nerve twitching in my face, and I don't have to pay out hard-earned money for medicines.

"I believe a good hot cup of Postum made strong, with half milk and taken before retiring at night, is the best thing to keep a painter from having lead poisoning. That's my experience anyway."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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

"Before we can bring happiness to others we must be happy ourselves; nor will happiness abide with us unless we confer it on others."—Maeterlinck.

Mention NAUTILUS when answering advertisements. See guarantee, Page 5.



When sending books for review please remember to give selling price, and address where book may be obtained. We notice on this page all cloth-bound books sent us, and as many paper bound ones as we can find space for. Small space forbids our reviewing music. The notices are written by the editors and A. W. Rideout.

—"The Ministry of Beauty," by Stanton Davis Kirkham. Over and above all common necessity is the divine necessity of beauty—beauty encircling all, back of all, in all, and its purpose moral, its perception joy; hence, if for no other reason, its bearing upon life and the problem of happiness. Mr. Kirkham exemplifies his subject by the beauty of his diction as well as in the thoughts expressed. It is a book from which one would like to quote liberally, but this brief excerpt must suffice: "There is a purpose in events; believe in it, and wait. The poet, the scholar, laments, perhaps, that he finds not that sympathy he thinks should be his. But let him look closer and see in the world's attitude that resistance he most needs, which shall help him make life into poetry and give substance to his verse, that it may be something other than moonshine and soap bubbles. The musician must have experience of life, else how can he interpret?" Handsomely bound in brown boards, 179 pages. Price \$1.59 postpaid. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco and New York.

—"What the White Race May Learn From the Indian," by George Wharton James. A most interesting book describing the real life of the Indian, by an eminent authority on the subject. It is more than that for Dr. James from his twenty-five years' experience of the North American Indian has set forth many of their traits and customs which might profitably be adopted by the white race. In many of the essentials to health and happiness the Indian is wiser than the white man. In the matter of proper breathing, of deep breathing, of exercise in the open air, and of better ventilation of sleeping apartments even to the extent of sleeping in the open air, we get much valuable information from this book. The chapters also on "The Indian and Frankness," "The Indian and Repining," "The Indian and Mental Poise," are all equally interesting and helpfully suggestive. There are eighty-four fine illustrations from photographs by the author. The book is large, 8vo, 269 pages, cloth. Price, \$1.50. Forbes & Co., Chicago.

—"Optimism, a Real Remedy," by Horace Fletcher. A new book by the author of "Menticulture" and "Happiness." Mr. Fletcher has this advantage over nearly all metaphysical writers in that he sees the necessity of choosing his words with great care. He used no expression in fact without first making sure that it is going to be understood. If he does not find a

(Continued on page 52.)

To grieve with one's own self, because of imperfections, this is great folly.

To eat fruit and herbs and rice, these are the purest diet, but only a fool would starve rather than eat flesh.

Rites and ceremonies are useful, but even these a man had better dispense with, than to go to war for them.—Oahspe.

Perfection Internal Bath \$1.50

Why — Pay — More?

Used by both Sexes for Health and Disease — for Clear Complexion, for Constipation and Relieving Pains, Head and Backache, etc.

Is the price for 1908 on the improved Perfection Internal Bath Instrument with tubing and cut-off. "It does the work" for Colon (Rectal) or Vaginal Use. This may be attached to any Syringe Bag or we will furnish a Strong Maroon, Para Gum Bag, and 4 feet of strong dark tubing and extra large powerful German silver cut-off all for simply \$2.50. No extra charge for either mailage or expressage. We are also including at above price a complimentary lot of Perfumed Internal and External bath antiseptic dissolving tablets. Full directions accompany every outfit. Remit by M. O., or Stamps, or Check, or otherwise, to Dept. Nau, PHYSICIANS' STANDARD SUPPLY CO., 117 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. U. S. Order Now. Write Now.

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your case, or what you may have done before, our methods succeed after all others have failed. Booklets fully explaining Suggestion and the Methods we employ in treating absent patients, Sent Free to everybody! All afflicted people should read these Booklets. Send for them now. You will enjoy reading them. Address,

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"HEALTH
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ROUND OUT THE SHOULDERS, NECK AND ARMS Take away all wrinkles and crow's feet. Secure a beautiful complexion and retain the glow of Health and Beauty by a few minutes' daily use of the great

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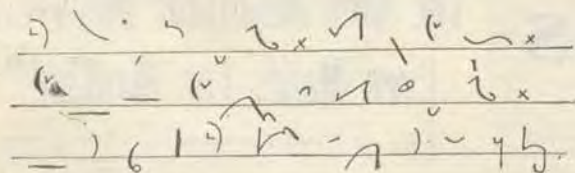
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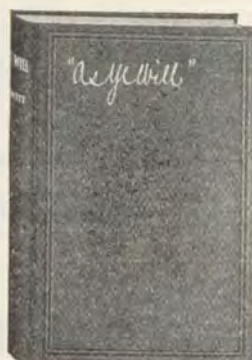
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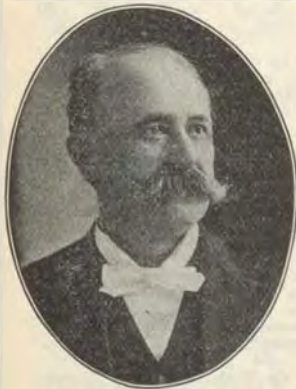
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