

THE NAUTILUS

August, 1909

Ah, God, for a man with
heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple
great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a
blatant land,
Whatever they call him—
what care I?—
Aristocrat, democrat, auto-
crat—one
Who can rule and dare not
lie!

—Alfred Tennyson.

Published by
ELIZABETH TOWNE,
HOLYOKE, MASS.



LEARN SPANISH IN THREE MONTHS

Man Wanted!

Hundreds of the largest commercial firms and manufacturers in America "WANT A MAN WHO CAN SPEAK SPANISH!" We have more calls for Spanish-Speaking Americans than we can fill—and why?

Think of the opportunities awaiting you in Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Central America, Panama, the West Indies and South America—not to mention an ever growing demand in the Philippines.

Last month three of our graduates accepted positions in Brazil at salaries of \$1,800 per year to start. They had studied Spanish less than three months! You can in your spare time fit yourself for a position where you will not only receive a better salary, but where you will be looked up to as a man of force and influence—where you will be able to bring into play all of those positive qualities now lying dormant within you—where you will "STAND OUT!"

The Deses School

By its conciseness, brevity and originality has perfected a most desirable Course in Spanish. Anyone with a reasonable education in English can readily learn Spanish. The Deses Method has helped men and women to realize their ambitions, to increase their scope—to increase their earning capacity—to increase their influence—to become the best paid.

The Deses Method is endorsed by dozens of leading Spanish-Americans and prominent business men in this country and through the Spanish-American Republics. It means that there is none better!

The Deses Book

Tells you how and why the Deses Method of Spanish does all these things. It goes further—it tells you how you can be helped by employing your spare moments to increase your own worth. This book is full of interesting facts, is handsomely illustrated. It contains things that you have been waiting for—it is the book that will mean a straight road to more dollars! Write us for one of these books—it's FREE.



THE DESES SCHOOL OF SPANISH,
515 Sedgwick Bldg., Wichita, Kansas.

Send me particulars of your three-month's course
in Spanish and how you assist graduates to positions.

Name

Address

City State

**The DESES
SCHOOL OF SPANISH**
515 SEDGWICK, BLDG.
WICHITA - KANSAS

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

TRANSCRIPT  HOLYOKE, MASS.



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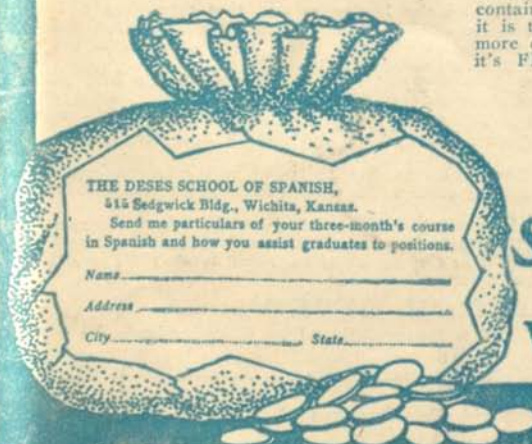
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ELIZABETH TOWNE,
HOLYOKE, MASS.

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.

- ASPEN, COLO.**—Matilda L. Ross, 116 East Cooper Avenue.
- BOSTON, MASS.**—The Metaphysical Club, 211 Huntington Chambers, 30 Huntington avenue.
- BOSTON, MASS.**—The Sholar Business Building Service, 101 Tremont street.
- BOSTON, Mass.**—Smith and McCance, 38 Bromfield St.
- BRUNSWICK, O.**—Co-operative Book and Subscription Agency, R. 3.
- BATTLE CREEK, Mich.**—Philius Champagne, care Macfadden Sanatorium.
- CHICAGO, Ill.**—Anna C. Waterloo, 823 North Clark street.
- CHICAGO, Ill.**—The Progressive Thinker, 40 Loomis street.
- CHICAGO, Ill.**—The Progress Co. 515-519 Rand-McNally Building.
- CHRISTCHURCH, New Zealand**—Ida M. Bruges, Fendalton.
- DENVER, Col.**—Dr. Alexander J. McI. Tyndall, 526 14th street.
- FRESNO, CAL.**—Mrs. L. F. Sanders, 944 O. street.
- HELENA, MONT.**—Mrs. S. J. Rumans, 1051 N. Ewing street.
- 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 avenue, E. C.
- LOS ANGELES, Cal.**—Metaphysical Library, 611 Grant Bldg., 355 South Broadway.
- LOS ANGELES, Cal.**—Occult Book Co., 213 Mercantile Place.
- 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 705 Carl building, corner Wood and Ross avenue, Wilkinsburg Station, P. O. Box 174.
- PORTLAND, Ore.**—W. E. Jones, 291 Alder street.
- PROVIDENCE, R. I.**—S. C. Dunham, 104 Olney street.
- RICHMOND, Va.**—M. E. Davison, 1002 E. Clay 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, 419 Iglehart street.
- SAN DIEGO, Cal.**—Loring & Co., 762-766 Fifth street.
- SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.**—Olivia Kingsland, corner Haight and Devisadero.
- SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**—Occult Book Co., 114 Polk street, 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.
- VALAPARAISO, CHILE, S. A.**—Georgina Hammer-ton, Carilla, 271 P. O. B.
- 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.
- WIMBLEDON, S. W., England**—Power Book Co.
- YOUNGSTOWN, O.**—Flora G. Whiteside, 108 West Wood street.
- 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.

160 pages on antique paper, new half-tone of the author; well bound in cloth; price \$1.00.

THE LIFE POWER AND HOW TO USE IT.

176 pages, well bound in vellum cloth, with autograph picture of author. Latest book by Elizabeth Towne. Price \$1.00.

JOY PHILOSOPHY.

75 large pages, bound in purple silk cloth stamped in gold; price \$1.00.

YOU AND YOUR FORCES, or The Constitution of Man.

15 chapters, green and gold, flexible cover, half-tone of the author; price 50 cents. "Full of thought starters."—"In many respects the most remarkable book I ever read."

HOW TO GROW SUCCESS.

71 pages, strong paper cover, picture of author; price 50 cents. "A well of information and help."

EXPERIENCES IN SELF-HEALING.

A Spiritual autobiography and guide to realization, intensely alive and helpful; price 50 cents. "A book of strong common sense, lighting up what to many is a path of fear and mystery."

HAPPINESS AND MARRIAGE.

Treats of the everyday problems of married life and tells how to solve them successfully. 80 pages, heavy paper covers, picture of author; price 50 cents.

JUST HOW TO WAKE THE SOLAR PLEXUS.

Paper bound; price 25 cents. German translation by Bondegger, price 30 cents. "It contains a FORTUNE in value." "Breathing exercises of great value." "Not only the key, but explicit method."

JUST HOW TO CONCENTRATE.

Paper; price 25 cents. "A bugle call to those who sleep." "A power and an inspiration." "So helpful."

HOW TO TRAIN CHILDREN AND PARENTS.

Paper; price 25 cents. German translation by Bondegger, 30 cents. "It is great! Every father and mother should have it."

JUST HOW TO COOK MEALS WITHOUT MEAT.

Paper; price 25 cents.

HEALTH AND WEALTH FROM WITHIN.

By William E. Towne.

Cloth bound, half-tone of author, 156 pages. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

PROSPERITY THROUGH THOUGHT FORCE,

by Bruce McClelland.

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

PSYCHICOM, or Soul-Sleep, by Helen Rhodes.

New light on self-development. Practical and helpful. Cloth bound. Price \$1.00. Selling like hot cakes!

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

This book contains a foreword by Elizabeth Towne, who publishes it; and a supplementary chapter by Ella Giles Ruddy. Beautifully printed and bound in heavy paper, with illustrations. Price 50 cents.

NEW THOUGHT PASTELS.

A volume of the latest and some of the best of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's beautiful poems. Paper, 50 cents; silk cloth bound, price 90 cents, postpaid.

THROUGH SILENCE TO REALIZATION.

This is the latest book by Floyd B. Wilson, author of "Paths to Power," etc. Handsomely bound, green and gold, 200 pages, price \$1.00.

NEW SCIENCE OF LIVING AND HEALING, by Wallace D. Wattles.

Ninety-six pages, heavy paper binding; price 50 cents.

THE EVERY DAY BOOK.

Compiled and portions of it written by Suzanne Wardlaw.

A "birthday book," "year book" and "every day book" combined. Gives zodiacal sign, precious stones, colors, flowers, musical composers, and special sentiment for every month, with appropriate quotation for each day of the year. A little beauty, heavy finished paper, rich red silk cloth stamped in white leaf, 139 pages, and blank pages for further sentiments. Size 4½x8 inches. Price \$1.10 postpaid.

Any of these books sent postpaid on receipt of price. Order of

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

Nautilus News.

BY THE EDITORS.

"Happy House Keeping."

With happy housekeeping universal we would be very close to heaven, would we not? Adelaide Keen has done her best to help bring about such a delightful state of affairs by sending us a contribution on this subject. Her paper contains points that will add to the happiness of every housekeeper who practices them, and help to make the house a real home. The author laments that there are "so many houses in the world, but so few homes!" Housekeeping sounds delightfully easy and simple after reading this article of Adelaide's! I wouldn't wonder if her ideas would work out splendidly in practice. Read the article in September *Nautilus* and see what you think about it.

"The Prophetic Photograph."

An exciting short story about a strange message of help that came to one woman in her hour of need, and how it worked out. This story illustrates the mighty, rebuilding power of hope and faith. It shows how a trivial happening will sometimes change the entire course of one's life and bring the greatest good out of what seems to be all evil. Our married women readers may gain from the story a few valuable hints on how to manage husbands, though I don't know that I ought to tell this? "The Prophetic Photograph" will be published complete in September *Nautilus*.

Thought-Force. Some Ways to Use It.

Another strong feature of our September issue will be an article along new lines by Cora Linn Daniels, a writer of ability and prominence. "Organized Thought" is the title of Mrs. Daniels' paper, and in it she advances some new and valuable ideas regarding the scientific use of thought-force in child-training. I wish that every parent, every teacher and every lover of children might read these suggestions. Remember—"Organized Thought," September *Nautilus*.

"Crutches" and "A Man and His Dream."

Here are two more live, brief, snappy papers by Thomas Dreier. The first treats of churches and formality in religion for those who need it. The second article deals with making ideals practical. Thoreau said one must first stand up to live before one can sit down to write. Mr. Dreier has evidently, like all good writers, followed this advice. And judging from his writing he must have lived a life of practical, useful activity. See these articles in our September *Nautilus*.

(Continued on page 2.)

Mention NAUTILUS when answering advertisements. See guarantee, Page 3.

Mme. N. FOULAIRE'S WRINKLE REMEDY**Removes Tan and Prevents Sunburn**

I have a remedy that will speedily eradicate any case of wrinkles on earth, no matter how bad or what the cause.

Makes Men and Women of 50 Look 25

TRADE MARK

It makes Old Faces Young.
Removes All Lines and Wrinkles.
Corrects a Flabby or Withered Skin.
Makes Thin Faces Plump.
Fills Out Hollow Cheeks.
Develops the Bust Full and Round
Without Massage.

If you have wasted your time using massage creams, roller, plasters, etc., this remedy will prove a revelation to you, and I want you to test it free and judge for yourself.

My remedy is never sold through agents.
FREE Full directions and sufficient of the remedy to show what it will do will be sent, plain sealed, to any one for 4 cents postage. Address,
MME. N. FOULAIRE,
5607 Euclid Ave., Station B, Cleveland, Ohio.

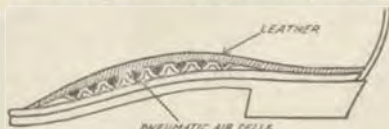
Doremus & Company's
SPECIAL QUALITY
FINE OLIVE OIL
Pure and Genuine

Selected and imported by us exclusively for its medicinal and food values. Nature's own remedy for Stomach Trouble and Constipation. A spoonful before meals and retiring will relieve the most obstinate cases. Unsurpassed as a food dressing—particularly salads. Large bottle or quart can \$1.00. Trial bottle 20 cents postpaid. Correspondence solicited. Write

DOREMUS & CO., Importers.
111 Sullivan St., New York City.

Our pure OLIVE OIL SOAP will be found a delightful innovation for the toilet and bath.

10 cents per cake unscented, 20 cents and upwards scented.

EASE YOUR FEET

Tired, aching feet and limbs, lameness, weak instep and rheumatic pains, instantly and permanently cured by wearing **BULLARD'S PERFECTION ARCH CUSHIONS**. They are light, soft, flexible and comfortable. They remove all muscular strain from the arch—equalize the weight of the body—and enable you to stand or walk all day without fatigue or pain. Price, 50c per pair, by mail. Give size of shoe. Money back if not satisfactory. A fine proposition for good, live agents. Write for particulars and free booklet. **BULLARD MFG. CO., 129 Summer St., Boston.**

(Continued from page 1.)

Some Others.

Mrs. Kingsley has sent us a "Meditation" for September addressed "To a Son About to Go Away to College." Do you realize what a serene, helpful, uplifting philosophy Mrs. Kingsley is presenting to the world through these "Meditations?" Edgar Wallace Conable will conclude, in our September number, his talks on raw food. In his closing article he brings his advice down to a brass tacks basis, and tells one just how to go about making desired changes in his diet. His advice is practical, conservative and the outcome of years of experiment and careful observation and study. Dr. Latson's contribution for September is entitled "Love, the Fulfilling of the Law."

The writings of Elizabeth Towne are superior to all others, I think, and say so pretty often. She is not afraid to write the truth, if it should be known, and never strives for theatrical effect. She is in my list of unknown friends to whom I send out my very best wishes for success and happiness.—ORRA JOHNSTON, Des Moines, Iowa.

A lady came to consult me as to what tonic she could take as she was feeling run down, etc. I lent her a few copies of NAUTILUS, and told her that was the very best tonic I knew of and which I used myself. One of the new subscribers I send with this is the lady.—G. E. HAMMERTON, Valparaiso, Chili.



**MRS. GRAHAM'S
QUICK HAIR RESTORER**
Restores Gray Hair

to its original color in ten days, making it glossy and beautiful. (For brown, dark-brown or black hair not more than one-third gray.) Absolutely harmless. Price \$1.00. At all druggists or by express prepaid upon receipt of price by manufacturer. Send ten cents for trial bottle and booklet "About the Hair" to

Mrs. Gervaise Graham,
1475 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.
(McKesson & Robbins, Eastern Wholesale Agents, New York)

BUSINESS PROMINENCE SOCIAL SUCCESS WEALTH

The Master Key

Stop Forgetting MEMORY




My book: HOW TO REMEMBER, sent free to readers. It opens the doors of wealth and achievement with the master key that fits all locks.

"You are no greater intellectually than your memory"

There is nothing difficult about my method. You can study anywhere, at any time, in spare moments. I have taught more than 40,000 people how to remember. My method teaches you how to remember things you have seen, read and been told about, increases business capacity, income, social standing—also how to remember faces, names, business details, studies—develops will, concentration, personality, self-confidence, conversation, public speaking, writing, etc. **Write today for free copy of my interesting book—"How To Remember"—and see how simple my memory training really is.** Address

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL,
888 Auditorium Building, Chicago



THE DR. C. O. SAHLER SANITARIUM

The Sanitarium (large, new addition, modern in every particular), is roomy, homelike, free from all institutional features and erected with especial reference to the care and treatment of **MENTAL, NERVOUS AND FUNCTIONAL DISORDERS** by the

PSYCHOLOGICAL METHOD EXCLUSIVELY.

Large verandas, cheerful, sunny rooms, and sun parlors are features of this place.

Physicians and friends who have mental and nervous patients whom they desire to place in an institution having the principles of home and family life, non-restraint, and having tried all other methods of treatment without success, should inquire into the merits of this Sanitarium.

NO INSANE CASES RECEIVED.

Write for Circular.

THE DR. C. O. SAHLER SANITARIUM,
Kingston-on-Hudson, New York.

Mention NAUTILUS when answering advertisements. See guarantee, Page 3.

HOW FOODS CURE

I can tell you **HOW FOODS CURE**,—that is, how to select, combine and proportion your food, so as to remove the causes of all kinds of stomach and intestinal trouble, and all forms of malnutrition. Then Nature will do the curing.

Health is your natural condition. Disease is an unnatural condition. Health being natural, it follows that you can secure it only by obeying natural laws. The most important of these laws is that governing Nutrition. Food is the building material—the iron, stone and timber of the human temple. If your food (your building material), is wrong, you will be sick. If it is selected, and combined rightly, you will be well, full of life and vim. Food is fundamental. It is the chief factor in making both health and disease, according to how it is used.

My methods are as far advanced in the science of health, as wireless telegraphy is in the transmission of thought. Why not investigate them?

If you are ill—not up to the mark in every respect—no matter what your trouble is—take time to-day and send for the revised edition of my book "**HOW FOODS CURE**" just published. It will give you something new to think about, and thinking won't hurt you.

EUGENE CHRISTIAN, Food Scientist. Dept. 70, 7 E. 41st St., New York.

MAILED
FREE



You Have a RIGHT to Independence!

You have a right to independence, but you must have an *honest* purpose to *earn* it. Many have purpose, ambition and energy, but thorough direction and intelligent help must be supplied. My instruction supplies the first and our Co-Operative Bureau fulfills the second. Large numbers have availed themselves of both, succeeding to a remarkable degree. Investigate without prejudice, this opportunity to

LEARN THE COLLECTION BUSINESS

and escape salaried drudgery for life. If you have an idea that the collection business as I teach it is not as safe, sure and dignified as a bank, or any other profitable business, you are mistaken, and I will prove it, if you earnestly desire to get ahead. No essential branch of business is so limitless, nor less crowded. No business may be built so large without investment of capital. I will gladly send you, for the asking, "POINTERS ON THE COLLECTION BUSINESS."

It may mean comfort for life, if not a great deal more. Write for it now.

W. A. SHRYER, Pres. AMERICAN COLLECTION SERVICE, 155 State St., Detroit, Mich.



OXYDONOR

Restores the Health if Sick
Preserves the Health if Well

This is the Record of Oxydonor.



Hercules Sanche.

Copyright 1907 by Dr. Hercules Sanche
All rights reserved.

experience in my family without a doctor, will testify." OXYDONOR revitalizes the devitalized blood, by causing the body to absorb large quantities of oxygen through the myriad pores of the skin, thus restoring the blood to its normal health-resistance of disease.

Every form of disease may therefore be successfully treated with OXYDONOR at any reasonable stage.

There is but one genuine instrument for this purpose and it has the name of the originator and discoverer, Dr. H. Sanche, stamped upon it. Look for the name.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO., (Inc.)

489 Fifth Ave., New York. 61 Fifth St., Detroit, Mich. 364 West St. Catherine's St., Montreal, Can.

Send for **free** books, describing cures testified to, by people of standing reputation, and some of whom were doubtless afflicted just as you are.

OXYDONOR is a scientific instrument which can be carried in the pocket and used without inconvenience anywhere and any time. One OXYDONOR will last a lifetime. The entire family may enjoy its healing benefits in turn.

Mr. Elmer E. Locke, Trenton, N. J., R. F. D. No. 4, writes: "I would like every diseased person to be under Oxydonor treatment for if directions are followed it will bring health, as three years

It Pays Big

To advertise the right kind of goods in the right magazines.

NAUTILUS PAYS

the right advertiser with good goods and copy.

SEVENTY-FIVE REPLIES IN THREE WEEKS.

"I have received 75 replies to the one-inch ad. in the January NAUTILUS and have sold \$25 worth of books to NAUTILUS readers, and no one mentioned hard times."—**URIEL BUCHANAN, Chicago.**

MANY CASH ORDERS.

"I usually receive 25 to 40 cash orders from my advertisement in NAUTILUS," writes W. M. Riley, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. The advertisement referred to is in the line of toilet goods. It occupies **one inch of space**, costing \$4.00 per insertion, and calls for 50 cents. \$12.00 to \$20.00 per month from a \$4.00 advertisement is pretty good.

Send for our rate card and read what many of our other advertisers say.

If you have something good to sell let our readers know it. Many a small beginning in advertising grows into a large business.

Stock investment companies, astrologers and mediums are barred.

And any advertiser who fails to deal squarely with his customers will not be allowed to continue in our pages.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 page	\$48.00
1/2 page	25.00
1/4 page	14.00
1 inch	4.00

No order accepted for less than one-half inch.

One inch will hold not over 80 words without cuts. No agate type used.

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

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

FOUR LESSONS ON THE Realization of Health AND Success

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.



These four plain printed lessons give practical directions for applying the new thought principle in your own life in self-healing and development.

Many people bear witness to the great help derived from this instruction in the way of added health and success.

Let me repeat: These lessons are of practical value to those who will use them faithfully. They are the outgrowth of my own personal experience. I have traveled every step of the way from a condition of poverty and sickness to health and freedom and I am telling others through these lessons how I did it, that they may apply the same principles of healing in their own lives. The lessons are so plainly written as to be easily understood by almost anyone.

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READ THESE LETTERS.

The following from Mrs. Josephine Wate Garrison, 504 The Ethelhurst, Washington, D. C., shows what an earnest student accomplished: "Received your Lesson II and have been faithful to the half hour of silence. I have gained several pounds in weight and have a good healthy color, and my friends tell me how well I am looking. Every month shows an improvement in my circumstances."

Gained in Success.

Mrs. Clay Jones, 1306 Texas avenue, Houston, Tex., writes: "Am ready for Lesson II. Find a wonderful improvement in taking things as they come. My husband has advanced in his business with more money. A friend told me the other day she thought I was the greatest success she had ever seen. So many remark that 'I haven't a wrinkle on my face' and they 'feel so good when I am around.'"

Healed Herself of Rheumatism.

Flora G. Whiteside, 108 West Wood street, Youngstown, Ohio, writes: "In six weeks from the time I began the study of new thought I was not suggestive of rheumatism. In three months I was entirely healed. I wore shoes one size smaller and three widths narrower. The swelling was all gone from my feet. Also I had lost eighteen pounds and have lost about six pounds a month ever since (about seven months). I walk free and with ease."

These lessons are given free with a \$3.00 order for my books or subscriptions to Nautilus, or both.

To get best results, use the following books with the lessons (these books you may include in the \$3.00 order): "Solar Plexus," "How to Concentrate," "How to Grow Success," and "Practical Methods." Price of books alone, \$2.00. Or for \$1.00 you may have the lessons and any of my books to the value of 50 cents. For list of books referred to see inside front cover of this magazine.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Send \$3.00 now and you may select \$3.50 worth of any of my publications and we will send you the lessons free and free copies of our "Beautiful Results" motto card, Nautilus Madonna half-tone and a half-tone of "Margareta," the beautiful little girl from South America who is being raised on the "no meat" plan. All for \$3.00 if you send now. Address

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

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

CLUBBING OFFERS

See Our New Catalogue!

We have issued a new 66 page catalogue filled from cover to cover with special low-price offers on magazines in combination. You will find listed in it every periodical under the sun.

Let the Nautilus office have your subscription business. We are prompt, careful and efficient. Read the following sample offers and if you don't see what you want just ask us about it. You will save money.

Name of Magazine.	Regular Price per Year.	Special Price with NAUTILUS.	Foreign Subscription Price.
American	\$1.00	\$1.75	\$3.11
American Boy	1.00	1.75	3.11
Business Philosopher	1.00	1.75	2.41
Cosmopolitan	1.00	1.75	3.11
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THE NAUTILUS.

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AUGUST, 1909.

No. 10.

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THE NAUTILUS.

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These Are
NAUTILUS
Contributors
for 1909-10.
Others
Coming!

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Cla. B,
JUL 24 1909

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul;
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.

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No. 10

EDITORIALS

BY ELIZABETH

One Girl's Work.

Kate Barnard is the greatest little thing in Oklahoma. She grew up with Oklahoma City, her father being one of the early settlers. We saw the house where Kate lived, a little motherless girl, watching a city grow up around her, seeing sights that mothers save their daughters from, for the old Barnard home stands in what was the heart of Oklahoma City, now a sort of mild edition of a red light district.

It was here that Kate Barnard's blood began to boil at public wrongs, and her keen Irish wits to seethe with plans for alleviating the misery about her. Here she saw results of poor laws and official winking and her soul cried out for help for the helpless, for eyes for the blind and wisdom for all the great territory of Oklahoma that was nearing its birth as a state. *How* should she help make its birth a real deliverance?

And it came to her how to do it. "It was like a revelation from God," she says—"if it *wasn't* a revelation from God, what *was* it? I was *led*, all the way along. It came to me that the people must be *educated* to *know* good laws, and they must be inspired or urged to

pass them. Then we must see that the laws are *enforced*."

But Kate Barnard was an inexperienced girl. Where was she to get money and knowledge to do the necessary work of educating the people?

She would go North and study the best laws and institutions of other states. To pay her way she would get money from the owner of the *Oklahoma City Times* and pay him back in helpful articles for his paper, by Jane Addams, Jacob Riis, Edwin Markham and many others who would surely help her to educate the people of Oklahoma.

The editor of the *Times* agreed, and advanced the necessary funds. Also he placed a page of the paper at her command, for a regular department of education.

Learning How.

Kate Barnard visited all the public institutions of Illinois, Missouri and other northern states that were really doing things. She learned things of Jane Addams, Jacob Riis and a score of other workers for the common good, and they more than fulfilled her promises to the *Times* man. The *Times* printed the articles, one after another, and the whole state of Oklahoma read



them and resolved and re-resolved to have for Oklahoma state no laws but the best, no institutions but the finest. Everybody kept his eye on "Oklahoma Kate" as she journeyed from prison to asylum, to schools and settlements, from state to state.

And Then.

When Kate was filled to the brim with knowledge and enthusiasm she went back to Oklahoma and travelled from town to town telling the people what they wanted and how to get it. Everywhere she emphasized co-operation for the good of all.

A Woman Politician.

Then Kate Barnard became a full-fledged politician. In Oklahoma's first state election she stumped the state, making forty-three speeches for good laws for all the people.

She went before the labor unions and found out what they wanted in the way of special legislation. Every just measure she promised to support.

Then she went before the farmers' union in the same way, promising her help and the laborers' votes for every good measure, *provided* they would promise to stand by and vote for the measures advanced by the labor union men.

Then back she went to the labor unions where she presented the farmers' needs and pledged their support.

In this way she helped both unions to find out the best laws to work for to help *all* the people, and she *enthused* them to stand together for the best.

Kate Barnard's pet measures were compulsory education, a child labor law, and creation of a department of charities and corrections which should be in charge of a commissioner *elected by the people*, with full power to oversee and regulate all prisons, asylums and schools of correction.

"We must start the children aright by giving them the best possible schooling," says that little Oklahoma Kate, "and we must see that our criminals, defectives and weaklings are well cared for and educated to health and usefulness. These things are the very foundation of the successful state."

So Kate presented these matters to laborers' and farmers' unions and pledged them to support her measures as well as each other's and their own.

Then came nominations for delegates to the constitutional convention. The state federation of farmers and the state federation of laborers had agreed to vote only for delegates who would *pledge* themselves to support the twenty-four measures they had agreed upon with Kate Barnard.

A printed copy of these twenty-four measures was sent to every nominee. Oklahoma was a republican territory, but not a republican would promise to support those twenty-four good measures for the government of the new state.

"And every one is a *good* law," says Kate, "and framed to stand the tests of the courts. We didn't try to write new laws; we simply laid out before us the constitutions of all the other states, and then we clipped the *very best* laws out of these documents, and pieced them together to make those twenty-four meas-



EDITORIALS

BY ELIZABETH

ures. Every measure had been tried out in other states, so we knew it would stand the courts. And we meant to have the best laws of all states put right into our constitution, where they would *have to* be obeyed even if nine-tenths of some future legislature should be so wicked as to want to change the laws."

The republican nominees refused to pledge themselves to measures for compulsory education, child labor regulation, a department of corrections and charities, bank guarantee and the twenty other measures that everybody really wanted—thanks to Kate Barnard's campaign of education.

But the democratic nominees promised to support all these measures. They not only promised, but they "*signed up*," as Kate Barnard insisted. Every democratic nominee promised in writing to support those measures.

"You see, people sometimes forget their promises," says Oklahoma Kate with a twinkle of her Irish blue eyes. "We had to show those written promises to a number of nominees whose backbones showed signs of weakening."

Four days before election the names of those who had "*signed up*" were all printed in the papers with a call from Oklahoma Kate's party of the people to vote for those delegates.

Out of 112 who signed up 98 were elected by the people. And that constitutional convention put the whole twenty-four good planks into the Oklahoma state constitution. Kate Barnard's name along with her three pet measures.

Thus did a republican territory become a democratic state with a constitution that has already taken its place

as a model for future state makers.

To the shame of the republican party of Oklahoma this is written; and to the glory of those republicans who are great enough to vote for great measures in spite of party lines.

And most of all to the glory of that little ninety-pound Irish wit who outwitted the self-seeking politicians of Oklahoma territory.

The Governor and the Girl.

The first governor of Oklahoma was and is Haskell, a democrat who stood for those twenty-

four planks. He was elected by a large majority.

Kate Barnard was elected first Commissioner of Charities and Corrections, elected by the people for a term of four years; and in Oklahoma City alone she received *twenty-three hundred more* votes than the governor himself, said to be the strongest man in Oklahoma.

Kate Barnard swears by Governor Haskell. "Why, Governor Haskell has *worked* for all these good laws," says she, "and his wife has worked, too. In his short term of office he has signed more good laws than any other governor has had a chance to sign in forty years. Why did he sign them?—he could have vetoed them, as the other people wanted him to. No, Governor Haskell is doing his best to make this the greatest state governed for all the people. If he ever *did* do things that were wrong it was a long time ago, and others did the same things then. Why rake up one sin sixteen years old—if it ever happened at all—when Governor Haskell has done so much for us since then?"



EDITORIALS

BY ELIZABETH

This question we heard echoed on every side, even among the governor's political enemies. Evidently the people of Oklahoma believe in their governor, and consider these trials as mere republican persecutions. We met Governor and Mrs. Haskell in private audience, and their earnest bearing and honest interest in the welfare of their state is distinctly impressive.

They are straightforward, business-like people. Mrs. Haskell wore a white shirtwaist and tailored skirt, and once when she grew specially earnest about something she sat on the edge of the big writing table. They say she never goes calling or to social functions, and that she is practically a private secretary to her husband.

One of our *Nautilus* readers, a bright young teacher in the state normal school of Oklahoma, is a great admirer of the Haskells. Her family and the Haskells came from the same town in Ohio, and the two families have been intimate friends for two or three generations. This young woman's story of the home and public lives of Mr. and Mrs. Haskell did much to convince us that the governor is really the public spirited and honorable man Kate Barnard describes him.

But?

How about those lynchings you had down here—I asked a certain state official of Oklahoma. If you have such good laws down here, and they are properly enforced, as you seem to think, why not let the law take its course with law breakers?

"Oklahomans had tried and con-

demned those men," he replied, "and those same Oklahomans would have executed them for the murder of that sheriff. But the offending men were Texas millionaires who persistently defied our laws and ended by murdering the sheriff, and they appealed this case to the United States Supreme Court, where they were sure to get off. Oklahoma does not think well of the United States courts; we know that the judges are all appointed to look out for corporation interests against the people. We had suffered enough at the hands of those three rich Texas law breakers, and nobody wanted to see them get off free through a technical quibble. A few men had the nerve to do what every Oklahoman wanted done—execute the decision of the Oklahoma courts to hang those men by the neck until they were dead, and their kind given a needed lesson. That is all!"

We all took a long breath and cogitated. Then the speaker continued—

"I being a state official must disapprove this lynching. I am not upholding the lynchers—I am simply explaining how such things can be in a state governed by people whose earnest aim is to do right by all the people. You see the cure of such things lies with the United States government which is now run in the interests of the big corporations. Give us justice in the supreme court and we won't take it into our own hands to execute."

There was silence in that room for space of half a minute, while memories came tramping of certain big fines imposed on corporations and never paid, of certain other cases dropped.



EDITORIALS

BY ELIZABETH

A Prison Episode.

Another of the great things Oklahoma Kate did was to stir up prison reform in her own state and others. Oklahoman criminals used to be farmed out in Kansas prisons.

There were six hundred Oklahoman prisoners in Kansas prisons when Kate Barnard heard they were abused, herded like cattle, dying like rats from lack of sanitation and good food. She asked for authority to investigate and got it. Then she stirred things up so in Kansas that Oklahoma decided to bring her six hundred prisoners home and Kansas reformed her prisons.

The Oklahoman six hundred criminals were all brought home at once, pledged to make no attempt at escape, and they camped out and set vigorously to work to build model prisons in which to serve the balance of their terms. And all the way to Oklahoma, and while they worked the six hundred prisoners sang songs to Oklahoma Kate who delivered them.

Peace.

Peace keeps on deepening and widening and growing more dynamic. At

first it is a solemn calm, and a little deviation from duty ruffles and dissipates it. But by and by as we keep on doing our duty, through this solemn calm, growing ever deeper and broader, there wells the full diapason of a *deep joy*—very softly at first, with many diminutives and silences; at unexpected moments it swells again; over little things the tide of life has brought us—*things*

we loved, and thought we had given up forever when we chose duty as our guide. Fitfully at first the deep joy wells, fitfully and gently, but, oh, so full and sweet and satisfying; such tones as our souls never heard before. We wonder at the deep joy; and oh, we begin to see that the world spirit was urging us on to duty only that we might find deeper joy than the old irresponsible life could yield us. By taking dominion over self, by using our energies for higher purposes we have deepened our capacity for joy.

Now the harmony of deep joy begins to swell, and every touch of life but adds to the peans of praise.

And the good things of life begin to come—houses, lands, fathers, mothers, brothers, a hundred fold more than ever before, *bringing joy such as we never knew before.* Oh, we thought we had given up the pleasures of life for its duties, and behold we find the pleasures added. We used to be fascinated and tossed about by life's pleasures; *now we find them fascinated and obedient to us*—oh, the power and glory and joy of it!

Laws.

Laws are outgrowths of faith in the ideal. Moses

went into the mountain and communed with God, with the ideal. Then he made laws defining the ideal as he saw it, and commanding others to live up to it.

Of course they didn't, and couldn't. But through the laws laid down they began to see, and finally to desire, the ideal itself. By *trying* to live up to the ideal as expressed in the law they came to love it.



Laws and conventions are like the bark and vein of a tree, confining the sap and directing it in channels useful for growth and fruit bearing. Tear away too much bark or too much law, and growth stops, chaos reigns. Only by *confining energy at the bottom* can it be forced to the top. After it has grown well accustomed to proper confining it *doesn't want* to leak out at the bottom; it prefers rising to greater glory at the top.

Laws are always expressions of the ideals of those who make them; selfish ideals beget selfish laws; high and just ideals beget just laws. Unjust laws are bound to die as people glimpse ideals of justice and love.

Shortsighted laws are the grubs out of which righteous laws shall wing their way. *All* laws are the chrysalis from which divinity is freeing itself.

The part of wisdom is to work with and within laws until they fall away from the growing ideals. The part of *instinct* is to kick like the pollywog, wearing itself out knocking its head against conventions.

Instinct has faith in brute force only.

Wisdom finds a way around, even if it takes a little longer to do it.

Wisdom has faith in itself.

Wisdom is free through fulfilling the law; just as you and I are free from the law against matricide, not because the law is on the books, but because our desires run in other channels than those of murder.

Instinct seeks freedom through breaking and entering.

Wisdom's ways are pleasantness and all her paths are peace.

When it comes to new problems instinct's ways are unwise; and the ways of un wisdom are unpleasantness and all her paths are jagged pieces.

And humanity has the right of choice. When it is ignorant enough and impatient enough it chooses the rocks, which look like a short cut but are not; and gets waked to wisdom and a wholesome respect for the sign boards along the way.

Doing Your Work.

The first step toward success is to decide that it is yours, and that all creation is ready to help

you manifest it.

The next step is to work *with* the world, *taking hold anywhere that the world will let you*, in full confidence that the world will promote you *as fast as you prove your fitness for promotion*.

To prove your fitness for promotion necessitates *doing your best* with any job the world gives you, *and at the same time using your spare time and thought in fitting yourself for a better one*.

To do one of these things is not enough. The man who does his work exceptionally well will be kept at that same kind of work until crack o'doom *unless he shows aptitude for doing more valuable work*. The world is always looking eagerly for men who can fill the more difficult positions. It is always trying to tempt people into higher, better paying positions; and the man who is faithful and efficient in one place, and evinces the slightest capacity for higher work, is always the *first* man to get a chance of promotion.



Be Patient with God

By Edwin Markham

Keep heart, O comrade: God may be delayed
By evil but He suffers no defeat:
Even as a chance rock in an upland brook
May change a river's course, and yet no rock—
No, nor the baffling mountains of the world—
Can hold it from its destiny, the sea.
God is not foiled: the drift of the World Will
Is stronger than all wrong. Earth and her years,
Down Joy's bright way or Sorrow's longer road,
Are moving toward the Purpose of the Skies.

Written for The Nautilus

Personal Love.

By ELLEN M. PRICE.

Love is the principle of universal life, and personal love is the activity of finite being.

As finite beings we are human magnets presenting our two poles of consciousness to the storage battery of the infinite which brings us into the circuit of divine consciousness that generates divine power within us.

Subjective consciousness, the negative pole of our being, receives a knowledge of God in the form of intuitive intelligence; this affords us a wisdom infallible if we can interpret it correctly. To interpret this knowledge correctly we must become objectively aware of the truth it presents.

Objective consciousness is the positive pole of being and it rests also in the infinite when it gives expression to personal love for personal love is the objective understanding of divine love conceived by the subjective consciousness. The circuit of universal life thus completed by the harmonious interaction of subjective and objective consciousness in the human mind, we have that activity of being which we may term the Spirit of God manifesting in the human soul.

In this condition the human soul is "at one" with God and in possession of so much of the whole of the wisdom and power of God as the individual can mentally conceive, and he has entered into that haven of peace, the kingdom of God on earth, where he may remain in full

possession of his divine heritage just so long as this order of consciousness reigns in his mind, be it a moment or any period of time indefinite.

But when this divine order of things is disturbed and the activity of the Spirit of God reversed by anger, hatred, fear, or any kindred emotion, mental chaos results, bodily disorders follow, and such conditions sustained, lead to physical dissolution to free the soul from those finite limitations which are not in the natural order of being.

The denial of personal love, which is the suppression of spiritual activity in the human mind, causes mental stagnation and consequent physical disintegration, for the mind is the seat of all activity of the human being. But these disturbances are in the mind of the individual only; spirit is not affected, remaining always the same and always ready to manifest the natural order of things.

Then how are you to express all consciousness of God that you may receive as personal love?

There is no other way to express it, or even to allow it to become active in the mind, than as personal love or sympathetic interest in personal affairs.

If you pray to God you ask Him to bless many, or few, if even yourself, alone. If your consciousness of divine love prompts you to deeds, you may build magnificent edifices in which human beings may worship God and so find their

soul's salvation; or you may build hospitals, charitable institutions, schools; you may paint pictures, write, teach or give your life in service to some cause, but your divine inspiration will center upon some deep interest in human affairs and every effort will tend toward the expression of *personal love*.

Personal love is the activity of the Spirit of God manifesting in the human mind and the divine order of our being is that we shall first give expression to personal love, then the Spirit of

God will actively manifest and we will become objectively conscious of divine wisdom, inspiration, or that intuitive knowledge which will guide us right in every undertaking and put us in the possession of our own in all things. This is the kingdom of God here on earth for which every human soul is athirst, and just the plain, old-fashioned, "I love you," personal love which finds *self* in every living creature, *expressed*, will put you in possession of this divine province as ruler thereof.

The Joy of Life.

By BOLTON HALL.

The crowd in the Forest of Experience began to consult maps and records made mostly by sages and philosophers who had never been there. One of the wise men, pointing to a narrow path said, "This undoubtedly is the 'Path of Life.'" Others disagreed, so they all argued at length.

A woman started out by herself. They called to her that she would be lost, but she did not heed them. She tried many paths, none of which led her anywhere. Coming to a broad path she followed it up; it brought her back to where her friends were. "We told you not to go," they said.

The woman did not answer, but started out again. This time she plunged straightway into the unbroken woods, where the tangle grew denser as she went on. But from day to day she pushed forward. There was always light ahead, but she could not reach it.

One day a man stood before her with

hands outstretched in greeting. "Who are you?" she asked. "I am called Courage," he said, "and you?" "My name is Faith," she answered.

From that time she had a companion. They trudged patiently along together and the way seemed less hard.

Then they met Love who said, "Come and sit with me and rest." So silently they sat down. Presently they heard singing and a radiant creature danced into the flickering light, garlands on her head and flowers in her hands. "Oh, Joy," Love cried, "Come here." Joy laughed. "I am playing with the fairies," she said; "if I wait they might go." Stay," cried Courage. Joy stood still. "Are you also seeking a way out of the forest?" Joy opened wide her eyes. "A way out," she repeated. "What is that? I am not seeking a way out—I live in the forest," and she danced again. Faith, Courage and Love laughed together. "Come," they cried, "let us also play with Joy and the fairies."

My Message to You.

By EDGAR L. VINCENT.

Do we always think of that—my message to you? Or are we so much concerned with "my message to myself," and the effect it will have upon our own selves to make us happy, well and peaceful that we overlook the other side of it, the side which relates to those we meet from day to day? It will not do to be selfish about this. For that would be to rob ourselves of half the joy of living and spoil the work which has surely been given each one of us to do.

The fact is we do not need to strike our fellow over the head with a bludgeon to kill him. We may do it just as surely by the way we look at him or the tone of our voice in speaking. Just in the same way we may make him supremely happy, whether we say a word or not, simply by the expression of our faces and the way we act toward him.

Stop a bit and think about that. Suppose we sit here in our easy chair thinking, "I am happy; the world and I are friends; my soul is delighting itself in fatness; I will sit here a while and grow." Now here comes a friend. Looking into our faces he sees the radiance of our souls shining out gloriously. Will he not cry in rapture, "Oh, it does me good just to look into your eyes. It makes me better and stronger and truer only to sit near you and feel the power streaming out of your life to mine."

But what if we have a shadow on our faces when this friend comes over the threshold? Whether we realize it or not, that friend goes away a different

man from what he was when he came. His life has been lowered in tone. He is not as strong as he was to meet the hard things of the world. We have hurt him to the very heart and who knows to what that blow may lead?

More than one grand act might be traced back to the silent influence of one who little dreamed that he was thus putting his stamp on the motive power of the life of the man who did that deed. So, too, there are thousands today in prisons, insane asylums and hospitals, sent there by the soul power of those they have dealing with. It may be these lives have been spoiled and blasted right in the home where they should have been most helped and strengthened.

You are a husband. What is the influence of your life on that of your wife and little ones? You make them what you will, just by your attitude toward them the little while you are with them day by day.

And this influence reaches not alone to the sense of peace and personal health and satisfaction one feels; it has to do with every act of life—business, success in school, society, politics—everywhere. If we may only feel that somewhere there is one who has faith in us and is bearing us on the wings of love as we go about our work, the battle is surely won, provided we have that same faith in ourselves.

Let's not be selfish about our messages. Turn the radiant thoughts outward. Let them do all they may to make the world better.

The Thoughts of a Young Man



THE BEAUTIFUL events in life are the little happenings viewed as they would appear if written in the story of the life of another. ¶ Naturally the soul's outlook on life is clear and beautiful, but we must not pervert that outlook by drawing before its gaze a dark screen of worldly cares and worries.

¶ Hope for better things in life is but a foreshadowing of events bound to come if we will but permit them.

¶ He who doubts God doubts his own existence, as life is but an expression of that power that holds the universe in its place.

¶ Spring comes with its ever new and wonderful changes. Who can be so blind as to misinterpret the truth that nature publishes FREE to all?

¶ A kind heart is as a flower of beauty and fragrance, and like the flower it reaches the soul of many.

¶ A good disposition is but the good use of those many talents God grants. Some see and appreciate the universe; others, like the blind man, must sound all things with the staff of scepticism before they are even willing to trust.

¶ Riches are not all happiness; but happiness can be manifolded by the proper use of riches.

¶ A steadfast faith is natural to all who permit their souls to direct their lives; as the soul is a part of that great power which is inherent in all things.

¶ The love of God extends to all nations and peoples. No man can escape it, for sooner or later he must capitulate to that ever present and all powerful fact.

—DONALD MORSE KINGSLEY.

New Thought and the Business Man.

By FRANK ANDREWS FALL.

BURSAR OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

In the city, or anywhere else, for that matter, one continually bumps into people who are new thoughters but don't know it. The temptation to reveal them to themselves is strong, but is inhibited by one's feelings that they might possibly deny the soft impeachment, in which event little good would have been accomplished by the attempted revelation.

The manager of one of the largest and most successful mercantile establishments in New York is an example of this type of unconscious but not insensible new thoughter. He has never, to my knowledge, studied Yoga or given attention to any particular cult, physical or psychic. But see how well he embodies the best that is taught in all the schools.

His self-control is apparently perfect. He knows how to breathe. Although he is probably in the dark as to just how deep breathing refreshes him toward the close of a hard day's work, he has discovered that it does, and makes the most of the discovery. He eats simple food. He Fletcherizes to the limit. He uses plenty of water, inside and out, and shuns alcohol as he would any other poison.

He takes plenty of sleep, in fresh air. He wears quiet clothes, avoiding extremes in style, although he could buy the most luxurious and expensive raiment in the Fifth avenue shops were he

so inclined. He arranges his work with variety in view, and so dodges all kinds of ruts and the stagnation incident thereto. He is fond of out-of-doors, and plays as he works, which is going some. Finally he is one of the most inveterate thinkers of cheerful thoughts I ever knew, and as a result, happiness has come to be with him a fixed and permanent habit.

This is a sketchy description of his attributes, and by no means does him justice. But the significant fact is that there are scores and hundreds like him. The number is increasing all the time. And it is not too much to say that the business man of today who is making a *real* success is a disciple of new thought, whether he is aware of the fact or not.

The characteristics which have been mentioned are largely personal. That is to say, they have to do with the man's own life, bearing only indirectly upon his relations with others. But new thought ideals reveal their deepest meaning to the modern business man when they put him into comfortable, friendly touch with the many different personalities he meets in the round of his daily routine.

Your new thought man, (whether so labelled or not), has a winning way with him. He impresses those in the inferior positions of the business,—cleaners, scrub-women, office or elevator boys,

—as being kind. He impresses them thus for the simple reason that he is kind. Clerks and stenographers will do anything for him, in office hours or afterward, because he is considerate and fair, and does not hesitate to express satisfaction when an employe turns out an honest, creditable piece of work.

His peers respect and honor him because he is efficient, prompt, courteous and always ready to receive suggestions. His superiors, if he has any, value him for the same reasons and take good care that some rival concern does not gobble him up. In short, he acts upon everybody in such a way that the reaction is bound to be good.

It is easy to tell, when you enter an office or a shop, whether it is run by a new thoughter, an old thoughter or a no thoughter. The up-to-the-minute man gives his working place an atmosphere. A modern novelist has suggested that we build up our homes from the inside of us, as the snail manufactures his shell. Just so does the new thought business man compel his environment to take on the nature of his new thought. And if you think there isn't much doing in such a place, you ought to go around and get your ideas changed.

The new thought man always has time to do a thing thoroughly and well, because he *takes* time. No half-done jobs, no shoddy work for him. He has all the

time there is. Just watch him as he lays aside something important to answer the telephone. The man at the other end of the line receives such quiet, and yet distinct, intelligible and intelligent answers to his questions that he imagines that new thought hasn't a thing to do but answer 'phone calls.

And the poor operator! Within the last quarter of an hour she has been jawed by seven different old thoughters, who little knew how they were defeating their own purposes by losing their tempers. But new thoughts' perfectly controlled voice reminds her that all men are not on the warpath, and she ceases to be on pins and needles. Likewise the stenographer. Does she not bless the day she came to work for a man who had something worth while to write, and could express his ideas in unblemished English? She does, and right fervently.

Having noted his attention toward his employes, you can easily tell how he meets his clients or customers. He knows how to be obliging without fawning. He knows that honesty is more than the best policy—it is the fundamental principle of successful business. He has perfect control of his temper and of his temperament. He has, in a word, such a grasp of himself and his environment that he is able to work out, side by side, the success of his business and the destiny of his soul.

*"This then my creed: To do the best I can
And grant such right to every other man;
To live so my attending angel be
Not less the angel for his walk with me."*

—Ollah Perkins Toph.

The Smile Lady.

By SINCLAIR LEWIS.

Her deep blue eyes were those of the plucky but gentle business woman of the city. Her blond hair was tousled about her patient lined forehead, quite like the wig of a doll defaced by much loving. The night before she had been reading to the children a fairy tale, about Pretty Pealope, who made the sun shine and the flowers bloom when she smiled. The thought came back to her whimsically as she shook her wet gray skirt and shut her dripping umbrella in the muddy vestibule of the Dairy Restaurant. A muggy, summer rain on barren pavements, which could not transmute its moisture to blossoms and grain, was stranding disconsolate crowds under awnings. How charming it would be if she could, like Pealope, make the sun shine by smiling!

She did not know the nickname they had given her at Siegel-Wanamacy's, where all day long she demonstrated perfumes, marvelous little bottles, tinted rose and amber and violet, smelling faintly of hay fields or bordered gardens. They called her the "Smile Lady," because all day long as she talked to the straggling crowds of shoppers, however weary she might be, she smiled. It was a smile that people were apt to catch up and toss one to another.

New clerks were likely to think that the Smile Lady must be a stranger from an alien land of ease—a land very alien to their dark tenements—who worked for pin money only. But the gray floor-

walker with the frock coat, and lame Mam'selle who was assistant buyer in the glove department, these veterans of the store knew that the Smile Lady would be up at five in the morning to sweep and mend and wash, before she took the raucous elevated down to work, that her four youngsters might be presentable at school.

The Smile Lady had to await a seat in the restaurant, for all the places at the long tables were filled. The bad weather kept her mind on the children. She thought of Esther's cracking rubbers and Tad's cap. Poor cap. The lining insisted on hanging out behind and looking soggy wet in the rain. Indeed, she would be glad to smile the sun into shining for their sakes. The girl in the fairy tale made sunshine for others and in the end, the Prince married her. But the Smile Lady's Prince was in the ogre's den. Her husband, adorable and unsuccessful, was in the West, trying to make a home for them. He had just written to her that he had been robbed of the money for the last payment on their home, as he was riding in to post the remittance. The man who owned the place was a boyhood friend, yet he was going to take back the home and keep the first payments. He could, of course. The deed was made so. Things like that were not to be smiled away.

She looked about her, mildly considering the restaurant in the deadly tur-

moil of the noon rush-hour. It was a triumph of unrestfulness. The hard elegance of glazed walls, gilt Corinthian pillars and showy chandeliers whose light substituted for the wholesome sun; the distrustful "Watch Your Hat" signs; the fiery scent of food; the clatter, clatter, clatter of fork on plate and dish on dish; these were knit by the moist summer heat into a heavy pall. The Smile Lady was very pitiful as she saw the crowd bending under the load of their weariness; the unending army that marched gloomily in to gulp down its indigestible lunch with uncouth flourish of knives and saucers and hasten back to the grind.

The Smile Lady looked from the slaves of the desk to the slaves of the slaves; the rushing waitresses, bewildered with the flood of orders and scolded by hurried lunchers for not remembering all of what no three memories could retain. Greasy omnibuses ready recommending to him a favorite were staggering under loads of dishes which seemed determined to fall. The waitresses were angered because the diners were angry with them; the omnibuses were irritated by the waitresses' sharp commands to clear the path; and, as an undertone to all this human distress in the dining room, came the rattle and cries from the kitchen to indicate yet another troubled world.

Five minutes after the Smile Lady had found a seat and begun to decipher the mysteries of the menu, the little waitress with the silver bracelet—number seven—came panting her monotonous, "Order?" The Smile Lady felt rush over her a tingling current of sympathy for the aching muscles and dizzy head of the girl with the bracelet. Other people mustn't suffer for *our* troubles, she thought; and she looked back and upward with one of the partic-

ularly cheerful smiles which she kept for special occasions (which happened, with her, about once in fifteen minutes). "Dumplings and jelly" was the phrase with which the prosaic bill of fare expressed her order, but for the Smile Lady the phrase concealed a joke. "Dump-elings and *jel*-ly" she gave it, and in her tones the tired girl with the tray could imagine little children romping through sunny pastures.

The waitress caught it up just as she had heard it, and sang out to the order-man behind the kitchen grill, "Dump-clings and Jel-ly," in shriller, more nervoustimber than the Smile Lady's full speech; but with such gay abandon that the faces of the lunchers about her lighted a bit, as though their dusky lives had been touched with sunshine. The order man trolled back the phrase cagerly. He bent down till he could look under the grill, and the polished brass dish-slide positively glittered with the radiance of the look he gave the silver bracelet waitress.

Twisting back into place, he went on bawling orders and pushing out plates of "ham and," while the girl with the bracelet hurried to other tables. But in both their hearts was a joy which did not hasten away. For these two were lovers who had quarrelled, and both too stubborn to ask the pity of love, remained estranged till they fell under the charm of the Smile Lady's incantation. Now there would be explanations and that precious "making up" which almost atones for lovers' quarrels.

But the Smile Lady knew nothing of this, and as she opened and propped beside her plate a magazine the gray floor-walker had lent her, she marveled at the title of an article on a great Philanthropist: "One Who Molded Lives."

"How splendid it must be to mold lives!" she sighed.

Across the table, the bachelor who was eating mince pie, the thick-shelled old bachelor, heard the whole "dumpe-lings" oratorio. It surprised him into a sense of kinship with human things and bright things; and he actually diverted some of his energy from devouring the heavy mince pie. He discovered that beside him sat the Himself of thirty years before—a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three newly absorbed by the city, but already beginning to accept apathetically the dictum that he must drift into a friendless routine of life. Was this modest, gentle youngster intended to dry up, also? Was he, too, intended to give up the hope that a friend would come to him, to him who was not enterprising enough to seize his own friends and drag them from the swirling city current to his little island that was high and dry—too high and too dry—in the stream?

The old bachelor reached for another helping of butter, and as he leaned toward the young man, contributed, "Pretty hot!"

The tone was gruff; it seemed to creak as though from disuse; but the eyes under the shaggy brows were whimsically kind.

The boy trembled. The Friend had come—perhaps! But his answer to the friend's hail was merely a bashful, "Yuh. Cer'nly is!"

The bachelor buttered some bread crusts which he had intended to abandon, and dug up a big-headlined paper. "Seen how Mike was hurt?" he asked. "Hope it won't keep the team out of the runnin' none."

"Aw, it can't," said the youngster, hopefully. His shyness fell from him. "Even if the Cleveland cops the whole series—"

When the bachelor had quite finished his bread crusts, the youngster was al-

novel. They went out together; and the old bachelor, pushed by the Smile Lady's oratorio to leap the chasm of diffidence which had been dividing him from his fellows, said to the youngster, "Well, good luck. Hope I see you here at the Dairy again. Kinda hard gettin' acquainted in the city, ain't it? But me and you must keep track of each other. S'long."

Just then, the Smile Lady, with her magazine leaning against a condiment holder, had come to an account of the Philanthropist's establishment of "Friendship Clubs" for working girls.

"How splendid to give people a chance to make friends," she admired. "Better than making the sunshine even. I wish I could do such things!"

* * * * *

At the end of her long table dined a resplendent person in a plaid waistcoat; the lawyer with an office on the tenth floor. He did not need to economize by eating at this unlesurely place; but its mechanical clack delighted him. He was proud to be a cog of finest steel in a machine of swiftest action. As he sat eating, he was wondering whether he would stand for one minute, one single second more of his old friend's delay in paying that debt. Hadn't he given him years to clear himself? True, the old friend had been encumbered with family doctor's bills and his own sickness; he was climbing up from debt and would be out of it, sooner or later. "But it was so probably later; and—oh, well, business is business. A man of affairs simply couldn't afford to have his money tied up in this preposterous way any longer, by Jove. He'd have the mortgage foreclosed and be done with this nonsense, whether or not—"

An echo of the Smile Lady's "dumpe-lings" song had run along the table, but he heard it with abstracted mind.

Then he saw the order-man beam under the grill at the waitress with the silver bracelet. A hint in that smile reminded him, somehow, of his debtor, the old friend. Ridiculous! Of course there was no resemblance; the obvious answer was that he had already been thinking of Jim. Yet Jim had rustled dishes, when he was in hard luck. Then the lawyer caught the Smile Lady's eye. The rare quality of her look, impersonal though it was, influenced his thoughts as he remembered how Jim had not only rustled dishes but swung the pick and done whatever was possible, in the darker times of his ill fortune. "By Jove, he certainly *had* put up a stiff fight," thought the lawyer. He'd been courageous, just as he was in the days when they were students together.

"Those sure were great times," the lawyer was reflecting, ten minutes later. There was that feast on his friend's birthday, during vacation. Come to think of it, next week would bring Jim's birthday. By Jove, he'd send him the last note receipted! Plucky old Jim, he might try to refuse this quittance of debt, but he'd simply *make* the chump accept the release.

The Smile Lady, reading of how the Philanthropist had helped poor folk to pay loan sharks, sighed: "And my poor boy; I wish that some one like that could help him!"

Two tables away from the Smile Lady, a solitary girl was finishing her croquettes. Though solitary, she was not lonely, for she had summoned as comrades her two secrets, the temptations of the forlorn countenances; and they were absorbing companions that freed her from loneliness. She let their ebon wings droop about her, shutting out every sight and sound of the restaurant.

The solitary girl was in an ugly mood. Her whole cosmos, so tiny a cosmos that

one might have expected it to be ordered easily, was in a wild chaos. Just now, when she was most fatigued by the ill-paid work and drab existence, her temptations had come. The first was a cleverly couched offer from the Chief's business rival to give her a better paid position, sometime; and, meanwhile, to reward her well if she would steal for him the office secrets in the letter book. The other temptation was less obviously threatening and far more dangerous. The Chief himself, married and possessed of a pleasant home, but reputed not to permit a mere home to interfere with his pleasures, was eager to take her to the theater now and then. He had expressed the pity that she should not have a "better time." He even promised to do a thing which always hurt his refined consciousness—raise her salary! Going to the theater with a gray-haired man—that sounded quite innocuous when the girl thought too much of the dreariness of her room, top floor back; but she shuddered as she imaged the Chief's small eyes.

Very well, why not betray this wolf to his business rival and be the instrument of his punishment, while incidentally, just incidentally, of course, being well paid for her treachery? Why not?

As the question embodied itself in almost visible form she caught the blue eyes of the Smile Lady. Suddenly the blue eyes crinkled at the temples, the tired mouth below turned up at the corners, and mouth and eyes overflowed in a smile.

The solitary girl felt a clearing in the fetid restaurant atmosphere. She breathed the fresher spiritual air gratefully. Though she did not in the least realize why she suddenly dismissed the brooding temptation, she was glad to see their swarthy wings bear them away. As she gave her orders for dessert to a

happy-faced waitress, a smiling little waitress with a silver bracelet, she knew very well that she would neither betray her employer to his enemy, nor herself to her employer. She watched the waitress hasten toward the grill; saw her pass the Smile Lady. She did not definitely distinguish the Smile Lady among the other lunchers, but it was then that the solitary girl knew she was going back to a smaller, safer, happier position in her own town. The black-winged temptations, which had not left her plane as yet, suddenly soared off, with the long wing-sweeps that meant a flight to their own distant spheres.

The Smile Lady, reading while she waited for her dessert, was wishing that she, too, could guide the solitary girl of the city by inspiring lectures, as had the Philanthropist—but, of course, a perfumery demonstrator might as well wish for the moon.

* * * * *

A tall young man was sitting in an alcove of the restaurant, far from the Smile Lady. The whole alcove was crowded with shapes, invisible to the other busy lunchers, but dreadfully visible to him. The ebon winged temptations which had assailed the solitary girl were gentle sprites compared with the sinister forms which sneered out a paean of triumph over the young man. In the midst of their saturnine chorus hovered a power of face veiled with blackness, but so leeringly masterful in mien that he knew it for Honorless Death.

The tall young man had played the races in the effort to free himself from industrial chains. He had lost. He had played again with money not his own, but that of The Firm. Knowing that the day for examination of the books approached, he believed that he was determined to take another try at the races,

with stolen money; and either quite free himself from the consequences of his theft, or, if he lost again, be hidden in suicide. And Honorless Death of the veil waited confidently with its grisly chorus.

A dumpy little woman in a gray dress passed the table and turned to smile at him. The tall young man was suddenly aware that the alcove was being cleared of the huge, horrible presences. He did not understand the reason. But he understood, very dimly, that some tremendous psychic wave was bathing him. He ended his vision of the miracle with a very human speech, for he was quite unaware, this tall and entirely clerk-ish young man, that he had been the subject of a battle of cosmic forces.

"By Gad, I won't gamble any more, and I'll own up to the Old Man. If he wants to have me jugged, well, I'll take my medicine and not whimper."

The tall young man left the restaurant, trembling, yet with the brightness on his face of a man reprieved from death.

The Smile Lady had just preceded him at the cashier's desk. She had finished her dessert and the article on the Philanthropist simultaneously; and was now hastening back, cheerfully, to another four and a half hours of demonstrating perfumery. She had not taken any particularly long time for her lunch. The heads of the store were chary of "lunch hours," and, for the clerks, preferred lunch-twenty-five-minutes, as being pleasantly conducive to health and happiness. The Smile Lady had an uncanny impression that during the short period she had accomplished things.

Well, wasn't it rather a long article that she had read? Of course, it was nonsense for a "something" within her to keep insisting that she had done more than read the article and eat her lunch.

It was a shame that she could not set apart a period just for doing good; and not be so selfish as to spend the whole time in earning money by demonstrating perfumery somewhat more carefully than was absolutely necessary; and in caring for her children.

And she wished that she could help her husband; help him more than by just taking care of the children while he was making a path for them in the West. * * * She was quite unsuspecting that the lawyer with the plaid waistcoat was, just then, sending a receipted note and the deed of a home to "Jim"—her Jim as well as the lawyer's. She was so little aware of having paid his debt with a smile that she was quite

ready, when the news came, to believe it just her boy's luck—and no more than he deserved.

As the Smile Lady pressed the magazine that was tucked under her arm, she thought of the Philanthropist again. "I wish I could go even farther than simply helping Jim; and help hundreds," she longed. "Well, who knows; perhaps even I can do something half-way philanthropic some day. But, of course, I should never be able to do as the article says the Philanthropist did: 'Not merely be faithful in the little details of daily help to mankind but even bear a vast torch of deliverance through the great kingdom of Blackness and Terror and Dishonored Death!'"

Don't Get Blue.

By WALTER S. WHITACRE.

When troubles pile up thick and fast
And all your sky seems overcast
With clouds of darkest hue,
When everything is going wrong
And life's pathway seems rough and long,
Just wear a smile and sing a song,

But

Don't

Get

Blue.

When fortune turns her frowning face
And sets a long and weary pace,
When friendships prove untrue,
When Hope lies dead within your breast,
And blank Despair your only guest,
Just whistle while you do your best,

And

Don't

Get

Blue.

Your troubles soon will flee away.
The clouds will pass, a brighter day
Will faith and hope renew.
The dismal, downward way will rise
And lead you through life's paradise
Where fortune smiles from sunlit skies;
So look beyond with hopeful eyes,

And

Don't

Get

Blue.

The More Abundant Life.

VARIETIES OF SAME KIND OF FOODS—FIGS—OLIVES—
—OLIVE OIL—HONEY—HOW THESE DELIGHTFUL
FOODS MAY BE RIGHTLY USED—THE USE OF FOODS
PICKED UNRIPE AGAIN CONDEMNED—NOT ALL
HONEY GOOD—A REMARKABLE DAY'S FARE OF
HONEY, WATER AND RED PEPPER.

By EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE.



the route leading to this long-sought goal, so rarely reached, is made still more precipitous.

We would first call attention to the California dried black fig, a more desirable food than which, from the standpoint of all-the-year-round service, cannot be found in all the wide world. One is less likely to tire of this fig than of any other kind of fruit, barring, possibly, the apple. This fruit-food should be within every-day reach of every one, not excepting our friends who do not care to be "reformed." It possesses sufficient of the necessary nutritive elements for an entire meal—a dozen of them, or even less, if one stops long enough to crush the seeds instead of al-

In further discouraging upon the uncooked food problem, the writer wishes to call the attention of the interested student to a few more of the desirable foods which are attainable, but without which knowledge allowing them to pass on, intact with the expectation that they will reproduce their kind. The seeds will not harm you. They will do you good. They are full of vital energy, and they will make the entire trip of the digestive channel, unaided, if given half a chance, leaving behind only such of their strength and cleansing elements as will compensate an hundredfold for all that has been expended in their behalf. And this is not all—the California dried black fig will attach itself to anything and everything objectionable which has decided to take up a permanent residence in the system, and gently lead it on and out to the fulfillment of its greater mission. We know of no other fruit which has been so blessed with the innumerable proficiencies which have exalted the California black fig to its present stage of lofty consideration, and we have been in the business a long time.

But, beloved, there are black figs and black figs. Some are blacker than others for the reason that the "sulphur man" corralled them before the "Syrup-of-Figs" people (whom, they say, never saw a fig), could file their contracts with the growers. This kind of fig should be

left solitarily alone by the prospective fruitarian. It is sufficient that they should be served in such places as the "Ponce de Leon," Hotel Astoria, etc.

The writer made several entire meals each week on the kind of (unsulphured) figs here referred to. He purchases them in fifty-pound boxes. So fond is he of these figs, and especially of their specific habits, that no less than three hundred pounds have been consumed in his family during the past year.

California could supply the whole world with the best fruits on earth if she hadn't become possessed of the "sulphur devil."

Of course there are hundreds of different kinds and varieties of nuts and fruit and vegetables which the uncooked food disciple is able to procure, but we would admonish every one not to put anything of this character into the stomach but the ripest, the purest and the best, avoiding, always, everything which has been artificially and unnaturally treated through the medium of acids and chemicals.

Continuing, we also have the product of the olive tree, whose fruitful birth-right no man shall gainsay. The olive has come down to us from past centuries, but not until comparatively recent years—at least in the new world—has mankind known what to do with it—not until the anti-meat advocates created a demand for olives and olive oil. First, the "commercial man" saw a fruitful harvest in the green olive, but this was not a case of the survival of the fittest, since the ripe olive soon supplanted it in every mart where human intelligence was in the ascendant. So, today, the olive and its product—olive oil—have become staple articles of food in every market in the world. True, the ripe olive itself is not yet being treated quite fairly, but the brine baths employed in

the process of preserving will soon give way to the demands of the consumer. However, as it is, by soaking the olives for a few hours in clear, cold water, all taste of excessive salt may be removed. Those who live on cooked foods will, of course, prefer not to go to this trouble, since salt is one of their staple articles of every-day consumption.

Pure olive oil is a splendid food and it may be utilized in many ways by the resourceful housewife. Olive oil supplies all the "fat" the body requires. It may be used in all forms of salad dressings—and the uncooked food disciple should know how to make a lot of these out of innumerable fresh vegetables. It is always best, however, in whatever form olive oil is used, to amalgamate it with something else by means of quick beating with a spoon or a regular egg-beater. This opens the way for quantites of oxygen to enter, making the oil more easily handled by the stomach.

Both ripe olives and olive oil are fine substitutes for meat and other foods possessing abnormal stimulating qualities. In fact they will entirely dissipate the meat appetite so firmly fastened upon so many otherwise very excellent people. These people, also, be excellent in all particulars, only they are missing "the time" of their lives by standing without the fruitarian or "uncooked" vegetarian gateway.

Then, there is honey—delicious, ambrosial mountain honey—or prairie honey, for that matter, just so the bees are not fed on a cheap, adulterated sugar substitute for the real thing, which some near-to-town and prairie folk are sometimes guilty of doing—but just fed upon the posy nectar of the gods—blue, pink, red and white, and all the other colors which keep the rainbows guessing as to whether God first gave all of his beautiful colorings to the cold, green

earth far below, or to the starlit heavens above. But bees are neither romantic nor particular except as to their taste and just so there is something in sight with which to keep them busy. In this respect—in the light of always wanting something to do—the bee is several incarnations in advance of some of us talking-machines, which neither toil, neither do they spin, but just loiter around until there is an opportunity to steal what the other fellow has produced. So we build a beautiful little white cabin for the bee and invite him to occupy it all unselfishly by himself. This is to prevent any interference with the bee's industry and provide him with a good home. But soon the ripening harvest is on, and lo, the philanthropic builder of the little white cabin begins to think about rents. Forthwith he extracts from his enforced tenant ninety-nine per cent of all that has been produced, leaving just enough to keep the tenant from starving through a cold winter and carry him over to the next harvest season. Were there no other harvest season in sight, the whole product would have been confiscated and the tenant would have been either left to starve or forced out under the "righteous" eviction act. The landlord would simply say, "shoo" to the bees the same as the Pilgrim Fathers did to the Indians.

It is because of the incomparable sweetness and deliciousness of the product of the bee and its commercial value that man takes the law unto his own hand and surreptitiously conveys this

wealth to his own larder. This is an exemplification of the survival of the unfittest.

Even in the face of all of this, the "best" of us sometimes go wrong in the presence of a dish of honey and a plate of hot biscuits. The number who do not, were they all to stand up in a row, could be counted on one finger. When the thought drifts back to mother's hot biscuits and honey, as it sometimes has a careless habit of doing, the most hardened fruitarian will at times want to divorce the wife who persistently declines to imbibe a few of mother's accomplishments.

The writer often survives the whole day through on two tablespoonfuls of honey dissolved in a pint of water, with a bit of red pepper thrown in as an anti-fermenter. This meal, for it is a full meal for the sedentary practioner, contains a mighty reserve force when perfectly masticated—the same as though it were composed of solid nourishment.

These few passing hints will give the student of this particular phase of the philosophy of life some little idea as to just how fruitarians are made. The writer has received a world of benefit and no end of pleasure through his experiences in delving into the food problem, and his faith that he is on the right track constantly grows stronger and stronger. Therefore, wherever he finds a brother or sister who is in search of the better way, his enthusiasm gathers a new impetus, and he stretches forth the hand nearest his heart with which to greet them.

"We brought no cares into this world, and naked of cares we shall leave it. Therefore to hug them here is foolish."—Adelaide Keen.

Almost a Vegetarian.

HOW TO GRADUATE INTO VEGETARIANISM—A GUIDE WITH DETAILS—WHAT, WHEN AND HOW TO USE CERTAIN FOODS—THE CHANGE CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED IF THIS PLAN IS ADHERED TO—A SUMMER COOK BOOK IN TABLOID.

By ADELAIDE KEEN.

Almost persuaded, is the condition of many a new thought student, as she frees herself from the bondage of three meat meals a day. We know it is healthier to live without any meat, but the change is apt to do harm. Better drop meat slowly, for nuts are too rich and the family rebels against the efforts to reform. Try buying meat one day in a week, using it as a roast once, then chopping the meat to fill stuffed vegetables, omelettes or combined in salads or sandwiches, mixed with mayonnaise dressing. These meat meals will do for about four dinners, if the roast is not too small. Beef, mutton, lamb, veal or chicken can also be used. And also buy some bones for soup stock, with a pound of freshly chopped beef, to give flavor and richness. The bones from the roast, with the carefully saved gravy, will make another lot of soup. At the end of the week, get a fish, bake it with a nice bread filling and serve with a cream gravy. Next day have the left over fish flaked fine, mixed with the gravy and bake it in small dishes, or one larger one. If you attempt this sensible but economical plan you will certainly feel better but you must edu-

cate the family into it and also serve every day, at dinner, and perhaps at lunch, a plate of soup before the meal. You can make this soup from the stock, adding carrots, turnips, onions, herbs and a leaf of cabbage, about one quart of water to each half pound of meat or bone. Boil very slowly all day, covered tightly and strain, after cooling. Flavor and keep on ice. This can be diluted with water or used to flavor sauces. In serving vegetables for meat, we *must* have savory sauces, using stock, milk or cream, and when you can afford it a little butter and yolk of egg. This is the way the French do and it makes any vegetable delicious.

Tomatoes, cabbage, egg plant, cucumbers, green peppers and lettuce all can be stuffed with the same mixture of meat and bread crumbs, herbs, chopped onion and gravy, made of stock. Bake for twenty minutes. You can use boiled rice instead of bread crumbs as a change. Macaroni, spaghetti and noodles are delicious substitutes for meat, but they are tasteless without a good sauce of tomatoes or cream or gravy made from stock. There are hundreds of ways of serving eggs but no one

cares to try them. Each is easy and the addition of a little meat, as garnish or sauce, improves all. You can set a fine meal, call it lunch or tea, with a pot of good coffee, rich cream, a plate of sandwiches, some cheese and a dish of lettuce, dressed with oil, vinegar, pepper and salt. Cake and fruit can follow. Make the sandwiches from finely chopped cold chicken, veal, lamb or mutton, mixed with mayonnaise dressing and spread between slices of stale bread, cut as thin as paper. For lunch or Sunday night's tea, Welsh rarebit or a bowl of first class milk toast made of whole wheat or Graham bread and plenty of cream sauce will fill and satisfy. Eggs are fine served in a low earthen dish, poached in cream with grated cheese, browned, over the top. The best dish of all is spaghetti, cooked Italian style, and it easily makes a whole meal, save for fruit and soup. Wash and drain half a pound for a family of six people, using two cups of stewed tomatoes and at least a quarter of a pound of sharp, dry cheese. Grate the latter very fine, set aside and serve it as the spaghetti is passed at table. Boil the spaghetti in two quarts of water with a teaspoonful of salt, fully half an hour, rapidly. When very tender, strain through a colander, put in a dish and pour over it the hot tomato sauce made from two cups of stewed or canned tomatoes, one onion, chopped fine, a clove, a teaspoon of cornstarch, seasoning, and a cup of water, blended with the cornstarch. Cook slowly, press through a sieve and keep for use. This same sauce, used for filling Spanish omelette, becomes rich and savory, adding six chopped mushrooms, one-fourth pound of bacon and one green pepper, free from seeds, cut fine. Any vegetable left over from yesterday, such as tomatoes, potatoes, corn, carrots, cauli-

flower, asparagus, celery, can become delightful in the form of soup, adding to two cups of chopped vegetables as much milk, blended with a little cornstarch, some chopped onion and parsley, a tablespoon to every quart of soup. Cook slowly, press through a sieve and serve with toasted bread squares, as large as dice. The constant use of meat chopper and wire sieve would transform our insipid meals into dreams of French cookery. A little nutmeg or mace added to sauce or soup gives a fine flavor. Make up a jar of blended dried herbs and see how a pinch improves soups, sauces and stews. There are many appetizing dishes to be slowly cooked in covered earthen casseroles, of cheap meats or fish, or even the humble tripe, with carrot, onion, stock and herbs. Salads of all kinds of cooked and many raw vegetables, covered with mayonnaise or boiled coldslaw dressing take the place of meat in hot weather. Peanut butter, spread on thin slices of brown bread, eaten with dates or figs, served with cream are nourishing. We can eat peanut butter twice a week. Chopped nuts, mixed with bread crumbs, herbs and cream, will imitate a roast of meat. It adds to salads to sprinkle chopped nuts over it; cakes and many vegetable dishes can be baked with the same rich finish. Cream cheese surrounded with a border of strawberry or apricot jam is full of goodness. You can turn any cheap dried fruit, such as apricots into delicious food by washing it, covering with cold water, and cooking it on the back of the fire. It can soak all night and simmer for hours, needing less sugar when tender. It is as good as honey for hot toast or cakes. Honey is another natural food we ought to enjoy. Fruits can be cooked with plenty of water, strained and served ice cold as beverages. The good manager wastes

nothing and has always something for company. The proper way to live is to have new dishes often, a few foods at each meal exquisitely cooked. We tire of the same meats or other viands, served day after day, year after year, when the earth offers smiling abund-

ance. Invest in some penny packets of seeds and raise your own vegetables in your yard. See how fine they taste! This is done in Europe by small clerks and mill hands when meat is too high. A few minutes each day suffices to do the work.

The Editors Abroad.

A SECOND LETTER TO THE WORKERS AND TO YOU
—THE SECOND MONTH OF A GLORIOUS VACATION—
NAUTILUS CONTRIBUTORS AND FOLLOWERS MET
—LOS ANGELES—THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO—THE
PORTLAND ROSE CARNIVAL—THE "COOKES," GRACE
MACGOWAN AND ALICE—THEIR STUDIO—SINCLAIR
LEWIS.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

On the morning of May 18, we took a regretful departure from Los Angeles. Our next destination was Del Monte, from which point we were going by carriage to visit Grace MacGowan Cooke and her sister Alice, who live at beautiful Carmel-by-the Sea.

Del Monte is an immense hotel, patronized wholly by tourists. It is owned, presumably, by the Southern Pacific Railroad, and is situated in the midst of a most beautiful forest and private park of about one hundred and thirty acres. Here roses, geraniums and many other flowers grow luxuriantly and blossom the year around. The great evergreen trees of the primeval forest contrast prettily with the cream color of the house. The ocean is only a short distance away, so that it is always cool at Del Monte.

The hotel people also own another park of several thousand acres which is

yet largely in its natural state. Through this heavily wooded park they maintain a famous eighteen mile drive. For several miles the drive skirts the rugged shores of the Pacific. At one point we looked down upon a favorite resort of the seals, and saw several dark heads bobbing up and down in the water, and one or two seals stretched at ease upon the rocks.

Near seal rock there is a point of land covered with peculiar ancient cedar trees. They are the only trees of this variety in the United States, it is said. Some claim that these trees are identical with the historical cedars of Lebanon. Others surmise that the seeds of these trees came from Japan (where this variety of cedar is found); they floated across the ocean many hundred years ago, propelled by the prevailing westerly winds, and were washed ashore at this point, where they took root and grew.

On the afternoon following our arrival at Del Monte, we chartered an automobile to take us over to Carmel-by-the-Sea, about an hour's ride from Del Monte. Our chauffeur's home was in the vicinity of Mt. Carmel, but he had not been living there for several months so we had to fall back upon the village post-office for information as to where the Grace Mac Gowan Cookes (as we always called them to ourselves) lived.

Carmel is located upon a long sandy beach, reaching down to a beautiful cove (I believe that is the correct nautical term). Wooded headlands extend out into the Pacific at the north and south boundaries of the cove. The south point rises into quite rugged mountains a little way back from the shore.

And there, in the last house on the southern end of the beach, in full view of this rare combination of ocean, mountains and wooded hills, we found the studio of Grace Mac Gowan Cooke and her sister, Alice Mac Gowan. The sisters rent this cottage just on account of the one corner room with the glorious view. To the south are the mountains and woods and hills. To the west is the ocean with its ever changing lights and colors. The windows of the studio are very large with a minimum of sash, so that there is nothing to obstruct the outlook. Surely no writers were ever blessed with more favorable surroundings in which to do their work.

The studio is littered with the usual accompaniments of writers; loose sheets of manuscript; brief notes of ideas for stories; business letters from publishers; copies of magazines, etc., etc. Upon the walls are original drawings from which illustrations have been made for the numerous novels produced by Mrs. Cooke and her sister; also photographs

of the sisters, none of which, by the way, do them justice.

After enjoying the studio and the view and a delightful little supper, we spent the evening around the open fire in the cottage where the family live, which is situated only a short distance from the studio.

Arrangements had been made for us to sleep at the cottage of Sinclair Lewis (*Nautilus* readers will recognize Mr. Lewis as the author of "The Smile Lady"). Sinclair, who is a young man six feet tall, slender and very much in earnest, keeps bachelor's hall with the aid of another bright young college man who is also making literature his profession. The boys had quite a time hunting for clean sheets and the other accessories which they thought necessary to our entertainment. They imagined that Elizabeth, being a woman, would require all sorts of extras, though they were not quite clear as to just what was needed. We slept soundly, lulled by the distant roar of the surf, and awoke to a beautiful morning and the knowledge that the stage for Monterey would soon call for us.

* * * * *

Our next destination was San Francisco. Our imagination had long been busy with the city by the Golden Gate. We wondered if the ravages of fire and earthquake (I may say in passing that is is not good form in San Francisco to speak of the earthquake—it is always "the fire!") would still be plainly seen, and whether the city had recovered its equipoise and was as full of vigor as the old San Francisco.

We found a city containing 100,000 more people than it did before the earthquake and fire. The business part of the city, extending along Market street from Van Ness avenue to the bay,

which was completely destroyed, seems to have been almost solidly rebuilt. On every side modern, well-constructed sky-scrapers greet the eye. Large metropolitan hotels which compare favorably with the very best in the United States, have been constructed. One by one nearly all the great mercantile houses which occupied small temporary quarters after the earthquake, have moved into large new buildings down town in the center of the business district.

The earthquake and fire destroyed or wrecked five hundred blocks in San Francisco, upon which stood approximately 28,000 buildings. Since then 15,000 new structures have been erected and 5,000 restored.

Around Knob Hill and vicinity and upon many side streets large burned gaps may still be seen. The wreck of the great city hall is still pointed out to tourists as a curiosity. One-half of Golden Gate Park is brown and the shrubs are fighting for life because since the earthquake the water supply has not been sufficient to furnish irrigation for them. The tents which were to be found in the park within a year have all disappeared. The trampled grass has been restored. Chinatown has been rebuilt, including even its famous narrow closed alley, where the festive Chink continues to murder his countrymen every few weeks or months. All honor to San Francisco for the tremendous energy and patience exhibited in rebuilding the city.

* * * * *

The lights twinkled merrily over the city by the Golden Gate and in Oakland across the bay, when the great Southern Pacific ferry boat moved slowly and majestically out from the pier at the foot of Market street and we were fairly embarked for our next destination—Portland.

The following morning we were threading our way through the mountains in view of the snow peak, Mt. Shasta. For hours we kept this peak in sight as we looped and turned through the wooded mountains and hills. Sometimes we seemed to approach within a few miles of the snow cap, and then it gradually receded until it was lost in the distance.

Another night passed and soon after daylight we awakened to find ourselves in the beautiful Willamette Valley, nearing Portland.

We reached the city at 7.15, and notwithstanding the early hour Elizabeth's Portland relatives were at the station with a new Packard car waiting to receive us.

The real western idea of hospitality is to do something all the time for the pleasure of the guest, and during our three weeks' stay in Portland we rode over a thousand miles in the Packard car. We made acquaintance with the finest farming land that the sun ever shone upon. Nowhere else have we seen such fields of clover, wheat and rye, such sleek cattle and pigs and fat sheep as are produced in the Columbia Valley. Much of this land has been cleared but comparatively few years. The soil is naturally fertile and is not exhausted by continued cultivation. The farmers seem to be fully aware of the value of their land. One farm, quite a distance outside Portland, was held at from \$600 to \$1,000 per acre.

Portland we found had doubled in population during the four years which had elapsed since we had seen the city. The number of new buildings being erected in all parts of the city is simply marvelous.

We were fortunate enough to be present in Portland during the rose carnival week. Roses were more plentiful than daisies are in the East. Each in-

coming tourist was offered free roses at the depot. Five carloads of choice roses were distributed about the streets one morning. Millions of roses were used for the various parades and the Rose Show held at the old Fair Grounds. And still one could see no diminution in the number of beautiful roses which graced almost every lawn in the fine residence portion of the city.

For natural scenery the region about Portland cannot be surpassed. The tall, finely formed Oregon fir trees can be seen almost everywhere, and no more beautiful tree ever grew. Each tree is like an enlarged Christmas tree. The City Park of Portland and the heights overlooking the city contain large numbers of these beautiful evergreens. From Portland Heights one gains a magnificent view of the confluence of the Columbia and Willamette rivers, with four

or five snow-capped mountains in the distance. Near at hand, spread out like a panorama, is the city itself with Portland harbor in the center. Into this harbor come vessels from all parts of the world. Portland exports more wheat than any other city in the United States with the single exception of New York. Portland is also the largest lumber producing city in the world.

A writer in *Collier's* recently referred to "the vigorous cities of the Pacific Coast." "Vigorous" is just the word to apply to Portland. Its citizens think nothing of building a \$2,000,000 bridge over the Willamette, with another new bridge already provided for, nor of spending \$3,000,000 for the enlargement of their water supply system. Most eastern cities of 250,000 would find difficulty in accomplishing such expensive improvements.

The Path of Solitude.

BY MARCHESA ALLI-MACCARANI.

"I Have Trodden the Wine Press Alone and of the People There Were
None With Me."

If we had listened we had heard the wave
Of joy break o'er the grey shore of our soul,
Had known as outer veils of One Great Whole
The clouds that hid the glory that we crave—
But though so dark and storm-fraught did they not save
The ideal of our dreams as high seas roll
Gently their cradled dead from pole to pole,
Though first they gave a swift and treacherous grave.
And now the past's o'erpassed does on our sight
Not rise and break a Vision of Delight,
A path that leads to some transcendent Heights?
A height that no man shares, that is our own
That fills grief's valleys with its star-crowned throne,
A holy path that we must tread alone.

Master Keys of Power.

WHAT CONTROLS ACTS—HEREDITY—EXPERIENCE—CIRCUMSTANCES—A GOOD ILLUSTRATION—THE EFFECT OF HEREDITY—HOW THESE THINGS BRING ABOUT COMPREHENSION—WHAT COMPREHENSION WILL DO.

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

NO. 8. COMPREHENSION.



"To comprehend all things is to justify all things." That is a most tremendous statement when you think of it seriously. It means comprehension. It means that an action shall be considered not as an

isolated happening but as a link in a vast chain of happenings, of which that act is merely the culmination. To comprehend the true nature of any act we must remember that behind the act lie three distinct sets of factors: First, the heredity of the person performing it—an ever widening set of factors, a very pyramid of influences, extending back and back into the dark caves of subhuman oblivion from which our proud race emerges. The two parents, the four grand-parents, the eight great-grand-parents, the sixteen great-great-grand-parents and so on back and back—all had an influence in forming the character and in determining the act.

Second we must consider the personal experience of the man or woman committing the act. That experience is quite as strong a factor, often a stronger factor, in the character than the hereditary influence. A man or woman of poor heredity, but who for the thirty or forty years of personal life has been subjected only to influences tending to development, refinement and self-command—such a man, such a woman, would in forty-nine out of fifty cases be quite immune from any adverse influence of heredity.

And then we have a third set of factors to consider in connection with any act—the circumstances of the case—the particular set of conditions which impelled this man, this woman, to the performance of this special act.

Now, of course to take in all of these factors, the heredity, the personal history and all the circumstances, is generally impossible, perhaps always impossible. However, could we do so, there is absolutely no doubt that we would entirely justify the act—whatever it was. That is to say, after all, charity and mercifulness in judgment are merely the result of enlightenment. The highest wisdom is the most unflinching love and charity.

Is this merely a theory? Let me tell you a story, one of the many I could tell, showing how the theory works out.

An elegantly dressed woman is passing down a fashionable street in Manhattan. In her right hand she carries an opulent looking pocket-book. Suddenly a roughly dressed man walks near the woman, snatches the pocket-book from her hand and darts away. A well intentioned citizen attempts to stop him, and is stabbed for his pains. Later the highwayman is captured by a policeman. Just an everyday little episode in the gentle metropolis.

Now in this case I had an opportunity to test my theory of "comprehension." I saw the fellow in jail, was able to help him a little and got his confidence. He was a Sicilian, less than thirty years old. His people for generations had lived in poverty and squalor, and had been in sympathy, sometimes in actual affiliation, with organized banditti.

As a boy my highwayman had been cruelly beaten by his father, and had learned to steal food from the scanty family larder. On coming to this country he had obtained work in a stone yard, but had lost his place. On the morning of the theft he had eaten nothing for two days and had left in his

bare, squalid room, his wife, a nursing mother, and two little children crying for food. He had tried to find work in vain. Hungry, heart sick, vaguely feeling the hideous injustice of life, fiercely resentful against those supposedly better off than himself, he saw the sumptuous pocket-book, and—

Can we not comprehend? The heredity of poverty, brutality and moral obliquity; the personal life of passion, pain and lack of moral, or even mental training; the circumstances, starvation not only for himself but for those dearer than self—considering all these factors which focussed themselves in an act of crime and violence, can we not understand the logic of it all? And shall we judge too harshly the unfortunate who, base and brutal by heredity, vicious by habit and training, hard pressed by merciless circumstances, was guilty of an act which we, well born, well trained, well fed, would not, need not attempt.

For this poor footpad I have no excuse, no condemnation. I quote the case "to point a moral and adorn a tale." I make a plea for comprehension, for an effort for comprehension, to the end that we may love one another better and look upon one another more mercifully.

"Made In The Mount."

BY LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN.

In trance, like Pythoness of old I saw
 "The pattern of the things made in the mount";
 Not things themselves, but shifting shadow-shapes,
 Like moon's mirage in evanescent mist.
 Yet my unconscious voice did utter forth
 The beauties of the hidden way of Truth
 Till some who heard rejoiced and came to me,
 Believing that I lived the thing I sang.
 With that belief renaissant purpose sprang—
 I would become the thing I did but seem—
 Thus in Truth's garb we all do masquerade
 And learn the thing ourselves that we would teach.
 And thus vibration's law is verified
 That action and reaction are but one.

A Manifestation of the Soul.

A STUDY OF THE SPIRITUAL EXPANSION—POTENT
PSYCHIC POWER NOW AWAKENING LATENT MINDS
—MENTAL ENTITIES ARE INTROSPECTING—AN ERA
OF SPIRIT FORCE—KNOWLEDGE OF THE SOUL ON
THE INCREASE.

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.



The reader is requested to notice that the words will occur, will take place, will be caused, are not used in this survey of man's mental and spiritual condition. This delineation of psychic forces is set in the living present.

Potent psychic power is now actuating the mind of humanity, and awakening latent mind entities. This activity is beyond all doubt cyclic in its nature and recurrence. Spiritual impulses have laid hold on man before, but none in the historic period has been equal in intensity to the movement now on. The human soul is now making a manifestation; is seeking to make an expression, a revelation or perhaps it is well to write—an expansion. Atmospherea and etherea are realms now drawing into closer relations to the corporeal. The mental entities are expressing themselves. There is a submergence occurring a flowing in and out, and the flow is spiritual. It were much more nearly true to say that mind is immanent and

already expressing within, than to write that it is external. Mentation, thinking and recognition are in rapid rates. This is known from an analysis of the world's psychic literature. It is teeming with new statements, propositions and assertions. These relate to the soul. The very soul of man is making proclamations. It is rising in majesty; feels itself to be a Nature force and is rapidly assuming dominion and power. It is solving problems of space and duration without making computation. This is a mysterious truth. Is this fact unthinkable? Can we understand this action of spirit? We are rising to light and entering luminous regions. The periphery of thought is expanding as a wave-front of light, or of radiation in general. Spirit, mind, soul are radiant now. In etherea, the dimensions of mental objects are known without measuring. And rates without research. The sublimity and grandeur of these methods of acquiring definite knowledge are beyond comprehension at present. We see this fact in expression as through a clouded film. The wise are now drawing wisdom from the original reservoirs, the everlasting fountains. Positively, this is the chief fact now emerging from mental

mists. We may, and now are taking knowledge from the primordial store of cosmic consciousness. This is occult, obscure, esoteric, mystical, but true. Ethereal is in expression. The early effects are ethical and moral. The set fact is, the Unseen is ruling the Seen with more rigor than it has ever displayed before. The reign is spiritual and mental. The Seen is dwindling to subsidiary and secondary proportions in presence of the ineffable majesty of the Invisible. The soul of man is now sensing the soul of the Universe with a high degree of sensitiveness hitherto unknown. This is because an era of spirit force is here. The impulse is electro-cerebral, nervous, negative, feminine and potential, and good, pure and true. The fact that the force is present, and has arrived is known by the ringing of sweet astral bells. Do you not hear their tuneful strains? Go listen to the voices calling. They say to you, "be good;" "be true;" "be loving." It is a psychic fact that a symphony is being heard everywhere by those "having ears to hear." And measureless quantities of all good things by those who understand the almost insoluble meaning of the three words: "Able to receive." And three equally great: "Able to reject." I wrote the words, almost insoluble. At first, the understanding is submerged; but when students of these higher things are actually able to receive, they become aware of the fact for floods of illumination burst in splendor upon the soul. How obscure do these assertions and statements appear to those not able to receive, that is, not on the road to supernal spheres in Etheria. And how they burn and blaze in the souls of those that really are. What is this psycho-mental force now actuating the soul of man? It is Universal Consciousness seeking an expression. An announce-

ment, a proclamation is being made, and in or from higher spheres. These are ethereal but more real than corporeal. They are living and mental and wonderful. We know little of ourselves; but we shall, for there is now a continuous revelation being made. This entire world movement is awe-inspiring, majestic and sublime. A soul expression is most impressive and one of great magnificence is now being made. It is now known that we must seek ethereal realms; and the better way is to secure them at any cost whatever. For the supernal powers have during a number of times in the past ceased impressing the soul of man. Then he forgot his source of being. One such interval has been resting on man. It is now ended and the ethereal powers are rapidly assuming sway dominion and power. This is the cause of the present world-wide psycho-mental impulse, now increasing in intensity and momentum. Students are everywhere turning to immaterial things and are analyzing themselves—minds. Wisdom is increasing and hidden mental wonders are being brought out of deeps to cosmo-psychic light. Striking, impressive psychological events are in active processes of wide unfoldment, opening as a flower. Soul-consciousness, psychic-sensitiveness and activity are appearing simultaneously in many parts of the world. These are known to be caused by mental powers, forces and entities in ethereal realms, regions, spheres and spaces. A new cosmo-ethereal and terrestrial plan is being wrought. Man is directly involved. His psycho-mentality is in a state of conscious, as well as unconscious expansion. To many, these statements will seem to be obscure; to others brighter than the sun at noon. The reader is aware that I speak in positive and assertive language. But I know whereof I speak.

What Is Truth?

ORIGIN OF MOTION—AN EXPOSITION OF FORCE AND
MOTION FOUNDED ON THE THEORY OF SPACE BEING
OCCUPIED BY A FLUID CONSCIOUS SUBSTANCE—
HAS MOTION EVER A BEGINNING?—WILL AND WILL-
PRESSURE ON MOTION—WILL OF GOD THE ONE
COMPELLING POWER.

By WALLACE D. WATTLES.

VI.

THE BEGINNING OF MOTION.

To understand force and motion, we must go back to a supposititious creation. Conceive, first, of space as being occupied by completely conscious substance in a perfectly fluid state; conscious throughout, alike throughout, and without motion. Now, can you conceive of motion as beginning in any part of this substance without an act of will? Can you think of your conscious self as beginning to act, and as continuing to act in an orderly and consecutive series of motions without an effort of will? If, as we have seen, original substance is completely conscious, then its every motion must be a conscious motion; and we cannot think of conscious motion without will. You are aware that you can consciously originate motion yourself; but you cannot do it without will. You are conscious substance; you can be nothing else as we have seen, and you can move or cease to move by an exertion of your will, and in moving or ceasing to move you cause the body you inhabit to move or cease to move. We see motion beginning and ceasing all around us; and we conclude that every motion had

a beginning; and that the beginning of the series of creative motions which have resulted in the present universe of forms could only have been in an action of the will of Original Conscious Substance.

In the beginning, then, by an act of will, parts of substance were made to press against each other; and this pressure must pack the substance together, making it more dense, more rigid, and less fluid. This pressure, also, must originate the motions we know as light, heat, electricity and magnetism; and this will-pressure, drawing substance together and holding it in coherent masses, is what we call gravity. It is this will-pressure which brings an apple to the earth, and which holds the earth itself in its orbit; which tends to bring all the heavenly bodies together, and which yet holds them apart forever, keeping each in its own place. There is no accounting for "attraction" on other grounds than that it is the Creative Will of Original Substance, pressing itself together into forms. Every phenomenon of force or motion, from the circling sweep of a planet to the vibration of an atom, has its origin in the will of the great Intelligent Substance to which, or to whom, men have given the name of God. The

earth is held together solely by the pressure of the will which permeates it; were that will relaxed, the earth would return instantly to its original fluid condition. Try to think of substance as being held together by something else than will; try to think of substance, originally fluid, as being pressed into solid shapes and held in solid shapes, and going on in orderly and consecutive motions without will; and you will find it unthinkable. The earth is a part of Conscious Being, holding itself in form by the exercise of the will which is in all substance; gravity is the will exerted by substance in pressing itself into form; so also is chemical affinity, or the directivity of atoms. All motion originates in will-pressure. Trace back the motion of the wheels to the engine and thence to the coal; and you say that the latent heat-energy of the coal is causing motion. But what lodged the heat energy in the coal? Was it the will-pressure of gravity, in the distant ages? There is only one force, and that is the will of the Great Intelligence; the eternal creative pressure, moving substance into the various forms in which it appears to us.

In the beginning was God, Spirit, Conscious Substance, occupying the calm deeps of space. An act of will, and there was sufficient pressure to produce the particles of the luminiferous ether, whose vibrations produce light; and there was light. A further act of will, increasing pressing of substance together, and nebulous clouds appear; and by the Great Will these were pressed into spheres with all the accompanying phenomena of the motions of heat and electricity; and so

the creation of forms went on until the visible universe appeared as it is; formed of one substance, by the Will of God, and maintained and held together by the continued exercise of that Great Will.

The question of motive comes in just here. We cannot conceive of continuous, orderly and systematic action without a motive; and the question must come to our minds, what is the motive of the Great One in His work? With a little reflection, the answer must present itself. He is seeking happiness. We cannot conceive of a conscious being as continuously seeking pain, inharmony or misery. Conscious action can have but one motive, and that motive is ultimate harmony or happiness. The purpose of God in the creation can be nothing else than His own happiness, and since he is All and in All, His happiness can only be attained in the happiness of all. Remember that the purpose of the creation is the happiness of all, including yourself, and that to be unhappy is to oppose the will of the Great Intelligence.

Look now upon the immensity of the visible universe, and contemplate the power of the Creator; see that in all and through all, from the rolling on a planetary system to the rising of the sap in a blade of grass, the one impelling power is the Will of God. And this Great Intelligence is seeking pleasure and happiness in us, and through us. Shall we doubt, then, that He can and will heal our diseases, give us every good thing that we need, and guide us into all truth? In the next chapter, we shall consider man's relation to this Great Intelligence.

*Learning without living is burning chestnuts
for somebody else to eat. — Purinton.*



By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

* * * On one of the doors in the Oklahoma state house you may read this announcement, lettered in gold: "Secretary of State, Bill Cross." It is said that Secretary Cross always affixes his signature to official papers exactly as it appears on his door. No frills or furbelows or "Williams" in his.

* * * The smug and self-satisfied citizen of New England, sitting in his easy chair and reading of Oklahoma tornadoes, or criticisms of Oklahoma laws by the plutocratic metropolitan papers, is apt to regard such a fact as I have recorded with amusement or disdain. In truth, however, it constitutes a key to the real nature of the people of Oklahoma and to her laws. They do not believe much in fuss, frills and furbelows down there. They do believe in good, plain, sound business methods. They believe in preserving public property and public utilities for the real benefit of the people.

* * * For instance, there is the provision in the Oklahoma constitution in regard to municipal corporations. A municipality in Oklahoma has the right to engage in any business or enterprise which may be engaged in by any individual or corporation by virtue of a franchise from the municipality. In other words, if any public service corporation, a street railway for instance, does not give service satisfactory to the people, the city or town wherein they are located may build a competing line. No franchise is granted without a majority vote of all the citizens of the town or city concerned. The state reserves the

right to regulate the charges of its public servants, but it also provides that these servants shall receive a just compensation for their services. In other words, so long as the big corporations who own the railroads and other public utilities conduct their business in an honorable and reasonable manner, the state does not interfere with their charges. The people only seek to preserve their just rights. They do not grant to a corporation an unlimited and unconditional franchise in Oklahoma. They always keep a string tied to their franchises, the string to be used whenever the corporation holding the franchise becomes careless and extortionate. It is simply sound business methods applied to legislation.

* * * Governor Haskell, who has been largely instrumental in shaping the laws of Oklahoma, was formerly connected with a firm of contractors. As a good business man he understands thoroughly the best methods of making a contract binding and of protecting his client's interests. In this instance his client is the people of Oklahoma. They have a provision in the Oklahoma constitution which provides for two cent per mile fare upon railroads within the bounds of the state. Other states have passed similar laws which have been pronounced unconstitutional. The Oklahoma law stands because, at the governor's suggestion, an amendment was made to the law as originally framed. This amendment provides that whenever a railroad company can prove to the satisfaction of the corporation commission that it (the railroad) is not earning a profit upon the services rendered, this particular road may be made exempt by the commission from the two cent per mile law until such time as it reaches a paying basis.

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 most helpful success 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. 197.

Success is the culmination of the heart's desire. As each one has some particular desire, so each one has or can have success, for, to have the desire goes to prove you can have success. The desire of course must be *real* desire, not an idle dream for something that someone else has that you would like to have. The one thing needful to be successful is to know what you want, and then go after it, and keep on after it 'til you get it. It is wonderful, surprisingly wonderful, how things give way to the one who will climb over if there is not room made to go through. Room is always made for the vigorous one. He may see but a short way ahead, but he *knows* he will be able to get there. Such a one is gladly willing to work his way, and there is always a way to one who will look for it, and take it, when he sees it. I believe in success, and I believe in the successful one, for he has proved that he had the grit to stick to the point, to hold to his resolution of reaching a certain goal, and he is a success for he *got* what he started to get.

I think the "secret of success" is to hold fast to your aim, not letting small every-day affairs swerve you from the path that leads to what you want.—LAURA J. MILLER, Dayton, O.

Success Letter No. 198.

To be encouraged or discouraged by our environments and prospects depends much on the standpoint from which we view them. If we dwell prominently on our failures and weakness, our blunders and losses, our disappoint-

ments and fears, we shall have little to cheer us, and see little promise of improvement and final success. Even if we succeed in a long cherished venture, our success may prove our life failure. In our very exultation of nearing the summit of our ambition we may find that for which we have so long struggled a mere bubble that disappears at the touch. We look with pride on our beautiful palace of "gold, silver and precious stones," to find it "hay, wood and stubbles," that a moment's spark turns to the ashes of disappointment, and we think ourselves fortunate if we escape with our life—"though as by fire."

Life a failure? *Failures are the necessities of success.* That man who never fails never ventures. Few men rise to distinction who have not been knocked down ignobly again and again. Life is a battle and only the brave win.

And bravery is more than courage. It is push in the face of discouragement; it is persistence in spite of failures; it is aggression in spite of impossibilities. The whole world is before us, all its beauty and delights are ours. We should cultivate our faculties to enjoy them.

Because the beautiful flower garden is on the other side of the fence is no reason it should not be yours in fragrance and enjoyment. The owner made it all for your pleasure as well as for his own. So the good Father has made a whole world of wealth and beauty and given it to you to enjoy. Take it into your very life, and show your gratitude by filling yourself well and cheerfully. This is your success. Thus doing you can not fail.—S. S. WHITSTONE, D. D. S., Toledo, Ohio.

Success Letter No. 199.

Success is a word with wondrous meaning. In whatever work a person may be engaged, he is always looking for it to be a success; that is the motive which prompts him to do and to act.

Success! How differently we each regard it! Some think of success as only meaning those who have attained financial prosperity. But the real true definition of this word, "Success," is to do and say everything, in act or word, the best we know how. Human nature is so

apt to overlook the little things in life, just the everyday acts, as not worth while. Yet, what is life, but a growth of the little things, day by day, and when the great things are put before us, we will have the past experiences and the strength of doing these little things well which will give us the courage and confidence to perform the larger tasks well. No great financier or noble character grew up in a day. All things grow, from the small to the great. It is the little everyday seed successes, that finally grow up into the large true successes.—EMMA CAROLINE HORN, Portland, Ore.

Success Letter No. 200.

I first became acquainted with the *Nautilus* in 1899 when you called yourself also "Lois Struble." The *Nautilus* and the *Christian* were the only new thought papers I took. I was then a languishing boy of seventeen or eighteen on a farm. Dreamy and inclined toward the occult, I lived in a subjective world and could not distinguish between fact, fancy and illusion. Tremendous impulses would come to go out and subdue the world, but, but—I, a kid with no education or trade, and less force. Still, "Do it," said the *Nautilus*, but "Tarry in Jerusalem," said the *Christian*. My fantastic nature doted much on the extravagant dissertations in the *Christian* on soul-mates, the sun, and wild prophecies. Hope, have faith, pray, and wait—yes, all well and good; but "DO IT, DO IT NOW," said the *Nautilus*. And I did it. Buffalo, Buffalo—I couldn't get it out of my mind. I had to go there. "Do you know anybody there?" I was asked. I had to answer, "No." I had to look for it on the map. I didn't know what I was going to do there, neither had I enough money to pay the fare. "Fool," said my father, "you'll soon come back." "Dead, perhaps, but not alive," I answered. I set a day in full faith, but on its eve I still had no money. In the morning I went out and sold my bicycle, however, and got just enough to get there with a couple of dollars over. I went. Perhaps the *Nautilus* drew me for it had moved East by this time. I struggled, suffered, starved, but succeeded. Chicago came into my mind as had Buffalo, and I went. Then San Francisco, but no sooner did I get out West than my impulses forced me to go back pell-mell. And in Chicago I have been. I am now back on the farm for a time. It is a good place, but had I "tarried in Jerusalem" I would be tarrying still. To be sure I have not got a strangle hold on the world at large, neither do I lead it with a nose-ring, but I am master of my world

through DOING IT, and am still in making. With Thoreau I can say that, "I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours."—ICHMUSS.

Success Letter No. 201.

I have read with much interest the success letters appearing in the *Nautilus* and I think my experience would give encouragement to some of your numerous readers. For a good many years I felt that I was out of sorts with my surroundings—yearning for something and not knowing what, neither could I see any way out of it. Then I got a specimen copy of the *Nautilus*. (I am a regular subscriber now.)

What is the result? Well, I see my business in a different light. I own a small manufacturing business. There is never any grumbling now, never any scolding; things somehow seem to *fit in* and run smoothly—in fact, we are like a happy family working harmoniously together. During the past five or six years my business has increased thirty per cent and profits nearly doubled—showing the extra care my people take in preventing waste of material. All their wages have been increased and at Christmas there is a nice sum of money for each. Besides this, we work one hour per day less than what is usual in this trade. But this is only one side of the matter.

In other ways I am quite a different man. Following the advice given in some of the books I cut down my food about one-third—especially the meat portion. My health is better now than it has been for years. Those horrible fits of depression I used frequently to have are now things of the past. I used to wear a solemn, careworn face—now it is bright and smiling. My wife tell me—and *she ought to know*—that I am not the same man. No sleepless nights now, no rheumatism, no sulks! A gentleman I see occasionally on business told me the other day that when he knew me first, some six or seven years ago, I was a regular *fidget* and *worry*; but now I take things quietly and serenely. He assures me I am ten years younger than I was five years ago—and that is just the way I *feel*. I am sixty-one, but I feel only forty-five. This is what new thought has done for me. *Success to the movement!*—ENGLISHMAN.

Mr. E. J. Frey, College Point, N. Y., gets the prize for the best letter in our July issue. Where do you want the two subscriptions sent, Mr. Frey?



"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 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.

F. C. P.—Congestion of the liver? There is just one cause for that—*eating more rich food than YOU can assimilate*. Now don't point to somebody who eats more than you do and has no liver trouble. She can do it, you can't; that's the difference. Liver troubles give way readily before a treatment of repeated short fasts; lots of irrigation and full breathing. And the mental WORD for an active, clean liver is JOY. The man who is "low in his mind" is torpid of liver; the lower his state of mind the less he can "throw off" mentally and physically. Exercise; fletcherize; fast; irrigate; meditate on peace, love, the eternal things. Take up thy bed and walk briskly. Take fifty full breaths of outdoor air a day, with fifty emphatic affirmations of JOY.

E. B.—To R. W. B. in March (1908) *Nautilus* I gave instructions for overcoming bashful sensitiveness. Read these directions and practice. In addition, ask some boy friend or friends to take long walks with you in the country. Nothing like a long tramp to generate health and a sense of comradeship. A friend says to give you her exercise for developing will power, and tell you to use it. Here it is: "Lie on the right side, with right hand under right cheek, left hand between knees, fold the left hand in to a firm hard fist. While sleeping this way you can generate enough will power to overcome anything (morally)."

D. B.—Most assuredly you can and ought to have "something to do." Find it, and work in even moderation, and the "nervous indigestion" will disappear of itself. I fancy that comes from inactivity and fret. The very best work you could do would be gardening, or raising poultry, or something like that—active outdoor work. If you have no outdoors but plenty of cellar, you might raise mushrooms. What are your special talents? What do you like to do? Get in line with that. A woman over in Granby is getting rich raising white

mice, guinea pigs and the like. Another raises violets indoors. Can you do sewing, embroidery, millinery?—of a special sort that will bring its own price. Can you tell stories to children? A woman here tells stories every Saturday at the public library and once a week at the boys' club, and finds joy in the work if not money. In New York telling stories to rich folks' children is a paying business. If you find your work to do you will have to insist upon yourself and your own ideas. Then you will have to devote yourself, never "flunking." And besides that you will have to so order your work that there will be no need of "flunking." Your periods of work must be short and quiet, your rest periods regular and frequent and never neglected. Every time you work too long or too hard for your strength you have to pay for it; but if you will you can find a point of balance between work and rest and keep to it. If you do this your strength will gradually grow. Full breathing exercises will help you—read Solar Plexus book, a chapter at a time, every day for a month or two, and practice. If you cannot decide what to do keep affirming to yourself that you will know, that the spirit is already whispering to you the idea and that at some moment of unexpected quiet it will drop into your mind. Keep affirming this every time you think of it, but don't try to think of it. Let go mentally and physically and believe that you receive what you desire. Get ready. Breathe, exercise outdoors; fletcherize; drink water a-plenty; play; believe. All your desire is yours to work out.

* * To my mind, nothing but right living will cure nervous indigestion; and right living includes right and purposeful work. The sanitarium you mention is a good one.

G. M. G.—"What do you owe to the past?" The good lessons you have learned—nothing more. And you have paid for those. Close the books. Accept with joy the good things today is offering to you. Follow your own desires, not other people's. Let no foolish sentiment, either past or present, tangle you in its meshes. Free yourself—know that you are free—and go on. Remember that where "two are agreed as touching anything it shall be done unto them" if they permit. You certainly are over sensitive! Stand on your own two feet, marry the man you want, and trust foolish sentiments to melt away in the face of your

happiness. If you were a young girl instead of a widow, if he were a new acquaintance instead of an old, old one, I'd counsel caution. As it is I say, *follow your faiths and not other people's fears.*

O. R.—I wonder if you live up to your no-breakfast principle *every* day. Or if you lapse once in a while. If so, it would account for your being chilly on winter mornings, even after three years' no-breakfast practice. The system must become adjusted to a habit, and if your habit is not regular the system is easily thrown out of tune. But even so, the morning chilliness can be dissipated by taking a few moments of vigorous, physical exercise the first thing in the morning, with full breathing of *outdoor* air. The exercises should be taken before dressing in the morning, and with open windows. Get yourself into a glow with them. Then dress and drink a cup of hot water. If three months of this practice doesn't rid you of the chilliness I shall be greatly surprised. If it does not, you might then resort to the cocoa. But it *will*, I am sure. And the exercising and breathing will make you positive to more things than chilliness.

B. W.—Don't try that! It will surely bring sorrow to all parties concerned. It is "lack of self-confidence," that makes you want such a friendship as you suggest. To cultivate "strength of character" stick to the right and stand by your own convictions; and *keep practicing that.* There is no other way. One of the signs of a "weak character" is the desire to "have people understand" and sympathize with one. In order to get this sympathy one tells everything he knows to anybody who comes handy. The "weak character" always has a few—or many—confidants to whom he explains and excuses himself. If you would be strong quit explaining and excusing yourself to anybody. Live your life to yourself and your God alone, and *never mind* whether others like or love you or not. "Love is for the lover," and if another loves you *he* is the gainer thereby, not you. You gain in strength of character by the love you give, *never* by the love given to you. *Be still* and know. "Strength of character" comes with devotion to a purpose. Go in to win at something, and stick to it until you *do* win. "Personal magnetism" is the radio-activity of a *steady* purpose to do and be.

A. A. E.—Many people see the colors of names and letters of the alphabet, and some read character by the colors thus shown. But so far as I know, no one has put this color science into print. I have tried to get someone to write a series of articles on the subject, for *The Nautilus*, and I may have one soon.

N. W. F.—I think you do right to look well to your daughter until she is grown. If you *know* you are right, that is all there is to it. Follow your heart and *be still.* And quit arguing the matter with anybody. And quit resenting your husband's attitude, which is most natural under the circumstances. Let your charity cover his sins and soften your own heart.

Circle of Whole-World Healing

Conducted by THE EDITORS.

Would you be at peace? Speak peace 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 desire except all the world share it with him.

And every Good Word you send to 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.

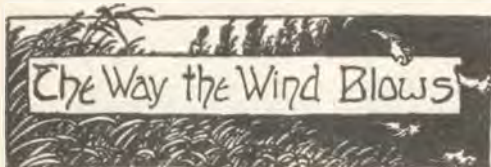
The emolument of membership in this Circle is *The Cosmic Consciousness.*

Which includes Health, Happiness and Prosperity to every creature.—THE EDITOR.

Key Thought for Daily Meditation

*Life only avails, not the
having lived. Power
ceases in the instant of
repose.*

—Emerson.



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 "campaign of education for boys," different, it is said, from anything ever before tried in this country, is to be opened in Boston on April 21. The purpose of the movement is to arouse interest in rescuing wayward, delinquent and dependent children by having speakers of national, and even international, reputation tell of the great need for helping boys, and explaining methods that have been employed in New York, Chicago, Milwaukee and elsewhere. The campaign will close May 2, and the program includes two Saturday meetings to be given to teachers' gatherings, and two Sunday afternoons to meetings for news-boys. Cities and towns within twenty-five miles of Boston have been invited to join with Boston in the undertaking.—*Springfield Republican*.

It is to the honor of Swedes that the fact of a woman working for her living in no way lowers her social position. Many professional women are the daughters of court officials and are received and welcomed in the court circle.—*The Queen*.

There is a plan receiving the consideration of government officials for placing brief weather forecasts on all letters that pass through the mails.—*Van Norden's*.

That the five-cent theater had been converted from a place of demoralizing influences to a center of positive educational value as a result of the recent crusade, is the statement contained in reports made to the juvenile court committee at Chicago.—*Springfield Republican*.

Jay Gould, the athlete, son of George J. Gould, has intimated through a friend to Magistrate Finn, who had sneeringly called for volunteers from the idle rich, his willingness to act as probation officer, and the celebrated "Battery Dan" has offered to appoint him such, remarking in his letter that the duties are "not very hard or arduous." But if the young man goes into it as he has into athletics, he will manage to keep busy.—*Springfield Republican*.

Paris and Berlin both have their "lady chauffeurs," and London has now acquired a sim-

ilar useful ornament. The Londoner, however, signalizes her entry by wearing a uniform which has called forth the praise of critics. This uniform, we are told, is "a study in brown relieved by a cluster of violets nestling in the furs that adorn her hat." The wearer of this captivating costume, who is a trained nurse, having seen service in South Africa has been through a practical course of training as a motorist and is competent to remedy any ordinary breakdown. She will also carry an emergency medical chest, with splints, bandages, etc.—*Auto Topics*.

Prohibition has been in effect in North Dakota for so long a time that in many counties there are no jails. Kansas, also prohibition, is the only other state in the union that can present a similar record.—*Good Health*.

The experiment of one of the local ministers, Westfield, Mass., in holding a sort of religious symposium in his church would have caused a church wrangle if suggested some years ago, but now this minister proposes to invite into his pulpit ministers and laymen of different denominations and have them give the reasons for the existence of their denomination and a brief history of what it represents. There will be nothing of sensationalism about the symposium, nor will it be of a controversial nature. The representatives of the different churches will simply be invited into the pulpit and given an opportunity to outline what their church represents. It is hoped to secure representatives of the majority of the different denominations represented in the church life of the country, both Catholic and Protestant.—*Springfield Republican*.

In one view of the case it was not a "society event," and in another aspect it was one, since it was arranged by a Boston woman whose social position is secure—the event alluded to being a party tendered to her cook. The *fête* took place at the West Manchester estate of the patroness. Thirty friends of the cook were in attendance. They played whist, and danced, and ate an elaborate supper, and everybody was happy. Be it noted that this all commemorated an anniversary. The cook in whose honor the festivities were planned has been with the family ten years; and in these days of domestic tragedies precipitated by unreliable "help," such adequate and faithful service surely deserves recognition.—*The Youth's Companion*.

Little Rock (Ark.), April 3.—The House passed the Thompson bill, amending the anti-bribery statute so as to make it a felony for any official to offer an appointment to a legislator or a friend of such legislator in order to influence such legislators in a vote on any measure. It is aimed to kill the power of "political pull" by placing such influence on the same footing as tender of money.—*Los Angeles Sunday Times*.

Little Visits

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

Her Vade Mecum:—

I once read an article in *Nautilus* or one of your publications in which you explained how our wishes can be realized by concentration.

You said to concentrate on the thing desired, then let go one's hold of it, so that the spirit might accomplish it, for the spirit could not help us while we were clinging and yearning.

I have proven the truth of this, often and unconsciously, for when I would think of a thing I wished very much, and then let go of it, I was surprised to soon find it realized. So I have kept your advice by me as a sort of *vade mecum*. Would this apply in the case of the clergymen in Australia whose letters you quote on page 52 of the New Year *Nautilus*, 1909?

From one who hears the cheery "toot toot" of the good ship *Nautilus* and salutes its most worthy captain.—A VOYAGER, Oakland, Cal.

What is Forgiveness or Pardon?—

It is hard to explain because we do not experimentally know only in a small way what it is, and also because so many false theories about it have been persistently taught as truths by our religious leaders. The following is a theory about it: Nothing but imperfectness needs forgiveness or cure. When a person grows nearer perfect in any direction he becomes nearer forgiven or cured, and the process for power by which he became thus nearer right is the only power that can be said to forgive, and the growing better and the forgiving exactly keep pace with each other. If we pray to be forgiven, if we pray knowingly and consistently, we exactly pray to be made better; so it would seem that the words pardon and forgive are superfluous words not needed for those who understand readily their true meaning. There is a sense in which the word forgive or pardon can be used with some degree of consistency. If a person in his thought is sorry for doing some wrong thing and mentally resolves not to do it again, then in an abstract way he can trust his highest conception of supreme goodness to help him keep his good resolution and thus attain a partial cure of the past bad condition which gives him a satisfied feeling which he can name as forgiveness or pardon; but really it is all covered by saying that his resolution to do better, trusting the supreme good to help him, proved that he had arrived at a certain stage of cure with good hope of further progress; the pardon or forgiveness changing nothing, and being nothing but a necessary feeling.

God can forgive anyone only in so far as the person is cured of wrong doing, and He can withhold pardon from anyone only to the ex-

tent that such one has not got out of the wrong into the right. Neither can such a person stop giving or withholding pardon to them under like circumstances. We are so made that if we are partially cured or mended bodily, mentally or morally that that part of us which became changed for the better, instantly lets us know by our feeling better in that part, so that literally all the forgiveness or pardon we can ever know is what comes from or by our consciousness, and is always, according to our makeup, a necessary accompaniment of mending and progressing conditions.

In whatever way we truly see the case it would seem as if the words pardon and forgiveness might be dispensed with among thinkers and the words, satisfied conscience, mended, cured, progressed, be sufficient to cover all true meaning in talking of our relations to our fellows or to the great source of all things or to ourselves. This view interferes some with the usual orthodox view, and with Paul's view and with Christ's view as his historians have put it. But this view can be got from the New Testament without twisting it any more than the average orthodox usually twists it in other things.—WILLIAM E. MANN, Norfolk, Mass.

Part of a Pleasant Letter:—

Now you see, Mrs. Towne, the result upon your readers of a personally conducted magazine. We get so well acquainted with you—and you don't know a thing about it—and so you subject yourself to the familiar tone of free assurance from an unknown source.

The *Nautilus* has helped me a heap, and this is just my way of expressing my appreciation. Following your advice, I have become so joyful it almost amounts to foolishness!—W. H. MEEK, Fort Lupton, Colo.

One Modus Operandi:—

The great need of new thought is for those interested in its welfare to work with the masses along more practical lines than the majority are doing at present. We are looked upon by certain outsiders as a collection of fanatical cranks, whose greatest need is a strait-jacket. When I first started investigating new thought I had the greatest difficulty in getting anyone to explain to me in simple, understandable language so that I could get any meaning out of it. I interviewed some that had spent years in its study, that were away up and probably beyond G, and the further they were along the more hopeless would be the tangle that I would get into. I got quite a number of books upon the subject, among them Mr. Atkinson's (now my favorite author) but they were useless to me at that stage of the game, and if I had not come across Ella Wheeler Wilcox's writings I should in all probability have quit the game. Today although I am scarcely out of the alphabet in new thought, yet I am able to make converts, for the simple reason that I explain that it's simply living the Golden Rule that will pay them with compound interest for all good deeds done—right here and now on this planet.

So far I have found that it is a thankless task to meddle in families, especially where the man is an infidel and the wife a member of a church. I don't know why it is, but it is so. I used to count among my friends a newly married couple. She was a church member. It was just ducks for him to make fun of it, which made a lot of trouble between them. In order to help them out I got him interested in new thought. I brought it about by having a book peeping out from my pocket. He asked me what it was. I told him it was not the kind of a book for a skeptic to read. This aroused his curiosity and he stole the book from my pocket, as I intended he should, and became greatly interested in new thought. Not so the bride, however. Although she pride's herself on never having read a line of it and never, never will, whenever I meet her, although she has naturally a lovely Cupid's bow mouth, it becomes a straight across-the-face gash.—CHAS. BLOM, Napa, Cal.

Little Nephew's Fourth Birth Anniversary:—

The fourth anniversary of little nephew's birth was approaching. Then what should we do to make it a day to be remembered? We had several family councils on the matter, and then we decided upon a birthday party, a little out of the ordinary, and a description of which I will give to you.

First there were the invitations. These were sent out two weeks before the day on which the party was to be held and read as follows:

Master Robert Knox Dorman

Requests the pleasure of your company

At a birthday anniversary

On September the twenty-fourth

Nineteen hundred and seven

From three to six p. m.

You will please wear stout shoes and a washable cotton costume.

Perhaps it is well to add that these invitations were extended to little people who are friends of the family and that the ages ranged from three to six years.

And such a party as it was! Every guest complied with the request set forth in the invitation and as a result the costumes were out of the conventional order of party dress, but comfortable, nevertheless. For example, Benny Seeley wore dark blue denim trousers and blouse, the host himself was in khaki colored pajamas and sack, while all the little girls were in white gingham frocks of a very washable material and a very sensible make.

But there were other attractions to make it a party long to be remembered. The program was made up of most enjoyable games and exercises. First, after the little people had arrived, been greeted by the young host and his mamma, and their wraps had been cared for by the maids who attended them, or by mamma Knox's afternoon helper, they were invited to come and swing.

This swing was arranged at one end of the piazza, and was the old-fashioned rope kind, with a broad low seat, and a board to support the back so that the tiniest ones could sit in comfort. And what fun it was! Every one

had a turn once around, ten pushes counting a turn, and the older ones sitting with the younger ones so that they could swing high (for them) without the least fear. Then every one had another turn around, and by this time everybody was acquainted with every one else and there was much chattering and merriment.

After the swing came the sliding-board, and this was something so new and fascinating that the little folks would have been perfectly satisfied to have had no more program. But I am sure that most of the mothers do not know what a sliding-board is, and so I shall have to describe it to you.

This board was six feet long and twenty inches wide. It was of hard wood polished as smooth as glass on one side, with a cleat at one end. And this cleat is a very important part of the board, let me assure you, for it fits into a particular groove. The other part of this construction is a flight of steps.

These steps are four feet high, with a platform at the top, twenty inches square. And on the platform, opposite the highest step, is a groove into which the cleat on the board fits exactly. When the board has been fitted to place the sliding begins, and the next half hour is the jolliest time imaginable, as the little guests go running or clambering up the steps to go flying down on the other side.

The next number on the program was a jumping exercise. A stout box, eight inches deep, with a solid bottom, was turned upside down, at one end of the piazza, and while the little people marched the piano sent out a spirited selection. When the box was reached, one by one the marchers stepped up, jumped off, and then marched around to try it over again.

The next change was an invitation to go indoors where Master Knox's mamma asked the guests to be seated while she told them a fascinating story about a good giant and a gentle little princess. When the story was finished the guests were fully rested from their play and ready for the supper that was served in the dining room.

The supper, too, was out of the ordinary line of birthday suppers. Of course there was the birthday cake with frosting, and candies, and candles, but it was made by a good old-fashioned yeast recipe, such as Master Knox's mamma's mamma used to make for her when she was a little girl and they lived in a state farther south. Then there was ice cream—for what would a birthday party be without this delectable dainty! There were substantial, too, and they were equally wholesome.

All in all it was quite the most delightful birthday party that I ever attended, and I am sure the little guests thought so, too; and I wonder why more mothers do not try some such wholesome plan when they wish to entertain their children's young friends.

There are valuable lessons and wholesome disciplines in a party of this kind. It develops the chivalry of *young chap* and the gentle courtesy of *little woman*, and all grow more thoughtful, and unselfish, and considerate of

the feelings of others without knowing that they are being disciplined. It is in the rough and tumble of work and play that we are apt to forget our company manners, assumed when we are dressed up.

How to Acquire Tact:—

It is generally conceded that tact is a quality which serves us well at all times and under all circumstances. And while all regard it as a thing greatly to be desired, many fail to recognize that it may be consciously cultivated. If we analyze tact we find that it is made up of certain elements:

A sympathetic knowledge of human nature, its fears, weaknesses, expectations and inclinations.

The ability to put yourself in the other person's place and to consider the matter as it appears to him.

The magnanimity to deny expression to such of your thoughts as might unnecessarily offend another.

The ability to perceive quickly what is the expedient thing, and the willingness to make the necessary concessions.

The recognition that there are millions of different human opinions of which your own is but one.

A spirit of unfeigned kindness such as makes even an enemy a debtor to your innate good will.

A patience that supplants accusation with the opportunity for self-discovery.

A recognition of what is customary under the circumstances and a gracious acceptance of the situation.

Gentleness, cheerfulness and sincerity—and such variations as the spirit of these may suggest.—ANON.

A Theory of Reincarnation:—

A great deal is being said just now about the size of the family we should have, the quantity vs. the quality of our children. The arguments are all from the standpoint of the parent. A few years ago I read a magazine story, describing a convention of babies, who were selecting the kind of parents and homes to which they were going. The story seemed so ridiculous and fanciful that I did not remember the writer's name, nor, can I tell what magazine it was in, but the idea stayed with me. I often wondered if there could be anything in it. If the child had a choice, how could it have chosen those parents or that home.

Now that I am studying Reincarnation and The Law of Karma, I understand. Each soul has a right to be born into the flesh, that it may have the experiences of life. Then it will be born, and will choose the environment it needs for development.

When desirable parents see the matter in that light they will be willing to do their duty and will fit themselves to attract the best kind of children.—MARY GILBERT, Ravenna, Ohio.

Mesmerized.

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Many people are brought up to believe that coffee is a necessity of life, and the strong hold that the drug has on the system makes it hard to loosen its grip even when one realizes its injurious effects.

A lady in Baraboo writes: "I had used coffee for years; it seemed one of the necessities of life. A few months ago, my health, which had been slowly failing, became more impaired, and I knew that unless relief came from some source, I would soon be a physical wreck.

"I was weak and nervous, had sick headaches, no ambition, and felt tired of life. My husband was also losing his health. He was troubled so much with indigestion that at times he could eat only a few mouthfuls of dry bread.

"We concluded that coffee was slowly poisoning us, and stopped it and used hot water. We felt somewhat better, but it wasn't satisfactory.

"Finally, we saw Postum advertised, and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, allowing it to boil twenty minutes after it came to the boiling point and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich-looking and tasting drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since.

"I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new woman. My husband's indigestion had left him, and he can now eat anything."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

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

Surprised Him.

Doctor's Test of Food.

A doctor in Kansas experimented with his boy in a test of food and gives the particulars. He says:

"I naturally watch the effect of different foods on patients. My own little son, a lad of four, had been ill with pneumonia and during his convalescence did not seem to care for any kind of food.

"I knew something of Grape-Nuts and its rather fascinating flavor and particularly of its nourishing and nerve-building powers, so started the boy on Grape-Nuts and found from the first dish that he liked it.

"His mother gave it to him steadily and he began to improve at once. In less than a month he had gained about eight pounds and soon became so well and strong we had no further anxiety about him.

"An old patient of mine, seventy-three years old came down with serious stomach trouble and before I was called had got so weak he could eat almost nothing, and was in a serious condition. He had tried almost every kind of food for the sick without avail.

"I immediately put him on Grape-Nuts with good, rich milk and just a little pinch of sugar. He exclaimed when I came next day, 'Why, doctor, I never ate anything so good or that made me feel so much stronger.'

"I am pleased to say that he got well on Grape-Nuts, but he had to stick to it for two or three weeks, then he began to branch out a little with rice or an egg or two. He got entirely well in spite of his almost hopeless condition. He gained twenty-two pounds in two months which at his age is remarkable.

"I could quote a list of cases where Grape-Nuts has worked wonders."

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—A truly delightful book is "Acadian Reminiscences," by Felix Voorhies. The subject matter, the simple style in which it is written, the illustrations, the tasty type and splendid binding are all delightful. You will treasure this little volume on its own account; and if you loved Evangeline you should not be without it. More of this kind of literature is needed in this day of absurd novels. Here is a book you will want to have those who love good things read with you. The Jacobs News Depot Co., Box 426 Opelousas, Louisiana, are putting it out at \$1.00 in silk cloth, 107 pages. (K)

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(Continued on page 52.)

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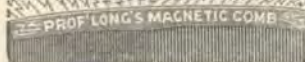
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(Continued on page 58.)

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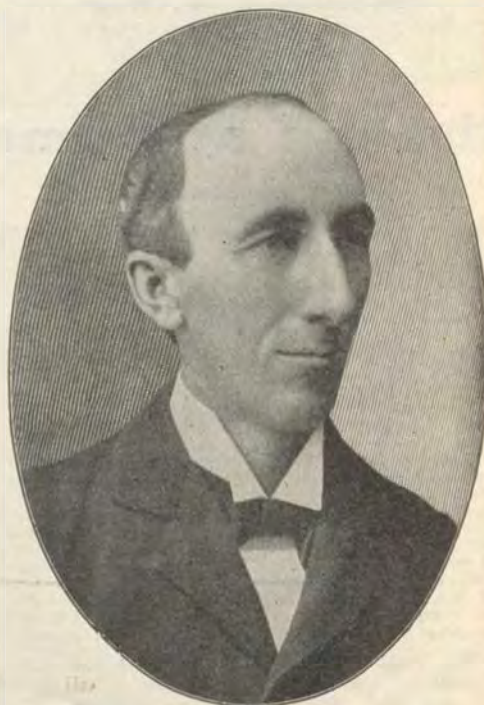
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