

THE NAUTILUS

MAGAZINE OF NEW THOUGHT

FEBRUARY, 1909

**Want— Will—
Work— Wait—**

These are the four W's to
double you and yours.

*Published by
ELIZABETH TOWNE,
HOLYOKE, MASS.*

HELMER SPEEDO

THE NAUTILUS.

Don't Be a Wage Slave

Make \$3,000.00 to \$5,000.00 a Year
Be a Doctor of Mechano-Therapy



Are you tired of working for wages which barely keep body and soul together? Have you the ambition to enjoy the profits of your own labor? To gain social prominence and financial independence? To go forth among your fellow men with your head up—an honored and respected citizen of your locality?

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Entitled "How to Become a Mechano-Therapist." It tells how every man and woman, with an ordinary, common school education, can acquire a profession within a few months which will insure financial independence for life. GET OUR BOOK—it costs you nothing.

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Mechano-Therapy is the art, or science, of treating disease without drugs. It is similar to Osteopathy, but far superior, being the latest, up-to-date method of treating disease by the Natural Method. It heals as Nature heals—in accordance with Nature's laws.

The Mechano-Therapist is a drugless physician and a bloodless surgeon. His medicines are not drugs, but scientific combinations of food, circumstance, idea, water and motion.

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Have you asked yourself this question? We answer, unhesitatingly, YES.

If you have as much as an ordinary, common school education, you can learn.

If you have the ambition to better your condition—to earn more money—to have more leisure—you can learn.

Not does this require years of patient study to learn Mechano-Therapy—we can teach you in a very short time, so that you may enter this profession—and when you do, you begin to make money. No text books are required, beyond those furnished by us. We supply all lessons and necessary text books free of cost to you. No apparatus is used. You do not even need a place to work. All you require is your two hands.

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It is simply drugless healing. A common-sense method of treating human ills without dosing the system with poisonous drugs—that's all. We have taught hundreds of men and women who were formerly clerks—farmers—stenographers—telegraph operators—insurance agents—railway employees—in fact, of nearly every known occupation—old men of 70 years who felt discouraged and hopeless—young men of 20 years, who never had a day's business experience—salaried men, who could see nothing in the future but to become Olerized—laboring men, who never realized that they had within themselves the ability to better their conditions. Write for our FREE book, which explains all—today.

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My Post Office.....

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 (Write name, town and state very plain)

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The statements of a few of our graduates below verify every claim we make. Read them carefully, and remember that what these men and women have done, you may do. The success they have made, you may make. We do not give the address of the people whose testimonials we print. Our graduates are meeting with remarkable financial success, and shrink from having their prosperity published broadcast. If you wish to communicate with any whose names are given below, write us and we will supply you with the address.

Treating Physician for Diabetes

Dr. Ellsworth says: I have all I can do, and at very good fees, and am at present treating an M. D. for Diabetes. It is impossible for me to speak in belittling terms of the wonderful success of Mechano-Therapy in the treatment of disease.

Considers Mechano-Therapy Better Than Osteopathy

Dr. B. E. French says: I consider Mechano-Therapy greatly superior to Osteopathy, and so it is a profession so very interesting and one so easily learned, I am surprised that more do not take it up, especially as the course in your college is so inexpensive.

An Enthusiastic Graduate Says Best Paying Profession

Dr. Slagle says: Mechano-Therapy is one of the cleanest, best paying, up-to-date professions. One that is remunerative from the start—one that is practical in every way—one that is not built on theory—one that is progressive—one that will make you prosperous while you are making others well and happy.

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IN THIS NUMBER THE CITY OF PERFECTION.

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Work— Wait—**

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NEW THOUGHT CENTERS.

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

- ASPEN, COLO.**—Matilda L. Ross, 116 East Cooper Avenue.
BOSTON, MASS.—The Metaphysical Club, 211 Huntington Chambers, 30 Huntington avenue.
BOSTON, MASS.—The Scholar Business Building Service, 101 Tremont street.
BOSTON, MASS.—Smith and McCance, 38 Bromfield street.
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.
CHRISTCHURCH, New Zealand—Ida M. Burges, Fendalton.
DENVER, Col.—J. Howard Cashmere, 1700 Welton street.
DENVER, Col.—Dr. Alexander J. McI. Tyndall, 536 14th 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 Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E. C.
LONDON, England—New Thought Pub. Co., Ltd., T. W. Henry, Mgr., Temple Chambers, Temple ave., E. C.
LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Metaphysical Library, 611 Grant Bldg., 355 South Broadway.
LOS ANGELES, Cal.—The Ramona Book Store, 518 South Broadway.
MELBOURNE, Australia—Miss E. R. Hinge, 178 Little Collins street.
NEW YORK CITY—New Thought College Free Reading Room, 1 Carnegie Hall, ground floor.
NEW YORK CITY—Roger Brothers, 429 Sixth avenue.
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.
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 Willis 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., 1710 Devisadero, near Sutter.
SEATTLE, Wash.—Thomas A. Barnes & Co., 1325 Third avenue.
SEATTLE, Wash.—W. H. Wilson & Co., 903 Pike street.
SPRING VALLEY, Minn.—Mrs. Rose Howe, Box 165.
SYDNEY, Australia—Progressive Thought Library Co., 5 Moore street.
TOLEDO, Ohio—Progressive Book Co., 417 Adams street.
TOLEDO, Ohio—Mrs. Anna L. Stoekly, 622 Navarre avenue E.
TORONTO, Can.—W. H. Evans, 488 College street.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Oriental Esoteric Center, 1443 O street, N. W.
WILLIMANSSETT, 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.
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LIST OF BOOKS

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

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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.

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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, 130 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.

A NOVEL SITUATION.

The first chapter of a serial story is usually as dry as sawdust, or the latest breakfast food. But a novel and fascinating situation is at once developed in "The City of Perfection," which begins in this issue of *Nautilus*.

It makes the reader feel like John Bull when he thinks of the suffragette movement: He wonders what can be going to happen next.

This thrilling story will entertain you royally until the end is reached. It will show you how one woman ruined her happiness by chasing the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, the while she was ignoring a perfect mine of joy right at her own feet. And the story will also tell you how, through the influence of a strange and thrilling experience, she finally discovered her mistake and changed her course and found the joy that had all the time been waiting for her—just as it is waiting for you and everybody.

Eddie Bok, or one of the *Ladies' Home Journal* editors, thought enough of "The City of Perfection" to accept it for that great magazine. I have before explained how the story ultimately came to *Nautilus* instead.

The pretty special heading that accompanies the story was designed by Mrs. Emma B. Miles.

Read "The City of Perfection" and then tell us what you think of it.

THE HABIT OF YOUTH.

There is something cheerfully contagious in this article of Adelaide Keen's, which will appear in March *Nautilus*. It makes one think of a cosy fireside, and light, and companionship, and the deep, still joys of life. Its object is to show people how to live so as not to grow old, but to grow in an appreciation and enjoyment of life. This article will help you to be contented and to discover for yourself some of the rich possibilities of usefulness and happiness which Adelaide has evidently found.

DESIRE AND SELF-CULTURE.

If you use a crooked ruler you will make a crooked mark. In the same way, Mr. Wallace D. Wattles claims if you express ill-health it is because you have been making the wrong brain records. In the closing article of Mr. Wattles's series, which will appear in March *Nautilus* under the title of "Desire and Self Culture," he will explain the principle upon which brain records are formed, and what one can do to reform them so as to express health and strength and other desirable conditions. It is all simple and scientific, according to Mr. Wattles. You simply keep on pressing the right button and Nature does the rest.

We can also definitely promise, for our March number, the article by Mr. Floyd B. Wilson, entitled "The Individual; His Growth and Development." This interesting article

(Continued on Page 2.)

How to Learn Chiropractic

A beautifully illustrated book describing

The New Drugless Healing System by

Physio-
logical
Adjust-
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This Book tells you all about the Howard System of Physiological Adjustment. The only Real Discovery in the Art of Drugless Healing in the last half century.

A paying profession which can be acquired at home in spare time. The only course of its kind offered to the public. Health without drugs. Based on unerring Natural Laws. Superior to all other methods of healing. Easy to learn.

Read what Our Students Say Regarding Our Course:

MR. A. ZELIGER SAYS, "It is very thorough and practical. Nothing to compare with it in the art of healing. The course is entirely satisfactory. Is far superior to other courses I have taken."

DR. WALTERS SAYS, "I took in \$100 the first month after graduating, and \$474.00 the second, and \$500.00 the third month."

Don't Slave for Others

Chiropractors soon become independent. \$2000 to \$5000 a year now being made by graduates of the Howard System of Physiological Adjustment. It is positively the most advanced and scientific method of drugless healing. Study at home or in class. Easily comprehended by anyone of ordinary education. Start on the road to success today by sending for our free book "How to learn Chiropractic."

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Dept. B, 618 West Congress Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM

MRS. GRAHAM'S Quick Hair Restorer.

Restores gray hair to its original color in a few days, making it glossy and beautiful. (Best for brown, dark brown or black hair not more than one-third gray.) Absolutely harmless. Price \$1.00. At dealers, or by express prepaid. Send 10c for a trial bottle and booklet "About the Hair."

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Demonstrating how Mental Action assists in producing Physical results. Disclosing that the Will, Mind or Desire, initiate and direct all Bodily Energy, that Food Material furnishes the Power, and that the Muscle and Nerve cells are the very efficient mechanism which display it. Solving problems which have long baffled medical and scientific investigators.

The new and deeper insight these Discoveries give into Mental, Spiritual and Suggestive Action, the Food Question, the Cause and Cure of Disease, and the principles of Immunity are of vital importance to every one. A great aid in understanding the "Emmanuel Movement." Have been tested N and verified for over ten years and their benefits are being enjoyed by many.

The surprising fact that all bodily energy and activity is produced from one single element of food instead of from nearly all the elements eaten, is the most important Dietetic discovery ever made.

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The new edition of Dr. Goetz's "Manual of Osteopathy" revised and enlarged is just out. Tells you how to treat all diseases successfully, **WITHOUT DRUGS**, by a series of manipulations (not massage) with the accessories of Diet, Baths and Exercise.

It is the only book of its kind on the market which gives an illustration for each movement of manipulation necessary to bring sure success.

Osteopathy is not new, but most people who do know of it have not had the opportunity of procuring a book on the subject, with illustrations and instructions simply written that anyone without previous study can apply. This is one of the many endorsements received:

"McLemoresville, Tenn.
"Your Manual received, which I like very much. I can do anything that is laid down in the book as it is so plain."—J. W. CARTER.

This Is Your Chance

Readers of this journal will find this an excellent work on the science and it is written for you and others who have neither time nor inclination to take a college course.

Send for prospectus and sample pages. Your money back if dissatisfied.

NATURE CURE CO.

118 E. Liberty Street, Dept D., Cincinnati, O.

(Continued from Page 1.)

will deal with the hidden principles of man's development, going back to the early days of the race.

SELF-CONTROL. Dr. W. R. C. Latson will give us one of the "Master Keys of Power" in March *Nautilus* under the above title. He formulates some clear and simple rules for the guidance of all who would gain self control and a higher development of the life powers.

"A Song of Life," a unique little sketch by Lina E. Georges, is another one of the good things we shall provide for you in March.

MRS. COOKE ON DRESS! In our March number—in time to influence your spring styles!—will appear an interesting view of "Dress and New Thought," by Grace MacGowan Cooke. No woman can afford to miss it. Grace is discovering things.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT. If William and I were stepmothers I'd be a good one and he a bad one!—according to the old rule. His stepchildren would probably grow up lean and strong, however, and mine fat and lazy if not sassy! William's eyes are never quite as big as his tummy and mine are bigger. When we are estimating any need he guesses short, sometimes away short; and I guess long.

He guessed away short on the number of Emerson New Thought calendars he would need for his Christmas orders. I reminded him that I said he would! Couldn't help it! Then I insisted on his making the *second* edition long, and promised to take any unsold balance off his hands.

Here they are—some three or four hundred of them—and I want to give them to our *Nautilus* subscribers, a joy for every day of 1909.

We will send a calendar free and postpaid with every subscription to *The Nautilus* at \$1.00. *As long as they last!*

With any other kind of an order for \$1.00 or more, you may have a calendar included by sending six cents extra. This offer good on all orders to William or myself. *As long as the calendars last!*

Price of calendar alone, twenty-five cents. "January Sale" in lots, seven for \$1.00—*as long as they last!*

FINGER POSTS! We have a new catalogue ready, giving special prices on every magazine under the sun and "joker offers" on many of the best and most popular ones.

See our announcement on page 68 and write quick if you want the catalogue—free and postpaid. Only 5,000 of them and they will melt away before the snow does!

Note our special prize department on page 64.

Don't miss our special *Nautilus* bound volumes announcement on page 59!

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I Can Reduce Your Flesh, Build Up Your Figure, Correct Chronic Ailments

Would you like to accomplish these results by natural means and in scientific, dignified manner

I have helped over 20,000 women in the past six years by a few simple directions followed in the privacy of their own rooms.

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I can reduce you and at the same time strengthen stomach and heart, and relieve you of such chronic ailments as:

Constipation	Rheumatism	Dullness	Sleeplessness
Torpid Liver	Weakness	Irritability	Weak Nerves
Indigestion	Catarrh	Nervousness	Weak Heart

I strengthen whatever organs are weak; start your blood to circulating as when you were a child; teach you to breathe so the blood is fully purified.

One Pupil Writes:

"Miss Cocroft, I have reduced 78 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I have reduced those hips and I feel so well I want to shout. I never get out of breath now. When I began I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, and oh dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look! I never dreamed it was all so easy. I thought I just had to be fat. I feel like stopping every fat woman I see and telling her of you."

TOO THIN?

You can be round, plump, rested and attractive. Nature intended you to be, why should you not? A pupil who was thin writes me:

"I just can't tell you how happy I am. I am so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 lbs.; it has come just where I want it and I carry myself like another woman. My old dresses look stylish on me now. I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. My liver seems to be all right and I haven't a bit of indigestion any more, for I sleep like a baby and my nerves are so rested. I feel so well all the time."

Write me today

telling me your faults in health or figure, and I will cheerfully tell you whether I can help you.

Send 20 cents for instructive booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly.

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THE NAUTILUS.

Vol. XI.

FEBRUARY, 1909.

No. 4.

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THE NAUTILUS.

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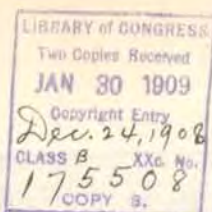
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"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
'Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell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

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S MOTTO:

*In Essentials, Unity;
In Non-essentials, Liberty;
In All Things, Charity.*

ESPERANTO. Evidently some of you believe in Esperanto. If I "mention it occasionally in *Nautilus*" it will be in a way you will not like! Hadn't I better keep mum?

My judgment or my intuition, which?—says no *made-to-order* language can possibly persist, and that Esperanto is *already* going the way of Volapuk.

Thought is *alive* and must have a live, growing, idiom-spersed, short-cut and spark emitting language to express it.

Here is a prophecy: English will be the world-language, and the apt slang of each generation will be the purist's pal-aver of the next.

WEAK WILL. You want to know "how to develop the masseter muscles and the muscles of your hands."

You want to know this because you have read somewhere that:

"Individuals weak in will power and weak in decision always have lax masseter muscles and lax hands. The development of these muscles at the same time that the state of consciousness of decision and will and determination is being functioned develops the structure of the brain so that the characteristic to be developed becomes permanent."

This strikes me as only part of a truth. All the muscles are "lax" if a man is weak in will and decision.

Such a man may develop his masseter muscles by chewing gum, and his will will improve in proportion to the effort and faith put into his chewing.

He can develop the muscles of his hands by doing any sort of work or gymnastics.

He will develop will in proportion as he *uses* will to move *any* part of his body to intelligent service.

Will is developed through useful work, through commanding one's mental and physical activities to useful ends.

Practice in intelligent service makes a strong will and nothing else does.

AS TO INDECISION. As to indecision, it is a different matter altogether.

Indecision is a matter of *lack* of faith in one's ability to choose aright. Because a man can't "*make up his mind*" whether to go or stay he doesn't use his will at all. The will is there to use but he "can't decide," so the will misses its chance to *develop* by use—the only way it can develop.

To develop the will, use it.

To develop power of decision, use it.

Make up your mind that the *vital* thing is to *decide*.

In small things compel *instant* decision and compel yourself to *stand by*



EDITORIALS

BY ELIZABETH

that decision. If somebody says, "Will you have tea or coffee?"—answer *instantly*. Then *don't allow* a thought as to whether it wouldn't have been better to take the other—squelch the thought *instantly* and *insist* to yourself that the decision was *yours* and you *will* have coffee and it *is* best, so SHUT UP. Square your jaw and clench your hand if you feel like it, but *stand by that decision*.

In this manner develop decision by *deciding instantly* in all things that are not matters of life and death.

By practising on the thousand little things that come up every day you develop the *confidence* and readiness that will enable you to decide important matters quickly and aright.

THE HABIT OF PROMPT DECISION.

The habit of right and quick decision is a matter of the whole mind, subconscious as well as conscious. It is, in the main, not a result of conscious thought but of *instinct*.

The man who believes in *all* of himself chooses, and chooses aright, *before he has time to think*, in all matters of ordinary every-day importance.

Even in important matters, when he "thinks it over" he merely gets quiet and gives his subconscious ninety-five per cent self time to balance both sides of the case and show which way the beam tips.

GETS RATTLED. Right decision is as natural as breathing to every human being, *until self doubt rattles him*. A child decides aright according to its knowledge and plans, decides instantly, unerringly. Every child would grow up believing in itself and deciding aright if it were not rattled into self-fear and indecision by the

Naughty-Child's and *Don't's* of its parents.

These reproaches make the young one self-conscious, and its state is that of the thousand-legged worm that was asked *which* leg he moved first in walking, and why. As a consequence he

"Lay distracted in the ditch,
Considering how to run."

Considering himself and his *ought's* keeps many a man in the ditch when he could get out easily by *deciding* on any one of a thousand different things.

Not *what* he decides upon counts so much, as that he decides *promptly*.

Better get out of the ditch backward, or head-over-heels than not at all.

FAITH IN HIMSELF.

And he *would* decide promptly if he could believe in himself.

What then?

Well, a little decision and action by the first of new thought principles: *Act as if you believed in yourself*. Decide, *decide*. And stick to it. And keep at it.

Act as if you *couldn't* decide amiss if you tried. Act as if you never doubted yourself. In due time right decision will become a habit.

I know a man who is fond of saying, "Whatever you decide on you'll be sorry for!"

Another says, "Whatever I decide upon is certain to be the wrong thing!"

Another reiterates, "Just my luck to choose the wrong thing!"

With all these men the gear of their being is changing to match these statements. The only way they can correct the gear again is to correct their statements, to assert their intentions and



EDITORIALS

BY ELIZABETH

ability to make right choices and *stand by them*.

Sometimes the direct results of a choice indicate a mistake, but later the good shows itself.

One must *insist* on the good of his choice until it *does* manifest.

This is the place to use will, and every man has will enough to *affirm and act* as if he stood by his decisions, whether or no.

And if he does this his will will wax large and muscular.

LIKE A MAGNET. In the normal person right decisions come to the consciousness like bits of steel to the magnet. His sub-consciousness works out the problem and conscious mind attracts the right decision.

I said, in the *normal* person. Every child is normal, and every man and woman is normal until he so changes his gear by untrue self-suggestion that wrong comes to the magnet instead of right.

Do you not see that your magnet is charged by *your thought*? Thought of wrong charges your mind to receive from your sub-self wrong ideas, wrong motives, wrong decisions, wrong conclusions.

Change to positive assertions of faith in *yourself*, your good, every man's right intent and good, the world's right intent and good; *keep asserting it, feeling or no feeling*; and you will soon attract right decisions and thoughts instead of wrong.

This is the only way to change your gear so your mind and actions will *run right*.

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve"—right decisions or wrong.

And make your choice of right a continuous performance.

WILL AND HOW TO HAVE IT. "But I've not will enough!"

Nonsense! Might as well say you haven't air enough, or right enough, or thought enough.

Will is the universal power element in which we live and move and have our being and by which we do our work.

It is free as the air.

It is in the air.

It is subject to the same laws *and uses* as air.

Will is the soul of the air.

Will is spiritual electricity, stored and used as any electricity is stored and used.

We inhale will with the air. It penetrates and cleans and re-charges all lung cells and blood cells and *all other* cells of the body and brain.

We inhale pure will and it regenerates every cell and atom of our body *and every thought of our minds*, and **EMPOWERS EVERY ACT OF OUR LIVES.**

We exhale will laden with refuse of cell activities and thought activities.

The man who breathes deep, *will* accordingly.

The timid, fearful can't-make-up-his-mind-ite doesn't *breathe*—he merely flutters a little with the emotion-lobes of his lungs.

Wherefore he starves bodily and mentally for lack of will and wind.

DEEP BREATHING. Systematic deep breathing exercises charge body and mind with **WILL**. Let the undecided one decide on deep breath-



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ing and practise persistently. Thusly: Outdoors or before an open window; inhale slowly through nostrils, expanding—all around—the *bottom* of things first, then middle, then top, taking care not to raise the shoulders; chest high, ribs expanding as lungs fill; hold the breath an instant, *easily*, not straining; exhale *as slowly as you inhaled*, beginning at the bottom of the lungs. Begin with ten breaths like this three times a day; increase to thirty or forty or fifty or more, three times a day or oftener.

Remember always that you are inhaling WILL, *good* will; and that you are *breathing out* good will to all life.

There is a better way than this to store will and wit—saw wood till you breathe hard—through nostrils—and the sweat comes; or run a foot race till you sweat. Or ride a bicycle or a horse. An all-day ride in an automobile will blow you full of wind and will, but it costs money and time to do it that way.

Systematic breathing exercises and gymnastics and athletics are 20th century makeshifts for the hard work of the 19th century and the hunts and fighting jousts of all ages.

Nature made us breathe until we got too smart for her. Now we have to make ourselves breathe or jibber for the junk man.

STROMBOLI HUMPS HIMSELF.

That terrible earthquake. Several cities wrecked. Two hundred thousand Italians killed. Yet other thousands left homeless, friendless, penniless. We are dumb before it. We can't even lament. And we can do so little to help. Our hearts melt and tears come, and, oh, we *want* to do what we

can. We long to put some of the poor horror-struck refugees to bed in our best room and comfort them and quiet them and say: There, there, now—*we* are your friend, who will help you to live and love again.

Perhaps that is what calamities, big and little, are for—to make us *feel* like that. Maybe for the hardness of our hearts we need them.

Surely they soften us to new realization that the whole world is kin.

But the dead!—they pay the price for our lesson? Oh, no. Death is death. And death is the door to new life no matter how it comes. Give me an earthquake rather than cancer or tuberculosis. "Has anybody told you it is lucky to be born?"

I hasten to tell you it is just as lucky to die, and I know it."

So said Walt Whitman. And an ancient seer said, the dead are "taken away from the evil to come."

Of course death in any form looks less frightful if you really believe life has many doors but no jump-off.

Also deaths are less inscrutable if you acknowledge every man a magnet, attracting his own births, experiences and forms of death; and ever growing thereby.

A man is an organization of ideas and beliefs, and some peculiar twist in organization attracts some men to grim Stromboli. You and I would flee a volcano! because we are differently organized. Instead, we huddle in cities maybe, and die of the white plague.

Violent deaths and near-deaths gravitate to violent and hasty people. And to helpless hangers-on. And to those who associate with violent people!



EDITORIALS

BY ELIZABETH

It takes an earthquake to wake us up once in a while. And even that jolt at Messina couldn't shake loose the attraction of most of the survivors for that particular spot of earth. They just *won't change* if they can help it. And Nature says they *must* change and grow and do greater things. And Stromboli keeps on grumbling.

The loss of property? That is not loss—it is Opportunity. Opportunity to raze the obsolete and effete and corrupt, and to build more stately and sanitary mansions—physical, mental and spiritual. Opportunity for kings and queens to get near the people; for nation to get near to nation.

Why, see what came out of Galveston's tidal wave, and out of Frisco's earthquake plus the shooting of Heney! Have faith a few years and you will see greater things coming out of Italy, all traceable to this calamity.

And because of it nations will be kinder to each other. A few more such calamities and we shall all nations work together for peace and plenty to all.

GOD WITH THE DOCTORS—SOMETIMES. Are you one of those who still ask for signs? Signs that the times are growing better for all the people all the time? Signs that mind and heart are the 20th century powers *vice* brute force and little-self-ishness?

Another sign shall be given. Read Ray Stannard Baker's "New Mission of the Doctor," in the *American Magazine* for January. Right alongside Dr. Worcester, Dr. Richard C. Cabot has launched a most effective God-with-us movement of the medical profession's own.

It began under the name of "The Social Service Department," of the Massachusetts General Hospital, at Boston. Through this department the hospital is prescribing *and supplying* friends, vacations, changes of work, religious teaching, health instruction, suggestive therapeutics, false teeth, eye-glasses, good foods and numberless other things to poor patients who can't get well on drugs, hard labor and heart-hunger.

Hospital doctors now prescribe the Social Service Department just as they do drugs when needed, and in 1906 the Social Service prescriptions exceeded the drug prescriptions by 63,389—107,063 Social Service visits, with needs supplied, against 43,674 drug prescriptions! Five years before it was all drugs.

Do you see true socialism in this movement? I do. And I see the new thought in and behind it all.

Likewise some old thought!—for some of the Boston doctors who hailed the Emmanuel Movement and who took their cue from that, are now putting their heads together over a new bill they will try to force through the Massachusetts legislature, a bill to choke off Dr. Worcester and Mrs. Eddy, too, and gobble their patients!

Never mind—the little-self doctors will have their trouble for their pains. No such bill will pass in Massachusetts at this late day. We are neither asleep nor looking backward. There is plenty of good for all of us to do, and Massachusetts stands pat for equality and liberty in doing it.

The doctors who have time to burn in the interests of such a bill must be short of patients; good doctors are busy doctors!



These same small-fry doctors have framed bills of this sort every year for the Massachusetts legislature to vote on. So far every bill has been turned down. They say William James is the reason why.

Anyway, there is something in the air of Boston that favors new thought in all forms, and we don't think the doctors' sulphur fumes will spoil it.

IS CHRISTIANITY DECLINING?

William and I and Catherine and Edward went down to Springfield to hear Elbert Hubbard and Reverend Mr. Albertson debate that question.

Of course Hubbard says yes. But he arrives by way of numerous mental airings around and about a seventeenth century definition of formal Christianity. And when he gets there he finds Mr. Albertson calmly entrenched behind the Real Thing, which he calls "vital Christianity." Says Mr. Albertson: "Vital Christianity is the real power *behind* formal religious movements, and behind *all* uplifting movements. Mr. Hubbard debates against some of the more or less obsolete *forms* of Christianity while he misses the real spirit of it. And yet I think he is a Christian himself, and the Roycroft work a Christian work."

And in support he read definition after definition from numerous eminent Christian authorities.

Sifted down, Dr. Albertson's definition of Christianity amounts to this:

Christianity is a Great School of Life founded on one man's interpretation of the eternal principles of being, divine and human. Others, like Confucius and

Buddha taught the same eternal principles as they saw them. But we of the so-called Christian lands came under Jesus' teaching of these principles, and are therefore indebted to Him.

Indebted to Him whether we *call* ourselves Christians or not; just as many of the new thought people are indebted to Mrs. Eddy or some pupil of hers, for the first impetus toward new thought philosophy.

It is impossible for any man to know just how much of his high thinking comes straight down the line from Jesus of Nazareth, but it is certain that no intelligent English-speaking person, Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Universalist, Unitarian, free thinker, "atheist" or "infidel," has escaped being "saved," to some extent at least, by the handed-down wisdom of Jesus of Nazareth. That Sermon on the Mount still stands as The Highest yet conceived by any man, and utterly repudiated by no man.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN IDEAL.

No need to point to Buddha or Confucius as older teachers of the same principles that *Jesus* taught. English-speaking people never came under the spell of Confucius or Buddha; but they *have* listened to Jesus from the first. The churches have handed down *Jesus'* wisdom to the present day, not Confucius' or Buddha's.

The churches have not always practiced, nor even understood Jesus' sermon, but they have treasured it, aspired toward it and tried to live it and teach it.

And who shall prove that Anglo-Saxon evolutionary-urge is not that same Christ-urge of the mountain top?

Confucius said, "What ye would not that men should do unto you do ye not unto them." "The man who passed by on the other side" complied with this rule.

But the Good Samaritan was not content with a do-not—he "*did* unto others whatsoever he would they should do unto him," if their positions were reversed.

Jesus may have traveled into India and China and learned of their wise men the Golden Rule of Confucius. But he changed that rule from the negative to the positive form and gave us the Good Samaritan Ideal. We have been "doing unto others" ever since, and out of this urge, often misdirected or prostituted, has come our tremendous progress.

While China and India have been standing still "doing not unto others."

CHRISTIAN WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

Mr. Albertson did not say all that.

His talk was more nearly orthodox. But what he said led straight to these confessions and I wouldn't wonder if he would agree with them as here stated.

When Mr. Albertson said the Fra is a Christian and doesn't know it, the Fra retaliated by asserting that Mr. Albertson is a Roycroft, not a Christian!—that he is far in advance of his creed, and of the average preacher of any denomination.

Mr. Albertson denied this, but admitted ignorance of part of the Congregational creed. And he declared that nine-tenths of the Christian people of all denominations would agree to his definition of Christianity. Whereupon the audience sharply and warmly clapped its hands.

The sympathy of the audience, including mine and Catherine's and Ed's, was plainly with Mr. Albertson; though most of our giggles went with the Fra. We nearly all seemed to think Mr. Albertson was *right* in his definition of Christianity, and just fine in his statements and proofs; while the Fra turned the light on some of the back-number things the churches are sloughing off as fast as the conservatives will let 'em.

But William says the Fra's summing-up was great and convincing, and that if Mr. Albertson's definition were al-

lowed there couldn't *be* any debate!—because he claims *all* good and all morality as belonging to and being inspired by Christ, and all good people as Christians willy nilly. So, according to Hoyle and William and *the letter* the Fra seems to have won the debate. But the majority and *the spirit* stood by Albertson!

And after it was all over and we were drinking hot milk with Alice and Elbert in the Baltimore Lunch, Elbert confided to us that Dr. Albertson is a fine fellow and that off the platform he and Albertson agree beautifully about Christianity and other things!

Well, what do they debate for then?—somebody asked.

"Why, because the Fra wants to make people *think*," said the optimist.

"Oh, pshaw," spoke the boy, "he does it because he likes mental fencing!"

"Maybe—but—I think," answered the pessimist, "that he does it to get Dr. Albertson's endorsement of him as a good Christian!"

EVOLUTION OF THE COLLEGE.

The new thought of healthful work is getting into the colleges, and Booker T. Washington is doing a great *big* share in blazing the way. He is combining business with academic degrees.

Necessity is the mother of Progress, and we are all hanging onto the latter's coat tails.

Do you think we can get along faster by discarding *all* the old? What is said of the lack of practical work in colleges is equally true of high schools, and of grammar schools. Why not taboo the bunch?

Can we advance the world faster by living apart from it in supercilious ease? Or by being *in it*, but as a *leaven*. Shall we make colleges what they should be, by keeping our sons apart; or by leavening our sons and then trusting them to leaven the colleges?

To be something higher than the world, and yet to stay *with* the world—will that not do the most good?

If you give a boy the highest you know, and let him follow his desire to college, will he not leave his imprint, like a signet, on the "molten stuff" he found there?

Why Co-operative Enterprises Fail.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

Practically all the communistic enterprises undertaken since the foundation of the world have been failures.

Why?

Because the people have never yet been sufficiently familiar with the principles of co-operation, I think.

And I believe that the growing realization of the unity of all life will finally make possible successful co-operation in the social life.

Up to the present time the majority who have entered upon socialistic and communistic enterprises have had an imperfect conception of the unity of life. Few have been able to get far enough away in thought and feeling from the old individualistic, separate conception of existence to make co-operation even possible.

The majority have never been able to really work for the good of the enterprise as a whole, but have simply been interested in getting the most personal benefits possible.

Most persons who profess to be anxious to enter upon co-operative colony experiments are like the little boy who co-operated with another kid in the purchase of a pup—a mongrel “yaller” pup.

This little boy perceived that there would shortly arise problems in regard to feeding the pup, so as they were leading it home he addressed his partner as follows:

“Say, Pete, which half of Rover would you rather have? Would you rather have the front half with the ears and eyes and nose and mouth or the other end with just the tail?”

“I’ll take the front half,” responded Pete promptly.

“All right,” replied the youthful co-operator, “then you’ll have to feed him.”

The human individual has so long existed by working on the unit plan that it has become an instinct deeply rooted in the sub-conscious life of the race, and handed down from generation to generation, through the law of heredity, as a tendency.

Successful co-operation will require minds so firmly fixed upon the idea of unity that they can, for the time, lay aside this race instinct which makes every man greedy for himself.

We are far enough away from savagery so that our intellects should be able to devise a social plan of living where the need of self-preservation would not require the sacrifices of others to so great an extent as now.

As the idea of co-operation spreads, and people become accustomed to it, and nations are drawn closer together by cheap postage and commercial treaties, it will gradually become easier to lay aside the idea of “every man for himself.”

The old idea will gradually become displaced by the new.

The desire for the larger good and for a more complete co-operation among mankind is already “in the air.”

Gradually practical methods of co-operation will become evolved, and put in operation. Hard headed business men will turn their attention to the subject and devote their abilities to it.

And out of our present chaotic social system will arise more of order and harmony.



Man Ascending.



The rise of man is endless: be in hope:
All stars are gathered in his horoscope.
The brute-man of the planet, he will pass,
Blown out like forms of vapor on a glass;
And from this quaking pulp of life will rise
The Superman, child of the higher skies—
Immortal, he will break the ancient bars,
Laugh, and reach out his hands among the stars.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

Cosmo-Voyance.

Julia Seton Sears, M. D.

THE INNER VISION: HOW SCIENCE STUMBLED ON
THE X-RAY: THE FOUR PLANES OPEN TO MANKIND:
THE CAUSE OF THE HOPELESS CASES IN NEURAS-
THENIC HOSPITALS: BLACK AND WHITE MAGIC: TO
SEE LIFE'S REALITIES.

Cosmo-voyance is an old subject, yet very new to the modern mind. It means simply the power to see through space—to look through the universal ether and through matter as though they were transparent.

Cosmo-voyance is a normal physiological faculty and appears at a certain point in human development just as naturally as does thought, or speech.

Cosmo-voyance is the action of the subjective vision—everyone is familiar with objective vision. It is a normal procedure to see through atmosphere and even certain substances with the natural physical eye, but very little has ever been written regarding the *inner* vision, that transcends all natural physical laws. Science stumbled on to a vibration that gave a high physical vision when it found the X-Ray, but it has only very recently become aware that this ray can be used without the mechanical appliances, and is a normal visionary vibration to many people.

Those who possess cosmo-voyance can look through space and discover everything just as clearly as the X-ray discloses the bony structure through the flesh of the body. The vision was well known and used by the olden mystics and seers. There is a history of it for centuries before Christ. Those who taught it gave it out by word of mouth—it was not then written; but cosmo-voyance has been as an existing truth caught and handed onward by the wise from generation to generation.

There are four great planes of perception open to mankind, the corporal, the atmospheric, the ethereal and the celestial, and there is a vision suited to each, and the combination of these planes of visions is cosmo-voyance, or the "loo'is" of the Sacred People; and one of the signs of the descendants of the sacred race today is this power of cosmo-voyance, and with it the power to heal diseases.

The colored race give many instances of cosmo-voyance—so do the Indians—it is well known among almost every race; there are some few in every race who have this gift, but the new thought world has come to where it is taking upon itself the interpretation of this power, so that those who have it, may understand it, and at the same time come to a realizing sense of all it means to them. In the medical world it is not understood, and is looked upon as a mental disorder, depending more or less upon functional disturbances. The neurasthenic hospitals and asylums have in them many cases that today seem hopeless, which had their beginning in a state of normal cosmo-voyantic vision. Mental balance was finally lost through lack of knowledge of how to intelligently direct it both by physicians and patient. The mild manifestation of this quality is known as intuition, clairvoyance, etc., but clairvoyance is only vision on one plane: Natural, Atmospheric, or Ethereal; while cosm voyance embraces them all.

The Christian Scientists have rightly called this power of cosmo-voyance "Uncovering" and many of their mystical adherents are working with it. Its use has established in the minds of the uninitiated the fear of the Christian Science devil, or "Malicious Animal Magnetism," for the undeveloped mind finds that the developed scientist can really "uncover" not only the individual, but his every action, and they reason if it is possible to do this, it is possible to control actions as well.

Every occult order on earth knows something of this law. It has been in the possession of the Jesuits for centuries. There is no doubt of the power this development gives to those who possess it. It is the use of this that makes black or white magic, the personal destructive use is black magic—the unpersonal constructive use is white magic. "Uncovering" has existed for centuries; it is the law—but nothing in all the world has any power over us except that with which we endow it, and although everything in our existence may become known to those who have eyes to see, yet we alone are master of our life—they can *look*, but are powerless to control, unless we give them advantage over us by endowing them with power to accomplish our destruction; the universal force is wholly constructive in its primeval form, and no amount of cosmo-voyance or "uncovering" can disturb our life's law as long as we stand firm in our consciousness.

Cosmo-voyance is used by metaphysicians in the diagnosis of disease; when one is clear in his vision they can look with their finer sight, and passing through the physical body can see the interior organs as plainly as if they were external. Just as one can look through the body with the X-Ray, he

can, after a few moments of conscious concentration, look through matter without the aid of the ray. He can see not only the abnormal condition as expressed, but he can at the same time see the normal organs,—heart, lungs, brain, etc., and determine how far the degenerative processes have advanced; the physical eye is not concerned in the sight, it is the *inner* vision alone that is used, and the rays of the inner vision are not refracted by the common laws of matter. One can also look through the covers of a book, or letter and instantly know its contents and can perceive the individuality and personality of the author.

In the beginning one often finds that the common sight takes part in it—through concentration, but later the full vision develops through going deeply into the silence.

How to develop cosmo-voyance is the first question of the student who finds himself on the borderland of the vision, and then of what practical value is it in daily life?

The first step is to secure localization of the common vision, and this is done through concentration on an object—crystal, lighted taper, electric light, etc. A light is the best object as it increases the vibrations of the optic nerve, thus tending toward the higher vision. This does not, as some suppose, weaken the physical eyes, but instead it strengthens them and increases their power. After looking at the object for awhile, the eyes are gently closed and a spot will be seen—the spot often takes the form of the object, and sometimes has the varying rays of color. As concentration continues, color, form, etc., disappear, and an area of white light appears. The thought of an object, (take a rose for instance) held powerfully will, in this atmosphere if

held strongly enough, materialize in form, remaining for a few moments. At first the object may be colorless, but later one can think of something having peculiar form and colors, and if his concentration is strong enough, and his thought active enough, it will be projected into his Ethereal spot in its exact form and color. As one goes on in his development he ceases the use of the candle or light, and by simply picking out a thought and concentrating upon it, the thing becomes revealed and pictured in consciousness.

If one concentrates then upon an individual, place or condition, he sees it unfold before him like a scroll; distance, time, space,—everything is annihilated by this peculiar power, and he is a seer-master of nature's laws, and awakes in a state of consciousness with which the common world is unfamiliar.

As one in the common consciousness can recall a loved face until he can almost realize its living beauty, so those having cosmo-voyance come, after awhile, to where in order to know anything, he simply centralizes or specializes his consciousness, and the whole Cosmos,—Natural, Atmospheric, Etheric and Celestial is open to him.

In this lies the power of prophecy, which was known and used by the Sacred Races. This vision cannot be

known by those who do not possess it—it is a development too high for conjecture, but it is the possession of many. It does not belong to the babes in wisdom: "Only to the tireless toiler of Life's hill will Truth reveal and mystery explain." This is written for the developed souls who have stumbled upon their sacred birthright, and are ignorant of its great power and purpose. To those who possess it, it becomes an aid in every detail of life—they can always *know*, where before things were unknown; they can walk on serenely amid all the changing conditions of life; they are led by the Universal Spirit, and they have an extended vision that encompasses the whole of the universe.

We all have the power of cosmo-voyance latent within us; we all have this faculty which enables us to see and hear as soon as we are developed.

With it we look at the *seen* things, the realities of life and see them as they are—then passing through them we see their cosmic picture and just what they are meant to be, and holding the perfect vision, we can slowly bring anything into reality, causing it by natural laws to manifest in form.

With cosmo-voyance we exterminate time and space and distance; matter and Spirit are revealed, and even while living in the *Now*, we are in Eternity.

Within.

Here in my low clay dwelling, while I wait
I dream I hear a soft entreating knock,
And feeling blindly for some hidden gate,
I find but walls of rock.

Calling forlornly to the God without,
The mystery of silence deeper grows;
But, while I agonize and strive with doubt,
Within sits One who knows.

If I but hush my crying I may hear
The word that I go straying far to seek.
Within my conscious being, close and clear,
The Silent Sphinx shall speak.

—Annie L. Mussey.



A MEDITATION ON UNCHARITABLENESS

*"There is a river, the streams whereof
shall make glad the city of God."*

*"And he showed me a pure river of the
water of life, proceeding out of the throne
of God."*

THESE unloving thoughts which visit me and bring me so much of unhappiness, sickness and misfortune are the evidence of a starved spiritual life.

¶ The true life flows out from the Divine Fountain head in a full stream of love and good-will. That love in my heart is the manifestation of the immanent Spirit, which is Love. This "river of God" in my heart is under my control. Any unloving thought only proves that I have shut off the inflow of the life-giving water.

¶ The dwellers by a certain river in the west were once in despair because the water had been diverted to irrigate the fields and work the mines further up toward its source. They beheld their parched ground and perishing crops in helpless anger. Nothing but a full flowing river could remedy their case. So the blight of uncharitableness falls upon the life when the water-courses of loving thought and deed are empty.

¶ Open up the gates that the life-giving current of love may flow once more. Declare for yourself, I am one with the Spirit of Love. I now open my whole being to the inflow of the loving Life. Think divine love—love embracing all in its infinite beneficence.

¶ Let the water of God reach the parched soil. Flood your arid soul with love and hope and joy. Do something for the one of whom you think unkindly: this is the crucial condition of your recovery. Sow the seed of loving deeds, and water the dry ground out of the river of God—the river of infinite Love.

¶ Do not be discouraged if the conditions change too slowly. Pray and faint not; for "as the earth bringeth forth its bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord Jehovah will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all nations."

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

Deepes of Mind.

Edgar L. Larkin.

WHAT IF 1,600,000,000 PEOPLE AND 16,000,000 MIND READERS WERE ALL ON ECHO MOUNTAIN AT ONCE! WOULD THERE BE MORE THAN FIVE LEFT AFTER A WEEDING OUT PROCESS? ARE MATHEMATICIANS THE MOST ORIGINAL CLASS OF THINKERS? SOME OF THE THINGS NO THINKER HAS SOUNDED.



I have been looking over the issues of the *Nautilus* that have appeared during the last two years. If bound in book form, they would make two standard works on modern psychology of high order. Many changes have been

rung on and combinations formed of the different phases of the human mentality. Memory, intuition, introspection, concentration, thought-forms, cell-activity, thought transference, mentalism, electro-mentalism, mind-reading, influence, psycho-therapy, psychometry, the finer forces, the conscious, the subconscious, the sub-liminal, rhythm, harmonies, prescience, instinct, reason, subjectivity, abjectivity, sub-mind, personality, love, hope, bio-chemistry, directivity, purpose, will, continuity, retrospection, action at a distance, vito-psychic force, bioplasm, auras, the soul, cell-souls, cosmic mind, cosmic consciousness, interior perception, receptivity, oscillations, undulations, sense, lapsed emotions, clairvoyance, suggestion, thought energy, thought impulse photographs, electrical thought flows, cell flows, ebb and flow in cells, vibrations, nerve-thoughts, psychic sense, psychic symbols, thought surging, thought realms, cell-storage, impressed thought forms, subliminal graphic thoughts,

change of thought conditions, brain culture, faculty expansion, mental labyrinths, poise, mental equilibrium, the indweller, ego, occult thoughts, thoughts electro-magnetic, tangible thoughts, thought patterns, listening to silence, unconscious cerebration, thanking the subconscious ego, electro-mental-radiation, thought grouping, ideation, equivalent brain-areas, mental rearrangements, association, central and peripheral ideas, successive planes of consciousness and so on into illimitable psychological realms.

This is a list of a few expressions in relation to mind and its wonderful faculties, attributes and properties.

To me, if one term or word is more impressive than another, the term electro mental-radiation is the most striking and important. Now not all these are to be found in the back numbers of the *Nautilus*, but many are and no doubt the others will be. But a most wonderful power of mind has not been treated in its pages, or if so, merely mentioned only. How approach, how lead up to this all powerful faculty or property?

Suppose that the entire human race could be brought together on one plat of land, say the flat area overlooked from this observatory. Let the people number 1,600,000,000, and imagine that they are divided into companies of one hundred each, all arranged standing in ranks like military companies. Let 16,000,000 mind readers be appointed, one to each division, and let them explore

the mind of each human being present, in each company. In many of the groups, nothing unusual would be detected in any mentality.

In others very remarkable minds would soon be discovered. The mentalists would note these and pass along the ranks until each one hundred minds had been superficially explored. Then let the readers all go back to the places where they began and read each mind with greater care.

When they come to the remarkable minds again, let them examine and read deeper than before. The readers themselves would begin to wonder. Let them report to officials having the 16,000,000 mentalists in charge. Then imagine that the officials, all experts, should request all the remarkable ones to step out in front of the ranks. Possibly 5,000 would thus advance.

Then let the experts read the mentalities of the selected 5,000. Even the highest experts would soon be filled with amazement, discomfiture and a sense of mental inferiority.

Suppose now that the 1,599,995,000 other humans were dismissed, leaving the marvelous 5,000. Now let the mentalists double their efforts, summon the highest mental experts in existence, and begin over again the task of mind analysis. Let mind sense mind, steel meet steel, diamond meet diamond in this mental contest. The readers would detect grades, and find great differences between powers among the precious 5,000. Finally they possibly would ask 4,800 to step aside. These would be divided into a number of classes or grades, but without very great differences. But the two hundred, what of them? Then let the 16,000,000 physio-psycho-mentalists divide themselves up into grades, examine their own and each other's minds, sift out, discard and reject all

but one hundred chief and experienced mind readers in existence. Then let them begin on the two hundred very remarkable ones.

They would fail utterly, being hopelessly unable to begin to think of their minds, and retire in chagrin and dismay. But the two hundred wonderful ones could not all be of the same grade. How divide them? Let them suggest that they elect a committee of ten of their own number to make still deeper exploration. Then none would desire to serve, well knowing the arduous task. Finally, let this committee form and begin mind analysis. They would no doubt divide the remaining 190 into two classes, one 150 and the other forty. The 150 would be almost equal in their tremendous mental powers. But the forty towering above the 150, who will divide them? Then let the research begin in earnest. Will the committee cower down before the majestic forty?

Who among the human species is able to sound these depths? None. The ten will join the forty, making fifty.

Then let them begin the greatest mental search ever held, in reading each other's minds; let every labyrinth, every corridor, every abyss, every almost infathomable deep be sounded, and let the sounding line sink into the primordial deeps of infinitude itself. They would select perhaps five to stand out before the ranks of the forty-five. Then the entire human race would have been searched with microscopic accuracy, resulting in the selection of only five mighty master minds. Who are they?

The world's great mathematicians. Sixteen million mentalists, trained experts, fled in defeat when mankind was narrowed to two hundred. Now what can any of the two hundred do? He can weigh the entire earth; weigh the sun, weigh other suns, weigh them all,

and thus weigh the sidereal universe. And a greater, he can tell the distance of the stars. He can predict motions and positions of cosmical bodies for centuries to come. He can analyze the light of suns and tell the names of the glowing component elements. He can peer into deeps and watch comets with the imperturbable eye of mathematics when they are far and away beyond reach of any telescope. He weighs colossal suns beside which our star—the sun is a lamplight. He computes the mass of the infinitely large, and then of the infinitely small. He actually tells the mass of a primordial original unit of nature—the electron and corpusele of pure, universal, cosmical electricity.

Beyond this, if possible, he measures a terrific speed of 186,380 miles per second, the accurately measured velocity of light. The five—what can they do? Simply this. Anyone has the incredible, the amazing, the brain stupefying power of thinking thoughts that are new.

That is, they originate mathematics, enter new realms, blaze the lonely way into mind-rocking depths. The forty-five are then able at once to enter the maize. In a short time the 150 can follow, and then after a period of the most comprehensive brain-racking study, the 4,800 can pass into the labyrinth. Where are the 1,599,995,000? They are all at sea, sailing upon a sea all shoreless to them, so far as mathematics is concerned. I have printed in many magazines and papers that the human mind is truly illimitable, and repeat it now; but it must have ample time for evolution. None of the five at present is able to commence thinking of create, creating, Creator, creation, infinity, eternity, beginning, end, space, origin, duration, existence, time, mind, spirit, soul, force, electricity, matter, thought, personality or life. Yet not one of the five would write or say: "There is no necessity for a Creator, and none exists." No, not one of the wonderful five.

By Chance.

They met by chance, so it was said,—

God shaped the earth, and filled the seas,
And hollowed out the river bed,
And checked the tides, and formed the breeze,
And set a myriad stars in space,—
To make for them a meeting place.

They met by chance, so people thought,—

And babes were born, and men were slain,
And nations rose, and wars were fought,
And ships traversed the raging main,
And dynasties were swept away,—
To bring about the fateful day.

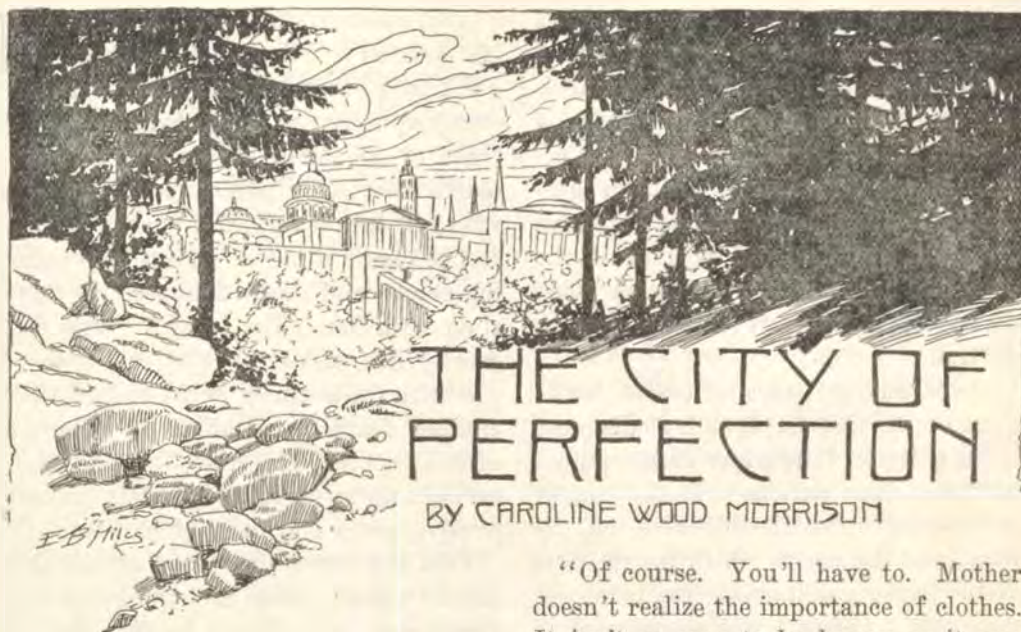
They loved by chance, so men declared,—

And God through all the previous years
For that one act their hearts prepared,
Bestowed their smiles, allowed their tears,
Apportioned dream, desire, demand,—
That they might meet and understand.

We talk of chance where all is Law,

Cry "Accident" upon design,
And foolishly opine a flaw
Might lurk within the plan Divine;
While angels laugh behind their wings
To hear us say such senseless things.

—Katherine Quinn.



I.

"Mother, the Y. M. C. A. tennis court has opened, and I have to have a suit."

My fourteen-year old stepson, with a boy's heavy foot, had clattered through all the wide halls and big, cool rooms, and paused at the door of the small, close den where I sat sewing. His demand caught me off my guard.

"Oh, Bruce," I sighed, "whenever I think I've at last got all you children need, there is sure to be something else I hadn't counted on. I do believe that one of the subtleties of Satan is the demand made by Christian organizations in the name of the young on the pocket-books of guardians.

"We have to be respectable," chimed in an elder stepchild, pulling off, with the air of one preparing to do battle for a creed, the dainty shirt waist I had been trying on her.

"Respectable—yes, so far as appearances go," I agreed a little bitterly.

"The tennis suit—can't I have it, mother?"

Before I could answer my boy, Patricia spoke aggressively:

"Of course. You'll have to. Mother doesn't realize the importance of clothes. It isn't as easy to be happy as it was when she was young. If we can't have things like the people we go with, we'll be miserable."

I rose upon shaking limbs.

"Don't, children," I begged. "I had just figured out all of our expenses for the month, this morning, and I was so relieved to find that we should not be in debt. If I plan for this extra item, I must have time to think."

Bruce gave a whoop of joy. He knew "yes" even if it was spelled the long way. I left the two bright heads bent close above a bit of paper which the boy had brought in. Patricia was her father over in every detail; haughty, unemotional, refined to a fault; but Bruce must have had many traits from his dead mother, since he often gave me an awkward, boyish appreciation.

I crept up the back stairs—the front carpet must be saved from wear by my feet, anyhow. In passing I glanced at the chamber I was supposed to occupy, a place of considerable luxury. My house was in perfect order. Perfection had been my watchword since I discovered that happiness was not for me. I

pushed open the door of the servant's room where my bed was savingly set. I could not afford to wear out the furniture and fittings of the better room; I had not time to clean and keep it in order. It was here I slept when my husband was from home, and his business kept him away a good portion of the time; and here I fled for sanctuary when the hounds of necessity were too close on my trail.

There was not even a coarse white spread upon that cot; laundry bills must be kept down. The paper shade, pulled low to exclude curious eyes that might have spied upon the bareness of the room, and the use to which the mistress of the house put it, made the little cell close and hot; but I was accustomed to that. I sat on the bed's edge and prepared to tackle the question of a financial skeleton which I had hoped was safely in the closet for another four weeks. I went over items and figures, but my mind refused to act upon them. A storm was in the air; I felt the dullness, the subconscious excitement such atmosphere brings. Presently, out of a great cry of thunder a few snivelling raindrops fell.

"That's what my life is," I found myself saying aloud. "A great commotion and meeting of forces, to bring forth the handful of dimes. Well, thank God for the downpour, there'll be no bargain-hunting today."

I rose, loosened my collar and threw myself upon the bed. The girl's words, "easy to be happy" rang in my head. Had I ever been happy? Yes, certainly; I admitted that without reserve; more than happy, I had been blissful when I thought Clarence in some measure returned the adoration which my starved girlhood poured out at his feet. But that was short-lived.

We were neighbors; he had advantages which were denied me; he entered

a social circle to which I could not aspire. He married a rich man's daughter, and I felt that life was over. They were out of my sphere, yet my hungry love kept track of the birth of his children, the names that were given them, how his wife lost her health, and how in the effort to regain it he surrendered a promising career and devoted himself to traveling with her. The large fortune was greatly diminished by this; his connection with the business world was severed, and her death found him with a limited income, spoiled children who had been brought up by servants in hotels, and expensive tastes and ideas of his own.

I am not pretending that I saw all this clearly when he came back to me, his first sweetheart, and offered me that place in his home which even my wildest, early dreams scarcely pictured. I had my hour of delirium at his return. I had my long months of disillusionment during my induction into a life where comfort was not to be considered, and the only indecency was visible poverty. It had been a cankering experience. In my heart of hearts I did not sympathize with the object of this effort, and it showed me all too plainly the reason for my selection as Clarence Wingfield's second wife. The children were half rebellious under the false values at which they were forced to buy and sell their hours. And I—I who had always longed for perfection—when this maimed thing was thrust upon me for life, I did not reject it—how could I? I set to work to build perfection within its searing ring.

An army of servants should have kept the grand house in order. There were none. Then, I would be that army of servants, and, lacking numbers, would make up by giving body, soul, heart, imagination—all! That certainly ought to count for several Bridgets and Hannahs. Patricia looked like a young princess, and there was no realm for her to rule.

Out of my own life I would cut a kingdom for Clarence's daughter. The thought brought a fierce joy. She should go clad in silk attire—what mattered a little more sackcloth to me whose soul already crouched in the ashes? She should lie late, and be served hand and foot; it was what she would have known had her own mother lived.

For the boy, my heart warmed to him as to nothing else in my surroundings; for he made his demands bluntly, he accompanied them with no sidelong glances at my lacks. Bruce was in danger of becoming my idol, and I vowed to heaven that he should have the up-bringing of a rich man's son, with never a thought nor a fear as to where it came from.

Clarence—sheer agony took me at thought of my husband. I knew well enough now for what he had married me. He should have it in perfection—perfection—perfection! I would be to him the floor under his feet, the soft carpet upon that floor, the base, wall and roof which shielded the storm from his beloved head.

The task I had set myself was harder for me than for another. Always the thought of perfection had guarded Eden from my fainting soul like an angel with a flaming sword. I loved music. But when I found that I should never make more than an indifferent performer I could not bear to touch an instrument nor raise my voice. Color, form, all beauty gave me emotions which I must think were beyond those experienced by most of my fellow creatures. But when I found that the servant hand would never learn sufficient cunning to render perfectly visible the dreams of my brain, I was unwilling to make of art, which was to me a passion, almost a religion, the diversion which some women find in it. And now Clarence and the children must be offered that perfection which was not for me, this same ardent spirit,

which would have steeped me deep in the bliss of appreciation, drove me with a whip of scorpions to render the minutest detail of the sacrifice which I had set about.

I will not deny that blood flowed in the doing. In the hills above our city was a dam such as confined the waters which swept the valley in the Johnstown flood; and a hundred times a day, when things were at their worst, I thought with relief of the possibility that it might sometime break and overwhelm me. As I lay now upon my meagre couch I was aware that this longing shook me like a passion of sobs. I knew, too, that I was weeping. I opened my eyes upon the dark. Surely it had come with great swiftness; for while it was late afternoon when I lay down, and the lowered shade excluded what dim light came to my little window, this blackness was that of midnight. The pounding of rain upon the roof, the roar of a mighty storm, which, strangely, I had not before noticed, explained this.

"Let it pour," I whispered to my pillow. "I wish the dam would break and wash me into eternity. I am tired—tired—tired of building perfection which I cannot achieve. Oh, if God only would show me how to do enough for those I love, how to put this body of mine between them and all harm, all discomforts, that they should live the perfect life I dream of!"

In answer to my impious wish came a rending roar. My bed heaved under me. I thought of that woman in the Johnstown flood who floated in her great four-poster next to the ceiling till help came. One of her children had asked, I remembered, to be put out of the window. I wondered how it had seemed to float on that great sea whose bottom was a city and its environs. Her bed had been a wide one. As I mused my own narrow cot slipped through the window, I felt

the wet shade drag over my face and put up my hand to push it away. There was no need. With a last faint notion that I heard Patricia calling my name, I found myself sailing swiftly under a brooding sky, the rain beating upon eyelids which I was too tired to raise.

The dam had broken, and I was glad!

How long I floated so it would be impossible to say. I heard cries; my name was called—others were in the wreck then. Now and again I was touched by human hands, which strove to lift me—but I never opened my eyes. With a passion of repugnance for life, I shrank from them, murmuring:

"Oh, I'm so tired. It is so good to be dying. It will be so blessed to be dead. Let me alone—let me alone!"

After that I must have drifted beyond them all for I sank into an apathy that was like sleep, rocking softly on the bosom of the flood, moving, as I knew, swiftly forward—and glad to go. From this state I was roused by the jarring of my cot against land. I felt strangely light and alert. I rose, standing unsteadily upon my tossing, quivering craft, and sprang ashore.

Still the rain; still the semi-darkness in which objects were conjectured rather than seen. The drops, cool as baby

hands, caressed me. They were like baby lips kissing my hot, tired brow and eyes. I looked up. There was no thunder, but lightning ran like scarlet antelopes from crag to crag above me.

Stay! Since there was no thunder could this be lightning? Bruce had asked me the day before to help him with an essay, and together we read an article by an astronomer who believed that Mars made signals to the earth. Were these such signals? My gaze was still fastened upon them, when a great light glowed above the mountains. I stretched up my arms. The electric shock of strange fires burned and held me. Yet I did not draw back; I did not scream. I was glad of a little physical pain. I was conscious with some other sense than hearing, that some one, somewhere, was saying:

"She takes it well. This may cure her."

Then I was aware—still without knowing how—that I was in contact with the electric current sent by Mars to signal our earth. I did not know whether this meant life or death. I did not care. It meant swift-coming change; and I resigned myself to the oblivion which strongly enfolded me.

(To be Continued.)

Bitter-Sweet.

Out of less doth greater grow,
 Out of sorrow love doth flow.
 Out of bitter comes the sweet,
 Labor brings to man his meat;
 Light and shadow, joy and sorrow,
 Compensation, and tomorrow
 Constitute the unwritten rule
 Of this Universal School
 For all mankind.

—Sheldon C. Clark.

Master Keys of Power.

W. R. C. Latson, M. D.

WHY WE SHOULD BE PROUD OF OURSELVES! WHAT THE AREA OF ONE'S LUNGS HAS TO DO WITH IT. WHAT CIGARETTES, HIGH HEELS AND CORSETS MEAN. THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD AND HOW TO EVOLVE IT.

NO. 2. SELF-REVERENCE.



"Above all things reverence thyself," says that profound philosopher, Pythagoras. And indeed to him who knows himself, reverence of self is inevitable. No one for instance who knows aught of his body, its

marvellous delicacy, complexity and adaptability; its wonderful adjustment of means to end; its use of all imaginable mechanical devices in its many varied tasks—no one who knows even a little about these things can fail to reverence that most superb of all creatures, the human body.

And to reverence and value the body is to care for it. Let us suppose the case of a young man who has a fair knowledge of physiology. He knows that in his lungs are about six hundred millions of tiny openings, the aggregate surface of which is equal to the floor of a room forty feet square. He knows that through this surface at every breath the poisonous carbon dioxide passes out, while at the same time the life-giving oxygen enters. He knows that smoke inhaled into the lungs forms a coating over this forty square feet of surface, and prevents free exit of the carbon dioxide as well as free entrance of the oxygen. A young man, knowing

these things will not ruin his lungs by inhaling into them the smoke of cigarettes.

The young woman who reverences her body as "God's last, best work," who realizes that only through the proper working of that body can she hope to achieve anything noble or worthy in life—such a young woman will not deform that body by wearing high heeled shoes nor tight corsets, nor will she disgrace that body by ridiculous gew-gaws of flamboyant hue.

Self-reverence, then, in relation to the body means care of the body. And care of the body leads naturally to health. And health is the foundation of all achievement, physical, mental, spiritual.

"In the universe," says a great thinker, "there is nothing great but mind." And in no direction is self reverence more worthy than when felt in regard to the mind. To feel the glory of mind, the vast possibilities of mind; to know that the great victories of life are mind victories; to realize that by certain methods any one even the humblest, the least promising, may reach the greatest heights of mind power—to feel these things must lead one to reverence mind, his own as well as that of others.

And, as in the case of the body, to reverence the mind will lead one to care for the mind, to cultivate the mind. This wonderful thing, the mind, so easily guided, directed and developed,

so infinite in its capacity for growth, so stupendous in its power when fully developed—is he not the most blessed of men who possesses it?

What if he be poor, friendless, obscure, ugly, deformed, lonely? What if men revile him and women avert their faces? He has only to develop that wondrous gift, mind; and lo, a universe, his own universe springs into being. Moreover he must remember that the mind is a hardy plant and thrives on adversity. It is like a wrestler who grows strong by much striving, like a boxer who grows more rugged the more he is belabored. And can we, who are

favorable with this marvellous gift look upon it with aught but reverence?

And then we should reverence ourselves because each of us is a soul. Mind you, I do not say has a soul. I have no soul. I am a soul. That soul has a body.

That soul—we know but little about it, and that little we can hardly tell in words; for words belong to the plane of relativity, and the soul moves on the mystic plane of the absolute. But the fact that it is—a fact which few intelligent people will nowadays deny—gives us strongest cause for self reverence, and for the calmness, faith and personal power that can come only with self reverence.

The Habit of Power.

Adelaide Keen.

WHY ANIMALS ARE FEARLESS. THE PREFERRED STOCK OF THE ALMIGHTY AND WHY HE RAISES THE PRICE ON US. THE HANDICAPS IN THE RACE. IS LIFE A CHEAT? GIANTS AND GIANT KILLERS.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

The habit of power means freedom gained from obedience. Arrived at a certain point, you change obstacles into achievements and glory in it. Courage comes first, since we live in a world of cowards. Animals, beset from birth to death by bitter dangers, are comparatively fearless, possibly because they have health and no ideas of eternal torment. Man, divine in origin, creeps from cradle to grave. Oh, the shame of it! After courage comes faith, self-control, honesty and infinite patience. We can only outgrow circumstances. Life is a shopkeeper, everything has a price, you must pay it, or do without. He offers us environments; like garments, they must fit or he will not sell them. A secret, listen! He raises his price when he sees

us too eager. Be just as firm inside but bluff a little bit. Play that your mean, hard environment satisfies you, else you will have to serve twice seven years and get a substitute before you get the real, like the man in the Bible, who got Leah, instead of her sister.

Power is the privilege of kings. Be a king over yourself. Oh, yes, you can! Make yourself do the little things, bigger ones will come. No one can keep you from bathing, breathing, chewing, and thinking kind and positive thoughts. You have no time to bathe? Get up in the middle of the night and if anyone calls you "crazy" just tell them that such lunatics are "preferred stock" with the Almighty, and if they live long enough they will see you win. It takes time to generate power, every minute counts, all self-denial, all handicaps not of your

own making, are but agents to swell the stream. Niagara would have no power nor beauty if it were lazy and level. Each victory brings you nearer to the spot where you can say, with uplifted face, "Lord, it was good for me to be afflicted," "For God, who holds planets in their orbits and gives minutest care to every unseen clog and wheel in his universe has given you the land where you have set your foot," step by step. You are one with his power. All the angels sing and the atoms dance together, over the soul which returns to his inheritance. No more husks for the prodigal son.

But there are handicaps in this race for power, like bruises on a perfect peach, blurs on a mirror, defects on perfection. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as I am perfect," said he who had all power. As the race is a series of miracles, we must cut out faults, strangle the little foxes that spoil the wine of joy, distilled from the fruits of the spirit. "I am the vine and ye are the branches, and if ye bring forth the fruits of the spirit, meekness, temperance, patience, by those fruits are ye known as sons of God, inheriting his power. For God is Power and the more we become like him the more power we have. Of myself I can do nothing." So, you see, God is power. Any weakness must be replaced by strength. They say that *any* fault can be conquered in a year by concentration. Celebrated men have tried this plan successfully. And the petty faults which prevent a man from being a hero to his valet or a prophet in his own country, are the very ones which tacitly or spiritually keep him from the society of the elect. "As we grow better," says Elbert Hubbard, "we meet better people." True, too, we grow better through suffering. It gives us clairvoyance to *select* better friends, tells us how

to talk to win their liking. Poverty is only one of the teachers in "the kindergarten of God," and he has a hard face but a good heart. We learn economy, unselfishness, patience, faith. When we meet rich people after having conquered the lessons of poverty they love us for those graces; we give them a new point of view. But the man who wants "to travel with" his superiors in wealth or wisdom or character, must fit himself in obscurity for their society. He must be courteous, clever, well groomed, sensible. Enthusiasm is one magnet of power. You must fire every event with it, touch thoughts and acts with it; it will transmute dross into gold, drudgery into delight. What matters if the soul which lives besides you is cold and selfish. Set him a good example! Joy is sunshine and he will feel it. Every irksome task is a chance for power. For the qualities which they bring out are God's gifts which fit us to enjoy better things. Easy things will come, if you have spent your heart's blood on gaining strength, for the very goal of power is the ease which comes from strength. We laugh at things and people who used to cow or annoy us, we do gracefully and swiftly the tasks, once so hard. One by one, we have unriveted our chains, we are free! And blessed be God, we freed ourselves. Freedom comes from the highest form of obedience. The irksome tasks, people and environment have educated us to *appreciate* the happiness coming. Occasionally, when we will *not* give up under repeated disappointments, God tells us that good things *are* coming, but usually it is seen dimly, this vision of faith. It is like climbing a mountain alone in a storm, in a steep, narrow path. We look back on fearful crags, we are sore tempted to dash ourselves over the cliff, we see no view but the darkness.

But an invisible guide whispers:

"Keep on, brave heart, God and all his
hosts are with you,

At the mountain top, how glorious the
view!"

And how good it was that you were
not dazzled by that view, losing footing
and reward.

Let the pessimists growl over their
bone of contention. Life is not a cheat,
a mirage, a desert where shadows jeer at
our prayers. No, it is a spiritual battle
ground, and to the victors belong the
spoils. Savages eat the hearts of their
enemies to gain strength; so must we.
The world myths *are* true, we are giants
among the giant killers and every enemy
of body or soul, which we conquer, gives
use power. The good fairy who advises
us is but a spirit friend, an angel in the
flesh or an inspiration, which bids us
"Press on!" The monster in the path
is your own weakness. Go at it, and
never give up! We must accumulate
power, force, strength, wisdom, grace,
to attain our heart's desire.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, wait
patiently on him and he *shall* give thee
thy heart's desire!" The man of power
compels events, he says "shall," not
"please." In mysterious yet natural se-
quence of events, the desire grows as you
grow to meet it. Unceasingly all things
work together for good, your wish and
mine, like flowers in a garden. "Paul
plants, Apollos waters, but God giveth
the increase." Wait patiently on him.
Have you murmured? It is a weakness,
cut it out, and he shall bring it to pass.
Wait on the spot where thou art, glorify
it, dignify it, and to that spot God will
bring your wish to pass, so it is there-
fore useless and ignoble to struggle or
shriek. You may take it from the hands
of God without awkwardness and with
thanks. It is a feast prepared for which
you have appetite. Hunger is the best
sauce! And to him that hath power,
God, wisdom, love, are added all gifts.
Come up higher and ye shall be ruler
over many things.

Mind: What Is It?

Wallace D. Wattles.

SALVATION BY PROXY. WHY AND HOW A CHILD
LEARNS TO TALK. CAN YOU SAW WOOD WITH A
HAMMER? YOUR OWN OPINION OF YOURSELF ON
YOUR BRAIN, AND THE REASON WHY YOU CANNOT
DO THINGS. BRAIN RECORDS: HOW TO MAR OR
MAKE THEM.

CHAPTER IV.

CURING BAD HABITS.

The problem of the child is not
whether we can save him, or whether
God can save him, but whether we can
induce him to save himself. For in this
matter of brain building there is no vi-
carious atonement; no salvation by
proxy. Just as no one person can learn
to swim for another, so it is true that
no one person can learn any lesson for

another. Every inscription that is
placed upon the brain tablets must be
engraved there by our own effort, and
often that effort must be patient, per-
sistent and long continued. Think of
the persistent and long-continued effort
by which a child learns to talk; it is
only by repetitions running sometimes
into years that some words are at last
properly registered upon the record of
the brain. Many, many, sometimes al-

most countless repetitions are necessary to the writing of some records; others are easier to get. If it were not for his desires the child would never learn to talk; he wants things, and he tries to ask for them; he wants to know things, and he tries to ask questions, and in these repeated efforts word after word is written in the word place of his brain. When the older person learns a new language the process is exactly the same; by persistent effort, word after word is written in its place in the brain until they are all there. There are some people who say that they cannot learn languages; they mean that the task is so unattractive to them that they do not put forth the necessary effort of will to concentrate the mind, and do the required work. So of those who say they "cannot learn music"; they mean that their desire to learn is not strong enough to cause the necessary concentration of mind, and to continue it until the required knowledge is written in the brain place for music. Any person of normal brain can learn anything that is to be learned, or become anything that is possible to any other person; it is all a matter of will. The hereditary traits which burden us most are those of desire. If you do not want to be something, you will hardly try hard and long enough to be anything. But just as it is certain that you can write what you will upon a slate, so is it certain that you can write what you will upon your brain; and what you write there you will be.

There is often, however, no labor requiring more concentrated effort and more severe self discipline than brain building. For this reason, most people are, in many things like a man who starts in to learn some foreign tongue, and after acquiring such a smattering of it as to be able to express himself very poorly indeed, gives up the struggle, and goes

on through life without ever being able to make himself really understood. Too many brain records are fragmentary and incomplete for lack of the necessary labor to make them perfect.

Remember that the brain is the instrument through which the real personality expresses himself; and he can only express what is already written there. Consequently, the external man will be just what is inscribed upon his brain, for all his actions must be dictated or directed through these brain records. You cannot saw wood with a hammer; nor can the soul play a piano with the fingers until the knowledge of piano playing is written in the music-place of the brain. You cannot show forth a high and noble personality until you have written within your skull a record of noble and holy desires; according to the tools you give it, so will the expression of your soul be. You can wind up a phonograph, and you may make it run fast or slow, but you cannot make it say anything that is not on the records. If some one had put his opinion of you on a record, even though you knew that opinion to be untrue, you could not make the record tell the truth; the only thing possible would be to make another. You have written your opinion of yourself upon your brain; you cannot be anything else until you change the record. It is not necessary to destroy the old record, or to obliterate it. Suppose a man learns English and German; he has them both written, each in its own place in his brain; he did not have to rub out the English in order to learn German; and though he was born an Englishman, and learned the English language in his babyhood, if he persistently continues to use the German speech instead of his mother tongue he will come in time to be more fluent in German than in English; and in time he will

préfer to use the German, and will *think* in that tongue, because it is easiest for him. So, if you have a habit or a trait written on your brain, and do not want to use *that* record any more, what you will have to do is to build another, and better record to use in place of it. There is no other way.

Now, this is very important, for if it be true, all things are possible unto us; we can develop any power or faculty we desire to develop, we can be anything we choose to be, we can form any habit we desire to form. Understand what I mean by forming habits; I hold that there is no such thing as quitting a habit; the thing to do is to form a counter-habit. As I have said, if you have a bad habit of mind or body, you need not try to destroy the brain-place upon which the thought that causes it is written; write the opposite thought upon another brain-place, and ever after express yourself through *that*. Suppose you have written this opinion of yourself: That you are little, and feeble, and stooped, and hollow-chested, and afraid of your shadow, and are going to die soon; well, if you do not want that to be true, you will have to write upon another place that you are big, and upstanding and straight, and brave, and can live as long as you want to; and when you get it written, express yourself through that place, instead of through the old one. In time, it will be easiest to use the new place, and the old one will be so rusty that you cannot use it if you would.

This enables us to state the philosophy of being, and of attainment with scientific accuracy, and to describe the process minutely. I want to give some specific instructions, and I want to close this article by proving to those who have passed middle life that as much may be accomplished by them as by the young; that no matter who you are, you're not too old. I said in a former article that the reason why old

people do not learn easily, lose their memories, etc., is that they eat more food than is required for the maintenance of the body, and the waste clogs the brain. You remember that Metchnikoff, not long ago, told the world that old age was really caused by the presence of an acrid poison in the intestines, causing the white blood-corpuscles to refuse to perform their functions; and heralded to the world with a great flourish of trumpets the alleged fact that sour milk would neutralize the poison, and that faithful swill drinking would give us bodily immortality. The swill cure seems to have gone to join goat-lymph, and Brown-Sequard's elixir of life. If Metchnikoff had not been "regular" he would have known that the acrid poison in the intestines is the direct result of eating more food than the system could assimilate; and he would have simply said, "Eat less, and you will stay young."

Cornaro, the wise Italian, tried the truly scientific plan. A broken-down wreck at forty-five, he reduced his allowance of solid food to twelve ounces per day and died at one hundred, retaining his mental vigor to the last. And he noticed that whenever, at the solicitation of his physicians, he increased his allowance he "began to grow irritable" and to lose his mental powers. After a hearty meal you begin to lose *your* mental powers, for the same reason that it is hard for an old dog to learn new tricks. The old dog lies—or sits—around, and eats until his brain cells are clogged with waste food matter; let him take a good long fast, and you will be surprised to see him develop a puppyish aptitude for learning new tricks. Try it yourself; fast until your mind is clear, and then eat little and with care, and when you find yourself "growing irritable" or losing your mental poise, cut down the food supply. You are not too old to learn; you are too well fed to learn, that is all.

The Way It Works.

Paul Tyner.

THE BRIDGE BETWEEN SICKNESS AND HEALTH.
THE FIRST LAW OF LIFE. THE ELIXIR AND THE
PROPHET'S STONE. WHAT HE GAINS WHO IS TRUE
TO HIMSELF. WORK'S RELATION TO PLEASURE.
SARAH BERNHARDT'S SECRET OF YOUTH AND SUCCESS.
MANY THINGS THAT HELP.

"God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," sang old Isaac Watts. Everything is mysterious until it is understood. In the Infinite there is Power unlimited. Supply abundant, Beauty in completeness, Healing for every hurt and sickness, Eternalism making all things new, Peace that restoreth the soul. In the Absolute, there is no lack, no incompleteness, and the Absolute is the Real! What is true metaphysically must be true in practice.

But the question that goes to the very core of the New Thought is: "How shall we connect?" If there is a *way* by which the Absolute works in unerring manifestation of this wholeness and completeness, how shall we know it with certainty? How shall we bridge the apparent gap between poor, needy, sick and troubled conditions of common experience, and the strength, health, sufficiency and serenity that are our rightful portion?

Consciousness of the Absolute, is consciousness of the Infinite and unconditioned,—a sense of oneness with the Perfect Whole, undivided and unbroken by the limitations of personality and the partial and fragmentary appearance of the phenomenal world. Still this Great Reality presses for manifestation in the life of every individual and in our social life. It is a state of consciousness to which every soul is eligible.

The realization of Truth in the heart of a man means first, HEALTH or vigor of body and clearness of mind. It means

as certainly, Prosperity—success in all his undertakings, good bread for his good work, supply adequate for his every need in fullest self-expression. Getting down to literal commonplace, this means money enough to pay one's bills, meet all obligations promptly; provide for all the requirements of unstinted living, and yet have a balance at the bank. Sense of the Absolute includes Health, Happiness, Plenty, Power and Freedom as incidentals to that *Enlightenment* which is *Life* in the largest sense.

Manifestation of this sense of the Absolute—that age-long soul yearning symbolized in the quest of the Holy Grail, and with it the enjoyment here and *now* of Health, Plenty and Power—is governed by Law; by law not superimposed from without, but springing from the very nature of the Absolute; its inherent verification in action accordant with that nature.

Light, heat, sound and electricity have each their own laws, processes and methods of manifestation, indeed *are* in themselves "modes of motion" that act always and everywhere, fully, completely and perfectly in accordance with their essential natures. Similarly of the Absolute—which is the One Perfect Power in the Universe—is *experienced in actuality* when its law is observed.

Right here we glimpse a truth that comes to most of us as a discovery—new even in the new thought—a *newest* new thought in its further reach and its logical finality.

What is this law? Simply that we shall love. Love with all our heart and all our strength and all our mind in loving thy neighbor as thyself. Love for Love's sake only, of Truth for Truth's sake only is the single and immutable condition of all outer manifestation of the integral wholeness, beauty and sufficiency of the inner and manifesting Essence.

"Man is his own star; and the soul that
can

Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all
fate;

Nothing to him falls early or too late."

The man who is true to himself will be whole and strong, prosperous and serene. Here is the real Elixir of Life, the true Philosopher's Stone. To be in tune with the Infinite is simply to be true; to be unreservedly and entirely loyal to oneself, regardless of consequences or results; regardless of the opinions of others, regardless of misunderstanding, or misrepresentation or persecution. Regardless of one's own ignorance, for so only shall we learn wisdom. Regardless of pain to ourselves or those we love, for so only shall we be kind. Regardless of menacing loss, for so only shall we gain houses and lands, friends and power a hundredfold.

"I know what pleasure is," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "for I have done good work." Sarah Bernhardt reveals the secret of her youthfulness and charms at fifty-nine and of her success on the stage when she says: "Sincerity is the supreme test of the actor as of the writer and the painter. One who is sincere is spontaneous and never worries."

The deep and lasting joy of achievement and the pleasure ever increasing that we experience in the contemplation of beauty in any of its categories—form, color, action—find their source in this chording of the individual soul with the perfection of the Infinite. We avoid

pain, because it denies the truth of perfection in Being. We seek happiness because we would know the truth that makes us free—the truth of Absolute Wholeness.

Meditation in the silence, devotional exercises, the practice of piety, the aum breathing contact with nature, especially in the vastness of sea, sky and mountain; earnest and steadfast devotion to duty, giving of oneself for the welfare and uplift of one's fellows,—all are methods of developing this sense of wholeness in oneness with the Grand Whole. One way serves one, and another way another. All serve, because they in the end reach the same goal and let in the same light and life. But all are vain unless one be true to himself. This first, the next follows.

We have all along—(most of us) felt in our hearts that honesty pays; although the wicked may for a season flourish like the green bay tree, like the tree they wither in an hour. We all know that there is close connection between moral and physical soundness; between harmony of mind and its expression in beauty of face and form; between gentleness of disposition and graceful carriage. But why? Can we be really said to know a thing until we know the reason for it? Stumbling over every attempt to understand the why of it, we have stumbled and strayed in our attempts at "demonstration" of this certainty and sufficiency of the Absolute.

There be those (and we have all met them) who like Miss Philura, have taken up, or been taken up, by Christian Science, or some other form of the "New Thought," and in blind faith let the "Encircling Good" heal them of disease, banish their poverty, and fill them with the happiness of elation in new-found good; but after a few months or a few years, they have fallen away from their idols, failed in health and purse, and

gone back to drugs and dependence. They tell everyone who will listen that they know all about this mind-cure business, have studied it for years, and read scores of books; "but it won't work, and there's nothing in it." If you mention the excellent results they reaped at the start, they tell you that they were not really cured, or really prosperous,— "just hypnotized into thinking so for a time, and, of course, it couldn't last."

We reach permanent and enduring wholeness and wealth by relating Individual Manifestation of wholeness rightly and directly to the Universal Manifestation of that wholeness which is

inseparable from the very idea of The Absolute, its oneness and reality as source and cause of all things.

Perceiving the way this wholeness of the Universal works out in the Individual, and the plain and obvious reason why it works in *this* particular way, we shall open to the Guest that ever stands at the door and knocks; but who, unless we open unto Him, comes not in and sups not with us, nor we with Him. Sincerity is the open sesame to health, wealth and happiness; insincerity the only thing that separates us from our own. For all things are ours in our own allness in the Absolute.

What We Get Out of It.

By William H. Hamby.

Many of us handle life like a child does a stuffed toy—pound it viciously to see what we can get out of it, and then cry because it is nothing but sawdust.

We fail when we live and work for something that we are to get after a while—some tangible material good, some positive happiness. There is nothing to be "got out" of life—unless it be sawdust. The real essence of living is not things, not a thing, but a state, an attitude.

Those who dig and dig until the back grows crooked and the hands knotted trying to find the treasures of life will always sit down and cry at last over—mere dust.

Those who worry and fret for the morrow, hoping to lay up that which will draw joy and content from life, will in the end sit down and cry because it failed.

Those who run to and fro over the earth trying to get out of life "all there

is in it," will get nothing but discontent, and bad habits.

Life is a presence—a presence of today. It is an attitude—the attitude of now. Whatever of happiness and strength it may hold is not a matter for future hope and speculation—it is a reality of today.

Is life to be strong? Strength depends upon my concentration on the work I have to do right now. Is life to be satisfying? The fullness of content depends on the love I have for the work which my hands have found to do. Is life to be wise? Wisdom depends on the open mind and the inquiring heart.

Life—its strength, happiness and wisdom—is only my way of working, my feeling for that work, and my way of seeing and understanding.

Two of the falsest shadows ever conjured into shape by the Father of Darkness is the delusion that I will be happy after a while—when I finish these pres-

ent, miserable tasks; and that I must pay in suffering for all my happy days.

There are no tomorrows in life, for whatever state comes tomorrow will depend on exactly the same conditions it does today. Life is therefore eternal—an eternal state; and when we try to hammer it into matter, we only pound our days and substance into sawdust. But when we touch the great, sweet, open current of present existence we thrill with strength and joy.

If I work now with hand or foot or brain; if I write or paint or sing,—whatever I do, if I do lovingly, I have touched the real source of joy and my soul vibrates with happiness.

Whatever I do, if I do it with all my soul and mind and body—concentrate on it supremely, I will bring such strength as moves mountains.

And as I work, if mind and heart are open to all the dear sounds, fair scenes

and sweet odors of earth and heaven; of plants and men, of days and deeds, then will I grow in strength, wisdom and appreciation.

It is folly to pound for forty years in a dull, quarrelsome way at life, hoping to make it pour out a wealth of good things for age. Your lap will be filled only with sawdust.

It is black, deadly superstition to say, because today is fair it must rain tomorrow. What makes it fair today may make it fair tomorrow, for the soul is not dependent on material changes. Even on dark days the happy soul may sing with the poet:

“It is not raining rain to me,
It is raining daffodils.”

I *am*—only just now—and just now I will work and rejoice and understand, and thus all days may be crowned with blessedness.

Nerves.

By William E. Towne.

No, this isn't an article on the development of nerve, exactly.

It's an inquiry as to the cause of nervousness.

And when the cause is clear the remedy likewise will probably not be far to seek.

It seems to me there are two leading causes of nerve trouble: First, nothing to do. Second, too much of *one kind* of work to do.

There is My Lady of Wealth. Her life is mainly a grand round of pink teas, bridge parties, monkey dinners and other devices for getting ahead of time. She dabbles a little, perhaps, in charities. She listens, in a blasé way, to the latest scandal, prefaced by, “Now this was told to me in the strictest confidence.”

In the natural course of events such a

life soon sours upon itself. Containing nothing that is really and truly creative, alive, progressive, it can but yield a flat, stale and unprofitable harvest.

And no wonder my lady becomes morbid and thinks about herself and imagines that she has all sorts of unpleasant symptoms of deadly and rare diseases.

It becomes a sort of occupation, interesting after a fashion, to study herself for new symptoms. The doctor, if he happens to be clever, unscrupulous and onto his job, can nourish her along and furnish further entertainment and mild excitement.

No wonder that nerves arise and grow and flourish like a green bay tree under such favorable conditions. It would be useless to present the antidote to the majority of such patients; to tell them to

walk three miles a day; put on their old clothes, discard corsets and dig in the garden, make a potato patch, mow the lawn or do something else active and which would bring them in direct contact with the sun, air and soil of mother earth.

The second cause of nerves is what we may term legitimate and consists of *too much work along a single line*.

Remember that a single note oft repeated upon a violin once caused a great bridge to vibrate from end to end. (I wasn't there and didn't see it, but I give you the story for what it is worth.)

Beware of too much sameness. Don't let your mind grow in a rut. If you do, you'll wake up some morning to find it pretty nearly stuck there.

That is our second great cause of nerves.

So long as the constructive, creative faculty is alive and active, one is happy and harmonious.

But prolonged activity to excess in one line benumbs the creative power.

Jack London in his new novel, "Martin Eden," which is being published in the *Pacific Monthly*, Portland, Ore., describes realistically the awful, benumbing effect of severe physical labor in a laundry upon the mind of Martin. He is just beginning to write, and his mind seethes and teems with ideas and creative energy just previous to his going to work in the laundry.

But after that, and so long as he stays there, where he performs almost superhuman tasks, his mind is dead; he cannot read or write.

Later, he leaves the laundry, and his active mind, after a little, reasserts itself and he again begins to create with his pen.

In the January *American*, Ray Stannard Baker describes the great work that is being done for nervous people in one of our large hospitals by teaching

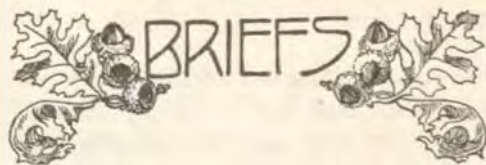
them to *do things*, to *use* their creative power and *forget themselves in their work*. Some are being taught clay-modeling, and the need for congenial companionship is also recognized and met.

The world is waking up as never before to the need of useful, helpful activity as a means to health.

Slowly our social system is being whipped into such shape as to avoid the necessity for anyone's working unreasonably long hours. Oh, we are a long way from the goal yet, but we are advancing.

And we are growing in a sense of social interdependence and desire for mutual helpfulness. We are realizing more fully the real oneness of humanity and the necessity for standing all together and making possible to all, so far as we can, the conditions of happiness and health.

All this will tend to dissipate nervous troubles for they will be replaced by healthy activity.



BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

* * * *Collier's* is authority for the statement that, in the year 1237, a great university (which has since been honored by having a sausage named after it—the University of Bologna) gave the following reasons for not admitting women to its sacred halls:

"Whereas woman is the foundation of sin—the weapon of the Devil—the cause of man's banishment from Paradise—for these reasons all association with her is to be diligently avoided. Therefore, do we interdict the introduction of any woman, however honorable she may be."

* * * We have traveled so fast and so far since that day in 1237 that Old Johnny across the water is getting seriously troubled and doing a pile of head scratching over the problem of whether he hadn't better admit his women to the privilege of the ballot.

To do full justice to John, we do not think he would, on his own account, have created this perplexing problem for several thousands years yet; but the women of his kingdom (bless 'em) made such a long, strong, howling demand for the ballot that old John first sat up and rubbed his eyes and then began to think about granting it to them, simply as a means of quelling "the blarsted riot, doncherknow."

Your real Englishman (in common with the men of other nations) detests a scene; and when one enterprising suffragette chained herself in the House of Parliament and cried, "Give me liberty if you dare, but I demand the ballot," John's stomach felt so squeamish-like that he was almost willing to upset all the traditions of his fathers for the sake of peace.

* * * When one of the characters in "Her Lord and Master," a man with a daughter, wife and mother-in-law in his family, was asked how he managed to get along so nicely and harmoniously with them, he replied: "Easiest thing in the world; I always give in." And it looks very much as if Johnny Bull will have to cry quits in this new war for emancipation.

* * * Would it benefit the people of the United States to give woman the ballot? I confess that I am not yet quite sure on that point. Women who own property ought to be eligible to vote. And, for that matter, there is no sound reason, perhaps, why woman should not have the ballot whenever she really

wants it. But will the entrance of woman into politics prove an unmixed blessing? Judging from a few female politicians who have come within my ken, the blessing may be decidedly mixed. It may be mixed with froth, flirtation, frivolity, champagne cocktails and divorce proceedings. Not that these are *necessary* concomitants of woman's entrance into the political arena, but the tendency will be in that direction, for a time at least, because only the more or less unsexed woman will care to go in for politics. And so it looks to me as if the first result of giving woman the ballot would be a tendency away from the ideal of woman as a home maker. Possibly some of our friends who reside in states where the privilege of the ballot has already been granted to women, can enlighten us on this vexed subject.

* * * Our rural friends are being brought close to the benefits of civilization these days. They are no longer strangers to telephones, phonographs, pianos, bath tubs and even automobiles. The *Omaha News* recently published a suggestive cartoon illustrating the farmer's advancement in modern comforts. An old farmer sits in his tub, in a tiled bathroom, and telephones to "Hank" to have the "large car" ready to meet the next train. On the wall is a "medicine closet" in one compartment of which we see tooth brushes, tooth powder and other accompaniments of the toilet. In another compartment is a long-necked bottle labelled "for internal use only." (Of course none of my readers, excepting those who reside in Kentucky, can imagine what that bottle is supposed to contain.) A shower bath contrivance hangs on a near-by hook, and nothing is lacking to complete the picture of luxury.

* * * The cartoonists are suggesting that the name of the *Outlook* be

changed to *Lookout*, now that the strenuous Teddy is to make one of its editorial staff.

* * * One great objection to a monarchy is that rulers long continued in power wax arrogant and become contemptuous of the people's rights. We have an illustration of this same principle in our national House of Representatives. The leader of that house is absolute, disdainful, haughty, dogmatic and self-conceited in his opposition to certain bills which the people by an overwhelming majority, desire to see passed.

* * * There is the forest reserve bill for the eastern states. Upon its immediate passage depends the preservation of the White Mountain and Appalachian forests. And upon these forests we depend, to a great extent, for sufficient rain to grow the farmers' crops in

New England. Last year we had one of the smallest rainfalls on record. Right here in Holyoke for about twenty weeks the great paper mills have been silent one and two days a week because there was not water enough in the Connecticut to furnish power. This water shortage is leading to a paper famine so far as the cheap news print paper is concerned.

* * * And Uncle Joe sits back in his chair and ignores the well-nigh unanimous demands of the press and people for the passage of this bill, which would insure the protection of our Eastern forests, and which seriously affects the future welfare of a large and populous portion of our country. Uncle Joe is doubtless sincere, but that does not help the forests. He is so firmly entrenched in power that he little fears the will of the people.

A Friend.

F. Milton Willis.

We met by chance, it seemed. From the first he charmed me; not by exhibitions of brilliant wit, nor by exquisite politeness, nor by any other art of enchantment, but by a quiet, unorthodox sort of knowledge and by a penetrating kindness which alone won all whom he met. He talked little of himself, but I judged from remarks that he made that he considered himself a physician of the soul, or priest of the spirit, and that from early youth he had felt it his duty to perfect himself in order that he might be of service to others. And he certainly was the center of a healthful, inspiring and formative influence upon his friends' aims and conduct, that extended we knew not how far.

The effect he had upon the minds of those about him was strangely analo-

gous to the effect of that influence which chemists term *catalysis*—by his mere presence he called forth from his friends a wealth of unthought-of power, hidden possibilities, latent energies. His mission seemed to be to make actual and vivid the inert potentialities of others. He said so little, yet got so great a return, that I was inclined to think that a great increment of unknown force accompanied, and was necessary to complete the influence he exerted. He had the power of getting one so interested in things, by the suggestion of unexpected and surprising implications that one became oblivious of self and uttered that which he never would otherwise have believed himself capable of.

I was about eighteen and at college when I first met him, and he but twen-

ty-four or twenty-five, yet young as he was, it seemed to me then that in him the world we live in had found its fruitage and solution. We were friends from the first; and as his friendship was always that active sort which seeks ways in which to be of service, he immediately sounded me, and then little by little led me by the light of his genius, along ways congenial to me, into the mysteries at the heart of things—discoursed with me upon the meaning and purpose of life, upon the nature of the world and of mind, upon the true significance of the state and of the citizen. These and others of their kind were our cardinal themes, and what I learned in these discourses served as a clarifying light, in the radiance of which my studies took on a greater importance and grew vastly more interesting,—in fact, I at once became interested in everything, for everything seemed to stand out as an integral and self-respecting part of a universal scheme of things, which scheme of things I must ever be striving to comprehend. This state of mind has been lasting, and my studies have ever since been a constant, unalloyed pleasure.

My friend had the happy faculty of condensing his knowledge into pregnant aphorisms, and one of these has fortified me amid numbers of discouraging circumstances. It is this: *Have faith in the grandeur of the human spirit.* Expanding this, he would say to me: "This faith is the beginning of the solution of the world-riddle; it is the beginning of the last and highest climax of manhood; it is the beginning of a virile, dynamic conception of life, of death, of immortality." Bare and perhaps unsuggestive as the saying may seem to casual thought, it nevertheless, like a light on a rocky coast to a be-

wildered steersman, flashes to the benighted and attentive traveler of life a wonderful meaning. For instance, in a moment of despondency, when everything seems against us, when our efforts are thwarted here and thwarted there, and we seem to stand for naught in the vast sum of things, we may perchance ask ourselves: "Is life really worth living?" To this let us answer, and repeat the answer thoughtfully: "Have faith in the grandeur of the human spirit"—and how insignificant does our previous range of thought begin to seem beside the vista which now lengthens and gloriously broadens as we prolong our meditation! How pusillanimous we seem to have been! How courageous and hopeful we become! How active, how masterful, how easily victorious!

Also, we may in a moment of doubt ask ourselves, "Is there a life after death? Why should we toil unto uttermost weariness, as some of us do; why should we strive for culture or for virtue? *Is there a life after death?*" To this let us reply with earnestness, "Have faith in the grandeur of the human spirit"—and how inadequate do we begin to feel this present life to be, for the actualization of what is possible, nay, proper, for us! and how necessary does it begin to seem that naught that we inaugurate here shall lack fulfillment, that naught that we accomplish here, without or within us, shall perish for ever and aye. How necessary that we *must* live again—here, where there is still so much for us to learn and to do!

It seemed to me that my revered friend, with his unfaltering hope, his untiring energy, his unflinching courage, his unobtrusive but daring freedom of thought, his conviction that we are wholly responsible for our condition—authors of our own destiny in the strict-

est sense of the word; his magnanimity, his feeling for the welfare of all;—it seemed to me that he was to a considerable degree representative of the real American spirit in its inner, distinguishing nature—representative of the lofty type into which the American, despite his present, engrossing, material activities, is developing.

Finally, after an illness which tortured him distressfully but which he bore with almost a smiling fortitude, he

passed from this outer world so serenely, so nobly, and as if going for a period of blissful rest to his true home, that to have mourned would have been sacrilege. His last words to me were these: "May the great world stream through your soul as a pomp of light and of beauty."

How inspiring it is to know that round and reasonably complete natures are possible in this modern age of specialization and fragmentariness!

Is God Good?

Nellie C. Blakesley.

Is God good? A great many people are saying so, and some people are contradicting it. It is getting to be quite a fad among certain sects of thinking people to *hold the thought* that God is good, and how desperately they do hold to it. If they did not succeed in chaining, as it were, this thought by systematically holding it in the silence—it might elude their grasp,—yes, but would that make God less than good?

God is ever good, and it is man's whole purpose of existence to find it out. It is one thing to reiterate somebody else's affirmation of truth, it is another to have the truth, affirmation or no affirmation.

There would be no task, no *holding*, if we knew it. The mother recognizes her duty to her child, but she does not waste time keeping a half-hour of silence every day to hold the thought that she loves her child—that motherhood is good. She simply knows it. And just so would it be in our relation with all Infinite Good, if we but knew.

Man's great purpose in all life's experiences is to come into the realization of the Good. With that point intelligently fixed, let us look for God, or the good everywhere. We find what we look for.

The exact mathematician assumes a premise and then proceeds to prove it. Philosophers have followed the same course, and when they arrived at the Q. E. D. they have given the result to the people. Like most gifts, it is much of the nature of a burden to most minds. Then stop holding the thought and go back to the original theorem and work it out for yourself. You will never need *hold* it again. In fact, it will *uphold* you.

Take the theorem, "I know there is naught but God and God is Good." All the good things of all the ages have ever been in man's possession—it was but for him to find it out; and these *finders* are called inventors, discoverers and philosophers,—pathfinders in realms of truth as yet unrevealed to the masses.

"Man the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time," means merely the extent to which the good has been revealed. Think you, all the good has been uncovered to our consciousness? The part concealed makes night for us, but it is there.

Are you perfectly happy and contented with your conditions and environment? Find such an one, and you

have found one whose consciousness has all the light it can bear in its present stage of development. But the fact that *you* are not contented means you want more revelation of goodness. Are you steeped in misery? You're a life in a chrysalis and *feel* the bondage of your wrapping. Break through the house of materialism that binds you and fly in the atmosphere of spiritual truth which knows no limitation.

Why is there such a spirit of unrest in the civilized world today? Because so many people are ready for their wings. The time has come to thousands to lay aside materiality and deal with spiritual forces. "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Hence the affirmation of spiritual truth contradicting appearances.

Thousands are hearing the call, "Come up higher," and sad is the state for a time of those who hesitate. The only man who is satisfied is the man who is living the best there is for him at this time. Were you happy once? Do you ever look with longing eyes back to some happy childhood time or period of your youth, or even older years? You say it did not last long—no—ever onward and upward is the watchword of life. For a time it was the best, but we are growing people.

Find now an opportunity to express yourself best,—to BE *all you can be*, and you will be as happy as then. Finding the good! This is our aim, and in happiness we find *our* Q. E. D., and in proving our own theorem we are our own priest, our own philosopher,—and our priesthood, our philosophy, holds us,—and lo! All is good.

It is because Christ is an Optimist that for ages he has dominated the Western World.—Helen Keller in "Optimism."

Graphology.

Mrs. Franklin Hall.

III.

CAN A CRIMINAL BE DETECTED BY HIS HAND-WRITING?

No conscientious character reader can an-

swer this in the affirmative, for while a person can show an inclination to crime through the traits which they possess, still there is nothing to indicate actual commitment of crime.

What do you think I care for good you

Above is the writing of a man, cold, hard and cruel. All letters are either upright or slope backward; the loops and downward strokes heavily shaded; the letters themselves ill formed; the crossings flung downward defiantly like a lance, only that they are club-like. Some of the stems of the "y's" and "g's" have this same heavy, bludgeon termination.

The "i's" are dotted with sharp yet spludgy drops of ink and have a downward fling. This combination is indicative of hasty temper, tyranny and beastly cruelty. In addition the writing is shaky showing either dissipation or ill health. The lines go up and down and end by falling at the right end of the line. This shows the pessimistic nature liable to bitter-

ness. Some of the loops of his letters embrace even the third line below, showing morbidness and as his "o's" and "a's" are closed with a double loop, he would not hesitate to lie. It does not require clairvoyant power to reason that unless his surroundings are spiritual and cheerful, with wholesome and clean environ-

ments as well, that one day his portrait may be found in the "rogues' gallery."

Another kind of criminal is intellectual, refined and of the Jekyll and Hyde order. The letters are well proportioned but the words taper and are sinuous and unless the will is strong it would not do to trust such a person.

*In two good
high - but I think the
rest best.*

In the specimen above we have the writing of one who is highly refined and intellectual with ambition and rare genius. The only thing that keeps him from a dual life is his splendid will power for if you will note the crossings of the "t's" are well made, and in two words the crossing begins the following word indicating great lucidity of thought. I have given you this specimen of a genius instead of a criminal to show how finely the line is drawn and that you may not quickly err in judgment, for here we have the sinuosity, illegibility, letters turning both ways, indicating the power to think of two things at once. Now if this man had the heavy flourishes of the sensualist

and the despotic downward fling of the crossing and bludgeon finals he would be one of the most clever of criminals, instead of a writer who has become famous in depicting dramatic, criminal scenes. Or, were the words themselves more tapering, the finals more short and practical, the letters closer we would have a typical writing of the frenzied financier, and if added to this writing the "y's" and "g's" were looped and large, one who would consider nothing but filling his own pockets at any cost. So you readily can realize, how fine the analysis must be to differentiate between the genius and the rogue, from examination of his writing.

*May 31st
write during the long months I hope*

The writing above is of one sensually criminal; one who would dare anything for the gratification of selfish desire. In the "M" in the first word the sharp triangle at the beginning which is repeated in other letters, portrays extreme selfishness; yet a person can be selfish without being criminal, so other traits must be taken into consideration, such as the coarse, heavy writing and shading. "I hope" has the heavy instroke and gross lines with a little irritable, fault-finding curl in the final of the "I" which in its turn forms a diminutive "o". The "h" in "hope" is light and whimsical and the somewhat graceful curve indicates love of the beautiful and of admiration. The long loop of the "p" coming down upon the third line signifies exaggerated,

visionary imagination, the little curl upon the letter where it meets the letter, intensifying it. Susceptibility is apparent in the strong slope of the letters to the right. The crossings are all weak, giving weak will and resistance. No two of her capital "I's" are alike, therefore there is lack of concentration and strong frivolity and love of pleasure.

Combine the qualities mentioned, reason them out and see what manner of a person you have. Passion, jealousy, lack of self-control, love of pleasure and vanity. This writing is that of a woman indicted some years ago for the murder of her lover.

There are several causes that lead to theft; real need, starvation, ignorance of the laws of honesty, extravagance with a visionary idea of taking and being able to replace.

Meet me & give Bill

The specimen above is that of one schooled to theft. The writing is poorly formed, shaky, and while there is no will power there is obstinacy. The student must never confound will power with obstinacy or stubbornness for a person may be as obstinate as the proverbial "mule" and have no will to resist temptation. Again one may have an unyielding will without obstinacy or desire for argument. He will

yield when convinced he is wrong and will not argue beyond a certain point. The natural thief makes no finals but brings the ends of his letters back into the letters and tangles them up like a web; or he may write an entirely illiterate hand, hard and lacking in spirituality.

The man or woman who steals through necessity has marked sensitiveness and sympathy influenced entirely by surroundings.

*also the length of time.
receipts, and disbursements,
a report as to loss or
entries to be made in*

He who holds an official position and steals from his employer to make up his losses and not from a real desire for crime, writes like the above. Hopefulness and buoyancy are large as seen in the ascendant writing and large loops. Pride and love of personal adornment are shown in the curves and the little extra decoration at the beginning of the "d's" and "a's". The slant in the writing and heavy

shading indicate a susceptible tendency where the opposite sex are concerned. Some of the lines droop at the right, portraying a tendency to melancholy, at times when schemes do not work out well. The close looping of many letters gives an inclination to prevaricate and this with the vigorous imagination and talkativeness shown in the spacing of the letters would tell of boastful tendencies.

There's a dance of leaves in that

Please do not think that

Let us be guarded in our action

Lacking space to enter into minor crimes, I will only give brief illustrations of the men and women of immoral tendency, who hold virtue lightly.

The first specimen is that of high, intuitive intelligence, as shown in the unjoined but perfectly formed and artistic letters. One who grasps even the most minute detail of beauty and poetry. Yet with all its grace and beauty, there is no stability, no logical sequence of ideas that would cause the writer to reason from cause to effect. There is sensual shading of all of the letters. It is the writing of a famous poet and litterateur whose brilliant intellect was buried in shame.

The second line was written by a woman whose one aim in life is to win the admiration of men and if she wins it away from their wives she considers it so much more of glory. The letters are well but elaborately formed

showing love of display. Passionate intensity is depicted in the pressure of the pen upon the paper. Great selfishness in the incurves at the beginning of the letters. Sensuality in the heavy shading. Musical ability is indicated in the peculiar "I's," the high idealistic crossings.

The third line is a medium intellect who thinks only of his own desires. There is desire for admiration and some egotism in the small flourishes; a certain bravado in the lance-like crossings. Caution is implied in the straight finals of the lines. Whatever his indiscretions he will take good care he is not found out.

Once again let me urge caution in trying to analyze, for it is best to wait until you have studied the subject in all its variant points before forming definite conclusions.

Mrs. Franklin Hall, "The Hillhurst," 160 East 91st street, New York city.

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. 159.

I have been sleeping on an entirely open east veranda this summer. It is delightful to look up at the star-studded sky at night, but it is of the morning I am going to write. When I awake there is usually but one star visible in the heavens, and the sun is just tinging the east with crimson. The star (I am not much of an astronomer) I suppose is Venus, the morning star at present. My star (as I designate it), is very large and bright at first, but as the sun appears, a great red ball above the horizon, my star grows smaller and dimmer. I turn my eyes away for a few seconds, across the great green expanse dotted with houses, toward the beautiful red disk beginning to throw out shafts of light. I turn back to the sky; my star is invisible, but I keep looking until it suddenly comes into view again. Sometimes I have to search for a goodly number of seconds before I can locate it. I wonder how many people have ever tried the experiment of searching for a star at dawn.

This morning this thought came to me when I was looking for my star: How often we come into contact with a person in whom we can see little or no good. However, if we will keep looking and searching our eyes will get the proper focus, and the spark of good, the divine, will suddenly shine forth and grow steadily brighter and brighter, obscuring the seeming bad entirely. I turn again from my star to the sun; he is silver now and is sending shafts of light right into my eyes. Back my gaze goes to the heavens, but my star is entirely beyond my sight—I can see it no

longer. Sometimes I have kept my eyes on it until the exact moment of disappearance; it goes out like the turning off of an electric light.

Another thought came to me this morning as my star disappeared and the glorious sun arose higher and higher. When one good thing goes out of our lives a better one comes in—a better one for that period just as my little star was displaced by the brilliant orb of day. Then I remember with delight that my star will shine for me again tomorrow morning. It is there even now, though out of my sight. Just so the dear cherished human stars go out of our lives for a time. But they still exist and will shine upon us again, someday, sometime. And I believe that some day we shall be able to see all our stars and suns at once—when we can bear their radiant beauty.—EVA S. DELANEY, Denver, Colo.

Success Letter No. 160.

When my boy, an only child, came home from the Spanish war, I thought my happiness complete, and that I should never be unhappy again. But to my surprise I found the gloomy, depressing states of mind I had allowed myself to indulge during his absence, returning periodically. I said to myself, "What does this mean? The boy has returned and is alright." I began to study myself and I found the habit of despondency almost master. About this time some new thought literature came into my hands. Very soon it took all the new thought books I could find in two city libraries to satisfy my thirst for truth. I soon learned to analyze every undesirable state of mind in myself and others. I would say to myself, Do I like to feel thus and so? Then I would see there was another way and immediately about face, although I had to about face again and again before I conquered.

Three years ago husband and I started out, although in what the world calls advanced years, to make a home in an entirely new locality. Today we have a piece of land paid for, a young orchard, a comfortable house and out buildings, two horses, a cow and three hundred or more fowls. Could we have done this had we allowed our minds to dwell on anything but success? We have put away from

Meet me to sign Bill

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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. 159.

I have been sleeping on an entirely open east veranda this summer. It is delightful to look up at the star-studded sky at night, but it is of the morning I am going to write. When I awake there is usually but one star visible in the heavens, and the sun is just tinging the east with crimson. The star (I am not much of an astronomer) I suppose is Venus, the morning star at present. My star (as I designate it), is very large and bright at first, but as the sun appears, a great red ball above the horizon, my star grows smaller and dimmer. I turn my eyes away for a few seconds, across the great green expanse dotted with houses, toward the beautiful red disk beginning to throw out shafts of light. I turn back to the sky; my star is invisible, but I keep looking until it suddenly comes into view again. Sometimes I have to search for a goodly number of seconds before I can locate it. I wonder how many people have ever tried the experiment of searching for a star at dawn.

This morning this thought came to me when I was looking for my star: How often we come into contact with a person in whom we can see little or no good. However, if we will keep looking and searching our eyes will get the proper focus, and the spark of good, the divine, will suddenly shine forth and grow steadily brighter and brighter, obscuring the seeming bad entirely. I turn again from my star to the sun; he is silver now and is sending shafts of light right into my eyes. Back my gaze goes to the heavens, but my star is entirely beyond my sight—I can see it no

longer. Sometimes I have kept my eyes on it until the exact moment of disappearance; it goes out like the turning off of an electric light.

Another thought came to me this morning as my star disappeared and the glorious sun arose higher and higher. When one good thing goes out of our lives a better one comes in—a better one for that period just as my little star was displaced by the brilliant orb of day. Then I remember with delight that my star will shine for me again tomorrow morning. It is there even now, though out of my sight. Just so the dear cherished human stars go out of our lives for a time. But they still exist and will shine upon us again, someday, sometime. And I believe that some day we shall be able to see all our stars and suns at once—when we can bear their radiant beauty.—EVA S. DELANEY, Denver, Colo.

Success Letter No. 160.

When my boy, an only child, came home from the Spanish war, I thought my happiness complete, and that I should never be unhappy again. But to my surprise I found the gloomy, depressing states of mind I had allowed myself to indulge during his absence, returning periodically. I said to myself, "What does this mean? The boy has returned and is alright." I began to study myself and I found the habit of despondency almost master. About this time some new thought literature came into my hands. Very soon it took all the new thought books I could find in two city libraries to satisfy my thirst for truth. I soon learned to analyze every undesirable state of mind in myself and others. I would say to myself, Do I like to feel thus and so? Then I would see there was another way and immediately about face, although I had to about face again and again before I conquered.

Three years ago husband and I started out, although in what the world calls advanced years, to make a home in an entirely new locality. Today we have a piece of land paid for, a young orchard, a comfortable house and out buildings, two horses, a cow and three hundred or more fowls. Could we have done this had we allowed our minds to dwell on anything but success? We have put away from

us everybody and everything that did not work for success. I would say to those who would have success, cut out the gloom indulging habit. It takes days to recover the energy wasted in a few hours of depression. A persistent and insistent attitude of cheerfulness will win success. I know for I have tried it.—LILLIE B. HOLCOMB, Greenfield, Cal.

Success Letter No. 161.

Two years ago I wanted to go west to teach, but I did not know just how to locate a vacancy and secure a position. I was registered in one or two strong agencies in New York City and they informed me of a few positions, but I was not able to secure them. Other positions were offered me in the east and south, but I turned everything down still clinging to my desire. Toward the end of summer I registered with a Chicago agency. In September I had a very desirable position offered me in the east. I accepted it, determined that another year would find me in the west. During the year new thought came into my life and added strength to my resolution. Each day I affirmed my determination and never once did I waver from my resolve. In March of that year I began my campaign for securing the western position. I selected ten towns where I thought I would care to teach, and addressed letters to the various supervising principals. From two of these, I received replies acknowledging my application. Two months later, and from the last town to which I had written, and that by the merest chance, I received a letter that my application had been received favorably.

The conditions were adverse. The salary was smaller than what I was then receiving; the terms of teaching longer, and added to this the state refused to endorse my diploma without an examination. I was undaunted. This was my chance for a western position, and I accepted, believing all things would be added unto me. I began during the summer to review a few subjects. Before August, I had well nigh covered the ground that the examinations required. The middle of August brought me a letter from the city superintendent, telling me I would be exempt from all examinations under him and I would be obliged to take only state history and civics under the country superintendent, at such a time as I might elect. At the first of September I went to the town. Some years before, because I had loved literature, I had specified in English at a university, but with no intention of teaching it exclusively. My opportunity had come even unsought and undreamed. Banking on my university work in English, I convinced the city superintendent and members of the educational committee, that I possessed the requisite qualifications for a teacher of English. When school opened, I took my grade position to

which I had been elected in June. But, in less than a week I was elected to the position of teacher of English in the High school at the highest salary I had ever received, and in every way by far the most desirable position I had ever held.

I was excused from the examinations in civics and state history. The certificates and diploma which I held from my own state assured the county superintendent of my standing as a teacher. He issued me a license to teach in his county for a period of two years. I held the position with great satisfaction through the year and resigned, only to take up another field of work. It was the happiest year I had ever taught. All the foes that I had feared fled at my courage, and success, through patience and faith, crowned all my endeavors.—LOW D. THOMPSON, Penn's Grove, N. J.

Success Letter No. 162.

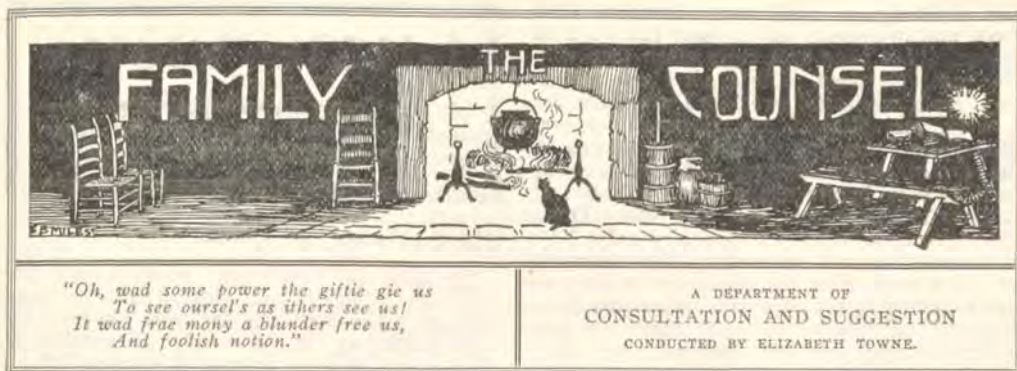
My occupation is that of teacher,—the noblest of all vocations. In the course of my morning physical culture exercises, there have evolved plans and devices which smoothed away some rough spots in the day's brief journey, and added to the harmony in the relationship between teacher and scholars. Abundance of fresh air and sunshine, together with a very simple diet, consisting almost wholly of fruit, ensures the possession of that good nature and self control, without which no person is adapted to direct the development of all the wonderful faculties lying dormant in 40, or more, boys and girls. And whether a person is teaching school, planting trees, sawing wood, or washing dishes, the same truth holds good, that the pleasure which we derive from our work depends upon the state of mind with which that work is undertaken; also that our state of mind can be controlled, and on this condition depends our happiness and consequently our success.—F. H. SPINNEY, Montreal.

Success Letter No. 163.

True success in life I believe is the attainment of such a control of our mind, or the will power of our mind that we can meet with patience and joy any duty or happiness which comes into our life. To make each happening a happiness.

I believe the greatest success possible to a life is the ability when leaving this world to possess a mind purified, refined and elevated by a will that has met all circumstances of past days with joy and patience. These combined produce peace.—LULA E. SPERRY, Los Angeles, Cal.

Just one vote was lacking to make it an unanimous choice for Success Letter No. 157 in January *Nautilus*. It was a practical letter, well written, of general interest and helpfulness, and showing keen powers of observation. Our congratulations to M. E. E. Honeoye Falls, N. Y.! We shall be pleased to receive her instructions as to where she wishes us to send the two yearly subscriptions to which she is entitled.—A. P. L.



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.

Sympathizer.—One of the great handicaps in this case is the fear of disgrace entertained by the family. Evidently it is *themselves* they are thinking of, not the best good of the poor old forty-years-drunk husband and father! No knowing how much of the drunk-habit is in this and similar cases due to that same *thinking of themselves* on the part of wife and children. Believe me, there are extenuating circumstances surrounding every case of chronic drunk, and the family is usually blind to them!—blind through self-pity and fear of disgrace. When a man has gone as far as this one he should be treated not as a criminal but as a sick man—sick unto death, and a new resurrection to a new life purged of the drunk-mistake. We take care of sick people, never minding the faults and unpleasant things about them, but making them as comfortable as possible while chrysalis and soul are separating. We are kind to them and honor them *for the good they did long ago, and for the good they may evolve to in the future*. We don't hustle them rudely off into the future *without paying for it ourselves*. And who knows what price is paid for *hastened death*, by the suicide, and the murdered one? The same price that is paid by the worm whose chrysalis is prematurely shattered? The price paid by the babe prematurely born? Who knows? *Would it be wrong to pray for his death?* Just as wrong as to put poison in his cup! What matters it whether one tries to kill with poison, pistol or "silent treatment?" To feel that one could be relieved at the death of such a person, is one thing; to *actively hasten* a death is quite another. Let the family *treat itself* for clear sight, for kindness, for that high self-value which is not blinded by "fear of disgrace." Let them treat the poor sick man to discard the rum-soaked chrysalis *in the right time and way*. In short, let them "treat" him in such a way that no guilty conscience can ever rise to damn *themselves* more surely than whiskey ever

damned the man. The fear of disgrace is one root of murder and damnation! Peace be unto all. Evidently the family has "prayed amiss," or it would have received what it prayed for. Perhaps the "fear of disgrace" spoiled the prayers; maybe they failed to pray "in faith believing"—*in the man*; maybe they prayed for themselves alone; maybe the prayers were interspersed with self-righteous naggings; maybe with demands for more money than the man could rustle; maybe family pulled against its prayers, not with them! Never mind now—they are learning by experience just as the rest of us do. The point *now* is to do their best and be kind, for "blessed is he that doubteth not in that thing which he alloweth" or doeth, or thinketh of doing. By all means let them send the poor old chrysalis to a good asylum, disgrace or not!—after first forgiving him, and themselves. It is *their own* opinion that disgraces them!—not the neighbors'.

Oh, no, dearie, I'm not hard hearted. I know by experience—that's all. I've been part way through the mill, and found the one way out—the way out of conventions into truth.

F. S.—By all means let your chair face the beautiful vista of trees when you are taking your quiet time. Or face any other beautiful view you can, provided it is *quiet*; or face a lovely picture, or an inspiring or quieting motto on the wall. Follow your attraction in such matters, taking pains of course that the thing you look upon shall help you to realize peace and love. Before I discovered that thought has power I used to sit often before that sad little picture called "Forsaken"—a young girl with bowed head, all alone in a boat at dusk. Gazing at that I "enjoyed poor health" and other troubles! We grow like what we look upon, really or metaphorically. Remember. Nature, green trees, the sky, the river, all suggest peace and freedom. Some of my best hours of silence have been spent lying on my back gazing at a still starry sky until my eyes closed of themselves. A motto pinned on the wall a trifle above the level of the eyes, is a great aid in getting quiet and in auto-suggestion. The shorter the motto the better. Say the word or words to yourself, slowly, rhythmically, breathing slowly

and rhythmically, until your thoughts slow down and disappear, leaving only the word or a blank. Let your eyes close when they will, and rest. Or sleep. Use *I am Peace* in this way, for a week; followed by *I am Love* for a week, etc. Use *I am Power*, or *I am Money*, or *I am Joy*. Make your mottos in the present tense always, and use each at least a week before changing. Don't fret if you can't believe this will help you. Don't try to make it help. Just imagine a bit how you would feel if it were true. The statement or word itself does the work, not while you are watching it, but afterward when you have forgotten all about it!—and when you are asleep. Be still and let—that's all.

G. M.—Evidently you think that your husband being four years younger than you makes you incompatible. But it is not so. Dismiss that from your mind. My husband is nine and a half years younger than I! And I know a good many other couples that are married under such conditions, that are happy. Get that out of your head as a cause for your present troubles.

From the tone of your letter I should say that you have been working so hard that you are a little run down, and that because of this you imagine a lot of things that you would not imagine if you were in good health. The thing for you to do is to quit working quite so hard and quit caring anything about how your husband takes things that you say or do. Just go on and do the best you know how, and believe that he does the best he knows how. Do not think for one moment that he does not mean to be kind to you, that he is not as good as he knows how to be. Be kind to him and never mind how he repays it. And in due time you will find him kinder to you. I know this works. Take periods of rest every day, about twice a day, and read some good new thought book, or *The Nautilus*, and then just rest and let the spirit of life enter and regenerate you. Keep to this practice faithfully, no matter how the work may seem to call. In a few days' time you will find yourself feeling much better and more optimistic. You will find your husband kinder too! Health, happiness and success are yours just where you are. Remember that and try to feel as if you realized it. Dwell on the pleasures that come to you and that you can give to others, and never mind the things that don't quite suit you.

C. C. D.—"Is new thought based on teachings of Universalism and do Universalists adopt new thought?" New thought and Universalism are together "based" on truths much older than either, and many Universalists are also professed new thoughters. The same statements are equally true of every church under the sun.

"Truth is in the air and cannot be corralled by any club, clique, or coterie."—Hubbard.

Little Visits

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

About a Number of Things:—

The copy of "Psychcoma" reached me a few days ago. I am indeed pleased with it. Any message from Mrs. Rhodes, who has enjoyed such privileges in the study of psychology must prove of great interest to students of the higher thought. I must confess to a feeling of disappointment, however, when on the first page I read this statement: "This life is a twofold life, not more." As an individual I find life threefold. All one life to be sure, and interpenetrating, yet of three distinct degrees or planes. Apparently we have the power to choose the plane on which to function, and wireless telegraphy helps us to understand the laws of operating in the cause world. If you have a good sized library, no doubt you have in it a copy of Swendenborg's "True Christian Religion." If so, look up No. 387 and read: "I was invited to walk in a garden." About twenty years ago, the Lord, through one of his messengers, planted some olives (celestial remains) in my garden. Now I suppose in the business world an olive grove would be called a "very conservative investment," because the returns are so long delayed. The returns from olives are a bit slow, but they are sure. It is difficult to function on the higher planes in life until we perceive that not even our thoughts are our very own, but they arrive from "the common influx of life which is from the Lord." (A. C. 5986.) There are really four planes on which to function, but few of us, as yet, know much about the sexless plane of spirit. Yet we can know it if we wish—we are not obliged to wait until we reincarnate in Africa. Plato wrote: "Ideas rule the world." They do; and the Father, Son, Spirit, and the wicked old world are one idea. This planet on which we live is now called earth, but just now the Cosmic Urge seems to be trying to reform our spelling and place the h at the beginning of this word.

I consider Mary Baker Eddy the greatest woman America has produced because she felt the Cosmic Urge sufficiently to write these words: "Proportionately as human generation ceases, the unbroken links of eternal harmonious being will be spiritually discerned."

We have been hindered, controlled and kept on the material plane by Christ's Mother quite long enough. We can now see that the Mother idea eventually leads to brothels and control of them, as an easy method of gaining a living without earning it. The Cosmic Urge will attend to that and forgive Mary Baker Eddy for having succumbed to "Acquisition."

"The world sits at the feet of Christ, Unknowing, blind, and unconsolated; It yet shall touch his garments's fold."

And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold."

This week, at the Hubbard-Albertson Debate, the Rev. Albertson held up to the audience "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," as one proof of Christianity's power. This little incident was not applauded. It was appreciated in silence as all great moments are. I have not read this poem, but I feel sure Oscar Wilde passed out of this earth life feeling a deep desire to be forgiven for his foolish habits and wishing to have only his better self remembered. But a few years ago orthodox ministers would have felt like washing their hands had they accidentally handled any work by so notorious a man.

True Christianity seems to be making headway by leaps and bounds!

Altho I have started on "the path" and know I should not indulge personal feeling I cannot help feeling a special gladness when I remember that it was my own particular denomination among Protestants which first decided to go to the ant and learn wisdom. (The Roman Catholics began to study the ant and psychology years ago; they are away ahead of us in this important study.) Ants are thought to be blind and deaf, but they know much more than we do about telepathy.

If I had evolved into a great scientist utterly unable to perceive the "power" which resides in ultimates, I would now write a book entitled, "The Evolution of a Free Mason." Of course I could go much farther back than the ant, but the interesting part of the book would begin there. I would tell about the countless ages which passed before the Mason had evolved a hearing ear, and the interminable years which elapsed before he became the proud possessor of a seeing eye, until I placed him before my readers as the fully developed Free Mason of today, working with a high-rate-vibration-willing-heart. Such a book might fill a need. I suppose even a Mason of high degree needs an occasional reminder of how at times, he has been borne "on the wings of an eagle." Just think how humble it would make him feel to remember the many, many times he went up and down the same blade of grass, in the days of long ago, before the Cosmic Urge turned him in the direction of his home on the hill. (Ach! So?) The idea of this book came to me because an adept, in Thibet, once wrote: "But you must know and remember one thing—we but follow and servilely copy Nature in her works." This same man thought that some of the adepts were greatly misunderstood; he said they had feeling and could love humanity even as you or I, and they had no desire to "play the part in life of a desiccated pansy between the leaves of a volume of solemn poetry."

Writing of telepathy reminds me of the great debt I owe to William Walker Atkinson. May his aura vibrate with ultra violet rays until it shines as a star forever and ever. He has made life twice as amusing for me, and saved my eyesight incalculably. Through practicing his theories, and in other ways, I have learned that the departure of the Jews for Jerusalem may be expected within the next four

years. Of course, I first thought of the changes on the material plane which this event would bring about in America; but what an illustration and revelation it will be for us of the working of the vibratory currents of Mind which are everywhere surging about us and penetrating our auras. For instance, Russell Sage wanted to be "good." In his real self he was wise and generous, but the thousands of persons coming to our land with the idea of "Acquisition" uppermost in their mind proved too much for him. All he could do was to try and keep his wife out of this current, and then leave his wealth with her for wise distribution.

But when I realize that not only "Acquisition" but "Intuition" was placed in the special care of the Jews, and when I remember their wise exclusiveness, their power of "holding the thought," the purity of their family life, I earnestly hope the ants may teach us wisdom within a very short time. Otherwise, after the departure of so many Jews, thousands of Protestants may find themselves unprepared for an onslaught of Cosmic Urge, in a war whose battle ground is in the mental realm. This letter of mine is dated a day ahead of date of actual writing. Not just by mistake on my part, but to reveal a desire in me to make tomorrow, today. I think the preachers stirred the hearts of their hearers this morning. I found another mouse (No. 18) in my trap today, and the gentleman who lives below me called to borrow my saw!

"What will ye?"
"Hearken, O earth! This is no dream
Of mother foolish fond. Behold yon Babe!
No common child is there. Precocious
thought
Lies latent on that brow, soon to be heard
Articulate in words of ardent truth
And virtuous wisdom irreproachable."
"O Earth, Earth, Earth, deny Him not! This
Babe's
The wise man's King. 'The whole earth's
God,
Shall He be called.' Hear the prophetic
voice
Of Him who waits for Israel's consolation!
The heavenly, the inspired, the good unite
With one accord, proclaiming Him the sent
Of God, the nation's Hope, the Savior of
The World. Hell only, and the proud, and
those
Who love themselves the most, scoff, and
would take His life."

L. H. LOCK.

These are inspiring words, are they not?—
JOSEPHINE E. HABBERLEY, East Boston, Mass.

All About November Nautilus:—

Your two copies of *Nautilus* came sailing to me as if they knew the welcome awaiting them—they got it, too. Such wonderful books! A whole world, each one in itself—inasmuch as every article in it is different, yet all combining a delightful whole. Like our Christmas fruit cakes, which, if we do not eat—we smell, and perhaps doubly enjoy.

So I glance over them—first of all your enticingly arranged advertisements. Merci! Merci! One must have a strong will, indeed,

not to count over the small change in one's purse, or perhaps one's mind might revert to a certain bit of "yellow" tied up in a chamois bag, pinned tight with a swastika pin (!) stuck away in—but, no, I won't tell where. It shall stay there for a purpose, that in itself is proving a drawing card for more. So we turn to the "Editorials, by Elizabeth."

And we read with profit. Plain common sense, *experienced* wisdom. I haven't time to read it all, word for word, but the "absorption" stirs me into renewed effort unto that which stirs your soul, dearie, in its dictation.

Edwin Markham's face confronts me now on this next leaf. Just as earnest, just as much a "Mystic's" face as when I used to ride in the car by him when we both lived in Dimond, several years ago.

"Rubber Heels"—why, how could we walk without them? Why, even if I were a Christian Scientist, I could not be happy with the old thump-thump creations, could you?

"Diet" article is fine. The last six lines constitute all that really need be said. We have proved them true.

And here is the creator of that "story of Titus"—sweetest book ever written to my idea. Perhaps because it came to me years ago when need was great. I remember before I was near through it, I seemed as though bathed in the sweet dew-like feeling of coming twilight. Her "Thanksgiving" tags on to Titus, making us love her even more, if possible.

And now, you print what always to me is interesting—*proof* of the soul plane—another "wonder" which is no wonder at all to those whose experiences have been as varied and satisfyingly true that *life* and *reason* have been saved through their own particular experiences. I speak for my own.

You are fortunate in your choice of contributors, 'Lisbeth, dear! "Wattles" is scientific, practical; not like some—tiresome in his depth of thought. Interesting, always is he and instructive.

Latson is newer. High ideals, lofty conceptions, one crowding the other, yet both "twinning," one and the same in fact. He is an artist clean through.

William E. Towne's "Love, Faith, Will" is just W. E. T.'s self. I remember years ago of reading a certain bit of his—cutting it out and thereafter glancing at it as I dressed mornings, as it hung by its pin from my bureau mirror. There is even more of him now. He and 'Lisbeth are a team that just fill in their allotted place, thus assisting others to theirs. And Larkin! What a brain the man has! I can't begin to catch up with him half the time. But I manage at least to keep sight of his heels. That will do until I can grow nearer to his height.

I'm not reading Grace MacGowan Cooke's bit of a tale, but that splendid face of hers you gave us once speaks for all she may do now and hereafter.

"Rhythmic Breath"—its laws and the reason of these laws serve as delightful study indeed. For years my library of occult volumes has grown until now no matter what mood I may be in—some one of them serves to soothe,

uplift and inspire. The Yogi embraces all there is to me. Well, I am here to another real scientist—one who *knows*—Grumbine. Such subjects, where once half rejected because misunderstood, are now naturally fitting in their places in the minds of thinkers. Wonderful, entrancingly interesting age!

So I go on through, hitting toward the last on the Graphological article by Mrs. Hall. I remember once while studying this meaning of formation of written letters—eh, but I thought I was wonderfully smart! I was so easily fooled, however, by the writing penned under different states of mind by the one person, that I gradually let it slide by. My ignorance, no doubt—not the fault of the science.

"Colville, Colville!"

Do you know, 'Lisbeth, that I do not believe there is another man like him in our Western World? Ah mi! Well do I remember how twenty-five years ago he came here, apparently unheralded. No John the Baptist proclaimed him or his work done or to do—yet a tent holding 5,000 people on the shores of our Lake Merritt (only a few blocks from where I am writing this) was not large enough so its sides were rolled up and many feet deep around the rostrum they stood and heard the wonderful words that awakened more souls than ever have been reached by man or woman since. I'll never forget it. A new heaven and a new earth were born unto my own soul. He opened the door that I had wrestled with for years—could only turn the knob, its weight resisted all my efforts. I went to him all that season—the only teacher I ever had. The only class I ever attended. His faithful attendant—his *mother* in every true sense, Miss Young, whom I met again the other day, proclaimed herself, *unconsciously*, another soul equally as great. A wonderful woman. She carries her 84 years as splendidly as a thoroughbred Yogi master. No glasses—not a wrinkle—not a frown.

Here again the advertisements—well, really, 'Lisbeth, I cannot stand it! your *Nautilus* shall be "mentioned," for I am going for that chamois bag. Shall send for *Nautilus* right along.—LOUISE MATTHEWS, East Oakland, Cal.

New Thought vs. Orthodoxy:—

There seems a prevalent idea among new thought writers that there is of necessity a conflict between orthodox Christianity and new thought; that the latter is destined to supersede and sweep away the former. And this idea is frequently presented in such a way as to do new thought harm, and foster a wrong notion of orthodoxy. The primary meaning of orthodoxy is to think right and true. And because of the fulness of eternal truth presented and lived by Christ, it has come to mean soundness in the Christian faith, or belief in the genuineness of the Scriptures.

Now if the primary meaning of orthodox is meant by new thought advocates, that is at once to array themselves against right and true thinking. Or if reference is had to the teaching of Christ, how many clear new thought ideas are established which were not suggested, if not directly taught, by Him? Or

to refer to orthodoxy in a more limited sense, leaves the question doubtful as to which of the half-dozen or more standards of orthodoxy is meant. In forming a contrast at all, new-thoughters should consider that there has arisen a freedom from creeds and old standards among a large number of church people throughout the United States, which makes it incorrect to regard them as fully orthodox according to their own former standards. Orthodoxy is in them recovering its original significance of right and true thinking, and Christ himself is becoming more and more their standards of the Right and the True. It is really the old, old thought of Christ they are coming to, and which may be called new even to the Christian world, because they have so generally lain buried through the centuries.

This tendency in and out of the churches to learn and practice the real thought of Christ may be regarded as a triumph of new thought, not because orthodoxy is left behind, but because real orthodoxy is right and true thinking. And should we find, by a broader study of the Master, that practically all which is valuable and permanent in new thought was taught in the whole, and lived, by Him, we can say that new thought is really true Christianity. But instead of calling it new thought, a better expression is new life, as *Nautilus* has it, for Christ's ministry was "that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

The readers of *Nautilus* who have had aspirations for a higher life than they have hitherto known, and have experienced it in the new life taught in the magazine should not hurriedly conclude that the shackles which bound them were those of orthodox Christianity. Instead they were a misconception of what is really orthodox. The miracle of power which Christianity has been in the world need not be underrated because of the greater power of the new life. For it is the right and the true in Christ's teaching which has accomplished so much in the churches, and the millennium would be almost realized had they not been shackled by the church's misconception of the real Christ.

There is no freedom, power, or exaltation conceived by students of new thought which might not have been learned from Christ. New thought need not be arrayed against orthodoxy, but instead new thought, orthodoxy, and right and true thinking should become synonyms.—ELDER J. E. MOHLER, Manistique, Mich.

More About Omar:—

Some day, when you are out at Netop, and the day is warm and drowsy, take the Rubaiyat away with you from anybody else. Sit down under a tree where you can hear the birds twitter to one another, and where you can hear the murmur and gurgle of falling or running water. Then open your pages and read with your soul, not your intellect. You will touch the deeps of the dear old fellow's heart.

Then you will know that he was like you and I, a dreamer and a doer, thinking won-

derful thoughts and writing them down in his own wonderful language. You will not need to "twist and turn" a single word, but, in accord with his master mind, your own will sing softly to you his meaning.

Although I had read him several times, clear through, I never had an idea of anything but his marvelous word painting, his grand sweep of imagination, that used the simplest realities to illustrate his theme, until I read a review by a "famous" reviewer. It was horrid. Since then I have read a number, and everyone tells the same story. Now you try it. Sit down by the fire some cold, blustering day, and listen to the story told so charmingly by a man who dared. Read the life of him in the book, too, and you will see that he was treated by his friends as you were once, as everyone is who is true to himself.

Then, instead of red, grape wine, you will see that he meant the wine of life, singing, bubbling through his veins. That he sang of the life of the soul, the higher life, as he saw it. And you will find that people, wise people, haven't changed so much after all.

You taught me all this. Now let me teach you. You taught me how to look for it. I will tell you one place where I found it.

The last thought I found in the Weltmer concentration course, for today, tomorrow and Tuesday, is, "To act on accepted beliefs is to be hypnotized. I will be, and express only myself, and when I have expressed all the truth I know, I will seek more truth."

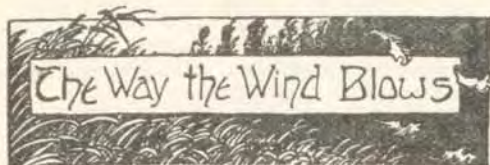
This is the truth I have found in Omar, and I shall find still more. So will you. In almost everything "new thought" I am alone out here, so I am working out my own problems. I wonder if you realize how much your printing and answering of questions and problems in *Nautilus* does for the rest of us. You answer questions for me every month, without my writing you. Yours, very happy, although sometimes I almost forget it for a moment.—LILLA BERTENE GLEASON, St. Charles, Minn.

About Dreams:—

My experience with dreams has led me to the conclusion that they are very much under our own control. Troubled dreams I have found to indicate a discordant physical or nervous state or an overtaxed brain. The best specific remedy for bad dreams is to put out of one's mind the world and all its affairs immediately upon getting into bed, and to spend every wakeful moment in the silence, consciously resting in the Everlasting arms. Faith and suggestion have also much to do with success in this matter.—HARRIET B. BRADBURY, Riverside, Cal.

***The double-test of greatness
is that it can move smallness
yet not be moved thereby.***

—Purinton.



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 contain 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.

The cash value of factory and workshop ventilation was illustrated in a singular manner by Prof. C. E. A. Winslow of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in his report of a study of the effects of improved ventilation on the factory operators. He says that the toll room of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company at Cambridge, Mass., being a long, narrow room with windows only at the front and back, was poorly ventilated, especially in winter, when the windows could not be opened. In the spring of 1907 a duct was built along the ceiling, opening into the street at the front and discharging air into the room through inch-and-a-quarter holes. Fans were placed at the rear of the room to exhaust the vitiated air of the room, and the entire cost of the apparatus was only seventy-five dollars. The comfort and general condition of the operators was greatly improved. The percentage of absences among the sixty-odd girls employed was cut in half during the winter which followed, being only 1.9 per cent in the first three months of 1908 as against 4.5 per cent during the same period the previous year and 4.9 per cent the year before that. The saving is calculated to have been worth \$195 to the company, or a profit of more than 200 per cent on its initial investment.—*Good Health*.

Chicago has seventeen parks with playing fields, gymnasiums, and baths, which at present enroll thousands of young woman and girls. These same parks are provided with beautiful halls which are used for many purposes, rent free, and are given over to any band of young people who wish to conduct dancing parties subject to city supervision and chaperonage. Many social clubs have deserted neighboring saloons for these municipal drawing rooms, beautifully decorated with growing plants supplied by the park greenhouses, and flooded with electric lights supplied by the park power house. In the saloon halls the young people were obliged to "pass money freely over the bar," and in order to make the most of the occasion they usually stayed until morning. * * * The free rent in the park hall, the good food in the park restaurant supplied at any cost, have made possible three parties closing at eleven o'clock instead of one party breaking

up at daylight, too often in disorder.—*Jane Addams in Charities*.

The feminist movement in China may be said to have originated with K'ang Yeou Wei, who is known as the "modern Confucius," and who was the author of the revolution of 1898. In 1891 he published some exegetical works on Chinese classics, and in connection therewith created no small surprise by anticipating "a democracy in which the masses should partake of the responsibilities of government, and in which the two sexes should enjoy equal rights." Since then the movement has been steadily growing. Anti-footbinding societies have been established; numerous young women's clubs have been formed, and some of the members have boldly proclaimed themselves as "girls who follow their own will." At Peking and Shanghai a "gazette for young women and girls" has appeared.—*Review of Reviews*.

The sailing-ship sanitarium for consumptives projected in England and described by the *British Medical Journal* seems an admirable scheme. If a patient is to be sequestered and kept in a long chair out of doors, why not alleviate his lot by the interest of sea life and glimpses of pleasant coasts? The ship projected would be of about 2,000 tons, with ample deck space for cots in the open air. The plan would be to cruise in the neighborhood of the Canaries, taking advantage of trade winds and an equable climate, and seeking port in bad weather. The cost to each patient is not stated, but there must be a good many invalids who could afford to pay handsomely, and with fifty patients it might be possible to keep a 2,000-ton schooner in commission.—*Springfield Republican*.

When one reads of members of royal families taking up professions or going into trade, it always appears incongruous at the moment, but when the tedium of their lives is considered, it is natural enough. Why should Queen Carmen Sylva be the only working journalist among the crowned heads of Europe? but her majesty has within late years added a bookseller's shop to the affairs of her state. This may be seen in Bucharest, and is the leading house in the trade. Lately she has opened a bookshop in Paris. The queen of Portugal has a chemist's shop in Lisbon, registered in her own name. The Lisbon establishment is conducted solely in the interests of charity, and sometimes the queen attends to the wants of customers personally and often makes up prescriptions herself.—*Springfield Republican*.

The physicians of Hancock County, Ohio, a county which recently voted for prohibition, backed up the decision of the people in an interesting way recently by passing a resolution in their medical association not to write prescriptions for alcoholic liquors except at the bedside of a patient, and then only if necessary.—*Good Health*.

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

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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 EDITORS.

. . .

Key Thought for Daily Meditation

*"And I will show that there
is no imperfection in the
present, and can be none
in the future,*

*"And I will show that what-
ever happens to anybody
it may be turn'd to beauti-
ful results."*

—Walt Whitman.

Joy Work.

And the Other Kind.

Did you ever stand on a prominent corner at an early morning hour and watch the throng of people on their way to work? Noting the number who were forcing themselves along because it meant their daily bread, and the others cheerfully and eagerly pursuing their way because of love of their work.

It is a fact that one's food has much to do with it. As an example:

If an engine has poor oil, or a boiler is fired with poor coal, a bad result is certain, isn't it?

Treating your stomach right is the keystone that sustains the arch of health's temple and you will find "Grape-Nuts" as a daily food is the most nourishing and beneficial you can use.

We have thousands of testimonials, real genuine little heart throbs, from people who simply tried Grape-Nuts out of curiosity—as a last resort—with the result that prompted the testimonial.

If you have never tried Grape-Nuts it's worth while to give it a fair, impartial trial. Remember there are millions eating Grape-Nuts every day—they know, and we know if you will use Grape-Nuts every morning your work is more likely to be joy-work, because you can keep well, and with the brain well nourished work is a joy. Read the "Road to Wellville" in every package—"There's a Reason."

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

—♦—♦—♦—

*"Like some chemical reac-
tions, mental healing seldom
works in the cold. It is human,
friendly helpfulness, not a
trick."*—Richard C. Cabot, M. D.

Glasses Unnecessary.

Eye Strain Relieved by Quitting Coffee.

Many cases of defective vision are caused by the habitual use of coffee.

It is said that in Arabia where coffee is used in large quantities, many lose their eyesight at about fifty.

A New Jersey woman writes to the point concerning eye trouble and coffee. She says:

"My son was for years troubled with his eyes. He tried several kinds of glasses without relief. The optician said there was a defect in his eyes which was hard to reach.

"He used to drink coffee, as we all did, and finally quit it and began to use Postum. That was three years ago, he has not had to wear glasses and has had no trouble with his eyes since.

"I was always fond of tea and coffee and finally became so nervous I could hardly sit still long enough to eat a meal. My heart was in such a condition I thought I might die any time.

"Medicine did not give me any relief and I was almost desperate. It was about this time we decided to quit coffee and use Postum, and have used it ever since. I am in perfect health. No trouble now with my heart and never felt better in my life.

"Postum has been a great blessing to us all, particularly to my son and myself."

Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

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

"Let us wish less happiness and make some instead."

—Joseph Ralph.

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

—The *Astrological Iconoclast*, for August to September, has among other articles a discourse on the planetary factors involved in the coming presidential contest. Published bi-monthly at Clementon, N. J.; 25 cents a year.

—Do you want the laugh cure? Read Grace MacGowan Cooke's "Flight of Robert Sevier," the novel in January *Lippincott's*. Mildred laughed a whole evening over that story! For original comicality its deserves the palm or something.—E. T.

—"In Tune With Yourself," or "Nature's Secrets," by Emma Excell Lynn. A series of seven lessons teaching how to harmonize one's self by cultivating the senses to their finest tone by the use of each element of life. Cloth bound, 130 large pages. Price, \$1.00. The Author, Akron, Ohio.

—"The Book of My Heart," by Melanie Alice Weil, is an exceedingly attractive little gift book. Contains about a hundred or so original mottoes, epigrams, aphorisms, axioms and definitions. Each begins with an artistic initial letter in orange and brown. Bound in brown silk vellum. Price \$1.00. The Library Shelf, 4652 West Clark Street, Chicago.

—Did you read Michael Williams' articles on new thought in recent numbers of *Van Norden's*? Under the title of "The New America." They make a good short history, unprejudiced, of the movement, including Dr. Worcester's work. Then Ray Stannard Baker's articles in January *American* add the latest phase, the doctors' new thought movement.—E. T.

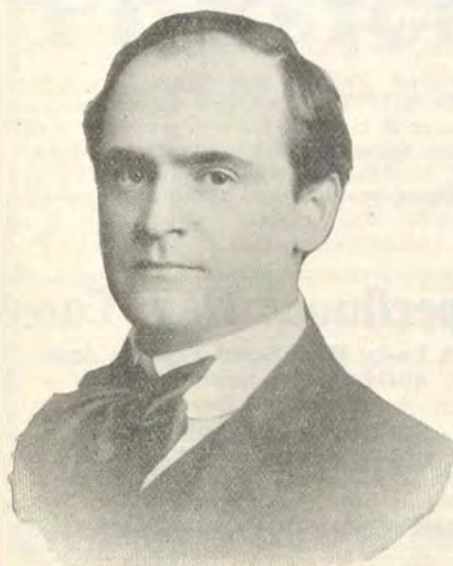
—One of the oddest and most charming and lovable stories I have read in many a year is "Simple Septimus," by William J. Locke, just ended in the *American*. Can be had in book form for \$1.50. The man who does not laugh at "Simple Septimus" is a wooden image. He is the most lovable superman too, and the story is super-story. Get it and be happy.—E. T.

—"Health and Happiness," or "Religious Therapeutics and Right Living," by the Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D.D., LL.D. Written out of the fullness of personal experience and practice. This book is another contribution to the popular Emmanuel Movement now attracting such widespread attention. Bishop Fallows tells of his experiences in the new

(Continued on Page 56.)

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(Continued on Page 60.)

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I can now say that I was surprised that you should take a case as hopeless as mine and treating me without a drop of medicine. I cannot thank you enough for your kindness and for the special interest you have taken in my case. I wish you success in the great work you are doing for humanity.

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Care Correspondence Department A

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The flesh tones and hair are very fine, and I consider the expression of the eyes entirely natural. Wishing you all sorts of success and happiness and thanking you for this miniature, I am, cordially yours, (Signed) Elizabeth Towne.

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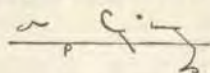
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(Continued on Page 64.)

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PRIZE PUZZLE CONTEST

Our congratulations to the winners of the prizes in the December puzzle contest! In each case they are well deserved and if there had been a hundred prizes instead of ten even then we wouldn't have had enough to go around. The advertisers represented were Dr. Thomas, Postum Company, Penny Classics, Dr. Sahler, E. J. Beach, W. E. Towne, Health Culture, Madame Foulair, Annals of Psychical Science, and Dr. C. W. Close.

The first prize was awarded to Mrs. De Puy, not only because her solution was correct, neat in appearance, and received here among the first, but because of her conscientious search for the missing F, and the fact that when she finished hunting she was *certain* it wasn't there. She counted some 2605 F's in the advertising pages! That was perseverance, wasn't it? Here is the list and the prizes have already been sent:

First prize.—Two dollars in cash, Mrs. Hiram De Puy, Pittsburg, Pa.

Second prize.—One copy "Psychoma," Mrs. W. Wallace, Purves, Can.

Third prize.—One dollar's worth of merchandise, Mrs. L. W. Blair, Clear Lake, S. D.

Fourth prize.—One year's subscription to *Nautilus*.—Mrs. E. F. McKernon, Denver, Colo.

Fifth to tenth prizes.—Each a set of motto cards, as follows: Mrs. William H. Ashley, Beaver, Wyo.; Thea Thompson, Pasadena, Cal.; Malcolm H. Ganser, Norristown, Pa.; Anna A. Feige, Chicago, Ill.; E. W. Hall, Catskill, N. Y.; Mrs. D. W. Holdaway, Pioche, Nev.

Extra prizes of a set of mottoes were sent to each of the following because of the originality of their replies: Adaline L. Smiley, Chicago, Ill., and Mrs. M. R. Hamill, Jeffersonville, Pa.

Winners in January puzzle contest will be announced in March number.

We wish, *emphatically*, to call the attention of all contestants to the fact that we *cannot* answer any letters in regard to puzzles, either before or after the prizes are awarded. Our decisions are made with perfect fairness and are final.

Now for this month's puzzle!

We have taken the nine letters in a familiar motto and scattered them through the advertising pages of this month's *Nautilus*. Read the advertisements carefully and make a list of the advertisers whose advertisements contain the EXTRA letters. Then put the letters together and tell us what the motto is. As a little help we'll admit that the first letter is G and the last N. This is really an EASY one! Hurry up with your answer, now! You know you want a prize!

Answers must be addressed to Puzzle Editor, The *Nautilus*, Holyoke, Mass. Do not enclose anything for any other department. Answers to puzzles may be mailed to us any time after February first.

For your skill in solving this puzzle and for the neatness and general care shown in your answer we offer the following prizes:

First Prize.—Two dollars in cash.

Second prize.—One copy of "Psychoma," by Helen Rhodes.

Third prize.—One dollar's worth of merchandise selected from some one advertisement in this issue.

Fourth prize.—One year's subscription to *Nautilus*.

Fifth to tenth prizes.—Each a set of *Nautilus* motto cards.

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