

# THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

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as second class matter.

Build thee more stately temples, 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 out-grown shell  
By life's unvesting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

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## TO YOU.

"I will leave all and come and make the hymns of you,  
None has understood you, but I understand you,  
None has done justice to you, you have not done justice to yourself,  
None but has found you imperfect, I only find no imperfection in you,  
None but would subordinate you, I only am he who will never.  
There is no endowment in man or woman that is not tallied in you,  
There is no virtue, no beauty in man or woman, but as good is in you,  
No pluck, no endurance in others, but as good is in you,  
No pleasure waiting for others, but an equal pleasure waits for you."—Walt Whitman.

## TO BE SQUARE.

If you had a fine horse upon whose swiftness your fortunes depended how would you treat it? Would you house it carelessly and make a pack-horse of it between races? Would you stuff it on all sorts of foods, keep it standing for weeks in the stable and then expect it to win the race for you? Would you keep it chasing over the country all night and then expect it to win next day? Of course you would not.

But you treat YOURSELF that way—and then go around clad in rags and a grieved expression because you have "failed" in the races for success.

In the races of life there are "classes" enough for all. Every man, woman and child may win his races and carry off his prizes—IF he takes proper care of himself and observes carefully the rules of the race.

With proper preparation and a good understanding any man can win his races.

By proper preparation I do not mean a college education. Nor do I mean even that a man's youth must be spent in any sort of school. There is Owen Kildare for instance, whose story appears in February Success. He is now winning his races and wearing his laurels although his early life was spent as newsboy, prize-fighter and all-around tough, and he never learned to read until he was thirty years old. Now, at thirty-eight, he is a successful story writer and a real helper in the world's work.

It is never too late to catch on to the principle of success. That is literally what one has to do in order to win the races.

Owen Kildare was a success even in the slums, and all his life was a schooling. He was "square." He lived up to his best understanding and his understanding grew.

Every man is born into just the school he needs to prepare him for success in life. If he is not "square" with himself and the class he is born into he stays perhaps a life-time in that class. Perhaps he drops down, down, down to the foot of the class. All because he is not "square" in his treatment of the lessons life presents to him. He shirks.

What does it mean to be "square?" It means a different thing to every man on earth, and yet it means always one thing—to do what your own spirit says is right, and to keep your word, actual or implied.

To be square requires a steady purpose; in other words, self-control.

To be square one must control his feelings instead of letting them run away with him. The

boy who plays hookey when he feels like it is not square with himself nor the world. There is an "ought" in his heart which he is not square with.

Life is full of mournful fizzles who habitually play hookey when they feel like it. They feel like slighting this thing and that, and—they play hookey. They feel like lying abed late in the morning, though that little "ought" inside, and mayhap an employer outside, admonishes them to get up even if they don't happen to feel like it. Something is expected of them and they shirk. Tacitly their word is given to be on time, and they are not on time. They are not square.

The little "ought" inside is the well laid track upon which the individual's life may safely run. When he jumps that track and runs on feeling alone he is not square with the world and there is danger ahead. And he ploughs along in the wrong direction, injuring himself and others.

He follows feeling and lies abed. He is late at his work and dumpy when he gets there. His employer feels that he is not fairly treated. If he acts upon his feeling the sleepy-head will get his salary reduced.

Then he will tell folks what a stingy old curmudgeon his employer is. For he will never see that his own lack of square dealing has anything to do with his lack of funds or success. If there is anything the feeling-follower is really proficient in—anything where he shows himself a glorious genius—it is in finding excuses for himself and to himself. He never flies the smooth track of "ought" unless there was a great big bogie-man to throw him off. But his bogie-men somehow will never stand the camera test—they are big and valid excuses only in his own mind. The feeling-follower has an artistic imagination. He is ingenious.

If only he would exercise his ingenuity in keeping on the track he'd get his salary raised.

Of course the sense of oughtness is conscience, and conscience is a matter of education. The Hindoo mother thinks she ought to drown her baby girls in the Ganges. Owen Kildare used to think he ought to be a slugger. He religiously knocked down every fellow who failed to toe the scratch in slumdom. Roosevelt et al thinks he ought to knock down Spain for being mean to Cuba and the Filipinos. Tolstoi thinks he ought to resist nothing. All these people are winners in their own particular races because they square their acts with their "oughts."

And no two of them has just the same kind of an ought. Each has the conscience he is educated up to.

Conscience is a matter of education, but it has to be minded just the same. The Hindoo must mind her conscience and she will win her races. Tolstoi must mind his conscience if he would win his. You must mind your conscience if you would win.

And you must mind your conscience as it IS—not as you'd like to have it be. If your conscience tells you to hop out of bed now it will not do to lie still and philosophize about it, and explain away the "ought," and conjure up an excuse for flying its track.

You can silence the "ought" but you can't convince it. You can no more explain it away than you can explain away the shining steel rails between here and New York. You can ignore either—and get hurt. But they are there.

Until you can educate your conscience up to the point of letting you do what you want to do you would better do what it bids you even if you don't happen to feel like it.

The true preparation for success in life is to be had anywhere, in school or slum, in war or peace. All life's experiences are simply opportunities for you to set the habit of being square with the God in you and the gods without. This is character.

Did you ever watch a horse race? Perhaps there are half a dozen entries, every one of which has been fed, exercised and groomed to the highest state of perfection—each according to the best judgment of its own particular groom. Now they appear, ready for the running. When the signal is given to start the horses are all wheeled around with the aim to keep them abreast as they pass under the wire ready for the signal, "Go!" But there are always some of the jockeys who are not square. They are so eager to get ahead of all the others that they swing too far ahead, and the whole lot have to be started over again. Time and again this false start is repeated, all because some of the jockeys are not trying to get a fair start—they are trying to get the start of the others; they want to take all the advantage they can get. They are not square. And did you ever see one of these unfair jockeys win the race? I never did.

The jockey who cannot control his feelings and start square gets rattled and urges his horse so excitedly that the horse "breaks" and "goes to pieces." Then when the jockey knows he has lost the race he takes it out on the poor horse, which finally comes in all panting and foam-covered at the tail of the race.

The same horse with a self-contained jockey would have won the race. The self-contained jockey rules his feelings and keeps to the track of "ought"—which is the track of wisdom and success.

It is easy for a man to do as he "ought" in little things. And if he takes pains to do it in little things he will find he has grown power to do as he "ought" when big things turn up. It is this doing as he ought—as his own soul says he ought, which enables a man to learn the lessons set for him in his particular class in life.

And it is the learning of the lessons in one class which fits him for those of a higher class.

This is why the shirk, who isn't square, has a hard row to hoe, and never gets promoted.

The "ought" in a man is the voice of the principle of his being.

Success is the result of obedience to this voice.

Your feelings are the race horse upon whose swiftness and right handling depend the races of your life.

You are not your feelings. You are the intelligence and will which govern and inform your feelings. You are the groom who cares for, and the jockey who directs the race horse of feeling.

Will you direct feeling, or will you let feeling run away with you?

Remember, feeling is your race horse. How will you treat it? Will you train it for the great events of life? Will you let it run loose without a purpose? Will you make a pack-mule of it, to carry petty and unnecessary burdens for Tom, Dick and Harry?

A good horse-trainer takes great care of the feelings of his horse. He never jerks the reins and yells at him. He never lets him stand uncurried and unfed in a dirty stable, with little yapping, snapping curs to torment him. He never loads him with unnecessary burdens and flogs him up hill and down.

But that is what men do with themselves. A man neglects his own brain and body and soul; he curses himself and his "luck"; he permits himself to be loaded with unnecessary annoyances;



and then he jaws around about never being able to do as he wants to, and wonders what life is good for anyway.

A good horse trainer never pampers his horse either. He does not give him free access to the oat bin. Neither does he curry him daily to the last pitch of shininess, blanket him and keep him always under a roof.

A man stuffs himself at all hours, upon any sort of food which tempts his palate; he overdresses and underexercises himself; and cusses the world in general because his feelings are unruly.

A good horse trainer does not stuff his horse for supper and chase him around over the country until two o'clock in the morning as a preparation for next day's race. No. It takes a man or woman to do such things as that with *himself*, and then expect success.

If you want to be a real success in life you must have ONE purpose to which all other purposes are tributary. You must have ONE aim, and *all* the actions of your life must be so governed as to assist in the one direction.

This does not mean that a whole life-time must be devoted to a single pursuit; nor that you must have no other pursuits whilst you are following the one. But it *does* mean that no other pursuits shall come *before* the one—that you shall have no other gods before that.

If you neglect business for art, or art for business, *both* will fail. If you pursue art as a *recreation*, to better prepare you for business; if you pursue art when business does not call you; if at the *slightest* call of business you fly *instantly* with your *whole* soul, to that; you will make a success of business and the art will *help* you to do it. But if business is the present aim *everything* else must be dropped *instantly* and *willingly*, at its lightest call. Only so will business be a success. This is "concentration."

A race horse is not always racing; neither is the most successful man in any line, *always* thinking and working on that line. But he is always thinking and working on *tributaries* of his special line.

Clara Morris and Bernhardt find recreation in art, history, literature, outdoor life—things not necessarily connected at all with their stage life, but all of which tend to breadth and depth of character, and to splendid health, and thus add to the power of their work on the stage.

But Paderewski or Gabrilowitsch or Hoffmann would not turn to heavy manual labor for recreation, lest it stiffen their supple fingers.

Neither would any of these successful artists indulge in midnight carousals and unseasonable but highly seasoned feasts. With them, all things which will not assist them in their *main* purpose, are ruthlessly cut out entirely.

It is this self-command and *one-purpose-ness* which enables them to win their races. The *lack* of these is the ONE cause of *all* failures.

\* \* \* \* \*

I find upon looking over this article that as a whole it is quite a mixed metaphor. But never mind—it is like life itself, which is decidedly a mixed metaphor, and none the less interesting for the mixture.

### A TALE OF WOE.

—"Why is it that, in more than two-thirds of families the wife and mother bears not only the children but the burdens and heartaches? The husband supplies the *money* (generally not enough), the wife has the care of a growing and increasing family, the best of everything is saved for "Father" and he is waited on, etc. If the children annoy him he goes to his club; if the wife dies, why there are plenty more women for the asking. Thousands of women are simply starving for Love and men are either willfully blind or wholly and utterly selfish. You possibly know that this is quite true. Another thing that has caused me many a time to question everything: During the Christmas holidays many times I have seen half clad, hungry, shivering little ones gazing longingly into the wonderful show windows, wanting probably just one toy, while children no more worthy drive by in carriages, having more than they want. Love, home, mother, everything, on the other hand hunger, want, blues

(many times), and both God's children. Let us hear what you have to say about this." B. B.

Why does the mother in two-thirds of the families bear not only the children but the burdens and heart-aches? *Because she is too thoughtless and inert not to.* It is *easier* to submit to bearing children than it is to rise up and take command of her own body. It is easier to carry burdens than to wake up and *fire* them. It is easier to "bear" things and grumble than it is to kick over the traces and *change* them. To be sure, most women are yet under the hypnotic spell of the old race belief that it is woman's duty to "submit" herself to any kind of an old husband; but that is just what I said—women find it easier to go through life half asleep rather than to *think* for themselves. Paul says a woman is *not* to think, she is to ask her husband to think for her. (At least that is what the translators say Paul says. Privately, I have my suspicions that those manly translators helped Paul to say a bit more than he meant to.) It is *easier* to let her husband think for her even when she doesn't like his thoughts. So she uses her brain in *grumbling* instead of thinking.

People who don't think are ruled by *feeling*. Women feel. They feel not only for themselves but for other people. They shoulder the burdens of the whole family and a few outside the family. They do it themselves—because it is *easier* to feel than to think. Nobody walks up to a woman and says, "Here—I have a burden that's very heavy—you carry it whilst I go off and have a good time." No. The woman simply *takes* the burden and hugs it and "feels" it—and *prides herself on doing it*. And maybe the thing she hugs as a burden is no burden at all to the other people in the family. My dear, women as a rule are chumps. They'd rather feel *anything* than to *think* the right thing.

Now I'd like to know if you think a woman who has made herself round-shouldered and wrinkled and sour-visaged over burdens—*anybody's* burdens, real or fancied—is such a creature as attracts love or consideration from *anybody*. Of course she is not. It is no wonder she receives no love or consideration from her husband or anybody else. She has made a pack mule out of herself for the carrying of utterly useless burdens that nobody *wants* carried and the carrying of which benefits nobody; and now that she has grown ugly and sour at the business she need not feel surprised at being slighted. And she need not blame folks for slighting her. *She* assumed the burdens; *she* carried them; *she* wore herself out at it; it is all her own fault. It was *easier* for her to feel, and grumble, than to wake up and *THINK*, and change things.

Nobody who *thinks* will carry a single burden for even a single day. He knows that fretting and worrying and grumbling only *double* the burden and accomplish nothing.

Woman has *built herself* for bearing children and burdens. When she gets tired of her bargain she will *think her way out of the whole thing*. In the meantime the harder the burdens grow the more quickly she will revolt and make of herself something besides a burden bearer.

It is all nonsense to talk about the men being "willfully blind or wholly and utterly selfish." No man *wants* a burden-bearing, round-shouldered, wrinkled and fagged-out wife. No man respects or loves a woman who will "submit" to bearing unlimited burdens or babies either. And if a woman "submits" and yet keeps up a continual grumbling and nagging about it, a man simply despises her.

What every man *hopes* for when he marries a woman, is that she will be a bright, trim, *reasonable comrade*. If she is even half-way that she will get all the love and consideration she can long for. But in three-quarters of the cases of marriage the woman degenerates into a whining bundle of *thought-less FEELINGS* done up in a slattern's dress and smelling like a drug-shop. Her husband in despair gives up trying to understand her, or to love her either.

The woman in such a case is apt to suffer most. Why-not? *She makes it the business of*

*her life to "suffer."* She *prides* herself on how much she has had to "suffer," and "bear." She cultivates her "feelings" to the limit. A man thinks it "unmanly" to *give way* to "feelings." So he uses all his wits to keep from doing so, and to enable him to hide his own disappointment and make the best of life as he finds it.

A man uses his best *judgment* when he meets disappointment. A woman trots out her "feelings" and her best pocket-handkerchief, and calls in the neighbors. So the woman gets the lion's share of "sympathy"—which means that all the other women get out *their* best handkerchiefs and try to imagine just how *they* would "feel" if in her place.

Of course there *are* exceptions. I *have* heard of men who wept and retailed their woes; and I have heard of women with gumption.

The woman who wrote the letter at the head of this article is a feel-er, not a thinker. She looks at the forlorn, bedraggled specimens of her own sex and "*feels*" with them, never *THINKING* that the women themselves have anything to do with making their conditions. She "*feels*" with the woman because *she* is a woman. Being an unthinking creature she cannot "*feel*" for the man at all.

Woman is the weaker creature for no other reason than that she lives in her "*feelings*."

Man is the stronger for no other reason than that he uses his wits and his will to *control* his feelings.

"B. B." has seen children gazing into shop windows. Immediately she imagines how *she* would "feel" if in their places. She does not stop to *THINK* that in all probability the simple act of gazing into the window may bring more real joy to those children than the *possession* of the whole windowful of toys would bring to some rich man's child. She does not *think* that life consists not in possessions or environment, but in the *ability to use* possessions or environment. If she were an Edwin Abbey or a Michael Angelo she would gaze on our chromo-bedecked walls and work herself up into a great state of "*feeling*" because we had to have such miserable daubs instead of real works of art. If she saw us gazing on an Abbey or Angelo picture she would weep tears to think we couldn't have such pictures instead of those hideous bright chromos on our walls. It would never occur to her that we might be privately comparing her Abbeyes and Angelos with our chromos, and *wondering how anybody could possibly see beauty in the Abbeyes and Angelos*.

About nine-tenths of women's so-called "sympathy" is just about as foolish and misplaced as that. If "B. B." would go up and get acquainted with some of those small youngsters she sees gazing into the shop windows she would find some of her illusions dispelled. She would find among them less "longing" than she thinks, and more wonder and criticism and pure curiosity—such as she would find in her own heart if she were gazing at a curio collection.

I remember a large family of very small boys that I used to "*feel*" for, very deeply. Poor little, pinched, ragged looking fellows they were, and always working before and after school hours. I gave them nickels and dimes and my children's outgrown clothes, and new fleece lined gloves for their blue little hands. They kept the clothes hung up at home and the gloves stuffed in their pants pockets. And one day I discovered that every one of those small youngsters had a *bank account*—something I had never had in my life! They lived as they *liked* to live, and I had been harrowing my feelings and carrying their (?) burdens for nothing.

This world is *not* a pitiful place. It is a lovely great world, full of all sorts of people, every one of whom *exactly fits* into his conditions.

And the loveliest thing of all about this bright, blessed old world is that there is not a man, woman or child in it who cannot *change* his environment if he doesn't like the one he now occupies. He can *THINK* his way into anything.

A real, deep, tender feeling will prompt one to do all he can to alleviate distress or add to the world's joy. *Real* feeling prompts to action. But



this sentimental slush which slops over on anything and everything in general is nothing but an imitation of the real thing. To sympathize to the extent of *acting* is good; to harrow up the feelings when you cannot or will not act, is simply weakness.

"Feeling" is subject to the same law as water. Take away its banks and it spreads all over creation and becomes a stagnant slough of despond. Confine it by banks of *common-sense* and *will* and it grows deep and tender and powerful, and bears blessings on its bosom.

The professional pity-er is adding to the sum total of the world's misery.

The world is like "sweet Alice Ben Bolt"; it laughs with delight when you give it a smile, and gets out its pocket handkerchief to weep with you when you call it "Poor thing!"

Then it cuts its call short and runs around the corner to tell your neighbor what a tiresome old thing you are anyway.

Never you mind the tribulations you can't help, dearie. Just wake up and *be* the brightest, happiest, sweetest thing you know how to be, and the world will be that much better off.

### CONSIDER THE CABBAGE.

"A single leaf of an apple tree has one hundred thousand pores, and through every one of these water is constantly passing off into the surrounding atmosphere. Air has an enormous appetite for water, and the drier it is the more it takes up.

"Considering the way in which the atmosphere is constantly forcing the apple tree and every other plant to give up its moisture, the marvel is that after a very few days of hot sunshine every plant does not wither and dry up. Yet even those growing in light soil and exposed situations manage to withstand weeks of drought without losing their greenness. More marvelous still, acacias and cacti will grow and remain green out on the wastes of the fiery desert in Africa and Arizona.

"Plants, like all other living things, have learned to adapt themselves to their situations, and to take precautions accordingly. Water to plants is more valuable than gold is to human beings, and where the supply is scanty they have learned to hoard it as carefully as a miser does his treasure.

"Plants cannot refuse to give up water altogether, for otherwise they could not grow. All their food is taken up by their roots, dissolved in water. This sap rises through their veins and feeds them. They make use of the mineral matter, and then let the water which contained it escape through their lungs—that is, their leaves.

"But their methods of holding on to sufficient water to keep them green and flourishing are many and ingenious. Go out and pick a leaf from any plant or shrub—a hawthorn leaf, for instance. You will notice that its upper side is much smoother than the under side.

"The upper side looks dull in comparison. This is because the upper side is exposed to the direct rays of the sun. The glaze prevents the hot rays sucking all the water out of the surface of the leaf. Some plants, indeed, refuse entirely to part with water through the upper side of the leaf. Laurustinus and lilac leaves have no pores at all on the shiny upper surface of the leaves.

"Pine trees inhabit dry, sandy soils. These refuse to grow wide leaves, but confine themselves to producing thick, fleshy needles, which have very few openings through which water can escape. Cabbages need an enormous quantity of water, but unless the supply was absolutely unlimited their big leaves would give up so much to the air that, without some means of checking this over-liberality, they would wilt and die.

"Cut a fresh cabbage leaf and examine it. It has a sort of dusty, mealy look. Put the leaf under a microscope and you will see that this bloom is composed of tiny needles of wax. The cabbage has produced the wax to protect itself from the water-stealing rays of the sun.

"Australia is the driest of all the continents; yet it has plenty of trees. They never grow any more leaves than they absolutely need, and they take the additional precaution of turning these leaves edgewise so that those water thieves, the sun's rays, cannot fall direct upon their broad surfaces. Australian acacias go a step further still. When they are fully grown they shed their leaves altogether; they keep the leaf stalk and produce two tiny wings, which present their edges to the sun.

"In spite of these various precautions the amount of water which growing plants part with to the air is almost beyond belief. A square foot of long pasture grass gives off nearly 4 2-5 pints of water every twenty-four hours in dry weather. That is to say, there rises into the air 106 tons of water from each acre of meadow within the summer day and night.

"One single cabbage has been measured to give

off two and one-half pints of water within a similar period. As for the amount big trees give off it is enormous. A sixty-foot elm will have about seven million leaves. If spread out these would cover two hundred thousand square feet, or five acres. From these leaves there pass out into the air within a summer day over seven tons of water in the form of vapor."—*Baltimore Sun*.

This article was so interesting to me that I reprint it for *Nautilus* readers. How any one can read such an article and then doubt that plants are off the same piece of universal intelligence that we are, is more than I can comprehend.

Of course animals and human beings are simply more intelligent plants, who have learned how to detach their roots from the soil and to walk about in search of food and moisture. Instead of having to stay in one place and adapt ourselves or die, we can go to places which suit us better; where food and moisture (money) are more plentiful or the demands upon us less.

The sun draws *through* plants a perpetual stream of moisture, upon the bosom of which is carried the plants' food. Sever a plant from the earth, and the sun quickly sucks it dry. It dies. On the other hand the plant may be set in the best of soil with any amount of moisture, but no sun to draw the moisture through; and the plant will die just the same. In the first case the plant dries to powder; in the second case it rots.

The same law works with human beings. There is but one cause of disease and death,—failure to equalize supply and demand. The problem of the body politic, or of the individual, is to *keep things moving*. Ideas must circulate; blood and sap must circulate; money must circulate; people themselves must circulate. The problem is to prevent congestions and *cold feet*.

The sun draws moisture through us as it does through plants. We live in darkened and unaired rooms at our peril.

Our "daily needs" are the sun which draws money through our purses. Some of us hang on to the money and degenerate by a sort of financial dropsy. But most of us let ourselves be sucked not only dry, but into debt. Our purses and hopes and energies shrivel until we are *glad* to die. Talk about human intelligence! A plant *won't* let itself be sucked dry. It devises *some* way to keep always a *little* balance at least, in its own favor. But a man *lets* his purse be sucked dry *all* the time. In his mad efforts to keep the pace of expenditure set by his neighbors and by his own pampered and unnatural appetites, he robs purse and life itself. Really, man hasn't the sense of a cabbage, which stops the leaks. Or is it that man hasn't the *will* of a cabbage head? Or perhaps you will say it is because a cabbage doesn't have to pay to live. But that is nonsense, because moisture is to him what money is to you. It requires *intelligent effort* on the part of the cabbage to run its rootlets into the best places and tap sufficient supplies. It requires more intelligent effort to stop the leaks with wax. If you put forth intelligent effort in proportion you can tap the universal money-supply. You can likewise stop the leaks if you *will*.

But the great trouble with the human head is that it uses so much energy in keeping up with its neighbors that it hasn't much left to use in *increasing its supply*. And it doesn't *want* to stop the leaks. But it *must* do these things if it is ever to be a good, healthy, happy head.

Then there are our more subtle energies and ideas which must flow—but not too fast—if we would keep on living and being happy. Environment draws upon our ingenuities and sympathies. To know just *how far* to let it draw upon our supply is a fine art. Each must govern and decide for himself. The natural miser of ideas and energies must *let go*. The natural spendthrift must turn the *edge* of his feelings, instead of the broad side, toward those about him. He must think twice before he *gives away* his ideas. He must find out *all* sides to a story before giving his "sympathies"—or his money.

The aim of all life is to attain *poise*, where giving and receiving are equal and instinctive. We are all gaining poise by experience, and even a cabbage head may give us a hint.

### KARMA.

Karma is not an invisible and inexorable god or devil which picks a man up by the scruff of the neck and sets him down in the midst of undesirable things as a penance for past misdeeds. No.

Karma is the self-imposed result of holding grudges against one's self.

The principle of every man's being is equity. Whenever he does or thinks that which violates this principle, in his heart of hearts he cannot forgive himself for doing it. He feels deep down that he *ought* to make reparation or suffer punishment for his misdeed.

This sense of ought sinks down, down into his subconscious mind, where it *draws like a magnet*, and brings to the individual such environment as will offer him *opportunity* to make this self-demanded reparation.

Until the individual has made reparation in such a manner as to enable him to *forgive himself* this subconscious drawing of unpleasant things never ceases.

And it is carried over from one state of existence to another, from one incarnation to another if you please.

Karma is worked out through all the ages just as it is daily being worked out in your individual experience and mine. You say an unkind word today. You excuse yourself for doing it, but the excuse is only *on the surface* of your mind. Deep down there is a quiet "ought" which never once wavers—"you *ought* not to have said that." You cannot *fully* forgive yourself for saying it.

But it is such a little thing that you soon forget about it. That is, you *think* you do; but deep down that *ought* is drawing opportunity for reparation. You have hurt another; that *ought* is drawing you opportunity to heal a hurt to the end that you forgive yourself. So tomorrow or next day another little jar comes to you. It may be another difference with this same one to whom you said the unkind thing; it may be another; anyway a new difference of opinion arises.

The *chances* are you will again speak sharply, and lay up more grudges against yourself—more Karma.

If you are wise you will look upon this little affair as your opportunity to make reparation and work out Karma—you will bring all your *Good Will* to bear on the case; you will speak the *kind* word. Then your heart will grow light and you can forgive yourself and others. You will have worked out your Karma.

Every difficult experience in your life is an *opportunity* for getting rid of some of your own self-imposed Karma.

If you meet the experience lovingly, cheerfully, and do your best you not only work out already-heaped-up Karma but you lay up *joy* instead of Karma, for *future* use.

### MY OVER-RULER.

I know that there is, if not a "higher intelligence," at least a *fuller* intelligence than this personal one I call my own. Many a time in my life I have been absolutely certain that some certain thing was the *only* right thing,—that if it did not come to pass just that particular way the loss would be infinite and the harm deep as hell itself and utterly irreparable.

Well, it did not come to pass as I thought it must in order to keep the earth from wobbling on its axis.

And do you know, it wasn't very long until I was fervently glad it did *not* come around as I thought it must and ought to. The way I thought utterly wrong was absolutely right and beneficent.

Many a time I have had such experiences, in little things and big.

I know there is a fuller intelligence than mine; and I know that when my intelligence goes awry from lack of far-seeing, that this fuller intelligence *over-rules* mine. I am *glad* to believe this—glad to know that when I get in a quandary there is Something to bring things out right in spite of me.

And do you know—I believe this fuller intelligence is after all *my own* intelligence. It is I who am doing it all the time. Intelligence is not



confined in bodies or brains,—no. It fills the universe. All this space between you and me is pure intelligence in which we live and move, and through which we think. But we are *conscious* only of that small portion of our intelligence represented by our bodies. This great sea of intelligence is infinitely the larger part of us, but it acts *sub-consciously*, or super-consciously.

But it *does* act, and for my *individual* good, as well as for the good of all others. I am glad to be over-ruled by it. It makes me feel *safe* to know that if I make a mistake in judgment I shall be over-ruled by this fuller intelligence which is over us all.

—“Some time ago you had a little piece in the *Nautilus* about a certain Mr. Dooley and you wound up by saying that you would speak the word for us all to feel like friend Dooley. Now I want to tell you that those Dooley vibrations are mighty poor truck, and I speak from experience. I have had that disease as far back as I remember; like our friend Dooley, the three dollars have been with me waking and sleeping, they start tormenting even before I ask Mr. Dorgan if he will trust me. As a matter of fact I never was overly strong on going into debt. But there are other things. Those Dooley vibrations are simply the regulation worry variety, and I am willing to bet that Dooley is in debt again—this time maybe thirteen dollars. Or else he is in some other kind of trouble, he was too elated, when we left him, to bode anything good. Here is the other story: A gentleman, who was of a philanthropic disposition, was stopping at a hotel. He could hear that in the adjoining room some man was walking the floor and talking to himself, as if he was in some great trouble. Our friend, true to his instinct, went to see if he could give any assistance to the one in trouble. The answer was: ‘I am afraid you can’t do anything for me. I am in an awful fix. I owe Smith \$500 on a note, it is due and I haven’t a cent or anything else to pay it with and what in heaven’s name shall I do? What shall I do?’ Our friend put his hand on the other man’s shoulder and spoke these words of wisdom: ‘My good friend, why in God’s name don’t you go to bed and sleep and let Smith walk?’ Those ‘Let-Smith-walk’ vibrations, in my humble opinion, are the kind that will win, and the man who will get them down to a fine point will, I believe, get Smith paid speedily and have him stay paid, whilst the Dooley fellows will continually get from the frying pan into the fire. I rather believe that there are lots of us in that Dooley fashion—we do all of Smith’s walking and our own too. Now if you fail to look at this my way, it won’t make me feel bad at all. I only write this because I am rather lonesome, and I might as well write the paper a letter as so many others. In conclusion allow me to compliment you on your style of writing. You have a happy knack of getting down to the bedrock of things, following them to the final analysis. I can reason down things myself, but what good will it do, unless I act upon the conclusion that I arrive at? After all, the only way to get anywhere is to use one’s will, I don’t care whether you call it the animal or the intellectual will, and one must use one’s will even to ‘let go’ of one’s will.”

Good, but there’s a time for let-Smith-walk vibrations and there’s a time for Dooley vibrations. I think you misunderstand the latter. An ounce of Dooley vibrations will prevent the necessity for letting Smith walk. I’ve tried ‘em both. But the ounce of Dooley’s best must be taken *before* you borrow. Well shaken and taken it will keep you from borrowing more than you *know* you can pay at a certain time—barring *very* unforeseen occurrences. And the man who persistently and intelligently applies the Dooley brand will not *have* unforeseen occurrences—not once in years. He will *think* before he borrows—think carefully. He will not borrow at all unless he *knows* he can repay when he promises, and even then he will leave himself plenty of leeway for emergencies. But if, after using his best Dooley vibrations, some cataclysm *should* heave his calculations into chaos, *then* is the time to let Smith walk whilst *he* uses his wits in bringing order out of that chaos in the quickest possible time. Now note this: The man who does not *habitually* run into debt for *little* things will almost never find himself unable to discharge a large debt. It is the man who lets *little* things run at loose ends, who finds himself the whipcracker being switched too fast for comfort at the end of big things. An ounce of Dooley vibrations used *before* making a *little* debt will prevent the inevitable pound of it afterward. Not only this, but it will give you that *clear conscience* which will *enable* you to “let

Smith walk” if a cataclysm *does* happen to occur. It is only a dishonest scamp, or a very honest and capable man who *habitually* does his best, who *can* “let Smith walk.” The scamp doesn’t care because he thinks it will not hurt himself; the other man knows he will come out right side up with care and pay Smith anyway. It is the man who is neither all scamp nor all honest who uses whole tons of Dooley vibrations—who deplores debt and yet keeps right on making it. Now go back and read my first article in this *Nautilus*, as a commentary on this. Then forever after be sure to take good care of your Dooley vibrations. Take ‘em in small doses *before* shopping.

—No January or February numbers of *Nautilus* to be had for love nor money.

—A woman writes to know if I still believe in Wesson Cooking Oil. She says she saw in a new thought paper an article on olive oil, which made her question. I have used Wesson oil with the greatest success and consider it the very nicest and most healthful thing of its kind on the market. The article referred to was written by John F. Morgan, paid agent of the Los Angeles Olive Growers’ Association, who makes the very common mistake of trying to advance his own goods by condemning other people’s. Sylmar olive oil, the brand he works for, is the finest olive oil on the market and can easily make its way on its own merits. For some things I prefer it to Wesson oil. We use both. But for people who do not like the olive oil taste Wesson oil is a godsend.

### A CHARACTER READING!

As a premium with every year’s subscription to *NAUTILUS* sent in before April 30. Not a day longer. Henry Rice will give every subscriber a test reading from handwriting. AND EACH MAY ASK ONE OR TWO QUESTIONS WHICH MR. RICE WILL ANSWER. Send your order to me, accompanied by a short letter to Mr. Rice, giving FULL name and FULLEST address IN EACH. Remember—write to Mr. Rice on one slip of paper and to me on another, giving FULL address and name on each; and send both in one envelope to me, with your 50 cents for a year’s subscription. This offer is extended to old subscribers as well as new. PROVIDED the old subscribers are paid up to date, April ‘03. Look on the *NAUTILUS* wrapper and see. If you are not paid up send enough to pay all arrearages AND 50 CENTS MORE FOR THE COMING YEAR, and you shall have the character sketch. If you are already paid in advance your subscription will be extended a year from expiration of present subscription. NO DEVIATIONS will be made to anybody, and no other premiums go with this offer, which will end PROMPTLY with the month of April. Observe carefully the conditions.

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

—“Psycho-Physical Culture” is a neat new paper bound booklet to be had for fifty cents of the author, Anna Vaile Switzer, 314 Goodnough building, Portland, Ore. This book is just what most women need to start them on the right road to developing strong, symmetrical bodies and fine carriage, as well as good health.

—The way to convince yourself that you can do anything is to go ahead and *do* it; and if at first you don’t succeed keep at it until you do.

—Here is a little lady away over in Scotland who says she knows I must get “intensely tired of egotistic out-pourings,” only I am “so good and generous” that I humor the out-pourers. She knows what “aint so.” The most interesting thing in the whole world for me is that same “egotistic out-pouring.” “The proper study of mankind is man,” and I love that study. But how would I be able to pursue the study if human nature kept itself corked up tight? Of course I don’t care for the sort of out-pourings which are given to every Tom, Dick and Harriet. But when you’ve got a real problem in your life and can’t unburden yourself to other people, *then* I’m anxious to receive the out-pouring. It is originality and peculiarity and individuality which make us valuable to the world, and it is the same characteristics which make “out-pourings” valuable to me.

—“I seem to lack the power to turn things into money. I know you will say I ‘have the power’—‘use it,’ and although I may say it to myself I don’t believe it.” M. M.

Who asked you to “say it” or to “believe” it? You are to get out and *DO* it—and belief will quickly follow. What good do you suppose it would do a baby to sit on the floor and say it

“couldn’t believe” that it could walk? It must pull itself up and *TRY*, and keep a-trying. Go thou and do likewise.

—Elbert Hubbard says: “Here is the formula for hate: Keep your eye on each other’s deficiencies.”

—The same formula will do for a sharp temper. A man’s pretty typewriter may be late at the office and he courteously excuses her. But if his wife is five minutes late he flies into a rage. And yet he really loves his wife and he doesn’t care two straws for his pretty typewriter. The reason that he flies to pieces when his wife is late is because he has been keeping his eye on her deficiencies. It isn’t merely the five minutes of waiting which affects him. It is the long procession of deficiencies which are remembered in a flash, with this tardiness as the climax. He has watched his wife’s short-comings until they got on his nerves, and this five minutes waiting explodes the whole train. So he swears. And then hates himself.

—The formula for love, happiness, and a sweet temper is this: Keep your eye on each other’s good points.

—Here is a man who wants to know why advance thought people admonish you to breathe through the nose, and yet never tell you *why* you are to do it. Any physiology or any doctor will give reasons in plenty. Mouth-breathing dries and irritates the throat, besides admitting cold air and impurities to the lungs. If the breath is taken through the mouth the nasal passages are left unaired, and impurities gather there. These are reasons enough, are they not? A physiognomist will tell you to beware of the man whose mouth is always open; he is a degenerate who goes where his erratic impulses lead him; he is unreliable, sensual. A firm jaw expresses will, power, reason, self-control. An idiot, a sick man, or a sleeping man, lets the jaw drop. A fat man stuffed full of meat-supper breathes loudly through his mouth. The same man will sleep on an empty stomach with his mouth closed. These are hints as to the meaning of mouth-breathing. Get rid of sensuality and irresponsibility—and unnatural stoppages in the air passages—and you will breathe through the nose, as “nature” intended. Practice breathing through the nose and it will help you to outgrow sensuality, irresponsibility, and even stoppages. These nasal growths are probably due to generations of mouth-breathing and its accompanying evils. Nature is always getting rid of *unused* organs. Mouth-breathing would no doubt end in closing nasal passages and eliminating noses entirely.

—“Will you tell me as a Bible student what your idea of being holy is?”

To be holy is to be *consciously whole*, body, mind, soul and environment. The sick man, however great a saint he is considered, is no more holy (whole) than the sinner. The poverty-stricken saint is as unholy (unwhole) as the millionaire rascal. The holy man is a god who knows his godship, and who is at *peace* with his surroundings. Such a man will be healthy, wealthy, wise and happy in loving all creation. The holy man is the *lover*. All the universe loves the lover, and flies to do his bidding.

—Edith Velaro, whose investment ad. appears in this *Nautilus*, is a valued friend and subscriber of *Nautilus*. Eleanor Kirk swears by the stock she advertises. Do I advise you to invest in it? Of course *not*. I advise nobody to invest in anything. You must use your own judgment and stand or fall by it. The only advice I have to give about investments is this: Never invest enough to cripple your affairs in case the investment proves a failure. All these things are more or less uncertain in results, even when the companies are composed of perfectly honest and capable men or women, such as I believe all *Nautilus* advertisers to be. The only *absolutely* sure investment a man can make with his money is to use it to develop his own brains. \* \* \* P. S.—I’m not sure but *all* his investments are made to develop his brains, for he *learns* something even when he loses his money!



## BRIEFS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

\*\*\* *Nautilus* readers may be interested to know that during the months of March and April the Solar Plexus book will be advertised in publications aggregating nearly half a million circulation. The list includes *Physical Culture* with 150,000 circulation; *Sandow's Magazine*, 100,000; *Magazine of Mysteries*, 100,000, etc., etc. Most of these magazines I already know to be good pullers.

\*\*\* The editors of *Vim* have been indulging in rather vicious jabs at what they call "Freak Fads and Fakirs," using Mrs. Catharine Tingley as an illustration. Their classification is rather sweeping to say the least. The question is, are any of us so firmly grounded in wisdom and truth that we can afford to throw sarcasm and invective at those who may be honestly carrying out their deep convictions of truth? Did not a wise teacher once say, "Judge not that ye be not judged?"

\*\*\* The chief editor of *Vim* has some good ideas in regard to physical culture. He claims that flexing exercises which keep the muscles tense for any length of time are injurious, inasmuch as they interfere with the circulation and prevent the venous blood from being normally returned to the lungs and purified. The proper way to take physical exercises, according to this teacher, is to perform all the movements quickly, and relax fully after each motion.

\*\*\* The person who undertakes to guide his affairs after the advice of Astrologers is liable to find himself at sea if he consults more than one at a time. Their advice is about as varied as the prescriptions of different doctors. The truth is, astrology is not an exact science, any more than medicine.

\*\*\* It is better to follow the promptings of the inner spirit than it is to depend upon the advice of an astrologer. But a good astrologer, one in whom you have faith, may be able to give you interesting hints and useful information at times. He can indicate certain tendencies in your nature with more or less accuracy, and that is about all any system of character reading can accomplish, so far as I have been able to discover.

\*\*\* I have before me two lists of "lucky and unlucky days" for March, 1903. Each list was compiled by a well known professional astrologer. No. 1 says of March 3, "evil, ask no favors, avoid changes." No. 2 says of the same day, "A wide awake stirring and active day, which is all right if you keep the reins in your own hands."

On March 5, No. 1 says, "Favorable for all general affairs." No. 2 says, "Look out for what you say and what you write. An easy day to make a slip." On the 9th No. 1 says, "Moon out of aspect, is dull and quiet." No. 2 says, "All right. The week starts out strong." On the 14th No. 1 says, "Guard against accidents. Ask no favors." No. 2 says, "Good. Winds the week up in fine shape." On the 20th No. 1 says, "Very deceiving and treacherous." No. 2 says, "All right every way."

\*\*\* I might give you many more similar examples of contradictions in these lists, which cover one month only, but I have given enough to show that it is the point of view of the astrologer which largely governs his predictions.

\*\*\* One of our exchanges is a little magazine called *Young Ruskin*, published by the students of Ruskin College, at Trenton, Mo. This college stands for Socialism, Universal Brotherhood and the Co-operative Commonwealth. It is a school for workers. We note with pleasure that this school is to be amalgamated with several other liberal institutions of learning, under the title of Ruskin University. The center of the new university will be at Glen Ellyn, Ill. Send for a copy of their little magazine, to Trenton, Mo. The magazine is fifty cents a year or five cents a copy. Published monthly. It has for its motto, "There is no wealth but LIFE."

\*\*\* "I think if I worked for a man I would work for him. I would not work for him a part of the time and then the rest of the time work

against him. I would give undivided service or none."—*Elbert Hubbard.*

\*\*\* Meat contains uric acid, which is a poison. A healthy person can throw off a goodly quantity of this poison, and experience no ill effects for some time. But who likes to think of eating such substances?

\*\*\* A candidate for the legislature once visited an old farmer with a view to securing his vote. The candidate's principal argument was that his opponent had already been to the legislature several times, and that it would be better to send a new man. "You believe in rotation of crops, don't you?" asked the candidate. "Waal," replied the old farmer, scratching his head and shifting his cud meditatively; "I suppose I dew, Mr. Smith. But then, I hain't agoin' to plant last year's pertater field with skunk cabbage jest fer the sake o' rotatin'."

\*\*\* So I do not intend to return to a meat diet for the sake of greater variety, or to observe whether my system is strong enough to expel the poison which meat contains. I am not going without washing in order to find out how much the power of mind can accomplish towards keeping me clean. I am going to use pure air, pure food and pure water freely, believing that by so doing I am giving the spirit the best possible tools to work with.

\*\*\* Many teachers say, "give no attention to material things; seek only to become acquainted with the power of mind or spirit." But I believe in giving the same careful attention to all material things that a good carpenter gives to his tools. Good tools will not do the work, but they will greatly facilitate the work.

\*\*\* No amount of mental power or spiritual insight will cleanse your body from perspiration. It takes soap and water combined with will power to accomplish the cleansing. Perhaps the time will come when you will not need cleansing; but until such a time does arrive you have got to employ the instruments of cleanliness and you had better see that those instruments are the best obtainable.

\*\*\* In a previous item I criticized *Vim* for its "exposure" of what it was pleased to term "Freaks, Fads and Fakirs." Since writing that item I have received the current number of Adiramled's magazine, and note that she has an excellent article along the same line. Adiramled's article was called out by the fact that one of the new thought journals is busily engaged in "exposing" a certain professor of hypnotism. I quote the following from her excellent article:

"It is, then, the prejudger, the pseudo-judge, that we wish to escape. The former argues, to talk; the other reasons, to know. There is no use of argument. If two people do not agree, it is because they occupy different planes of thought. For them to argue is a mere waste of time. It is a 'scrap' for personal precedence—never for the establishment of truth, and proceeds from pure vanity and love of dominance—the identical impulse that at one time caused the 'ancestor' to clean out the barnyard and crow on the top rail."

\*\*\* W. J. Colville says that the defective eyesight of the majority of Americans is largely due to the fact that they keep their windows perpetually shaded.

\*\*\* The eyes unaccustomed to the sunlight become weak and abnormal in focussing power.

\*\*\* The sun quickeneth all things. He is the mighty revivifier. He is the Great Alchemist.

\*\*\* Now cometh for us the season of early strawberries and green peas—I had almost said "green strawberries and early peas," which would have been true just at the present time.

\*\*\* "A flesh diet breeds grossness of mind and body, develops the brutal and sensual, as well as the cruel and selfish side of human nature. This much no fair-minded man of intelligence would deny."—*N. Y. Vegetarian.*

WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

— "A stranger writes to us that he 'doesn't like our literary style.' We do not find from our records that he has perused it very deeply. However, we have no complaint to make as to another man's preferences. As to our style, we cannot help it: it comes with the goods. It is very much like our handwriting. We were once way up in

chirography, but all the temper has been taken out of it by overwork, and, as we once wrote a friend, has been put back without oil. There is temper enough left in our pen to cut chalk, and that is above the average in these days. Meanwhile our compliments to this particular correspondent whose own style is certainly polished! And in general a word: The Lord did not ask the first Christian century its opinion of classic style, when He selected a few fishermen and publicans to bear evidence as to facts. He chose common men, for He chiefly desired to reach the bulk of those, whose minds are also simple, or common, and thus unbiased. So in these days when 'hunters,' and not fishermen, are chosen to be 'hunters of men' and not 'fishermen,' style is of small moment. Our style was long ago pronounced too enthusiastic; that is, we wrote as if we believed in our theme! Alas what a ridiculous mess some people make of active faith in anything; as if one could dry up his thankfulness for truth, and desiccate it as if it were a codfish. These people take offense at 'old truths in new faces,' and shut their eyes to 'more light,' as if it were a novelty; that is, they are not open to conviction, and condemn this state of mind in others. Bah! Rats!"

The above was sent me by a friend who rather enjoyed my remarks about slang. It was written by Lieutenant Totten, the great Bible scholar who has written volumes in proof that the "ten lost tribes of Israel" are found again in the Anglo-Saxon race, which is to rule the whole world. The study of his books was a part of my earlier education, and I have no doubt his conclusions are correct. And this little extract from his *Our Race News Leaflet* is such a neat statement of this slang matter that I give it room in *Nautilus*. I don't know where Professor Totten now is, but his books can probably be got through any book dealer who handles religious literature.

—"Don't you think as God's children it is best to go direct to him?" A. B.

Surely. How else will you ever find God? God is love and no man finds him except by letting him into his own heart. They that love are born of God, or love. Only by LOVING—all things, all people,—do you "come to God."

—"RIGHT THINKING PAYS LARGE DIVIDENDS." E. W. W. in "Heart of the New Thought."

—Do you trust your powers to guide others in details, at a distance? Are you led, for instance, to the psychometric perception of ore deposits? I see you have little to say about clairvoyance or the consulting of departed spirits. Is this because you do not believe in it, or do you refrain from writing about it because of the effect upon some?

I do not trust my "powers" to guide other people at a distance. Neither do I trust others to guide me in the details of my living. According to my philosophy of life the One Spirit guides each one of us in his own particular details, and it is simply an "accident" when anybody else happens to hit any of our details right. I do not believe in consulting clairvoyants or mediums for any purpose whatsoever,—unless it might be for amusement. If I were you I would open my own mind and spirit constantly to the One Power and ask for guidance in every detail of my life. The spirit can lead you "to the psychometric perception of ore deposits," as well as it can lead anybody else. The sooner you quit depending upon other people for these details in your life, the more quickly you will develop the perception to see them for yourself. To my mind, the only way one person can help another is by speaking for him the word of success and realization of his own powers. That is the reason why I have little to say about clairvoyants or the consulting of departed spirits. I am not at all certain that we do communicate with departed spirits, and I am not certain but that we do. However, departed spirits are no different in intelligence from those who have not departed. People do not leap into wisdom through the grave. If they were not wise here they are little wiser over there. It is a waste of time, to me, to consult departed spirits. It takes away from the keenness of one's perception of THE Spirit. Just as well consult spirits in the flesh as those out of it,—and you know that the more people you consult, the more muddled are your own interpretations and ideas as to what course you had best pursue. THE Spirit shall lead YOU into all truth, but the spirits, in the



flesh or out, shall lead you into all lies, I never "refrain" from publishing *anything*. Whatever the spirit gives me to say I say, and it goes into print. I don't care two cents whether it pleases or displeases. I am expressing *Myself*,—the only thing the spirit gives me to express. I do not talk much about clairvoyants and that sort of thing because the spirit does not single out clairvoyance as a thing especially wonderful or desirable, any more than it singles out eyesight as something wonderful,—to be lauded, and written about, and eulogized all the time. All Things are good,—altogether good. And each thing in its place is best. The spirit of truth does not make a hobby-horse of departed spirits, upon which to ride around among spirits who are not "departed." The spirit sits on the throne of every spirit, departed or not. Then why need one spirit chase around after other spirits to find out what he ought to do? No other spirit can possibly know his life and his needs as *he* does himself, and THE spirit is in each for his own particular guidance. Therefore I say unto you, exalt your own spirit while it is *here*, and let it learn of THE spirit.

—THE Spirit is One. It has *your* interests as much at heart as it has mine, or Jesus Christ's. What THE Spirit leads you to do will prove not only for your best good *but for mine too*; though sometimes I may in my ignorance imagine that what THE Spirit led you to do was an "injury" to me. I may even imagine THE Spirit did not lead you at all. I am apt to make mistakes in judgment whenever I forget THE Spirit and go muddling around among *the spirits*, in the flesh or out. It is a simple matter to listen to and understand and trust One Spirit; it is a very complex matter to understand individual spirits. The only safe way is to *trust the One Spirit* when I cannot understand individual spirits. When I look upon *spirits* my head is apt to whirl with the apparent confusion and conflict. When I rise mentally and live with THE Spirit I find myself in peace, and my vision clears. In THE Spirit is all understanding.

—*The Masdanan* for March edited by Dr. Hanish at 3016 Lake Park avenue, Chicago, gives full directions for making "The Healthiest Bread in the World"—an Oriental bread made without yeast. Here it is—try it:

"Mix the dough at night as follows: Take a quart of lukewarm water, one tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of cooking oil. Use whole wheat flour, medium coarse, and stir into the liquid until it forms a thick paste. Cover the dish with a cloth, and set in a cool place over night. This gives the whole wheat that is partly coarse an opportunity to soak and swell. This swelling process areates it, and helps to make it light. In the morning work it well, adding finer whole wheat flour to it if so desired. Work it by hand for about one-half hour until it becomes gummy, and roll up like a ball, but not stiff. Have a moderately hot oven. Put the dough into covered pans, well oiled with cooking oil, and place in the oven without delay. Let it bake from three to four hours. If you like a soft crust, roll it in a wet cloth for from three to five minutes. If so desired, when making the dough, you can knead into it some seeded raisins. This makes a bread in this form that is splendid for persons troubled with constipation. To keep the bread well, and improve its taste, put it when cool into an earthen crock, and cover it. After four days the bread will taste very sweet. Sometimes, especially during the spring, it is very beneficial to mix in some 'shorts' with the whole wheat flour in the proportion of about one pound of shorts to three pounds of whole wheat. Whole wheat bread made after the above recipe will not ferment under any conditions. Best results are obtained when you grind your own flour."

—"I can add my testimony to those who say your magazine stands in a front place as regards a paying advertising medium. I was simply astonished with the results from my ad. in the February number. You say you have 14,000 circulation; this is fine; but I received ever so many more replies with cash from the *Nautilus* than I have received from periodicals with hundreds of thousands circulation." Fred Burry, 799 Euclid avenue, Toronto. Remember, that ad. rates are now \$5 per inch each insertion, cash with order and no discounts for anything.

—We are reading "The Conquest," by Eva Emery Dye, who I suspect is an Oregon girl. At any

rate she is an artist of power and imagination as well as fidelity to detail. This "True Story of Lewis and Clark" is a charming and thrilling tale that will do you and your boys and girls good to read. It ought to be in every United States history course. May be had at public libraries or book stores.

—"Josephine Dodge Daskam, the young Smith College girl who is making such a big success in the literary world, spoke at the Pilgrim Mothers' meeting in New York recently and this is what she said: 'Two things have always been absolutely necessary for the successful woman in all periods and all places—she must be good and she must be charming. If she is good alone, she may be the most unendurable creature on earth. If she is charming alone, she may be the most dangerous creature in the world.'—*Holyoke Transcript*."

### THE GLAD HAND.

—O Hashnu Hara ever bubbles up with new ideas. Now she has started the "Apocalyptic Brotherhood" with all sorts of benefits for the brothers—and sisters. It is a co-operative institution which will shower more blessings as it grows. Write her for particulars, at 12 St. Stephens' Mansions, Westminster S. W., London, England. If you use a postal card be sure to have two cents on it, instead of one.

—Here is a handsome new purple and gold volume of prose by our famous poetess, Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Price, \$1. Every admirer of Mrs. Wilcox will love her "Heart of the New Thought." It is full of sweetness and inspiration, and every page contains the sort of beautifully expressed thoughts one loves to remember and live by. Just the book to pick up at odd moments when you are in need of a mental tonic.

—"Psychology for Common People" is an interesting and helpful little treatise by William A. Scott, Box 7, Gettysburg, Pa. No price given.

—Here are two very instructive small pamphlets by "Ram Swami," who I suspect is really a well known western medico. Prices not over 25 cents each, and can be ordered of Thomas G. Newman, editor of *Philosophical Journal*, 1429 Market street, San Francisco. "Expansion of Self," and "The Way to Realization of Self—Atman," are the titles of these two booklets, which are valuable theosophical literature.

—"The Positive and Passive Attitudes of Mind and Body" is a small fifty cent booklet by Mrs. Elsie D. Davis, Durango, Col. This is a good and practical little work, plainly stated and illustrated from the author's own experiences as a healer and teacher.

—Those who are fond of stories which are true to ideals and theories rather than to life as it now manifests, will be charmed and thrilled by Isabella Ingalese's new novel, "Linked Lives," which deals specially with reincarnation and the working out of Karma—"a tale of yesterday and today," the author calls it. Mrs. Ingalese is the author of "Mata the Magician," and "Mata" re-appears in "Linked Lives." This book is bound handsomely in green and gold, cloth, 235 pages and sells for \$1.50. Published by The Occult Book Concern, 63 West 45th street, New York.

—*The Humanitarian Review*, Vol. 1, No. 1, lies before me, well dressed in red and white and black. It is Singleton W. Davis' new \$1-a-year monthly magazine devoted to "Modern Science Methods Applied to the Study of Mind, Ethics and Religion." Published at 852 E. Lee street, Los Angeles, Cal.—in which city, Dr. Edwards says, there are "groups, crowds and hordes" of new thought folks. Glory to 'em all, and success to the new magazine.

—"Philip and Helen" is "a tragedy in blank verse," by Hallett Abend of Lewiston, Idaho, a bright boy who is an old reader of *Nautilus*. He is a genius in embryo, and needs only to keep smilingly at it to win any amount of success. Just now he is in the "tragedy" and "sere-and-yellow-leaf" stage which comes to every youth. "Philip and Helen" is prettily bound, and sells for fifty cents.

—"I am writing for another copy of 'Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus.' I had a copy of it,

and I want to tell you how much good it has done me. I had rheumatism very badly in my left arm, for about two years. In two weeks time I had that completely cured. I loaned the book to a lady who had heart trouble so badly she was expected to die at any moment. She read and studied the book and commenced to mend right away. She is well and strong now." A. M. S.

—"Reading Character from Handwriting" is a "hand-book of graphology for experts, students and laymen," by Hugo von Hagen, Ph.D. Beautifully printed, copiously illustrated, tastily bound in red cloth, 189 large pages; price \$1. Henry Rice says this is the most reliable book extant on this subject. It is certainly lucid, definite and practical, as well as very interesting. And it contains a unique feature—an "Index of Signs," which is invaluable as a reference for the beginner. I keep this book on my new weathered oak desk in this sunny bay window, and refer to it daily as I note new peculiarities or combinations in the handwriting of my correspondents. Note ad. in another column.

—*Philo* is "A Monthly Helper" published by A. G. Rogers, 9 East Cota street, Santa Barbara, Cal., edited by D. Gregorson. Price, fifty cents per year. Send for a sample copy.

—*The Philomathian* is a bright little monthly magazine devoted to "Magic, Mysticism, Astrology, Palmistry, Hypnotism, etc." Price, \$1 per year. Published by the New Union Publishing Company, Union City, Mich.

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knowledge and self-conquest. Here are a few extracts from a long letter of his, which will interest you: "I began the study of graphology many years ago, while its name was still unknown to me. I became known as the uncanny individual who could describe you from a few scratches of your pen. In time I learned that others had studied these phenomena, and given them the name of graphology. I got everything I could on the subject, laboriously wading through many languages for the sake of chance suggestions. With perhaps half a dozen suggestions I found nothing I had not already discovered for myself. I was then led to investigate the singular fact that certain impressions of color had always appeared to me from chiropgraphy, and that I had learned to associate certain impending events or conditions from these various combinations. I found that several French savants were ahead of me in this direction, with the exception that they pursued their investigations by means of most delicately adjusted instruments, whilst I had but the naked eye and half psychic conditions to assist me. From this point on I could give you the history of endless experiments which I made to ascertain what importance to give these color impressions, and how much accuracy to ascribe to them. I am still investigating, and when I die I suppose that others will be carrying on the study, which I trust to see exploited by men of science throughout the world. Professor Elmer Gates of the Laboratory of Psychology and Psychurgy at Washington, has been making experiments along this line. I do not know of any book or even treatise on the subject of these aural vibrations, for the study is still in its infancy. \* \* \* The chiropgraphical aura is best seen in a dark room with a single ray of light admitted, so arranged that it will fall upon a crystal clear mirror, and be reflected back upon the specimen which is to be sensed. I get through an immense amount of work by concentrating my attention to the last possible degree. I do not attempt to do anything else but graphology; when tired I go to see a play or hear an opera. \* \* \* My wife's development is precisely similar to mine, and we can work interchangeably on the same specimen without once contradicting each other, or getting a different view. We express ourselves in the same terms, and, in conversation often say the same thing in the same breath, when asked a question within hearing of each other. We know what the other is thinking of, and what he and she thinks on a given subject, and pretty nearly what we are doing when separated. Naturally we are of great assistance to each other; Mrs. Rice often dictates for me after I have delineated the specimen, by thought transference, often called telepathy. But as a rule the dictation is done by myself \* \* \* and although my typewriters get tired I do not."

—It won't do to have a poetess in *The Nautilus* office! All our readers are catching her vibrations and breaking into rhyme! Verses come by every mail—acrostics on our names and rhymes on all sorts of things. Even the orders for *Nautilus* and books, and testimonials as to their virtue, are done in poetry! It's worse than the typhoid epidemic at Ithaca! And it's hard on me—some of this "poetry" is cute enough to print but for lack of space I can't print it. Do, for pity's sake, recover! Let up! Quit! Turn your energies into something besides poetry!

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