

THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

Entered at the Holyoke Post Office
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 unresting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

Vol. V. { MONTHLY. }
Fifty Cents a Year. }

JULY, 1903.

{ ELIZABETH TOWNE, }
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS. }

No. 9.

THE ULTIMATE.

This truth is plain to me—I see
Love is the ultimate of fate.
Who loves completely shall not fear
The shroud, the pall, the bier;
To him eternal life is given,
For love assures the soul of heaven.
—SUSIE M BEST.

ELIZABETH ABROAD.

Last month we left "Elizabeth" in "God's garden"—away out in Oregon—with a promise that she would be in Holyoke before June *Nautilus* was fairly out. And she kept her word.

Here am I in Holyoke, and better pleased with it than ever. It is certainly a beautiful little city, and very much alive. I am in love with life and beauty.

There is plenty of life and beauty in Portland, Ore., too, but it is less completely expressed. I love the *finished* look of eastern cities—the clean streets, good paving, substantial buildings, splendid old elms and maples, and smooth shaven lawns. Talk about "nature" being superior to "art" if you will, but after all it takes art to show nature at her best. Nature unassisted will not stand *close* inspection and association. Give me the gardener's and the builder's art, with pure nature in the distance, where I can make little excursions into it as fancy dictates. I like the East because I can make little excursions to nature or to art without taking days of travel to get there. Out West there's too little finished art for the amount of pure nature! But the inhabitants are very much alive and the art part couldn't improve much faster if every man were supplied with Aladdin's lamp. If I were a native New Englander with vim I'd go West and help along the art. Being a native Oregonian with vim I come East to enjoy the art and turn out better "copy."

The first ten days of my visit in Portland were spent principally at the hospital with Chester, with a trip across the city every night to my father's home. After those days I managed to get a little visiting done, but not *nearly* enough to go around, or to satisfy my own interest in the affairs of all my relatives and old friends, not to mention the host of new friends *Nautilus* has made for me in the four years since I left Portland. I could have spent weeks longer with pleasure and profit. I didn't do *half* that I planned to, nor see half my friends. But William and *The Nautilus* called, Chester was once more on the high road to health and I felt I must leave for home on May 18.

So I crowded all the visiting possible into the remaining few days. I ate as many dinners and luncheons as possible with different friends, and was invited to enough more dinners, luncheons and receptions to have kept me visiting for months. I was overwhelmed with good things I couldn't stop to take! I didn't know I had so many friends and such cordial ones, in Portland. A "prophet" doesn't expect so much honor in his own country, and I was *glad* as well as surprised.

The one reception I had time for was tendered by Mrs. E. L. Poulterer, an old and valued friend at whose home I used to hold classes when I was a local teacher and healer. Mrs. W. B. Struble and Mrs. G. M. Healy received, and such a houseful as came to greet me, and such greetings as they gave, would have brought a dead woman to life and joy. Cards had been sent to all the Portland subscribers to *Nautilus* and all who could do so came, with lots of other friends

besides. It was to me like a family reunion and I rejoiced in it all.

We had several *real* family reunions whilst I was at my father's home, and on the 18th we had a family dinner at the home of one of my two sisters, after which the entire family escorted me to the train. I did hate to say goodbye—we were not *half* through talking things over. I promised to visit them again if possible, in 1905, when the Lewis and Clark Exposition is to occur (if the strikers don't kill it), and to bring William along!

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My first stop on the road was at Salt Lake City, where I had seven hours of most delightful sight-seeing with Mrs. Don Coray of *The Herald* as hostess and guide. Mrs. Coray is a charming little lady who has spent most of her life in Salt Lake and is a perfect walking encyclopedia of local information. She knows everybody and all his relations, forbears and history, as a live newspaper woman should. A ball game was postponed (my vibrations must have done it!), and Mrs. Coray devoted her day to entertaining me—most successfully.

Salt Lake City lies a mile above sea level and is beautiful—the most fascinating place I have ever seen. Its broad poplar lined streets are laid in a wide and verdant valley girt with high hills upon whose tops the hardy green things rise sparsely through well nigh eternal snows, and at whose feet stretches the glistening inland sea whose brines are seven times salted to bear up not only an egg but a human being.

Through Utah and Colorado we traversed a succession of these bowl-like valleys whose rims are snow capped ranges of mountains. In all but two the valleys bore nothing but alkali and sage brush. Mrs. Coray told me that the Salt Lake and Utah Lake valleys were just as barren when the Mormons came there fifty years ago. These peculiar and persecuted people have literally caused these valleys to blossom as the rose. Irrigation and cultivation have done marvels.

Salt Lake City's broad, unpaved, poplar shaded streets are laid four-square about a glorious and immaculately kept 10-acre high walled garden in which stand a magnificent great temple where none but the elect ever set foot, a fine stone church for lesser assemblies and the great Mormon tabernacle which contains one of the finest and largest pipe organs in the world, and where the acoustic properties are so perfect that a pin dropped at one end of the long oval auditorium is plainly heard at the other end. A guide was talking to a party at one end of the building and at the other end we heard distinctly every word he said in his calm and hushed voice. Twelve thousand people can be seated here, and not a beam or brace or pillar supports the vast oval dome. The building is a marvel and is, like both the other buildings and many others in Salt Lake City, the invention of Brigham Young. I saw Brigham's "Bee-Hive House," where he lived, and next to it the "Lion House," a sort of primitive apartment house where most of his wives lived. Then there was "Amelia Palace" where his favorite wife lived, and many other substantial landmarks, besides Brigham's grave. And Mrs. Coray pointed out to me one of Brigham's sons who is said to make "the wittiest speech and the best prayer made in Salt Lake."

Away out on the lake, fourteen miles from the center of the town (the valley is about forty miles wide and the city and lake nearly fill its width), is Saltair, which boasts the finest and

largest dome-roofed dancing pavilion in the world.

Back of the city, on a sort of sloping terrace the fort stands, unique, beautiful. The buildings are set around an immense horseshoe with its open end toward the city, lake and the gap where the two mountain ranges nearly meet and then widen out again into the next valley. The view from this fort is glorious and unlike anything else I have seen.

There are a large proportion of handsome, substantial buildings and residences in Salt Lake City, mainly built from the proceeds of mines. The large public buildings are conspicuous for numbers as well as beauty. Of course the Mormons have built many of these, but there are also a remarkably large number of Catholic institutions, and public homes built by Catholic people. The Mormons and Catholics dwell together in amity here, and the Methodist frets his soul with vain efforts to convert them both. While the Christian Scientists thrive and rake in the dissatisfaction from all folds alike. Christian Science in Salt Lake is quite largely recruited from the Mormon church.

Reed Smoot, who found seats in Washington hard to get, is highly spoken of by all denominations in his own town, and has by sterling qualities and earnest endeavor won his way in both church and state. He is not a polygamist, and it is said that the rising generation of Mormons are monogamic in conviction and practice. Polygamy has served its day, as all things do which are not in accord with the highest ideals of men and gods.

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At three p. m. Wednesday, I left on the Denver and Rio Grande for Denver. All the next day we whizzed through the most God-forsaken country imaginable, relieved here and there by a few Royal Gorges and things. Snow crowned hills on either side of us, little water, plenty of alkali and sage brush, with scenery in spots and dust storms ever and anon—*phew!*—How any man or woman could deliberately choose such a country to live in is more than I can imagine. I can imagine a persecuted people like the Mormons settling in such a country in the hope that nobody else would follow them; but a sane man with the whole world to choose from!—And yet all this arid, stony land will in due time blossom as the Salt Lake and Utah valleys have, and the Universal Spirit will find plenty of pioneer spirits ready to be impressed in that direction. I met an intelligent doctor as I went West, who lives at Ely, Col., and who claims to actually *love* that rugged, barren country. He is a cultured and traveled man and chooses Colorado as his home.

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At Pueblo the trains stopped and two friends came to meet me, all in the teeth of one of those blighting dust storms. I'd have taken to the cellar and battened down the hatches in such a dirty gale. Not Teddy himself could have tempted me out! It took the porter fifteen minutes to make me look civilized again after five minutes in Pueblo, and I still had plenty of *sand* when I reached Holyoke! And those two blessed girls!—you couldn't see the color of their dresses or hair for the dirt! Imagine keeping clean in such a town! And they made light of it and assured me it wasn't that way all the time! Just out of Pueblo I noted three horses in a quite respectably green field. As the train approached the horses ran, and at every dig of their hoofs there rose little clouds of dust. Imagine a country where it is dusty and sandy even in the middle of a green pasture—which must have been irrigated

to make it green at all. But patience!—in 100 years from now Colorado will be green and clean as Iowa or Oregon. Then perhaps I'll go there to live. In the meantime my heartiest approval and sympathy is with our Colorado settlers.

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At Colorado Springs things looked a little greener and cleaner. But I saw very little of Colorado Springs for time was short and Edgar Wallace Conable was there. Girls, he's great!—the most *positively* healthy man I saw in all my travels. And he's good looking, too, and so clean, well dressed and wholesome looking. He certainly is a splendid advertisement of the health methods he advocates. "Why, you look as if you *couldn't* be sick if you tried!" I exclaimed. "I *couldn't*!"—he replied, promptly. In spite of all his fasting he is not thin at all, and his skin is as close and firm as a boy's. He looks as if there is not a lazy, fat, half-alive cell in his whole body. There surely isn't—his life cells must have to hustle so for a living that they either grow strong and lively or else curl up and get hustled off the scene. It is only fat and lazy people or cells, who are hopelessly decrepit. He has fasted about one third of the entire time for the last year, has recently finished a 25-day fast and is soon to fast fifty days. He has bought a whole mountain down in Arkansas where he is to establish a great settlement where we can all go and learn to live on air. Write him at Roswell, Col., a suburb of Colorado Springs, and find out all about it. Ask him for a *Path-Finder*, too.

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As we neared Denver we journeyed through more civilized country. It seems that green things follow the flag, too—the larger the settlement the more green things you find growing. Man has a happy instinct for making two blades of grass grow where one sage brush was. Around Denver grass has succeeded sage brush, and the dust is more or less subdued. Denver must be a magnificent city, judging from the very limited glimpse I caught of it, as well as from the glowing accounts I have heard of it. I saw a few splendid buildings and broad streets, and several very elegant apartment houses where I am told almost everything is furnished for you except your clothing. When you want a meal you touch an electric button and up it comes on a dumb waiter—anything from a five cent lunch up to a five dollar dinner, just according to the button you touch. (Won't somebody please build such a place in Holyoke? And be sure not to forget the five-cent button!) There are great numbers of these fine apartment houses in Denver, many of them occupied by transients who flock to Denver for their health. The inhabitants of both Denver and Salt Lake City claim "almost an ideal climate." Denverites acknowledged though that "it *does* blow here *sometimes*." There was a quite strenuous strike on in Denver and folks wore soiled linen and cussed a little under their breath, and went and joined the Citizens' Trust Club, or something like that; whilst the strikers got red in the face and let fly a few stones. But I was assured that it was all right—small matter—soon be settled—glorious Denver—full of life and electricity—greatest place, etc.

I couldn't see much of Denver because it was five o'clock p. m. when I arrived (an hour late) and there was Thomas Jefferson Shelton and Lady Blanche and the Baby, and by the time I could tear myself away it was time for that fine chicken dinner of which my friend Mrs. J. W. Shackelford had invited me to partake. (Oh, no, my vegetarian friends, I do assure you I *didn't* eat a *bit* of chicken! Didn't have to—there was something better!—thanks *partly* to "Joey"!)

Mrs. Shackelford is the brilliant and cultured Annie G. Shackelford whose bright articles used to delight readers of *Freedom*. By the way, if you want to send your daughters to Europe to study, write to Mrs. Shackelford at 1443 Marion street, Denver, and learn of her Dresden School for American Girls—a splendid opportunity.

Oh, yes, I saw the Only and Original Thomas J. and Lady Blanche, and Baby Blanche and her Grandmamma and Grandpapa. And Thomas J.

made me solemnly promise to tell my readers that I saw him *with hair on his head*. I did. He had on a blue suit with brass buttons to it, and he was hung up on a peg on the drawing room wall. And just below a fine mahogany music box poured forth in tuneful lay, "When Tommy Comes Marching Home," or something like that. Tommy looks like his picture, and he is just the sort of man his own writings would lead me to expect. He is a lively youngster, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if he lives to grow up and grow hair. I am sending him my best vibrations to that end. And Lady Blanche is treating him very effectively to the same end. All these vibrations along with Thomas' own, coupled with the hearty ones continually reaching him from his hosts of admirers and friends, will surely accomplish the desired results. All hail to the Immortal Tommy!

And Blanche;—she is prettier than her picture and not so dark, and she is Divinely Feminine. Thomas Jefferson soars—his feet rarely touch the earth—and Lady Blanche holds a steady hand on the kite string which keeps him from getting *too* far aloft. And Baby Blanche!—a perfect little resurrection of Thomas Jefferson Shelton with the balance wheel incorporated! She keeps 'em *all* busy. Yes, I saw the "Healing Room"—and most of the rest of the house! Shelton is proud of it—and he never hides anything anyway! "He is *honest* according to his convictions, and that's the main thing after all," said Elbert Hubbard, who had just seen Shelton too. The pretty home of *Christian* at 1657 Clarkson street, Denver, holds a happy and successful family—in spite of Mad-den.

There were many others in Denver I wanted to see—Herbert George and the home of *Fulfillment* (a fine brick building right next door to Shelton's) among them, but I had to leave at ten p. m. for Chicago—with a longing and regretful look in the direction of Kansas City and the *Unity* folks, whom I had planned to visit. I found I could not make train connections without a day's delay, which would seriously interfere with my plans for reaching home May 26. In Denver I heard many interesting things about the Fillmores, which made my regret the keener. But it was too late then to change my plans at any cost.

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Left Denver at ten p. m., Thursday, by the famous Burlington Route for Chicago. On all the railroad lines I traveled I found splendid service and obliging porters, but the Burlington heads the list for everything nice, and I must have happened (?) on the car that carries the banner porter. "Jack," I think they called him. An incident happened which tested the courtesy of other of the Burlington people, too. I bought a through ticket in Portland, but when the Burlington conductor came around, behold, I had no coupon for the section between Denver and Chicago. The Denver and Rio Grande conductor must have torn off by mistake two coupons instead of one. But the way those Burlington folks took my word for things, and telegraphed back and forth until they got another ticket for me, and "hoped I wasn't annoyed," etc., was a pretty sight, calculated to raise materially the value of my stock in human nature in general and railroad human nature in particular.

The father of all the Roycrofts says, "As we grow better we meet better people." I must be growing better.

At Omaha there is a very handsome and unique station building where I went to get that Burlington ticket. The interior is done in marble mosaic, which runs clear to the top of a lofty rotunda, with wide winding stairways.

Friday evening after leaving Omaha we ran into that great storm which played havoc in Kansas. Such thunder and lightning and down-pour! The train had to slacken speed for fear of wash-outs, and we lost fifty-five minutes. But it was made up before we reached Chicago. After the storm there was a marvelous electrical display in the heavens, which lasted several hours. This was the heaviest storm and the greatest electrical display I ever saw and I rejoiced in it. The poor

Kansans got a little too much of it to be a rejoicing matter.

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On Saturday morning, May 23, I reached Chicago the great, the glorious, the rich, the new-thoughty, the pork-y, the windy and the *hearty*! And the never-to-be-forgotten. Such a cordial reception as Chicago gave Elizabeth Towne will warm the cockles of her solar plexus until Gabriel blows his trumpet on the very last morning of eternity. But that's another story which shall come later.

We (to the elect I recommend William Walker Atkinson as the ideal guide) went first to Hull House and beautiful sweet-souled Jane Addams, its moving spirit, guide, counsellor and friend. Hull House is the heart of Chicago's poor. Here beauty and order dawn upon the seething chaos of primitive humanity. Here the individual emerges from the mass and finds his soul by way of his fingers. Hull House is a "social settlement" in Chicago's district of the unwashed. It is run on about \$60,000 a year of free gifts, and like Oliver Twist, still calls for more. There is no end to the good Hull House and Jane Addams (they are one) are developing from the very unpromising material of the "slums." Human nature only needs a chance and a hint of better things, and she will work miracles of evolution. Jane Addams is supplying the chance and the hint. The submerged portion of Chicago humanity is emerging, eager for hints and chances.

At Hull House people are taught all sorts of useful and beautiful things at a nominal cost—barely enough to keep them from feeling "charity." And they are given opportunity to work out their own fast developing ideas at carpenter's bench or loom, or with potter's clay, pencil or brush or needle. There is a day nursery where working mothers may leave their babies. There are baths for all, and a delightful dining room where well prepared plain foods are served at almost no price at all. We had a little breakfast of delicious waffles and maple syrup, sliced pineapple and pure milk, and there was change left out of half a dollar. The same meal on a Pullman diner would have cost a dollar or more for each plate.

In addition to all this there are model apartments—scores of them—where families may live decently, with light, air and water, without paying a fortune for the privilege. I tell you, dearies, Hull House is the millennium come to earth.

The social settlement idea is spreading too—the millennium is growing. It is the new thought in *practice*—equality of opportunity, love, *one-ness*.

Human society reminds me of a girl I read about. She was going to a party. Her steady company came early and sat waiting, when he heard her call over the bannisters, "Oh, ma!" Ma stepped out into the hall and the young lady in a too-strenuous stage whisper called, "Ma, shall I wash for high neck or low?" The world has been washing for high neck or low as the show required; it is just waking up to the need of *washing all over*. The race is *one*. It will never be clean and happy until we are *all* washed and exercised for self-expression.

In the afternoon we went out to Ruskin University in Glen Ellyn—another institution intended to help along the millennium. Glen Ellyn is twenty-two miles out of Chicago, and is a most beautiful spot. The new university owns the cream of the whole place—a handsome big building on a spacious knoll, with *beautiful* grounds, all green with tall trees, shrubs and smooth lawn, and in their midst the lovely Lake Glen Ellyn.

The university is a consolidation of six or eight schools, among the largest of which was Midland University and Ruskin College of Trenton, Mo., all of which have been working along similar lines in the endeavor to combine education of hands with that of the head, making it possible for young people to support themselves whilst going through college, and fitting them to meet the practical side of life when they are through. All college people are waking up to the world's needs on this line. At Yale and even at Harvard it is quite possible for a young man to work his way through school. But in order to do it he must work almost

night and day, and he is more or less barred from the social life and standing of the school as a whole. At Ruskin University the aim is to dignify manual labor. A student who does no work with his hands is assumed to be one-sided, dwarfed. Therefore every Ruskin student is assigned a certain number of hours (not to exceed four) of work each day, by which he pays his way for board, lodging and tuition. Work is a part of the school curriculum. Only one hired hand on the place—the cook. Everything else is done by students. But this is not all. In order to supply work for all who may enter there will be manufacturing of various kinds, and already there is a well equipped printing plant which will keep seventy boys and girls employed. For Ruskin is a "co-ed" institution. Already there are 100 or so students in the school, and by fall they expect to be in the best running order with a large enrollment. Ruskin has the right idea and the pioneer spirit, and Chicago is the best place in the world for such a movement. Success is with them. Send them your best vibrations and what change you can spare (a good chance for Carnegie *et al*) and for particulars write to Ruskin University, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

We got back to Chicago just in time for that six-o'clock vegetarian dinner Dr. Paul Edwards had invited me to—the second strictly vegetarian meal I had in my five weeks of visiting! It was highly appreciated. The salt o' the earth was there to supply spice to the occasion—Dr. Edwards and his son, Grace Kiersted and William Walker Atkinson are good company. Miss Grace, the Doctor's assistant, is tall and gracious and a capital cook when occasion arises. The Doctor's son, Walter, is a bright young fellow who knows things about electricity—and girls. The Doctor himself is a widely traveled man, a true cosmopolitan, with a heart for everybody and plenty of knowledge on a wide variety of subjects—a charming man to meet and a friend to be thankful for.

After dinner I had the pleasure of getting acquainted with quite a houseful of bright, handsome new thought people whom the genial Doctor had invited to meet Elizabeth Towne. We spent a delightful evening.

And that reminds me that I must tell you what a good-looking, prosperous, bright, sane looking lot were the new thought people I met everywhere. I exulted in the evidence I saw that we are really expressing the health, happiness, success, wisdom, love, beauty we believe in as ours. We have passed the freak stage through which every new thought passes, and I am glad of it. We are now expressing not the peculiarities but the beauties of our own particular new thought; not the differences but the unities of life.

I found myself "billed" to address the Prentice Mulford Club Sunday morning at eleven. I had refused Dr. Edwards' invitation to address them, being too much occupied to give it thought. William Walker Atkinson addressed the Club the Sunday before, and afterward announced that I would speak anyway—that they were speaking the Word to that effect! And their Word was better than mine! I hadn't an idea what I'd say and not a minute to think about it, and when I did think about it I felt panicky! But I couldn't go back on the Word of Dr. Paul Edwards, William Walker Atkinson and the Club! And they had sent out cards of invitation to all *Nautilus* subscribers in Chicago to come and hear "our own Elizabeth Towne," and had hired a special hall for the occasion. And Dr. Edwards told me not to make a speech at all, but just talk to them about some of my own experiences. So what could I do but accept their Word?

I did. And was never more glad in my life. *Nautilus* has over 300 subscribers in Chicago and I guessed most of them would come to hear me. But there were nearer three times that many people. Every seat was filled and there was an interesting ornamental dado of standing folks clear across the back of the hall. And such a reception as they gave Elizabeth Towne! And such speeches and welcome as came from Dr. Edwards and William Walker Atkinson and Mr. Heath, the Club's president, and Mr. Northrup,

honorary life president, and Agnes Chester See and Annie Rix Militz and Nancy McKay Gordon! And such smiles and nods of approval and hand-clappings as the listeners sent back to us! And afterward such hand-shakings and welcomes from everybody! Why, I never was so surprised and pleased and happy in my life. I knew we had lots of warm friends in Chicago, but I never guessed we had such a lot and such warm friends. I wonder if you can guess how happy such a reception made me, and how I rejoiced in the good *Nautilus* and William and Elizabeth must be doing in order to evoke that hearty reception.

And is it any wonder I think that, next to (some) Holyoke people, Chicago folks are just about the cream of creation? At least they are a part of the cream!

I wish I had time and space to tell you my impressions of all the new thought "celebrities". I met there. They all came to the Sunday meeting—leaders of every denomination of new thought. I saw nearly every Chicago new-thoughter I had ever heard of, and I am interested in them all. Every worker on new thought lines, and every subscriber to *Nautilus*, seems like a blood relation to me. They are spirit relations anyway. Perhaps that is the closer kinship.

I regretted not seeing Fanny M. Harley and Dr. Doud, two friends I had met when I came East three years ago. And there were a few others I have never met and whom I wanted to see, with whom I failed to make connections in the two short days of my visit in Chicago. But there were hosts I did see and rejoice in. Annie

GOOD THINGS GALORE!

Three new yearly subscriptions to *Nautilus* for one dollar, and "Just How to Concentrate" or "How to Cook Meals Without Meat" with each. Get three friends, who are not already *Nautilus* subscribers, to give you 50 cents each for a year's subscription. Keep 50 cents for your premium, and send me \$1 and the three addresses. I will send the first paper and the premium booklet to each by return mail. Renewals not acceptable on this offer. No other books substituted for the ones named. Note terms carefully. Address,

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

Rix Militz is as sweet and wholesome as she writes, and is much loved. Agnes Chester See reminds me much of O Hashnu Hara, the English editor of *Wings of Truth*; and her fine looking husband, Evelyn Arthur See, doesn't look a bit like his name. They are a handsome young pair who hail from Kalamazoo, Mich., and have many friends in Chicago. Nancy McKay Gordon is tall, well dressed and spirited looking. That is the very word which fits her. Harry Gestefeld, Ursula Gestefeld's son and right hand man, is another fine looking, cordial young new-thoughter. I met Jane W. Yarnall, too, the author of many helpful books. Her writings and Annie Rix Militz's and Fanny Harley's were great helps to me at one stage of my unfoldment. And there was "Coolidge and Waterloo," two charming women who are located at the old *Universal Truth* center at 87 Washington street, where they sell new thought books and look after the spiritual needs of Chicagoans. Moses Harman, editor of *Lucifer*, came to shake hands too—a kind, strong face he has, as I noted before I knew who he was. And I met Lillian Harman, the woman who stood alone for her convictions, against all the world. I met Elmer Ellsworth Carey, manager of The Suggestion Publishing Company, 4020 Drexel boulevard, —a tall, strong, earnest fellow who believes in mind control and distilled water. And Dr. Parkyn, editor of *Suggestion*; he and his wife are the banner couple for good looks. Both fair complexioned and he tall. Mrs. Parkyn bears a marked resemblance to Maxine Elliott (the Doctor considers this quite a compliment to Miss Elliott) and wears stunning gowns. Dr. Parkyn looks exactly like the cuts of him, and is inimitable as an entertainer.

Sydney Flower is another tall, handsome, prosperous looking young man good to see. None of his pictures do him justice—they are too dark, melancholy and pessimistic—and too old. Sydney Flower's eyes are blue, his hair light brown and wavy, and he likes to go to the races when he

isn't booming the Psychic Research Company. This company now has its lively headquarters in the Howland Block. There are several roomfuls of very busy people at work upon *New Thought*, the Psychic Research book business, etc.—over twenty of them; the biggest new thought office I have seen anywhere. I paid my respects to William Walker Atkinson, editor of *New Thought*, in June *Nautilus*, but I must tell you that he is a lawyer, looks like a preacher, talks naturally instead of speechifying, and has hosts of warm friends in his own city as well as in the outside world. I found his admirers and warm friends in every city I visited. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, co-editor of *New Thought*, I just missed meeting, much to my regret. She had been in Chicago and in Portland too, only a few days ahead of me. I met many of her enthusiastic friends in both cities, and indeed in every city I touched.

Walter DeVoe is another tall, good looking young man I was glad to meet. He is editor of *Vitality*, 612 Ingleside avenue, Chicago. Such a lot of tall men as I met in Chicago. Here the East and West meet and tall stature and culture are on good terms! And editors!—two men out of every three I met were editors, either in actuality or in embryo! There were no less than eight editors at Dr. Paul Edwards' home Saturday evening. Among them was Dr. Beteiro, who looks like a good natured Spaniard, draws his inspiration from the "Llamas of Thibet," and is beginning a new thought magazine called *Oriental Mysteries*.

Such hospitable people as these Chicagoans are. I was invited to all sorts of feasts, material mental and spiritual. And in addition to this nearly every one I met was very solicitous that I should be sure to "eat some air." I found some Chicago air slightly too hearty for regular diet!

Sunday evening at eight I left Chicago on the Grand Trunk for Buffalo, where I had planned to stop over a few hours in order to see the famous Roycroft Shop and Elbert Hubbard. At the Welland canal we were delayed whilst two ships went through the locks; a pretty sight. Then on we flew, over the big suspension bridge, with a fleeting glimpse of Niagara Falls and Whirlpool Rapids—a magnificent sight—and into Buffalo too late to make the expected connection for East Aurora. But all things work together for good—if we had been on time I'd have missed the Original if not the Only Elbert Hubbard entirely. As it was I met him at the station where we chatted until his train left, after which I went to East Aurora for a little visit to Roycroft.

East Aurora is a pretty place, much larger and nicer than I expected to see—large enough to have a special car on each train. And the Roycroft Shop is a sight worth traveling a long way to see, even at a bird's-eye glimpse as I saw it. East Aurora is growing up around the ample Roycroft grounds and buildings, which are quite near the station. Everywhere there are vistas of wide streets lined with splendid old trees, and pretty homes in spacious and well kept grounds. Many Buffalo lawyers and doctors live at East Aurora.

I arrived at Roycroft at six o'clock and was welcomed at the Phalanstery door by a pretty girl and a most appetizing odor. Within I heard the sounds of a numerous and happy family well pleased with the good things coming their way. I was forthwith cordially invited to join the family. But I was bashful, and anyway there was only an hour—it was a case of no dinner or no sight at the famous shop. I preferred the latter, though I couldn't be sure what I'd missed in not taking the former. However I could "eat some air" as I took in the sights, and I found the pretty girl in white organdie ready to join me.

An hour was all too short, but we managed a glimpse at nearly everything there was, from the chapel and "Sammy's" sky parlor to the big press room in the basement of the famous building made of stones picked up on the farms round about; from the front hall of the Phalanstery to Elbert Hubbard's own private sanctum; from the place where they sling artistic type to the glass case where are kept samples of the beautiful Roy-

croft "hand tooled" books, running in value all the way up to \$100 apiece, and every one bearing the immortal earmarks of Sammy the Artist.

I saw Sammy Himself in his Sky Studio, amidst beauties of his own creation, a kind, frank, boyish young fellow who just then was sadly in need of some of my vibrations. He and neuralgia were on terms too intimate for comfort. I vibrated *scat* to the uncomfortable guest, in vibrations to be minded. Peace to Sammy the Artist. And long may he wave to delight the Philistine soul.

I didn't see Sanford Grape-Nuts Hubbard, and Elbert II had gone a-fishing, so I can't tell you whether or not they look like their pictures. But I suspect they do, for everything and everybody else I saw at Roycroft looked like their pictures only a little nicer. Which isn't apt to be the case. But I did see "McVulcan" the Blacksmith who teaches Greek after hours, and he looks more like a college professor than a blacksmith. And I saw "J. C." who hails from Kansas and looks like the pictures of Jesus of Nazareth. He used to raise vegetables for the Kansas grasshoppers. One day he found a copy of *Nautilus* and forthwith joined the Success Circle. Its vibrations landed him at "Sun-up" where he lived happy ever after.

I wouldn't mind if the Success Circle vibrations landed us *all* at East Aurora. I've always promised myself that if ever I got down on my luck I'd head straight for Roycroft, even if I had to count ties and find an opening by climbing over the back fence. "J. C." got my vibrations straight, and wants no other. He is a true Roycroft lover, as was everybody I met. The girl in organdie has a brother and sister there. The brother has been there eight years and the girls a year and a half. The girl told me they *love* the place—it is *home*, and nothing would induce them to leave it.

I can well believe it. In all that I saw in that short hour I *felt* something greater—the Spirit of Roycroft; the spirit of King's Craft and King's Rest; the spirit of home, love, freedom, *equity*; the spirit which appreciates the individual, and is not strenuous.

I have just made a discovery; that the spirit of appreciation is never strenuous. It is the spirit of *dis*-approval, of reform, which leads the strenuous life and drinks nerve tonic.

The spirit of appreciation stirs the individual to spontaneous effort; the spirit of disapproval would stir him by brute will from the outside. The former stirs *living* impulses; the latter hardens life into stony resistance.

I could write pages about the Roycroft idea, spirit, people. They are better than I hoped. I wish you could all visit them and *get into touch* with the idea and spirit there manifesting. I mean to go back there again when I can stay longer and learn more.

But this chronicle of "Elizabeth Abroad" must come to a close. Just a word about Elbert Hubbard himself and then "all aboard for Holyoke." This isn't quite fair to Fra Elbertus, who deserves a whole chapter to himself, but you can read about him in lots of places and you can ask the Roycrofters for a catalogue containing pictures of him and the shop and Ali Baba defying the meat trust and lots of other interesting things, and you can subscribe for the *Philistine* (\$1 a year) and get acquainted with him for yourself. Or you can attend the Fourth-of-July gathering of the faithful Philistines and meet 'em all personally. Particulars to be had at Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, N. Y.

Elbert Hubbard looks like his pictures and talks like the noblest work of God. He is not strikingly handsome but his spirit *is*, and his eyes are clear and brown, and they *rest* as he looks at you. I wonder if you know what that means. Most person's eyes are either uneasy or resolutely or boldly *fixed* as they gaze. Hubbard's eyes rest, and you know that you are *good and great even as he*. There is absolutely no condemnation in the man, and no self-exaltation. *Equity* is his keynote—*equity now-existent*; each thing in its place, and each *best* in that place. Sincerity, power, the universal consciousness,—all these are manifest in Elbert Hubbard; he is an embodiment

of the Pilgrim's Chorus from Tannhauser. He is a mirror—in him you may see all that is in your own soul.

* * * * *

At eight o'clock in the evening the train pulled out of Buffalo for Springfield, Massachusetts. At 8.30 a. m. on May 26, 1903, I reached home again—on the third anniversary of the day I first arrived in Holyoke and was married to William. I wanted to keep this anniversary here, so I let no inducement (inducements were many and alluring) tempt me to prolong my trip. I had a most enjoyable journey and such a home-coming as would gladden the soul of any woman. William is a *jewel*. That doesn't half express it! And "his own" came to him for the second time clear across the continent. You know (perhaps you don't) that *Nautilus* was the mascot which introduced William and me, whilst I was living in Portland, Ore. We corresponded voluminously (being painstakingly honest with each other) and when the time was right I came to William, bringing *Nautilus* with me. And I am yet congratulating myself that I had the nerve to do it! It was a happy move for me—the best thing I ever did. And for William—well, he says my position is sure for some time to come! He *seems* pretty well satisfied! And we have both prospered beyond our wildest dreams of three years ago.

Our dreams too have waxed great!—there are glorious things we aim to do for the world, our *Nautilus* family, and ourselves. I know you rejoice with us in our ideals, and aims, in our success and in our happy anniversary. Our ideals, successes, and happiness are yours too. We are all One, and our joys thrill along the ethereal nerves which make us One, and you send back an answering gladness. Thus is the whole world made happier, and we are all inspired to still sweeter living and greater doing.

I'LL GIVE YOU ONE!

Send 50 cents for a year's subscription to **THE NAUTILUS** and I will send free a copy of my latest booklet, "**HOW TO TRAIN CHILDREN AND PARENTS**." Or if you prefer it you may have instead a copy of "**Solar Plexus Book**" or "**Concentration Booklet**" or "**How to Cook Meals Without Meat**." **THIS OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.** If you are already a subscriber, make your friend a present of a new subscription. *Nautilus* is a mascot. A subscription has meant the dawn of happier days to many a soul. Perhaps it will bring joy to your friend and yourself. It is worth trying. Send 50 cents **to-day**. Address,

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

LUCKY TO DIE.

"Did not the demise of Albert Chavannes shake your mental science faith a bit? I notice mental science papers have very little to say about the death of any of their followers, even such students as Mr. Chavannes. In your opinion why could not or did not Mr. Chavannes demonstrate over disease in his last illness. You recently credited him with writing one of the best mental science books written, a 'Guide to Health.' Now will you kindly tell us in *Nautilus* why he could not put these teachings into use himself. I don't suppose there is any question about Mr. Chavannes having tried to do so. I am not after an expression regarding your belief in physical immortality, for if disease can't be overcome there is no use talking about overcoming old age and death."—C. H. Griffin.

This letter made me smile. *No*, the demise of Mr. Chavannes did not "shake my faith," not by so much as a breath. Neither would the death of any other new thought student, Elizabeth Towne not excepted. I do not publish death notices simply because they are not in my line, any more than they are in *Harper's* line, or the line of any other magazine not strictly given over to what is called "news"; and because a man's death is no more interesting to me than is his removal to a new house, or any other incident in his eternal career. I am interested in *life*, not death. I am far more interested in a man's ideas and deeds than in his death.

If my own beloved son had died it would not have "shaken my faith." I'd have bidden him God-speed in his new state of existence, dried my tears as quickly as possible, and gone cheerfully ahead expressing *LIFE*.

Nobody dies until it is *best* for him to die; until he has allowed himself to *assume so many mental burdens that to die* (drop all at once), *is the easiest way to live*. Death is a phase of life—a *laying down* of burdens by the soul. "*Has anyone told you it is lucky to be born? I hasten to inform him or her it is just as lucky to die, and I know it.*" Whitman, nor Jesus Christ, never said a truer thing than that. Not one of us but, if he could get away from his mean little *SELF*-pitying point of view, could and would *rejoice* in a death, just as he rejoices in a birth or any other piece of good fortune.

I don't know why Albert Chavannes did not overcome death—or disease, which is exactly the same thing in smaller dose. I *do* know that his failure to overcome disease and death no more affects the principle of eternal health and life than the childish mistakes of a ten-year-old affect the principle of mathematics. By pegging away at his problems the ten-year-old finally catches onto the correct principle and his problems come out right; by pegging away, undismayed by deaths here and there, the new thought folks will eventually catch onto the correct principle of eternal wholeness. Then we'll all smile and wonder why we didn't do it before—it's so *easy*.

That's it—it is *easy*; and our *hard work* over it defeats our purpose.

I do not know that Albert Chavannes even tried to overcome death in himself. He held a splendid mental conception of eternal life; but a mental concept is not life itself. The concept must take root as a real desire—take root deep down in the heart of a man; where it must grow and grow until it fills him *full* of life. A mental conception of eternal life is but a *reflection* of life. When a man or woman (perhaps it will take a pair of them) rises on this earth who *believes in his HEART*, the sun-center of his being, that *he personally* shall never see death, then eternal life will be demonstrated.

I *believe in MY HEART* that this is the mode of eternal life. I know it. If 10,000 men had demonstrated it I could be no surer. If 10,000 Chavannes and Wilmanses died I'd only smile and keep pegging away. I wouldn't wonder if I prove to the world that death is unnecessary—and disease too.

If I don't prove it *somebody else will*. But it will not be the somebody who is *afraid* of death, and who has electric thrills of scare every time somebody passes on. It will not be the man or woman who is daunted by another's failure. It will not be the man or woman who thinks death a terrible foe to be overcome.

Death will melt away from the path of the man or woman who is full of *LIFE*; who believes in *his HEART* that all is *life* and all is *GOOD*.

THE PHARISEE UP-TO-DATE.

As long as you continue to hug the delusion that you are "not to blame" for the unpleasant things in your conditions you might just as well profess the old thought as the new. The very fundamental principle of mental science is the statement that *man is a magnet and able to attract what he will*. To repudiate this statement is to knock the props out from under the whole philosophy. Better stay an old-thoughter and let Jesus suffer for your sins and those of your relatives and friends. At least Jesus *took* the sins of the world to bear, all of his own free will. There is some comfort in letting Jesus do what he chose to do.

But you have turned away from Jesus as a scapegoat. You refuse to lay your burdens on him who offered to bear them; and you refuse to bear them yourself. Instead you distribute them around among your relations and friends and then fret your soul because they won't accept your distributions. Of course you excuse yourself by acknowledging "your share of responsibility" for the unpleasantness of conditions, but if you will examine carefully you will find that your portion of the responsibility includes most of the *good* things in your conditions, whilst you have portioned off almost *all* the responsibility for the *bad* things among your protesting—or indifferent—relatives.

You always say, "I try so hard," but you never balance that with, "He tries so hard"—"They try so hard." You get all the I-try-items in your own pile and the don't-try items in other folk's piles. "If it were not for Tom and Dick and Harry and Fan you could do wonders—if they'd only treat you with *half* the consideration other people give you, or half they give other people!—if!—if!"

I wonder why they don't indeed! It is just because you are you, and you attract your own particular kind of treatment. To all intents and purposes Tom, Dick, Harry and Fan are a punch and judy show and you pull the strings. When other people pull the strings there's a different sort of show. YOU are the motive power in all their treatment of you. Not a tone or look or act of theirs in your direction but you are responsible for; it was you and no other who drew them to you; and it is you and no other who hold them there.

Now don't say, "I don't see how!" Of course not—you haven't wanted to see how—you've been too intent justifying yourself. And anyway, it takes an open mind, and some time, and much faith to enable us to see the principles of things. We have to act as if they were so, a long time before we see that they are. If you had acted upon the principle that you are a magnet and that all that comes to you comes by your attraction, you'd have long ago had your eyes opened to "see how." And you'd have made progress and changed your conditions.

If you are ever going to be a magnet you are one now. If you are ever going to be able to attract to the hair's breadth whatsoever you will then you are doing it now. There will be no miraculous change in the running gear of this universe to enable you to attract what you want.

What you now are in essence and working principle you have always been, and you will always be—the same yesterday, today and forever—a self-made MAGNET, working to the hair's breadth.

ONLY BY CHANGING THE QUALITY OF YOUR MAGNETISM CAN YOU CHANGE YOUR ENVIRONMENT AND ATTRACT DIFFERENT TREATMENT FROM TOM, DICK, HARRY AND FAN.

Sweetness within brings sweetness without. You have been more or less bitter and self-justifying within, and Tom, Dick, Harry and Fan have danced to the strings you pulled.

As long as you think you try and they don't; as long as you think your judgment superior to theirs; your ideals loftier and worthier; your ways better; you will get from them responses of carelessness, bitterness, lack of consideration, selfishness.

You are inconsiderate of their ideas, ideals, judgments and ways; in self-preservation they are inconsiderate of yours. If you had your way they'd be pretty little putty images of your ideals, judgments, wishes, ways and feelings. The Law of Individuality prevents your imposing yourself on them. You think you are finding fault with their "lack of consideration"; you are really condemning the law of being.

If you are ever to be a magnet you are one NOW. All that comes is "your fault." If anything different comes it will come through your change of mental attitude and action.

It will not do to throw it on "Karma" either, and say you are receiving now the unpleasant things deserved in a previous state of existence. The mills of the gods grind slowly but they are not so dead slow as all that. What you thought and did in a previous state has determined your parentage and childhood environment in this. But the pangs you suffer today have their roots in yesterday or day before, or the year before that. Cause and effect trip close upon each other's heels—so close that the careless or ignorant observer misses the trip. He exaggerates the effect if it be an unhappy one, and goes nosing for a bigger cause than the real one. How could his little slip of this morning, or yesterday, be the cause of this terrible evil which has befallen him?—and he slides completely over the real cause. And keeps on repeating it.

Self-righteousness, by blinding your eyes to the truth, is the direct cause of the most gigantic and the most subtle miseries of the world. These awfully good people who fully realize how hard they have always tried to do right, are the unhappiest people in the world—unless I except Tom, Dick, Harry and Fan, the victims of these self-righteous reformers. No, I can't even except these; for they at least generally succeed in having their own way in spite of the would-be reformer. But what so utterly disheartening as continued lack of success? And the self-righteous one never succeeds. It is hard, hard, to be so wise and willing, with such high ideals (the self-righteous one is strong on ideals), and never to succeed in making Tom, Dick and Harry conform to them. Do you see why Jesus said so often, "Woe comes to the Pharisee"—the self-righteous? And why he called them hypocrites? Of course they are unconscious of their hypocrisy—self-righteousness blinds them to the truth; they think others are to blame for most of the self-righteous one's own hard conditions.

The self-righteous one is doomed to a treadmill of petty failures. He goes round and round his own little personal point of view and learns nothing.

It is by getting at the other fellow's point of view that we learn things—about him and ourselves too. When the self-righteous one wakes up to the fact that the world is full of people whose points of view are just exactly as right and wise and ideal as his own; and begins to feel with, and PULL WITH these other people, instead of against them; when he does this he will find himself out of the treadmill to stay. As he shows a disposition to consider other people's ideals and help others in the line they want to go, he will find the whole world eager to help him in the way he wants to go. The self-righteous one works alone and meets defeat. The one who, recognizing his own righteousness in intent, yet forgets not that others are even as he, is the true friend, and be-friended, of all the world.

Now don't let this homily slip off your shoulders. We are all self-righteous in spots, and none of us is so very wise that he cannot by self-examination and readjustment learn a lot more.

Each soul in its place is wisest and best. Don't you try to get into the pilot house and steer things for Tom, Dick, or Harry. Stay in your own and steer clear of the rocks of anger, malice, revenge, resentment, resistance, INTERFERENCE and immoderation.

BRIEFS.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

*** The 26th of May will always be a memorable one in Nautilus office. On that date we were married, and without pre-calculation it was the date upon which the Queen of the office returned from her western journey. By a coincidence (?) (I do not believe there is any such thing as a "co-incidence," though I use the word for convenience) and without knowing it she selected the same hackman to bring her from the station who took us to the minister's on the same day three years ago.

*** And maybe you think we were not glad to see her! The girls fell upon her as if she was their long-lost sister just over from the "ould cuntry," and she was just as pleased to see them. We were all struck with her appearance, for she looked as fresh as if just in from a morning drive instead of having come over three thousand miles.

*** And the gifts that she brought us from herself and sisters would have done credit to the Queen of Sheba—on a small scale at least! There were boxes of real tea (in the original Chinese package) for my mother, who is a member of our household; an odd seal ring, engraved in Chinese characters, for myself, and a similar one for Elizabeth's daughter, Catherine, who is also a member of our happy family. Then there were Indian baskets for the girls and lots of other smaller gifts and souvenirs. Among the latter were some of Ali Baba's famous mottoes from the Roycroft shop, such as "Blessed is the Man

who does not rubber" and "Those who don't know how to take *The Philistine* had better not."

*** Early in the evening as we were sitting in the hammock on the back porch eating oranges and Turkish figs, there was delivered to us a large box of fresh and fragrant sweet peas, a flower of which we are both exceedingly fond. With the box were cards reading as follows:

"To Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Towne. 1900-1903. Many happy returns of the day."

(Signed) Leila,
Frances,
Mary.

It was from our three office girls who have been so faithful and efficient in their work the past five weeks under the unusually trying conditions which prevailed.

*** Elizabeth saw Elbert Hubbard a few minutes in the Buffalo station previous to her visit to the Roycroft shop, as she will tell you elsewhere, and as she will not print the following little note which he gave to her for his son, Elbert II, I will include it in *Briefs*, believing our readers will be interested in it. It is indicative of the cordial Good Will which we attract when we are kind, as Hubbard says. Here is the note:

"Dear Bertie:

"This is Elizabeth Towne—one of the great women of the world. See that Mrs. Betzler takes good care of her. I want you to play for her, too."

"E. H."

*** "The real new thought is the wide, comprehensive view of the various manifestations of the physical man, as understood in the light of our latest scientific discoveries. * * * It is characterized by absence of the merely traditional, and a disposition to follow boldly where the latest discoveries point."—*Vim*.

This is good as far as it goes, but it does not go quite far enough to suit me. The physical scientists like Spencer, Darwin and Huxley, see clearly one side of Truth, and when they get deep in their analyses of nature they catch large glimpses of the Great Reality which lies back of the physical manifestations which they spent their lives in studying.

*** To me there is one grand, great central truth in this new thought which stands out clear cut as a diamond from the mass of teachings which have surrounded and at times almost obscured it. This truth is as old as creation but has been lost sight of for ages, except among the poets, prophets and seers, who have recognized it in every age. I refer to the truth of man's oneness with God, the Universal Life.

*** This is the one sublime truth, the conception of which gives the new thought movement its wonderful vitality. To come into a consciousness of union with the Divine Principle of Love, Harmony, Life and Power is the one object of existence. It is this which every living man and woman is consciously or unconsciously seeking. It is the longing for this which causes the heart hunger and lack of satisfaction so prevalent among those who live altogether in the sense world.

*** To grasp this truth brings peace to the soul, joy to the heart, light to the eye, strength to the body, steadiness and poise to the mind—sanity—harmony to every part. In short it brings complete adjustment and consequent regeneration to the entire body and mind.

*** I believe that this complete regeneration can only be attained in its fullness (that is the stage where perfect poise and balance is realized) by the right man and woman working together to that end. The woman acts as an inspiration to the man. Through her the regenerative idea is born and nourished in him, and through him it is made practical and brought into perfect outer form. Both then become conscious of the One Life which enfoldeth all, and "eye hath not seen nor ear heard" the glories which that consciousness reveals.

*** This consciousness is attained in some degree many times by men and women living and working alone. But so far as I can see it never can lead to the perfect poise and fullness of

understanding, complete knowledge of unity, except where the two work together. Both the positive and negative organizations are necessary to perfect manifestation.

*** The question will now naturally arise, does this condition of regeneration mean eternal life in the flesh? I answer frankly that I do not know, but only feel sure of the fact that it will enable those who realize it in its fullness to meet all the changes of death without loss of consciousness. Death and Life are really one. They are only the negative and positive manifestations of being. It is the resistance to the change called death which gives it power. The same change on a small scale goes on in our bodies continually. By recognizing and co-operating with these changes instead of resisting them they become robbed of all power to harm. To my mind no writer has come so close to the truth upon this subject of eternal life in the flesh as Harry Gaze. This idea of co-operating with the changes which are constantly taking place in the body was first voiced by him, so far as I am aware.

*** It is the desire for one-ness with the Source of being which has kept all the religious systems of the world alive. This desire they have satisfied in some measure, without their teachers clearly perceiving the real truths of existence. They lost sight of much of the spirit of true religion, but enough has remained to hold them together. Many souls have been started on the true path, uplifted, purified and inspired by the teachings of the various religions of the world. In the western world I believe the Catholic Church has retained more of the Spirit of Truth than the Protestant. On the other hand it is to the everlasting credit of the Protestant Church that it broke many of the chains which superstition had forged in the mother church, and softened and rendered more tolerant many of its doctrines.

*** But church organizations at best are only symbols of the real truth. THE Truth can never be confined in books or creeds or the minds of men. It is free as the air, as universal as the blessed sunshine. It requires no priest for its dissemination. It exacts no homage beyond a reverent love and desire to understand. It condemns not. It represents law and justice for all. It is the friend of all, the foe of none. It knows neither good nor evil. It simply exists from everlasting to everlasting. It is the DIVINE PRINCIPLE, which upholds the universe.

*** An English subscriber complains of the print in his May *Nautilus* and suggests that the printers get new type. Each edition of *Nautilus* is printed from fresh type, as the work is done on a linotype machine.

*** Trade unions are a grand thing for the working man, and benefit him in numberless ways. But it often happens that the unions become intoxicated with success or the hope of success and make demands which, if acceded to, would give them powers equal to that of the inquisition which operated during the dark ages of the race. For instance; one union having a large and extended membership recently demanded that the mills where its members were employed should compel all non-union workmen in said mills to join the union within thirty days upon penalty of discharge if the demand was not acceded to. The union also demanded that the mill men discharge any workman who failed to keep his dues to the union paid up, or who disobeyed its rules and regulations, or the rules and regulations of the International Brotherhood of which it was a branch. It was also further stipulated that no employee should be discharged by the mills without having his case considered and passed upon by a committee of the union, and should this committee decide that there was not sufficient ground for discharge in any given case, the workman must be retained.

*** Now such demands as those referred to above would, if acceded to, give the union a power as despotic as that of the coal barons and other capitalists who figure as the oppressors of the poor. The freedom of the individual should not be lightly curtailed, either by the capitalist or the trades union. To run a large body of men in

the same mold by compelling them to act in a certain manner is bad for the men and bad for those who wield such despotic power. The labor problem can never be satisfactorily solved until the principle of co-operation is recognized and brought into operation by both sides.

*** In the case just referred to the demands of the union were finally withdrawn, without any attempt to enforce them by a strike. For this wise action the union deserves much credit. The movement for the arbitration of labor troubles has exerted a great influence for good upon all classes of employers and employees, and we expect to see this influence broaden and deepen until strikes are no longer necessary. Arbitration is a long step towards real co-operation of effort. It is opposed to hasty and ill advised action of every sort. It helps each side to see the question from the standpoint of the other side. It will result in a saving to both sides in dollars and cents whenever it is employed.

*** The universe is vibrant with love. Those who live much love much.

*** I love the bright sunshine of a clear day, the cooling breeze, the life and bustle of the daytime. And I love equally the soft, velvety darkness that steals over the earth at eventide, the cry of the night birds, the cool, damp odors that arise, the peace and quiet which prevails. I realize that Life is ONE, but that its manifestations are both negative and positive and that both are altogether GOOD. I resist not. I am one with nature. At night I sink into peaceful sleep full of faith that the morrow will bring strength for renewed action. Why should I fret and fume at the necessity for relaxation and letting go of the objective life? Rather I will bless both activity and repose, for both are equally good. Out of the repose activity is born. Out of the blessed silence Life is born. Out of the negative condition cometh forth the positive. My will is the will of the universe. I strain and strive after nothing. I am serene and calm amid all storms. I am at peace in the consciousness that my life is one with the Universal Life. He who strives with his mortal will to maintain a positive attitude of mind at all times, who refuses to abandon all to the soul within, who worships intellect and reason and refuses to listen to intuition, is laying up suffering and chaos for himself. The lesson he will have to learn will be a hard one, yet altogether good. I have learned that lesson and found it very hard; but without it I should still be in ignorance, and without the faith which leads to knowledge and happiness. Faith was born when I was willing to let go of the objective life, and from faith came knowledge.

*** Last month I called attention to an ad. of Mr. H. J. Pigott's, and several people have written me that they could not find the ad. in June *Nautilus*. You will find it in this number all right. It was not published last month. In my notice of Mr. Rideout's ad. last month, I should have stated that it referred to *Ye Quaint Magazine* of which he is editor.

*** Don't you be deceived by what Elizabeth tells you about not eating chicken in Denver! She ate all kinds of meat while away, even to pork chops! And it never phased her a bit. In Chicago she and William Walker Atkinson had a course dinner at the Palmer House, consisting of several kinds of meat, fish, etc., together with various other concoctions which were calculated to make the blood of a righteous vegetarian run cold. Well, there is no use in having rules of diet if you can't break 'em when you please. I'll bet a lead nickel that Sanford Hubbard's diet of Grape Nuts gets pretty well diluted once in a while. I'm thinking myself of experimenting with a turkey dinner next Thanksgiving day. Our marketman says if the dry weather continues we'll have to go back to meat as a matter of self-preservation, as vegetables will not be obtainable. But as long as Lust whole wheat bread and good milk can be had I'm not afraid of starving.

*** Since writing the above item we have had several days of intermittent rain, and every growing thing looks refreshed. The State Board

of Agriculture recently estimated that the loss to New England farmers on account of this drought would be about \$70,000,000. No doubt this estimate will now have to be cut down a good deal.

*** I never enjoyed a rain more than this one. I lay in my hammock on the back porch and fairly revelled in the gladness of the earth and green things as they drank up the long desired moisture.

*** *The Banner of Light*, published at 204 Dartmouth street, Boston, Mass., is the oldest and ablest Spiritualist weekly in the country. It contains matter of interest to all advanced people. The *Banner* is edited at present by W. J. Colville. The venerable Dr. Peebles (aged eighty-two) is now a regular contributor to the paper. In a recent article he says: "Who does not luxuriate in the stillness of silence? Personally I am never lonesome, unless when in a crowd or cribbed and cabined in a parlor among fashionable, voluble un-congenials." Them's my sentiments exactly, Doctor.

*** Let go of trouble and trouble will let go of you. The same applies to anything else which is undesirable to you. It is resistance on our part which causes all the inharmony which we undergo.

*** He whose inner life is attuned to the vibrations of the Universal Life will find it true that "All things work together for good" to him.
—W. E. T.

THE GLAD HAND.

—Such a pile of interesting looking books and papers and magazines as are piled up here awaiting notice! Only a small portion can be noticed in this issue of *Nautilus*. I will notice them all in due time and, as nearly as may be, in the order in which they are received. If your book is among those left over be sure to remember that all things work together for good.

—"The Law of Mental Medicine" is the latest from the brain and pen of Thomson J. Hudson, Ph. D., LL. D., author of "Law of Psychic Phenomena," a classic without which no new-thoughter's education is even begun. This new book is another classic which every real student, and especially every intelligent healer, of new thought will want to read often and long. It is full of the sort of scientific knowledge which is better than faith, and which is the root of more faith. Dr. Hudson's theories are most logical and his application successful and easily followed. The book is thoroughly practical and well and interestingly written. It contains 281 pages, well bound, and sells for \$1.20 postpaid. See ad.

—"The Book of the New Century" or "Factors in the Process of Human Development," is the latest from the pen of that indefatigable faster and writer, Edgar Wallace Conable, Roswell, Col. Price, \$1. A series of vital articles upon many phases of human life. The chapter on "Love" I specially recommend to seekers after "soul mates," and the rest of the chapters will be appreciated by every soul who wants to develop the best that is in him.

—"Constipation and Its Cure" is a new and interesting twenty-five-cent booklet by H. J. Pigott, 311 Baronne street, New Orleans, La., who has healed himself by the methods herein interestingly detailed. I believe this little book will prove a blessing to anybody who will use it.

—Here is *Eleanor Kirk's Idea* in a handsome new dress, and with a more or less handsome new address—32-34 La Fayette Place, New York city. Congratulations, Eleanor, and here's still more success to you.

—And here is *Suggestion* too, in a pretty new dress, and looking plumper than usual. Same address—4020 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago. Price, \$1 a year and worth \$10, and improving steadily. The June number (send ten cents for it) contains a humorous write-up of an imaginary new thought convention in which appear all the people you've heard about, which affords plenty of smiles along with helpful ideas from the aforementioned people. Dr. Meacham's "The Suggestive Condition" is fine, like all his articles. Elmer Ellsworth Carey almost convinces even the sceptic that distilled water and longevity are inseparable, and Dr. Parkyn throws new light on "The Effects of Immigration Upon Health." *Suggestion* is the sort of magazine one keeps for reference.

—*Oriental Mysteries*, Vol. I, No. 1, lies before me in attractive magazine form. It is edited by

Dr. T. J. Betiero, 2960 Indiana avenue, Chicago, assisted by Nellie Hawks, a good Success Circle and experienced newspaper woman whose former home was Friend, Neb. Price, \$1 a year, ten cents a copy—a monthly magazine of Oriental Mysticism. May it shed much light.

—And here is *The Mental Advocate* for June, with a full account of that cordial Chicago reception given Elizabeth Towne. *Nautilus* would surely blush a bright pink if I quoted what *Mental Advocate* says about it! If you are interested in Elizabeth and that meeting from a Chicago point of view send five cents to Dr. Paul Edwards, 4713 Prairie avenue, Chicago, and he will send you a copy of *June Advocate*. There are plenty of interesting things in it besides that write-up.

The Success Circle.

Do you desire to better your condition? Do you desire to help relative or friend to better his? Then join us and GROW SUCCESS. Anyone who sends me \$1 for my book or subscription to THE NAUTILUS, is entitled to one year's membership in the Success Circle. To get best results you should have THE NAUTILUS, each number of which contains a special letter to the Success Circle; and a copy of "How to Grow Success," price 50 cents, containing full directions to the Circle members. Other of my books may be substituted for the above mentioned, but NOBODY'S ELSE; and money sent for DELINQUENT subscriptions will not count on this offer. Additional members of your family who wish to join the Success Circle AT THE SAME TIME YOU JOIN, may do so by sending with your order, 50 cents for books or paper to that amount. Unless these orders come in one envelope each member of your family is privileged to join only upon sending \$1 for my books, or NAUTILUS to that amount. NOTE TERMS CAREFULLY. There will be NO deviations. * * * I teach the Success Circle through "How to Grow Success" which contains full directions; and through the monthly letter to the Circle, printed herewith. And I speak for all members the Word of Success, for which I make no charge. * * * "How to Grow Success" is uniform with my other 50 cent book and contains a picture of the author. It is a text book for the Success Circle. * * * I have a real personal INTEREST in each member. In joining write me a brief and TO-TH-POINT statement of your desires, and if possible send a photo of yourself, with name, address and date of birth written on the back. Do not send one that must be returned, and see that postage is fully prepaid.

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All the powers of the Success Circle and the universe are backing your efforts. Go in to win and STICK TO IT. * * * You forget this and then you get discouraged. You exhaust your power finding fault with things, and then you wonder why you can't manifest success and feel successful. You let your mind, which is your only power for accomplishment, waste itself running loose among the things you don't want, and then you wonder why you don't accomplish anything. * * * SET your thought on success. Re-set it 10,000 times a day, if it flies the track that many times. Resolutely refuse to count your unsuccessful feelings. They are not you. Quit making so much over your "limitations." You have no limitations.

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tations. A puppy dog baying at the moon thinks he has limitations because he can't move the moon. So human beings gaze afar off and think they are limited; when in reality they have limitless scope right around them for the exercise and development of any faculty they possess. After the puppy dog exercises his faculties for a few hundred incarnations more he'll find himself standing upright, with power of levitation by which he may get at that moon—that is, provided he doesn't spend all his energy baying at his "limitations." * * * "Conditions" are the raw material with which the wise man does his best. They are the bits of cardboard and worsted with which the kindergartner works out his ideas. His ideas are the real power; patient, steady, undaunted working out, the method. Mistakes and successes alike add to his fund of knowledge which is power—unless his thought is frittering itself away on the moon. All the powers of the universe are, ON THE UNSEEN SIDE OF YOU, backing your efforts. Rejoice in this always and be not scared by the apparent perversity of things. Poor things, they are waiting for your ideas and efforts to change them. Success is yours. Go in to win and STICK TO IT.

—June 1st, 1903.

—A perfect day.

—Which reminds me of Lowell's exclamation—

—"Oh, what so rare as a day in June?"

Then if ever come perfect days;

Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune."

—Somebody else once exclaimed, "Oh, what so rare as a day in June?"—and the Poor Punster promptly replied, "A day in February—there are only four and twenty-four of 'em and every fourth year one day more."

—The new book on "How to Train Children and Parents" is a hit. Everybody who has read it is enthusiastic in its praises. Ella Wheeler Wilcox says, "It is great. Send me four copies. I wish every mother and father in America were obliged to get a copy or go to jail for ten days! I shall speak of your new book in my column by and by. It will help bring the millennium." I am glad I wrote that book. It was an inspiration.

—Do you want to attend a "Summer School of Metaphysics?" Vrilina Heights, owned and blessed by Dr. Alice B. Stockham is just the place. For particulars, circulars, etc., write L. D. Ratliff, Williams Bay, Wis., near Chicago. Open June 20. Lovely place, best of teachers; Dr. Stockham, Annie Rix Militz, William Walker Atkinson, Rev. George Chainey, Joseph Stewart and a host of others.

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EXPERIENCES IN SELF HEALING

This is the latest book from the pen of the editor of *The Nautilus*. It is destined to be the most practical and helpful thing she has ever produced. It gives her own real, personal experiences in Self Healing; tells how she cured herself permanently of various diseases, and how others may apply the same law of cure. This book really gives a brief history of the author's life for the past twenty years. It will be found as interesting as a romance. She describes minutely EVERY METHOD which she employed in self healing, and also tells how she outgrew poverty. There is nothing in this life story that has been glossed over or omitted. It is a plain, straight forward statement of VITAL FACTS of the kind you will be interested to know about. The book is an inspiration, and has been written in a white glow of purpose to REVEAL A SOUL'S EFFORTS and PROGRESS and ACCOMPLISHMENT, to the end that other souls may see and understand and be helped thereby.

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This book is printed on heavy laid book paper and bound in olive green, heavy paper covers. The cover page is beautifully stamped with aluminum ink, so that the volume makes a very dainty gift book. 68 pages; price, 50c. Address ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

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This is a new book by Thomson J. Hudson, LL. D., widely known as the author of the celebrated work, "Law of Psychic Phenomena." This new book places mental healing upon a firm scientific basis, and will prove to be one of the most important new thought works ever issued. The system of treatment outlined depends for its efficacy on natural laws. It is based on the principle that suggestion controls the subjective Mind or Soul, which in its turn controls the functions of the body. Part one of this book is devoted to a consideration of the principles involved in mental healing. Part two considers the physical means employed in healing, and explains the phenomena of Animal Magnetism, Laying on of Hands, Hypnotism, Thought Transference, etc. This book is a perfect encyclopedia of facts regarding Mental Healing, and will prove to be the most scientific and exact text-book upon the subject ever written. No new thought person should miss reading this splendid work. 281 pages, cloth bound. Price \$1.20.

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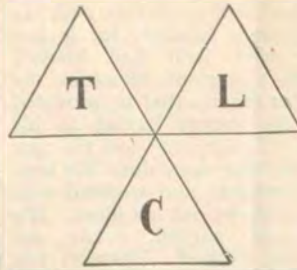
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The author tells you how to "enter the silence," and unlike most writers upon this subject he does not surround his teachings with mystery. He actually tells you how to draw strength from the very Fountain head of Power. He tells you how to get away from the wear and tear of life, away from ruts, and grow in the direction of health and peace and prosperity. The chapter on "Harmony" will bring happiness and satisfaction to many who are seeking for the true light.

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