



# 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."

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ELIZABETH TOWNE,  
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The Inner Side of Every Cloud  
Is Bright and Shining;  
I Therefore Turn My Clouds About,  
And Always Wear Them Inside Out—  
To Show the Lining!

## THE I WAS AND THE I AM.

Some one has said that "an honest man is the noblest work of God." Ten thousand thousand others have repeated his little speech—with a solemn wag of the head and sidewise squinting which conveyed the opinion that God is chary of his noble works.

Then there came another man who paraphrased that: "An honest God is the noblest work of man," he said. And a thousand or so of us wondered why we hadn't thought to say that! Why, of course. And the other thousands of thousands lifted up their hands and cried, "Blasphemy—stone him, stone him—put him out of the church where the bogies'll get him!" They put him out. But the bogies haven't got him. And many of the thousands are taking up his cry—"An honest God is the noblest work of man."

Why not? An honest God is of greater value than many honest men, is he not? God is the creator of man; unless God is himself honest his honest man is but an accident, instead of an image and likeness of himself.

But, according to the paraphraser, man creates his God. Well, that is a paraphrase only, and true only in a sense.

God is. Man's creation of God is simply his mental concept of God; it is God as he sees him, or it, from his viewpoint. An honest God is the concept of a man whose soul recognizes honesty and loves it. A God of power is the mental creation of him whose soul recognizes and loves power. A God of love is the mental creation of him who recognizes and loves love. A God of vengeance is the mental concept of him who loves vengeance.

Perhaps you think your mental concept of God is not so very important, since it is all in your mind and the real God is what he is regardless of your idea of him. But it matters vitally to you. It is not God as he really is, which is creating you; but God as he appears to you. Your concept of God is creating you in its own image and likeness. If you think of God as a great man on a throne, with a long white beard and an eye-for-an-eye-and-a-tooth-for-a-tooth expression, you may depend upon being made over into a sour visaged decrepit old man who will want to die and get away from it all.

If you think of God as a God of power, love, wisdom, beneficence, you will aim to be perfect as he is perfect.

If you happen to be one of the fools who has said in his heart there is no God, your life will be a crazy patchwork and your end that of the stoic who defies earth to do its worst by him; which it probably will, being a willing earth and ready to give each according to his demands.

You are being created in the image and likeness of the Lord your God, the God enthroned in your heart. What kind of a God is in your heart? Is he small and revengeful and capricious, a sort of policeman to tell your troubles to, to receive consolation from, and by whom to send punishment to your enemies?

Or is your God the Principle and Substance behind all creation, the power, wisdom, love, of all

creation, a God who loves all, is just to all, generous to all, favors none?

But no matter how lofty a God you carry in your heart he will do you little good unless he is an I AM God.

Most men's Gods are I Was Gods. They believe God did wonderful things for the children of Israel; that he performed great miracles for the apostles and disciples of Jesus; but to this age they think of him as merely the I Was God, who stands aloof and lets man run things—man and the devil, or "malicious animal magnetism."

Believers in the I Was God are also great sticklers for the I Shall Be God, who is coming again to judge the wicked and set up his kingdom on earth. And these believers in the I Shall Be God think that their only business in life is to wait around until the great I Shall Be makes his appearance.

People who worship the I Was and the I Shall Be are never demonstrators. Between admiration of the I Was and anticipation of the I Shall Be they fall to the ground and—wait for the I Shall Be in themselves and others.

Only the I AM God does things. I AM love impels you to love now. I AM wisdom inspires you to act upon your ideas. I AM power performs miracles, not yesterday or tomorrow, but now. I AM God is the God who works today, in you and in me. His ways are not the ways of the I Was God, nor of the I Shall Be God; they are the ways of the I AM—new, different, the ways of today, not of yesterday or tomorrow.

I know a dear woman who worships the I Was and the I Shall Be. She entertained Schlatter the healer, and was firmly convinced that he was a literal reincarnation of Jesus Christ. She took Schlatter's word for it. She also accepted his excuses for not immediately setting up a literal kingdom here on earth, as described in the book of Revelations. He told her he had other work to do just now, that he was going away, but would soon return and establish a literal kingdom. She swallowed it all—without a single chew. Schlatter went away, and later a body was found in the mountains which was said to be his.

Since Schlatter's disappearance, some years ago, this lady has spent her time in writing about him and looking for his return. The I Was and the I Shall Be absorbed her entire spiritual attention.

In the meantime she lives in a small mining town where in the life surging about her she sees no God. Not long ago she wrote me to help her speak the Word of freedom for a man on trial for his life. She said he was absolutely innocent and that a "terrible conspiracy" existed against him. The man was condemned to die, still protesting, not innocence but self-defence. It was a case of mix-up with two men and a woman, followed by a drunken brawl and the usual plea of "didn't mean to."

This lady's sympathies were all with the man, and her letters to me were pitiful. Her heart was wrung with agony for him and his bereaved wife, and convulsed with horror and impotent rage at the "wickedness" of the "wretches who falsely swore away his life." The way "evil" triumphed over justice was awful, she said, and she knew when Schlatter returned justice would be done and the wicked wretches annihilated—or words to that effect.

You see, she has no conception of an I AM God, who rules now. She sits in judgment on men's acts and prays to Schlatter to come back and set things right. She remembers that the I Was put 10,000 to flight with Gideon's three hundred pitchers and candles—simply sneaked

up and scared them into a panic. She knows the I Was hardened the heart of Pharaoh to lie repeatedly to the Israelites. She knows the devil had to ask permission of God before he tempted Job. She knows God said "I make peace and I create evil," and that "The Lord hath made all things for himself; yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." She knows that "Whatsoever the Lord pleased that did he in heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and all the deep places." She knows all these things of the Great I Was. But that I AM works now in the hearts of men; that God now hardens one heart to perjury and another to truth, one to murder and another to lay down his life that his friend may live;—that God now works in these apparently antagonistic ways and thereby works out perfect justice, wisdom, love, has never entered her mind. She cannot imagine that no man meets any form of death until he himself has ripened for that particular form of death. She has read that eighteenth chapter of Ezekiel, where God explains that every man dies for his own sins, not for the false swearings of another. But the great I Was said that, and the I Shall Be says it; but the I AM is absent—so she thinks.

Somewhere in the old testament—in Psalms, I think—the statement is made that those who die are "taken away from the evil to come." I opine that this is literally and unvaryingly true, that death never comes except as the dying one needed relief from worse things than death, things which lay straight ahead in his path. The man of whom this friend wrote me deserved his death; if not for the specific act for which he was tried, then for other thoughts and acts which preceded that. The man was on the wrong road—a road of many and increasing evils. Death took him off the road at the right time, and gave him a better start in some other state of existence.

I must either believe this or deny the I AM God's power, wisdom or omnipresence. I must accept God's wisdom, power, love and presence on faith; or my own judgment on sight. As I know from experience that appearances are deceitful, and that my personal judgment must perforce be based almost entirely upon appearances, I prefer to hold fast my faith in the presence, power, wisdom and love of the God over all. Therefore I deny that this man suffered an untimely death for the vindictiveness and perjury of others; I believe he died as a result of a mental constitution and tendencies which are hidden from me, but not from the I AM. I believe it was the spirit of the I AM moving upon the face of his soul-deeps and saying, "Let there be light," which gave him his experiences and his particular form of death. And I believe his soul goes marching on to greater light—freed from the burdens of wrong habits of mind and body which were contracted in the old life of ignorance.

Oh, yes, it is easy to believe thus of one I never saw. It is not quite so easy to apply the same principle in the lives of those near and dear to me, and in my own life. But I aim to do it, even in the smallest details of living; and I am daily growing in the ability to acknowledge the I AM God in all my ways. I know this is the only way to live the new thought.

—"Seize the first possible opportunity to act on every resolution you make, and on every emotional prompting you may experience in the direction of the habits you aspire to gain. It is not in the moment of forming, but in the moment of their producing motor effects, that resolves and aspirations communicate the new 'set' to the brain." William James.



## AN EASTER IN NEW YORK.

Saturday morning I shook the dust (?) of Holyoke off my No. 6 shoes and went down to New York for a three days' visit. William Fearing Gill, a friend of *Nautilus*, had sent me an urgent invitation to come and show my new Easter bunnit and make a few remarks to whomsoever it might concern. Of course my heart went pit-a-pat and I went, too. Such a bunch of experiences as were crowded into those three days!

First, there was the all-star performance of "The Two Orphans" at the New Amsterdam theater, with Kyrle Bellew doing the graceful Chevalier, and Grace George and Margaret Illington as the two orphans making all sorts of shivers play tag over you, and Clara Morris with her fine face, clear voice and saintly manner, as "Sister Genevieve," making you want to be a good Catholic, and all the other stars making you feel unutterable things and nothings.

And I remembered so well the first time I saw that play; it was about twenty-five years or more ago, at Portland, Oregon, with Annie and Maud Adams in the leading roles, and I a Topsy-like little orphan myself, my mother being dead.

I could not well compare the artistic qualities of those two performances, but I never forgot that first weird picture of the blind orphan feeling her way down the stairs up which the hideous old hag had dragged her, and I feel sure the Easter Saturday performance in New York in 1904 stirred in me as many waves of emotion, and higher appreciation of the artistic, than did that earlier production. At the center of me sat the still Something which rejoiced that the outward Me is more alive to thrills today than it was twenty-five years ago.

And between acts there was that beautiful theater to enjoy—"the Grandest in the World," as it has been styled by art critics. Such a harmonious whole of soft coloring and beauty of form and decoration, and such comfort of appointments.

And the story of that all-star performance; how those star performers laid aside their engagements and their star salaries and acted for weeks in "Two Orphans" at stock company salaries, that they might help Palmer, the man who first presented the play with Kate Claxton, to recuperate his business affairs. Wasn't that real 20th century chivalry for you? And A. M. Palmer must have laid up much treasure in heaven, in the hearts of many people, to be able to draw so freely now upon their sympathies and time and purses. You see, dearies, there is lots of chivalry and honor and gratitude and generosity in the world in spite of the say-so of the pessimist.

On Saturday evening I was entertained at dinner with the Man-With-The-Hoe man, Edwin Markham, at the Flushing home of William Fearing Gill, who knows more poets, actors, artists, singers, newspaper scribblers, and noted folk of all kinds and conditions than I ever heard of. And he likewise knows Shakespeare and Poe, whom he calls the "American Shakespeare," by heart, and has written a well known biography of the latter. Mr. Gill can recite by the hour, and do it like an artist. Edwin Markham is a good looking fellow with a white leonine mane, whom from his pictures I instantly recognized in a crowd. He is full of his opportunist socialism ideas, but not so full that he cannot quickly see a point on your side when you make it; and better still, he quickly acknowledges your point, which is rather uncommon in a personage with views. I'll not tell you how late we three sat by the open fire and talked.

Sunday afternoon I gave an address on "I AM and the Resurrection," at Miss Walton's Circle of Divine Ministry, 34 West 20th street. The Circle uses as an auditorium the two large and handsome parlors of Miss Walton's home, where addresses are given every Sunday, and daily noonday meetings are held. There is also a reading room and library, with other ministries to the inner being. Miss Walton has devoted eight years of her life to this work, and I believe she has grown young at it, for she looks fifteen years younger than the age she acknowledges. The Circle is quite large and

apparently well supported, and its circle of influence must be great. Mrs. Gestefeld and Mr. Fairchild hold frequent classes and meetings here, and many other prominent new thought people help in the work. May it grow faster yet, and gain in power and beneficence.

When I arrived the rooms were full of bright, good looking, well dressed people who didn't look at all as if they were in need of any sort of ministry, human or divine; they bore no apparent resemblance to "sinners," whom Jesus said he came to call. Such frank, happy faces surely do not sit above guilty consciences and restless and dissatisfied hearts.

And the audience was cordial and most attentive. I thought no other city could make one feel so at home as Chicago made me feel at that big meeting last May. And I've heard much about the blasé indifference and the cold criticalness of New Yorkers. But I felt not a touch of it anywhere; and on the contrary their frank cordiality was marked. And I saw in New York an example or two of some of the *niciest* consideration for feelings and proprieties that I ever saw anywhere. Shortcomings which in the West would have roused frank comment and impatience or fun-poking, and in New England an I-am-holier-than-thou expression and a drawing aside of one's prim skirts, were met in New York with a simple kindly tolerance which made the best of things. I wondered if New York's broad, straight streets are not an expression of a breadth of mind and directness of purpose which prevents its typical people from being switched off into side alleys of disgust over the other fellow's doings. Oh, of course, there are some narrow streets—and people—in New York city; and some dirty ones; but they are not typical nor prominent—one has to hunt them up.

After the meeting at Miss Walton's I tried to shake hands with all the people and most of them tried to shake hands with me! Such a visit as we had—just enough to make me want more! I met ever so many *Nautilus* subscribers and friends, and wanted to meet the hundreds of others who did not know about the meeting, and so were not there—and who couldn't have got in if they had been there! So happy and cordial as everybody looked and made me feel. Next time I speak anywhere in New York every *Nautilus* subscriber shall be notified beforehand. The sample of 'em I saw at Miss Walton's gives me a *strong* taste for more, bless their hearts.

We had planned a big meeting at Carnegie Hall on May 1, where I was to lecture before the New York 4,000, but much to my regret a concatenation of events too long, and needless, to explain, has caused an indefinite postponement. Never mind—all things work for good and all good comes in due time.

Among the old *Nautilus* friends who came to greet its editor was Edith Velaro, who advertises with us, and who has sent us more new subscribers and friends than I can count. She is a dear, wideawake, sunshiny little woman who looks like the success she is. And there was Elizabeth Homans of Flushing, whose new thought calendar you may have seen, and whose physical quantity is in inverse ratio to her kindness. And Professor Semnacher was there, and lots of others who might not appreciate having their names printed even in "the biggest little paper on earth," even if I could be certain as to their initials. There are lots of Matthews and Wileys and Smiths and Johnsons *et al*, on our New York list. Ever so many of the ladies and a few of the men whispered in my ear nice messages for William, all of which were conscientiously delivered to him,—though I may have got some of them slightly mixed; in which case I know the senders will excuse me, considering the blissful state of mind I was experiencing at the time. My visit to 34 West 20th street has left a sweet taste in my heart which will remain always, and which I trust was shared by those I met there.

For Monday Mr. Gill had arranged a banquet of the Poe Society at which the "celebrated editor of *The Nautilus*" was to be guest of honor and meet lots of celebrities. At 6.30 we sat down to a fine dinner artistically served. There were fifty of

us, all in mood to do justice to the feast of eatables and reason and the flow of soul and "extra dry." None of us seemed to be extra dry and the speeches certainly were not. From the sallies of the witty Mr. Manly Gillam of the *Herald* down to the attempts of the "celebrated editor," and from Paul Tyner's opening remarks all the way down to Colonel Washington's closing ones, there wasn't a dull moment. If one thing wasn't happening something else was, and I think everybody enjoyed it.

We had with us Edgar Allen Poe, grand nephew of the poet, who came from his home in Baltimore to help honor his distinguished relative; a young, bright, nice looking fellow with apparently none of the pessimistic and melancholy tendencies of his distinguished relative and namesake. Col. W. De H. Washington, the happy and efficient master of ceremonies, is a tall, military looking young southerner who is George Washington's nearest living relative and entitled to some distinction on his own account. Edwin Markham made a speech about "Poe, the Catullus of American Literature." H. Gaylord Wilshire, editor of *Wilshire's Magazine*, who looks exactly like his latest picture, told us America had thus far produced only one genius, Poe, (the *Herald* report said that at this point of the speech Edwin Markham's head was bowed and sobs were heard) because we provide no means for protecting genius from the sordid grind of earning its family a living, and intimated that true socialistic conditions would soon make geniuses of us all. Mr. Bingham recited Poe's "The Bells" in splendid fashion, which must have electrified the imagination of even a mummy had he heard it, and roused him to admiration of Poe's genius. Dr. Wiley told us about the writing of "The Bells" and showed us an original Poe manuscript and a letter from Poe's mother-in-law whose devotion inspired that beautiful poem, "To My Mother." Mrs. Elizabeth Hazard sang beautifully two songs, Mr. Bingham, another.

Paul Tyner and Ralph Waldo Trine also spoke. Paul Tyner is cordial, brown-bearded, tall, suave, a pleasant man to know. He is now working with the New Thought Publishing Company at 27 East 22d street. Ralph Waldo Trine and his wife are a tall, handsome, wholesome looking young couple one delights to acknowledge as new-thoughters. They live at Oscawana-on-the-Hudson, where they work in Charles Brodie Patterson's summer school. Mrs. Trine looks smartly correct in a sensible short walking suit and Ralph Waldo looks exactly like his pictures. They both appear to be "In Tune With the Infinite" and radiantly happy.

At my right at the banquet sat Isaac Townsend Smith, a tall, distinguished looking old man with white hair and short white sideburns and military bearing, who proved to be Consul-General for His Majesty the King of Siam. Mr. Smith has helped make history and now enjoys the distinction of being the oldest member of the Union League Club and the oldest consul in the world. He looks to be a well-preserved man of about seventy; but he told me he is ninety-two years of age—think of it!—and still attending banquets and enjoying them, too. He was one of the guests at Mayor Low's dinner to Prince Henry. He must be a new thought man whether he knows it or not. Perhaps he does, for since that Poe banquet he has subscribed for *Nautilus*. May he live long and enjoy it.

Another near neighbor at table was Mrs. Walter G. Eliot—Maud Stoughtenburgh Eliot—whose wit and kindness charmed us all. And a little farther away was Franc V. Le Mone who came to sing and then wouldn't; and Mrs. Catherine Markham, who came to guide, counsel and befriend any "man with the hoe" who happened to need it. Her hair is white like her husband's, and yet they are both too young for such badges.

There were many other interesting looking people at the banquet, who sat so far down the long table that I did not get acquainted, much to my regret. Nearly everybody was noted, at least in New York, for something or other, and I was dying with curiosity to know about them; but one small evening was too short for anything more



than a bare handshake around before we sat down, and a very small but interesting visit with the half dozen or so who sat nearest me.

While in New York I met Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rouss. Peter Rouss is the only son and heir of the late Charles Broadway Rouss, the multi-millionaire who is said to have offered \$1,000,000 to anyone who could heal him of his blindness. Mrs. Peter Rouss is a handsome big blonde young woman who is generously hospitable and loves automobiling. Peter Rouss looks to be a slender, frank, "Lord-Algy" sort of boy of about twenty, whom one would never suspect of the necessary age, experience or business acuteness to care for all those millions. But they say he was his father's sole manager for several years and knows how to make his millions grow. They have two boys and a girl, and all seem very happy in their handsome Brooklyn home, where magnificent life size busts of Peter's father and mother shed benediction from the great drawing room mantel, and a sleek, slender and poetic looking young Jap smooths life for them and their guests.

And there were lots of other interesting experiences crowded into that three days in New York city. Some of them would make you smile, and some would harrow your feelings; all would make interesting copy. But I must close this report or *Nautilus* will be late. William and our good girls and true took good care of your orders whilst I was away, and I read every one of your letters within two days after my return, and dictated answers to all that needed it. So you were just as well cared for as if I had been here those three days; maybe *better*; for happy experiences always wake us to brighter thought and larger effort.

Joy is power.

My joy I give unto you; and the giving increases my own joy.

### SOME HINTS AND A KICK.

"And now, Elizabeth, let me suggest something. Punch up the *men* a little in the matter of cultivating cleanly habits, etc. Women are preached to eternally on these matters and the men wholly neglected. It would be a 'new thought' to talk to the men a little and might assist in making more of them; fit companions for the sweet and cleanly women they delight in associating with. The absolute neglect of the masculine sex by writers on these subjects causes them to think that nothing in the way of the æsthetic is expected of them. It is a wrong to the men not to encourage them to aspire to a common plane with woman in the matters of purity and cleanliness. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, but no more so in the case of woman than of man. It is time for equality to be recognized in this matter as in all others." Carrie.

It is funny how many women squirm when reminded that it is they who set the pace in the home! We are always longing for power and a field of effort, and then when a 20th century prophetess arises and tells us we are all but almighty, and shows us how to direct our almightiness to accomplish results, we—well, we squirm. One would think some of us are a little bit ashamed of the pace we have been setting, of the things we have been accomplishing with our almightiness! You know, our first impulse when we see an error in our own selves is to sound the trumpet and charge upon the error in the other fellow. Is this why Carrie wants the men scolded?

Well, *don't* they get scolded? What are their wives and daughters and sweethearts for but to scold 'em or coax 'em into cleaner ways of living? No use to talk to men as a class, about anything but politics. Don't you know that Adam couldn't even taste an apple until Eve coaxed him? Adam is a great theorizer; he will gaze at an apple and tell you that he ought not to eat it, and *why* not; he will even amble long and wishfully about that apple; but it takes *Eve* to wake in him the *living impulse* to take it. Just so with matters of personal neatness. He knows—oh, yes, knowing is his long suit!—he knows he "ought" to be neat; and he thinks he wants to be; but unless Eve and the serpent come along he hasn't the *living impulse*.

And Eve must not lose sight of the serpent, however far away the dove may fly. Eve must use wisdom and tact, as well as example; if she

would have Adam accept her standard of cleanliness she must see to it that her example is *beautifully* clean instead of *painfully* so. There are men who are careless about their persons simply as a matter of relief from the painful cleanness of their surroundings.

Then there are Adams who are careless for lack of interest in pleasing Eve. In these cases you will find that Eve has little or no interest in pleasing Adam; or that she overdoes the matter of trying to please, and frequently dissolves in tears and precipitates countless reproaches upon luckless Adam.

Then there are Adams who are careless from petty spite—with shame I say it. And with greater shame I say, you will find their Eves are spiteful, too; probably more spiteful than the Adams; for Eve, you know, is generally smart enough and ambitious enough to outdo Adam in any line of endeavor—especially in the use or misuse of the tongue.

In matters of niceness it is Eve who sets the pace. Adam is built for strength; Eve for beauty and adornment. It is *natural* for Eve to set the pace and for Adam to follow, in all matters of detail and niceness. Whether Adam follows with good grace or ill depends upon Eve and the serpent. If Eve is wise as the serpent in her, and harmless as the dove in her, she can lead Adam a *willing* captive to heaven or hell.

Now will you rise again and—squirm—because I attribute to Eve all power over Adam? Will you say I excuse Adam's transgressions and come down hard on Eve? I suppose so. But the very fact that you resent the imputation is proof that in your heart of hearts you know I have hit *very close* to the mark. When an arrow flies wide we are merely amused at the poor marksmanship; but the closer the arrow strikes to the center the more excited we grow—either with resentment or admiration, according to our sympathies.

In matters of cleanliness, niceness and adornment Eve sets the pace; and if her pace is a graceful one and *not too fast* Adam follows. In due time he *acquires the habit* of doing the little ablutions and adornings Eve has taught him.

If your Adam is *very* careless about these matters you may depend upon it that when he was growing up his mother was either dead or careless or tactless; and you may safely suspect that Adam in his previous state of existence was a forlorn old bach. So be gentle with him, for it will take time to correct the faults of such an Adam.

But don't give up, Eve, dear. Be gentle, but be firm and persistent. Use your ingenuity in finding ways to make Adam *want* to please you; and if you can look back over a year or two and see that he *has* improved in *some* respects at least, that there are even one or two little tricks of niceness which have become almost if not quite habitual, then hold a little praise meeting and rejoice. Praise him for learning, and praise yourself for what you have succeeded in teaching him. And if your success has come *without friction*, if you have inspired Adam to *want* to please you, then glorify yourself exceedingly—all to yourself, of course. If you let Adam know you are managing him even for his own good, he will show his independence by going back to his old tricks—just as you would if in his place. If there has been friction, or lack of success, let it wake you up to use henceforth *more of the wisdom and love which is in you*.

Now this little homily is written ostensibly to women; but all my men subscribers will read it and applaud. *I wonder how many of them will see that every word of it is as applicable to themselves, as to their mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives?* Every Eve is Adam at heart, and every Adam is Eve; and what is sauce for Adam will prove equally effective with Eve. Adam and Eve are both green, and growing. They are the two halves of a ripening peach, brought together by the Law of Attraction or Love because at this stage in their development *they fit*. You will be inclined to doubt that every Adam's nature fits his Eve's, but I say unto you judge not according to outward appearance but judge righteous judgment. Now listen:—Every human being has his mani-

fest good points and his *latent* good points. The manifest good points of a man are the Adam of him; the *latent* good points—the weak places in him—are the Eve of him—the interior as-yet undeveloped part of him. The strong points, the good points, of a woman are the Eve; the weak points, where she is as yet undeveloped, are the Adam or interior nature of her.

If it were not for personal attractions, particularly the attractions of one man and one woman, the *latent* parts of both men and women would remain forever undeveloped and their strong points would continue to grow stronger. In time (supposing the race did not die out), there would be two classes of people utterly different and at variance with each other—two opposites with no understanding or sympathy for each other.

Attraction brings together opposites; the strong, steady man falls in love with a frivolous butterfly; a handsome woman attracts a homely man and *vice versa*; a strong, capable woman marries a sickly, incompetent man—and supports him; a sentimental woman is attracted to a matter-of-fact man who develops her common sense by pruning her sentimentalities; an artistic temperament is drawn to a phlegmatic; a sanguine to a bilious; a mental to a vital; an active man marries a lazy wife, or *vice versa*; a bright man marries a stupid girl; and so on and on.

Man and wife are a rounded whole in which the man manifests what is latent in the woman, and the woman supplies that which in the man is as yet undeveloped. Just as Eve coaxes, or scolds, Adam into habits of neatness; as Adam coaxes, scolds or drives Eve into having his meals on time, thus developing her self-command and *promptness*; so they act and re-act upon each other to develop a thousand latencies of which they, and the onlookers, are more or less unconscious.

The foolish Adams and Eves fret and strain against these processes of development, and bewail their "mistake" in marrying; not seeing that the association is really benefiting both. The wise Adams and Eves reduce the friction by *kindness*, by *co-operation with each other*; Adam *tries* to please Eve, Eve tries to please Adam, and both are kind about it, wherefore in due time their *appreciation* for each other grows, and mayhap their love grows with it. If love wanes instead of growing at least they are *friends*, and can *part* as friends if they so desire.

Someone has well said that without a model husband there can be no model wife. I believe it. As long as man and woman are held together by love, attraction, or "conditions" (in its last analysis it is *all* the Law of Attraction, or *God*) they are literally *one*, no matter how hard they kick against the oneness; and neither man nor woman can *alone* be a model, any more than one side of a peach can be *entirely* ripe and sweet and the other side entirely hard and green.

So when I speak to Eve about tact and kindness I speak to the *Eve in Adam* as well as in Eve herself.

And what I say of the attractions of man and wife applies equally well to other family relationships, to friendships, to acquaintanceships and even to our relationship to the people we pass on the street or the *heathen we never saw*. Every person who touches us even in the slightest degree, is drawn by the law of attraction because we need him to bring out some latency in ourselves, and because HE needs us to help develop some latency in him. IT IS OUR OWN HIGHEST DESIRES (the god in us) WHICH CONSTITUTE THE ATTRACTION.

"Oh, but that can't be," you exclaim, "because So-and-so brings out only the *evil* in me. He makes me feel so hateful and mean." Let us see, dearie. The hateful and mean feelings are due to your RESISTING that which his influence would bring out of you. For instance, you were late at your appointment with him. Of course you thought you had a good excuse; but if promptitude were one of your strong points, instead of one of your latencies, you would have been on time in spite of that excuse—if it were your *habit* to be on time you'd have swept aside a much greater hindrance



before you would have allowed yourself to be behind time. Now So-and-so is naturally prompt and, having had some experience with you, he knew you were not; so when he, having arrived fifteen minutes ahead of time as it is *his* nature to do, you came tripping in fifteen minutes late, —smiling confidently as you excused yourself (he having spent the fifteen minutes in cultivating a grouse at you for not being as prompt as himself) —he of course looked sulky and answered shortly. Then you pouted and finally *worked yourself* into quite a temper over his inconsiderateness and crankiness because of that paltry little fifteen minutes he had to wait. He *worked himself* into a temper because you were not on time; you *worked yourself* into a temper because he wasn't "nice." All that working was your individual doings.

But it all resulted in your resolving that if ever you had another engagement with that man (you'd take good care not to if you could help it, though!) you'd be *on time* if it killed you. Of course you didn't tell him so. And he resolved that next time he made an engagement with you he'd know it, but if he did he would make up his mind to be *on time* instead of ahead of time, and he'd not care if you *were* late.

So you see, the Law of Attraction accomplished its divine purpose in attracting you two to make that engagement—it waked in you a *resolution* toward promptness; and it waked in him a *resolution* to be *on time* rather than *before* time in future, and to be civil if you happened to be late—since you are only a woman and can't be expected to appreciate the value of promptness!

This is the way all our associations in life work together for good to *develop our latencies*, to strengthen our weak points. *The wiser we are the less emotion we waste in resenting the developing process—the more readily we see the point and take the resolution hinted at.* You see you and your friend had had other such experiences as the one described—you had been late before when So-and-so condoned the matter and said nothing. *He let you off so easily that you never thought of resolving not to be late again.* You felt that he had been displeased but you depended upon your niceness to make it all right again, and it never occurred to you to call yourself to account and *resolve* that it should not happen so again. You were *too heedless* to take a hint, so you had to have a kick.

You may set this down as a rule without exceptions: *That all the kicks you get from relatives or friends come after you have ignored repeated hints from your own inner consciousness.* You have gone on excusing yourself *without correcting the fault* (perhaps without seeing it) until the Law of Attraction stopped hinting and administered a kick. And if one kick will not cause you to develop that weak point the Law of Attraction will bring you other and yet harder kicks on the same line. *You will attract worse experiences of the same sort.*

It is this very law which makes married folks (or other relatives or friends) quarrel. Adam refuses Eve's hints about neatness, and Eve kicks—harder and harder. Eve refuses Adam's hints and he gets to kicking. *It ALWAYS takes two to start the kicking, AND EITHER ONE CAN STOP IT. A frank acknowledgement of error and a RESOLUTION to mend your end of the fault no matter what is done with the other end; then a pleasant expression and NO MORE WORDS;—this will stop the kicking. And in proportion as you learn to take the HINTS you attract, you will cease to attract kicks.*

By all of which I am reminded of that old testament statement that *"the Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh."* The "Lord" or "Lord God" of the old testament is what I call the *God in us*, or the Law of Attraction in us; and the "God" of the Bible is The Whole—the *God over all* as well as *in the individual*. It is the *God in us* which attracts to us our experiences, *in order to teach us wisdom and knowledge.* Pharaoh was not wise enough to let those people go, so the God in Moses gave him a hint—which he failed to take. Wherefore he attracted a gentle kick in the way of a plague. This dashed his ardor a bit and he gave

permission for the Israelites to go; but he was only *scared* into doing it; and after the plague was called off he was not wise enough to keep his word—here was a great lot of valuable slaves which he *could* keep, and why shouldn't he?—his word was easy broken and all's fair in business; so *his heart hardened* and he held the Israelites. So he attracted a harder kick; which failed to accomplish its purpose. Kick after kick came, each a bit harder than the last; each scaring Pharaoh for the moment, but *none convincing him.* He still thought it *right* to hang onto his slaves if he could, and he had the courage of his convictions. A man of such splendid courage seems worthy of a better fate. Pharaoh had the courage of a Christ, coupled with the ethics of a savage, whose only law is his own desire of possession. Because he could not take the hint and *see his mistake*, he attracted a series of kicks increasing in power until one finally landed him in the Red Sea. Perhaps a glimmer of the truth reached him as the waters rolled over. But his soul goes marching on and his mistakes are still re-incarnating here on earth.

Is Adam kicking, Eve? Take a hint before he kicks harder. Is Eve making things warm for you, Adam? Take care you jump not out of the frying pan into the fire. Are circumstances plaguing you, Everybody? Take the hint lest worse plagues arrive; learn wisdom and avoid the Red Sea.

Be not wise in thine own conceits. *Lean* not upon thine own understanding, but in *all thy ways and thy neighbor's ways*, acknowledge that the One Good Spirit leads, and He shall direct thy feet in paths of peace and pleasantness.

The proof of foolishness is unrest and friction. The proof of wisdom is peace.

*Be still and know the Lord thy God and learn from the experiences He draws to thee.*

### THE BIBLE FOR SHORT CUTS.

"Ought I to read the Bible to get a right understanding of the truth? I don't understand the Bible at all." C. J.

Neither did I understand the Bible when I first began to read it. But daily I took it into the silence and asked the spirit which inspired Jesus, Isaiah, Paul, John, to write the Bible, to please inspire *me* to understand it. Gradually its meaning unfolded to me, as it will to anyone who *persists* in taking it into the silence and listening for the spirit's interpretation.

There is no question of "ought" about it, any more than there is a question of "ought" in regard to the church or school you attend. You are free to use the Bible or not, as you please. I used it because *so many* witnesses agreed that it is the greatest mine of truth extant. I made up my mind to stick to it until I proved to my own satisfaction whether or not they were right. I found them correct in their estimate.

I still consider the Bible the greatest compendium of spiritual knowledge ever made, as well as an unexcelled history and an accurate *psychology*; and that its persistent and reverent use affords the individual more short cuts to self-knowledge and self-command and *soul-joy* than is afforded by any other book, or 1,000 books, in print. Indeed, I almost doubt if other great books written in civilized lands are fully understood at all, without recourse to biblical knowledge and expressions; so great has been the Bible's influence upon the world's thought. Even the rankest atheist's highest thought is filtered to him from the Bible, or at any rate from the spirit behind the Bible; all unconscious as he is of the plagiarism. You may depend upon it that any book which has attained the enormous popularity and lived as long as the Bible, is well worth careful looking into; and the less you see in it now the greater will be your gain through that careful looking.

Take the Sermon on the Mount, along with a good concordance, into the silence every day for a year; ask the spirit to teach you; read a few sentences at a time, looking up all the references. *Be still* and read *very* slowly. And don't be discouraged because you fail to receive a great flood of light at one sitting—or even if you can see no

light at all. Simply keep at it. By and by you will get little glimpses of things as you read; later you will begin to really *understand*, though you will not be able to set a finger on the day when the light dawned.

You see, *the spirit* which enlightened those old prophets is *all the time trying to inspire you and me*; but we keep our minds in such a state of jiggle and joggle over every day affairs that we fail to receive the inspiration which those old fellows received without any Bible, simply because, for the want of so many things to joggle them, they *had* to be still and listen to the spirit. For the want of enough every day visible *things* to occupy their full time and attention, as with us, their minds *had* to rest on the *unseen* side of life whence comes understanding. If you and I would take to the woods and *listen*, as they did, the spirit would teach us without the aid of books or teachers. But we don't—haven't time, even with all the time in eternity ahead of us—too many other things we want to know too.

So we use text books; we use other people's expressions of what the spirit has shown them—use them simply as *channels* by which to receive inspiration, that no *time* be wasted.

Don't you know how much less time and trouble it takes to see the truth of a thing well said, than it does to find out and formulate the statement in the first place? Take "Behold I make peace and I create evil; I, the Lord, do all these things"; Isaiah probably spent a whole lifetime listening, before he could receive that truth from the spirit. But you can sit for half an hour or so a day, with Isaiah's statement before you, and in a week, or month, or perhaps a year, the spirit's action on you will enable you to receive its meaning.

To take high statements with you into the *silence* saves *time* and the *hard experiences* encountered always by the thought pioneer.

—For notice about the prize lists see page 8.

—"Competition has no terrors for the man who can do his stunt better than anybody else." Jed Scarboro.

—"As we become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres, by so many separate acts and hours of work. Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation, in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. Silently, between all the details of his business, the *power of judging* in all that class of matter will have built itself up within him as a possession that will never pass away. Young people should know this truth in advance. The ignorance of it has probably engendered more discouragement and faint-heartedness in youths embarking on arduous careers than all other causes put together."—William James.

—"The Fourth Annual New Thought Convention will be held at St. Louis, Mo., during the World's Fair, on October 25 to 28, inclusive. The sessions will be held in the magnificent Music Hall, located at 13th, 14th, and Olive streets, which has a seating capacity of 3,000. The Executive Board of the New Thought Federation, which was elected at the convention held in Chicago last November, is making active preparations for the most successful convention yet held. It will be international, and will become as noted as the World's Congress of Religions at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Friday, October 28, has been designated by the World's Fair management as New Thought Day, and same will appear on all the official announcements of the Exposition. Arrangements are being made with the hotels and railroads for the accommodation of our people, and the committee will have a complete list of hotels, rooming and boarding places with the lowest prices obtainable. All those desiring reservations should address Rev. J. D. Perrin, 4606 Morgan street, St. Louis, stating the amount they wish to pay, and satisfactory arrangements will be made. The railroad rates will be moderate, probably not over one-half fare from any point. One of the pleasant features of the convention will be a chorus choir of two hundred voices. It is not too early to begin making your arrangements to attend the Fourth New Thought Convention, October 25 to 28, when you can visit the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at the same time." Charles Edgar Prather, Chairman Publicity Committee, 1315 McGee street, Kansas City, Mo.



## INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

**ANENT SOCIALISM** A reader of *Nautilus* who has long been a worker for the cause of socialism, takes exception to my article on co-operation in a recent issue.

This correspondent writes in part as follows:

"It makes my heart ache to know that thousands of your readers who know little or nothing about socialism will probably be set against that great and noble cause—the uplifting and betterment of the human family—by reading that article. You say it offers very little in the way of a practical philosophy which would forever settle the capital and labor fight; while the truth is, it offers the only solution to the labor problem. Co-operation is one of the fundamental principles of socialism. But there cannot be co-operation until the means of production and distribution are collectively owned and operated, and when each human being is a shareholder in the wealth of the world and gets the full product of his toil. That will bring in, in reality, the brotherhood of man."

My remarks in the article referred to were intended to apply more particularly to the socialistic movement as it actually manifests itself today, through its press and teachers, rather than to socialism as a theory.

Whatever really helps towards "the uplifting and betterment of the human race" is certainly to be commended. But a great deal that passes under the name of reform seems to aim at the benefit of the masses at the expense of the classes. In other words it seeks simply to reverse the present order of things and let the under dog get on top; whereupon he will, presumably, seek glory and honor in zealously "doing" the other dog instead of being "done" himself.

My idea is that both the classes and masses should be taught, through the power of education, that it is for their own everlasting and highest good to quit trying to gain success by "doing" each other. Through mutual co-operation the scales of justice will regain their equilibrium.

Far be it from me to deny, however, that there are many people in the socialist movement who are working along this very line, and whose whole aim in life is to secure the greatest good for all humanity.

My own idea is that the great economic change, which must surely come, may possibly best be brought about through the establishment of various small co-operative enterprises. If enough of these were put into successful operation the monopolists would be compelled in time to co-operate too, or get off the earth.

My correspondent says: "There cannot be co-operation until the means of production and distribution are collectively owned and operated."

To me it seems as if the reverse of this statement would come nearer the truth, viz.: The means of production and distribution cannot be collectively owned and operated until co-operation is well established among the people.

You cannot put new wine into old bottles, lest the bottles burst.

All the various reform movements serve a good purpose in drawing attention to the economic and social questions which are demanding settlement, and out of the seeming confusion and opposition a new and far grander social system is bound to be evolved.

If this change comes under the name of socialism, I shall be glad.

If it comes under some other name I shall be equally glad.

**SELF RELIANCE.** You may search the universe through and through for something or some one to lean upon, and always you will find yourself thrown back upon your own resources. This is Nature's method of teaching you self-dependence.

The most of us spend years, and perhaps ages, in seeking without for that which we can only find within.

It is useless to try to lean upon outside means for gaining health and happiness and developing a harmonious and useful life.

Life grows and is fed from within. We are all fed from a single Source, and every individual

must make the connection with that Source for himself.

The great majority of earth's inhabitants are seeking, seeking, seeking for happiness and harmony. Those of material tendencies seek happiness in food, drink, fine clothing and houses. They apparently have no desire which rises above the mere craving for animal comfort. But they do not find the satisfaction they seek. Sooner or later they come to feel the utter emptiness of such a method of living.

Sooner or later the soul is quickened and will not be stilled with rich food, wine, or the excitement of gay company.

Sooner or later every individual must stand face to face with the awful majesty of his own soul.

Friends, family ties, money, food, drink, none of these will longer avail to hide the individual from himself. Such a period of disclosure must come to everyone.

It may come at the end of a lifetime spent in riotous living. It may come at a time of great temptation, great danger or extreme weakness. It may come (as it does more often than in any other way, I believe) through the magic power of love.

You who have only been conscious of the limited, personal self will face the Real Self, and learn that it is useless to seek for life without yourself.

You will see that you have been living like a person who is in a hypnotic sleep. You have been mistaking the shadow for the substance. You have been hypnotized by appearances and by the voice of the senses. You have been building upon a foundation of sand and dwelling in that which is purely temporal.

You will now learn that the Great Reality of life must first be found within yourself before you can find it elsewhere. You must first get the foundation firm before you can build a superstructure that will stand.

Seek to discover your Real Self. Learn to depend upon yourself. Trust the promptings of your own soul. Seek its guidance. Listen to its voice.

The soul is the reality of your being, the substance behind all outward manifestations.

The soul builds and unbuilds forms. The soul is the source of all sensation.

Learn to trust the power of your own soul.

For what will it profit you to gain all that the material world can give and yet lose the consciousness of your own soul?

The soul manifests through love—not alone through personal and limited love, but through universal love.

I think it is Horace Traubel, editor of *The Conservator*, who says: "What is life but the sum and substance of your own love?"

The soul is stifled without it expresses love. Its manifestations are dwarfed and misshapen except it express love.

He that loveth has already found his own soul. He is already becoming conscious of the universal inflow. He is already basking in the Eternal Light.

Love, but do not seek love. Rely upon thy Self. To seek love as a reward is to cease giving love. Give love and thou shalt have thy reward of love without seeking it.

"What we love that we have, but by desire we bereave ourselves of the love."

Trust thy inmost self and thou shalt be guided into all wisdom. Rely not upon anyone or anything without thyself. Seek the Eternal Law within.

## BRIEFS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

\*\*\* My friend, Frank Harrison, who has edited the *Magazine of Mysteries* for the past three years, has now withdrawn from all connection with that publication.

\*\*\* Those who have made inquiries concerning C. W. Smiley, formerly editor of *Occult Truths*, may be able to reach that gentleman by addressing him at 339 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

\*\*\* Dr. Paul Edwards has returned from abroad, and is now located in San Francisco.

\*\*\* There is a little magazine published at Terre Haute, Ind., by F. D. Blue, which tells the truth about vaccination, and deserves the support of everyone who desires to see vaccination legally abolished. Price of Mr. Blue's magazine, fifty cents per year.

\*\*\* *Weltmer's Magazine* (Nevada, Mo.) again makes its appearance after a few months' vacation, and is much improved in form and style.

\*\*\* *Now* (published at San Francisco) has also recently been enlarged and greatly improved. This is one of the most alive journals that we receive, although it contains much that is contrary to our own ideas and teachings.

\*\*\* It is a matter for congratulation that while there are not as many new thought journals coming into the field as formerly, those that remain are becoming more deeply rooted and greatly extending their influence.

\*\*\* Some of those bright Chicago people were not quite satisfied with the new management of the New Thought Federation (the official successor of the organization effected at Chicago last year) so they have gone to work and perfected a federation of their own, which will be broad enough to include every phase of new thought. It is even expected that Brother Shelton, the strenuous and widely known advocate of I AM IT-ism, will give the new federation (which is creedless), his endorsement. The new federation will not exalt the mind and intellect above the spirit. We wish the workers in the new movement (which is the real continuation of the Chicago Convention), much success. You can get any further desired information by addressing The Higher Thought, 459 La Salle avenue, Chicago, Ill.

\*\*\* Mental power is only a manifestation of real power. All real power comes from the spirit and manifests through the mental and physical. Spirit is the Great Reality, the Divine Principle, which is in and through all things. This is the foundation teaching of our philosophy.

\*\*\* The vegetarian movement has received what seems to be a great uplift in some of the eating houses at Yale and Harvard universities. At Harvard in one of the eating halls a separate weekly rate has been provided for students who do not care to take the meat courses. At Yale commons a similar arrangement has been made, with the exception that meats will be ordered and paid for as extras.

\*\*\* If you could see the direct effect upon digestion of worry, anger, or strong emotion of any sort, you would take every possible precaution to surround yourself with a harmonious and quiet atmosphere during meals and directly afterward. In his new book, "The A B-Z of Our Own Nutrition," Horace Fletcher has an interesting account of some experiments made with cats in order to determine the effects upon their digestive processes of anger, etc. By means of a fluorescent screen and the X-ray the digestive process could be readily observed. It was found that the peristaltic action which was observed in the female cats in nearly every instance was altogether absent in the males, although both received exactly the same treatment. This phenomena was explained by the fact that the females lay quiet under the experiment while the males struggled violently and flew into a rage. Whenever the peristaltic action in a female cat became interrupted by anger, purposely induced, the action was resumed as soon as the cat was soothed by stroking. The action ceased also at the first sign of discomfort caused by holding the hand over the cat's mouth to keep her from breathing, and was immediately resumed as soon as the hand was removed.

\*\*\* "These experiments," says the *New York Journal*, "satisfied Mr. Fletcher that it was of vast importance to avoid disturbing emotions while digestion was going on. The cessation of wave-motions stopped three important functions—mixing, trituration and expulsion of food."

\*\*\* We would like to say that the indulgence in anger, hate, worry, or any excessive emotion,



is not only dangerous at meal times but at all other times as well. Keep your mind smoothed out, your brow ditto, and long life and happiness will come your way.

\*\*\* Live midway between the clouds of heaven and the mire of earth, and you will strike close to a normal life. Aspiration is a beautiful quality. It helps to lift you up where the clear, white light of eternal bliss shines. But aspiration without practical ability is a sickly product. It is like a plant that grows in the shade. Aspiration must be wedded to practical ability if you would lead a normal life.

\*\*\* If you are inclined to be over aspiring and sentimental and impractical, set to work to bring out the opposite side of your character at once. Thank God for whatever sound common sense and good earthly tendencies you may have, and proceed to nourish them. You know the most beautiful flowers have their roots far down in the mud. Mud is a fine thing if you make a good use of it.

\*\*\* And if your mind runs mostly in material channels, stop a bit, rest and meditate and let a little of the sunlight of idealism into your character. Let a little of the ideal in your nature come to the surface. Coax it along instead of dismissing it as nonsense. Don't cultivate cynicism.

\*\*\* Praise and bless that which seems to be opposed to you and it will straightway become your helper.

#### ANENT BOOKS AND THINGS.

—"Crankadom" is the peculiar title of a 148 page paper bound volume of the special crankisms of Maud Daws of Beaver, Wyo. No price given—probably fifty cents.

—"Natural Laws Governing the Mortal and Immortal Worlds," is a thoughtful treatise of 218 pages by Charles H. Crawford, M. D. Published by the Homewood Publishing Company, Chicago; price, \$1.50.

—"New Science of Man" is a neat booklet by Charles A. Hall, a statement of principles; price, three pence (about six cents); issued by The Systematic Publishing Company, 40 Warwick Lane, Paisley, England.

—"Love: The Divine Force Which Rules the Universe" is a pretty red-cloth-bound volume of ninety-two pages, written in inspirational vein by Hannah Barron Hibbard. Published by The Reed Publishing Company, Denver, Col.; price, \$1.00.

—"Albeth; a Scientific Proof of Immortality in the Flesh" is a twenty-five cent booklet by Leon Andruth, which will well repay the student of life. Published by International Publishing, Touring and Security Company, 1123-55 State street, Chicago.

—"The Body Beautiful, According to Delsartean Philosophy" is a pretty, interesting and useful little book by Mrs. L. Dow Balliett, 1001 Atlantic avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.; price, fifty cents. There is in this little book much new thought applied.

—On page 91 of "Wood's New England Prospect" (see ad.) is to be found a description of the original football game as played by the American aborigines. The beaches upon which the Indians played this game are identified as Salisbury and Old Orchard.

—"The Celestial Plexus, Vol. I, No. 1, is an artistic and lively new thought magazine of nineteen pages, edited by G. Tabor Thompson, 518 Spruce street, Philadelphia; price \$1.00 per year. Success grow for it. Send for sample copy and subscribe if you like it—which you will.

—"Living Counterparts; a Study in Vibration" is an unusually interesting presentation of the subject by Minnie S. Davis; published by The Alliance Publishing Company, New York City; 108 cloth bound pages; price not given—probably \$1.00. I don't see how anyone can read this book and still say, "I can't understand the subject of vibrations."

—I am often asked to recommend books on prenatal culture. Here is one called "Pre-Natal

Culture," written by A. E. Newton, who appears to understand his subject; and highly recommended by Dr. Alice B. Stockham, author of "Tokology," "Karezza," etc., than whom I know no better authority on such matters.

—Vrilia Hights Summer School of Metaphysics will hold its seventh annual session, beginning June 19, and continuing until the middle of September. Vrilia is beautifully located at Williams Bay, Wis. For circulars and particulars address, Dr. Alice B. Stockham, 70 Dearborn street, Chicago.

—"The Keystone of the Arch Masonic" is a new booklet, with map, by Dr. Hahn Brooks, who thinks he has solved the riddle of the sphinx and found the Shiloh of the Hebrews and the stone the builders rejected. His theories are intelligently substantiated. The book contains seventy-eight pages, paper bound, no price given; issued by The Truth Publishing Company, 1430 Valencia street, San Francisco.

—"Primary Lessons in Christian Living and Healing" is a new edition of Annie Rix Miltz' text book, which is issued by The Absolute Press, Box 155, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Miltz is one of the sweetest, sanest teachers of new thought I know, and one of the deepest Bible scholars. Her "Primary Lessons" afford a stable foundation. Price, \$1.00.

—Now is out in a dream of a new Easter gown of brown and red and black. Send ten cents for sample copy—or better still, \$1.00 for a year's subscription—to "Now Folk," 1437 Market street, San Francisco. Or still better, send me the \$1.00 and I'll give you a year's subscription to *Now* and to *Nautilus*, too—\$1.50 worth of magazines for \$1.00.

—"The Everyday Cook Book" was sent us by the Phelps Publishing Company, Springfield, Mass., publishers of *Good Housekeeping*. The book is arranged by Isabel Gordon Curtis, in unique and most convenient form, cloth bound, and sells for \$1.00. Catherine says to tell you it is her favorite cook book which she means to start housekeeping with—in June.

—"Physical Education by Muscular Exercise" is a cloth bound volume, (no price given) by Luther Halsey Gulick, M. D., published by P. Blakiston's Son & Co., 1012 Walnut street, Philadelphia. The book contains sixty-three large pages, with illustrations, and presents intelligently and concisely the principles as well as definite practices of physical culture. Valuable information for teacher as well as pupil.

—"The Idiot and The Insane" is a "Romance and Tragedy in the Badlands," by "The Mad Woman of the Rockies," otherwise Mrs. Helen Philbrick who was, for her "queer notions" anent new thought, incarcerated in an asylum for the insane, and who now lives at Ruskin University, Glen Ellyn, N. Y. The book sells for fifty cents, is inscribed "For Ladies Only," and is queer enough to be interesting to students of psychology.

—Edgar Wallace Conable is making more tracks. This time he is going to California to find a home for his colony—the frost having killed all the fruit on the Ozarks and left mighty poor prospects for fruitarians. When he finds a suitable spot (he'll not take the real estate agent's word for things this time) there'll be busy times and perhaps a "Conable, Cal." In the meantime have patience and faith and direct your letters to Pathfinder Publishing Company, Sacramento, Cal., from which place they will doubtless follow in Edgar Wallace's footsteps through the land of fruit and flowers.

—"The Higher Thought, 459 La Salle avenue, Chicago, in the April edition has a very comprehensive exposition of the soul of the federated work which has now for nearly a year been going on in Chicago, and of which was the issue of the great and beautiful Chicago Convention. The subject is treated under the heading, "The Triumph at Chicago." Every person who is interested in the heart and the true spirit of the new thought movement should read this exposition of the Way of the Spirit in affairs. A copy of *The Higher Thought* can be had for five cents; or just now

it is offered three months for ten cents. It is a quarto. Fifty cents a year.

—"From Incarnation to Reincarnation" is a new volume by Richard and Isabella Ingalese, scholars both, and writers of power. Mr. Ingalese's "Power of Mind" is one of the most scholarly of new thought expositions. And this new book is a worthy successor. The subject of life and reincarnation is treated in an exhaustive and intelligent way which will appeal to the careful student and convert the agnostic if not the positive unbeliever. The book is well printed and bound, contains 286 pages and a complete index; price, \$2.00. Published by the Occult Book Concern, 9 to 15 Murray street, New York.

—Last number of *Nautilus* was typical of its month. It brought sunshine of commendation, and showers—and a thunderclap or two—of condemnation, to the luckless (?) editor. Several of my southern friends verified the southern reputation by exhibiting several shades of touchiness, huffiness and downright temper over my remarks about the southern treatment of Helen Wilmans, murderers and negroes. One man said he had read *Nautilus* for years and this was the first time I had ever said anything with which he disagreed, but this settled it—stop his paper *instantly*! Of course I did. But his remarks failed to convince me that I had seriously misrepresented the southern character as a whole! If I had been in Helen's place and this man in Judge Locke's I wonder what would have been the verdict? Or, if I had made my remarks while in range of his gun? But while emotionalism with its consequent hasty action is rather more of a southern trait than a northern one, I must say that it is not by any means a universal southern trait. There is a large and growing class of southern people who frown down mobs and unfair trials, who control themselves and will in due time control the sentiment and then the actions, of their own masses. These people, while they might take too seriously any reflection (?) upon southern character (we are all more or less touchy when it comes to personalities) have outgrown the stage of intolerant inquisition methods for choking off such reflections. Out of the thousands of southern readers of *Nautilus* (presumably all these are among the intelligent and self-controlled classes, since others are not interested in self-culture) only one resented my remarks to the point of discontinuing his paper; and barely half a dozen others protested by letter. But I have frequently made worse reflections (?) upon eastern and western class-character without a single protest. \* \* \* I feel like the small boy who was compelled to apologize for calling his playmate a liar—he said "I'm sorry you're a liar!" I'm sorry if my southern friends felt hurt over that little item, but I don't see how I can very well retract what I said until the south quits showing those characteristics; do you? The fact that the north occasionally runs amuck, too, has no bearing on the case. That only proves that the Pharisee is at heart but another sinner, though he may succeed in hiding the fact most of the time. Neither is the case changed by the fact that United States court judges in the south are all appointees of a northern government. The appointments may be made in the north but the appointees are all southern and make southern interpretations and applications of the law, to fit southern people and sentiments. Which is exactly as it should be. Don't take things so seriously, my southern friends. *We are all one*, whether we think so or not. The south stands for the heart, the north for the head; and it takes both heart and head to direct right action. When either one takes the bit and runs away with the other there's the devil to pay. Let's pull together. Don't let's quit playing because we don't always want to play the same way. Let's arbitrate and go on playing.

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over twenty-five years of practice by saying, "This person can and will recover." Last October I signalled a car to stop and placed my foot on the side platform to descend. When rounding a curve at 23d street and Broadway, the momentum of the car threw my feet off, yet I retained my hold of the upright bar on front of car. For three-quarters of a block I was dragged in this way, when, letting go by necessity, I fell upon the back of my head, right hip and shoulder, all three of which were black and blue and swollen and inflamed. Before any man could touch me I got up and said, "I am not a bit hurt; I am all right." The men were white-faced with terror, and a lady accompanied me to 22d street, between 5th and 6th avenues. She said, "You will surely die if you don't have a doctor or go to the hospital; you will be a corpse if you don't have medical attention!" My reply was, "I am myself a physician and know just what to do; the most important thing in my case is to assert my freedom from injury or danger." I have not lost a day's time, and though I have experienced some effects from the injury, I feel assured my prompt assertion that I was not hurt had much to do with my escape from a series of miserable and painful sensations. All my friends think my escape miraculous but I am sure it was due partly to auto-suggestion and assertion of freedom. \* \* \* Never say die—never sit down and despair. Life is motion. Action will keep you young. Circulation of the blood prevents disease. The mind can control the circulation. Thought is a force the value of which is little known or appreciated. Children can be governed by suggestion and when we understand this truth, wilful or disobedient children will disappear." Ella A. Jennings, M. D., 235 West 111th street, New York.

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