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ELEANOR KIRK,
FLOYD B. WILSON,

REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.

THE NAUTILUS.

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MONTHLY,
Fifty Cents a Year.

NOVEMBER, 1905.

VOL VIII.
No. 1.

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

Leading Articles.

By Crooked Paths, -	Elizabeth Towne
Prayer (Poem), -	Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Joy, Always Joy, -	Floyd B. Wilson
"Don't Worry," -	Eleanor Kirk
Child Development (Part I),	Charlotte Martindell
Harmony in the Home, -	William E. Towne
Ho! For Oregon, -	William E. Towne
Knowledge and Wisdom, -	Elizabeth Towne

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Nautilus News.

VOLUME VIII. This number of *The Nautilus* opens Volume VIII. We have just finished seven years of publication, a successful cycle. With this number we enter a new cycle which is to be fuller, richer than the last. New plans are unfolding, with which we hope to happyfy our readers as never before. *Nautilus*, you know, stands for *growth*, all along the lines; growth of peace, of joy, of satisfaction, of *usefulness*; growth in *quality* and growth in *quantity*. May every one of our present subscribers stay with us and grow with us for the coming cycle, and *may he bring all his friends into our unfoldment, our growing in the joy of life.*

ON NEW LINES. We are beginning our new cycle with a change of "policy" which we think will please our readers and make *Nautilus* more valuable. We mean hereafter to run less advertising, and at the same time to increase the number of our regular reading pages. Note the increase of reading matter in this number.

And, as always, we mean to have only the best and most helpful articles from the best writers to be had anywhere. *Nautilus* pages are not to be "padded" with cheap contributions; they are to increase as fast as we can find really vital things that fit human needs and need to be said.

It is surprising how many manuscripts we receive, and how few really fit! But we are growing in this matter too, and we think our readers will be surprised and delighted with what we have in store for them in Vol. VIII. of *The Nautilus*.

Our three first regular paid contributors, Mrs. Wilcox, Mr. Wilson and Eleanor Kirk, have won their own places in the hearts of our readers. Nobody wants to lose them! So we have arranged to have them all write for us during the coming year.

And you will be delighted and instructed by those breath articles of Ella Adelia Fletcher's, the first of which appears in next number of *Nautilus*.

Then we have already in store for our readers choice articles and poems from Florence Pierce, Edward Earle Purinton, Charlotte Cole, the Marchesa Alli-Maccarani and others. And we have delightful surprises in store! Wait a bit, and see!

And there are to be travel articles in December and January numbers, by the editor. William and I are just back from a journey of about 10,000 miles around our great country. William has written the first of the series of travel articles, landing us in Portland, Oregon, the home of my childhood and the scene of the truly great and unique Lewis and Clark exposition. In December number of *Nautilus* I will tell you about our visit in Portland, the new thought people we saw and some of the things we learned about them and the movement. Then in January number I will tell you something about our interesting journey home via Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis and Washington, and about a number of very interesting new thought people we

met—including the Unity people and Col. Sabin. We had such an interesting and enjoyable trip!—which grew better and better the longer it lasted! And we staid to the very last minute we dared without delaying this number of *Nautilus*. We don't propose to have *Nautilus* late even for a 10,000 mile journey!

MORE NEW LINES. Another change in our "policy" has to do with premiums. We are *outgrowing* this premium-giving state of being. Not one of our subscribers to *Nautilus* but will agree that *Nautilus* is worth *double* the price asked for it. We want you to *prove* your faith by your straight subscriptions, uncoaxed by premiums!

Every month we put more money into making *Nautilus* the best magazine of its kind on earth. And we have been cutting down our premiums to match! Now we mean very soon to cut out premiums, probably altogether, and put the money *all* into the magazine. And by and by, as *Nautilus* keeps on growing in size and quality we may ask \$1.00 a year for it! I wouldn't wonder if we did it soon.

But in the meantime the subscription price remains at 50 cents a year. And for this month, until Nov. 30, 1905, you may have with each subscription either the new song, "Good Luck is Coming Your Way," or a copy of "Round Pegs in Square Holes." If you wish the song as premium send fifty cents for subscription and six cents extra to pay mailing expenses; if you wish the "Round Pegs" booklet send fifty cents for a year's subscription and two cents extra for mailing expenses. If you wish both send \$1.00 for two years' subscription and the song and booklet. This offer to hold good only until November 30. After that date *Nautilus* is to be its own premium! And I believe our subscribers will be glad of the change.

When *Ladies' Home Journal* raised its subscription price to \$1.25 a year, fifteen cents a copy, it expected a falling off of subscriptions. Instead of a loss there was a marked increase of subscriptions and news stand sales. I believe our readers are as loyal as the *Journal's*; so I am expecting oceans of renewals and new subscriptions as a result of our improved "business policy."

OUR NEW COVER DESIGN. How do you like our new cover design? Tell us when you happen to be writing. We don't have to keep using it unless we like! The old design which was William's, was certainly neat and nice, and we can use it again. But I hope the new prize design, by Luella Herriman of Girard, Kan., will be a growing pleasure to our readers.

We thought to make a change in cover paper, but could find nothing prettier, nor with better wearing and folding qualities. The copies of *Nautilus* which we saw in Portland, Oregon, arrived in perfect condition after their 3,500 mile journey. So we ordered another "run" of the same cover paper, which our readers seem to like.

Achieve — and your soul grows strong; suffer — and your soul grows sweet.—PURINTON.

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WILLIAM E. TOWNE, Dept. 1, Holyoke, Mass.

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THE NAUTILUS.

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NOVEMBER, 1903.

NO. 1.

By Crooked Paths.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

Rev. R. F. Horton, D. D., tells a little story of a remarkable answer to prayer. He was with a party of tourists in Norway. In exploring some wild and marshy country one of the ladies lost one of her "goloshes." The overshoe could not be replaced short of Bergen, at the end of their tour, and it was out of the question to attempt to explore that wild country without rubbers. The golosh must be found, or the tour curtailed.

As you may imagine, every member of the party set diligently to work to find the missing rubber. Over and over they hunted the miles of glades and mountain sides they had traversed. At last they gave it up and returned to the hotel.

But in the afternoon a thought came to Dr. Horton—why not pray that they find the shoe? So he prayed. And they rowed back up the fjord to the landing of the morning, and he got out and walked directly to the overshoe, in a spot he would have sworn he had before searched repeatedly.

I remember a similar experience of my own. There were four of us riding bicycles along a rather sandy road some distance from town. Two were spinning along on a tandem some distance ahead of us, on a down grade, when a rivet flew out and the chain dropped. The tandem ran for a quarter of a mile on down the hill and slowed up on the rise beyond, so that our friends were able to dismount without injury.

By this time we had overtaken them,

having ridden in their track, and learned for the first time the cause of their halt. Of course everybody's immediate thought was, "Oh, we can never find that tiny gray rivet in this gray dust—probably the other bicycles ran over it—and home is three miles off!" But we all retraced our steps, diligently searching. Two of the party are crack shots with the rifle, with very quick eyesight. I thought one of these two *might* find the rivet. But we all walked slowly back, far beyond the point where they became conscious of their loss, and no one spied the rivet.

Then it occurred to me that the high spirit within had not been called to our assistance. Immediately I said to myself, "Spirit, *you* know where the rivet is!—please show it to me!"

I thought of the spirit as the Law of Love or Attraction which is the principle of all creation, and instantly the idea came that the little rivet could *attract* the eye's attention if the eye were *willing* to be attracted. These words floated into my mind, "Rivet, rivet, rivet my eye!"

By this time I had fallen behind the others. So I walked leisurely, calmly along, eyes *willing*, and those words saying themselves over and over in my mind.

And the rivet riveted my eye! I, who considered myself very slow of sight, found the rivet. And I know it was because I turned to the universal self, to God, to the Law of Attraction for the

help needed, for the knowledge which not one of us had in consciousness, but *which was certainly present in the universal mind in which we live and move and have our being.*

Just the other day I had a little experience which illustrates the "man's extremity is God's opportunity" idea. For years I have said I could never find ready made garments to fit me. Have tried many times; waists all to short and narrow in front, sleeves skimpy. But I keep trying, every year; for everybody is evolving you know, even clothes and tailors.

I wanted a new white lawn shirt waist and wondered if I *couldn't* find one ready made. Tried in the biggest suit house in Springfield; no good. Then one day I had an impulse to try the best places in Holyoke. One or two *almosts*, but nothing that would quite do. Gave it up.

Then I had another impulse to try a store of which I have always said, "I *never* found there anything I wanted." I nearly passed the store, saying to myself, "No use to try *there*, and it is late anyway." But there came the thought or rather impression, that *the spirit* impelled me and I would better go. "We'll see if it is the spirit," I said to myself—"I believe it is." It was. I found the waist I wanted, and I found a pretty white lawn suit besides! In the most unlikely corner in the vicinity, according to my judgment and experience.

There is a little law in here that I want you to notice. *The spirit leads us through impressions or attractions; and it is limited in its revelations by our mental make-up, which is the conscious and ruling part of us.*

Why did not the spirit impress me in the first place to go to that store, where that waist and dress had been waiting for me since spring? And I had *wanted* them since spring. The

spirit did impress me about it, but when the spirit said "*shirt waist*" to me I said "*Springfield*—if they haven't a fit there they won't have it anywhere; and anyway I *know* I'll never find it." But I tried—*without faith*. That shut the spirit up for the time.

But at the very first opportunity, on the first afternoon when I *wasn't too busy* to even think about such things, the spirit whispered "*shirt waist*" to me again.

And I didn't let the spirit get any farther with its impressions; instead of asking the spirit where to go for a shirt waist I said, "Oh, yes, shirt waist—of course—I'll go to A.'s and B.'s and C.'s, where I generally get other things that suit me."

You see, my *habit mind*, preconceived opinions, again settled the matter. It was not until I had *given up* finding anything at these places, and was *going right by the door* of the other store, that the spirit *had a chance* to even whisper its name to me. *The spirit had to lead me around all my prejudices in the matter, before it could get me to think of that place.* My mind was *open* to the thought of the shirt waist, but it was closed hard and fast against the idea of that particular store. At least the *direct mental route* to that store was closed. So the spirit had to lead me around by back alley brain-connections. But *now* the direct route is open.

The spirit always goes shopping with me, and nearly always the direct mental routes are open, so I have lots of fun shopping, never waste a lot of time at it, and I nearly always get *just* what I want, many times at bargain prices, though *I almost never look at bargain ads in the papers.* But many, many times have I gone into a store to buy a certain thing and found a big special sale on, of that very item.

Do you think these are very trivial

things to be bothering the spirit about? I don't. The spirit is all-wise, all-powerful, everywhere present, *and its chief end and joy is to direct folks aright.*

The spirit is a sort of universal floor-walker to straighten out the snarls between supply and demand in all departments of life. And I think it is a pretty heedless or foolish individual who won't consult it in every little dilemma.

And I notice that, in spite of this thought, I find myself ignoring the spirit—thinking *I* know of course where I'd better go for a shirt waist.

It seems hard to remember that Life's store *is always growing and changing*, so that we can *always* save time and money and needless meandering, by *asking the spirit.*

Herein lies the secret of all our little experiences when it looks as if our leading of the spirit was all wrong and our prayers, longing and desires all unanswered. *The spirit never fails us.* It is we who grow weary following the spirit; which must lead us to the desired goal by way of *our own mental paths.*

You see, it is a matter of cutting new streets in our mental domain, so it won't be necessary for the spirit to take us by such roundabout ways. It is a matter of *clearing out our rocky prejudices* so we'll not have to travel around them.

And here the spirit helps us again. As soon as the spirit succeeded in getting me around all my prejudices and into that store I *wiped away the prejudice.* So there is a *straight mental street* now where none existed before. The next time the spirit says "shirt waist," to me it can send me *straight* to D.'s if it wants to.

Yes, the spirit "moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform." It looks mysterious to us until we are led back by the straight way. Then it is so simple, so easy we can hardly believe the spirit would condescend to it!

Ah, but it does! Nothing is too small, or too great, for the spirit's attention—*if we believe.* When we don't believe we are to be pitied—and the spirit keeps discreetly mum.

Sun Philosophy.

BY FLORENCE M. PIERCE.

Smile.

This advice is worth a pile—
Beats ter blazes strikin' ile;
W'en yer blood begins ter bile,
Jes' yew smile!

SMILE!

Let the other feller cuss;
'Taint *your* biz ter make a fuss;
Yew can clear away the muss
With a smile.

Smile.

W'en things go tarnation wrong
Buck your courage with a song;
Luck can't lose yew very long
Ef yew smile.

Smile

'Til the bluey heavens shine thro',
An' ole Sol winks down at yew;
Thinks yew are a sunbeam, tew,
'Cause yew smile.





Joy, Always Joy.

By FLOYD B. WILSON.

If we were to ask those who compose the great army of progressive men and women who work and plan for higher degrees of unfoldment which they seek through study, thought, travel, experience, the real purpose of it all, the various replies could be condensed substantially into that of the joy of knowing. When ambition is fired by that desire, sacrifice becomes a meaningless word, and work is converted into pleasure. If one wishes to surround himself with an atmosphere which would reflect the colors portraying a joyous life, he must live in the creative thought which will give that expression to the human aura. To control consciousness, in order that right thinking toward the end desired may continually emanate is a problem that even the adepts of India recognize as one to again and again present itself, after they have passed through the four stages of student, householder, yogi and gnani. This fact should prove very helpful to every student in progressive mental unfoldment. They who have gone to the highest plane yet attained by man in spiritual consciousness wrap themselves into contemplation the greater part of the day, seeking little exercise or change.

Edward Carpenter, in his description of a Gnani whom he met, tell us, "Finally, his face, while showing the attri-

butes of the seer, the extremely penetrating quick eye, and the expression of *illumination*—the deep mystic light within—showed also the prevailing sentiment of happiness behind it. '*Sando-sham, Sandosham eppotham*'—'joy always joy'—was his own expression oft repeated."

Again and again in my study of the Hindu philosophy have I found the teachings of Jesus reflected so completely that, at times, it seems impossible to escape from the conclusions of the Masters of India who regard him an adept in gnanam, but one who confined his teachings to the wants of the crude unfoldment of the rude mass of people that surrounded him. In India today, we find a Master repeating, "Joy always Joy," in his language (Tamil), "*Sando-sham, Sandosham eppotham*"; and is not this the "praying without ceasing," the "praying as if ye had already received the blessing"? And what must be its effect? How evident the answer, as shown by study of human growth! The subconscious is thought-soil, pregnant with creative substance to bring forth the plants from suggestion's seed which have been scattered there. Suggestions do not proceed only from self, they are also carried to us by telepathic waves; and these suggestions may have been fashioned out of other people's thoughts, as well as out of the thoughts wafted from Spirit bands. Some of these, even from foreign sources, we would like to give an abiding place there,

and others we would uproot. The way to uproot and the way to add to the sturdy growth of those we would encourage is to remember to pray without ceasing, and to pray the prayer recognizing that the desire is already won, and that the mental image of our vision is but the reflection of the real.

When a few words can be grouped together so that they, without embodying the completeness of a desire, reflect to the mental vision the result the attainment of the desire would produce, then we have in them the prayer we would. Repeated often will make the single phrase shine with luminous light, because its accepted meaning, permeating the great centers of consciousness, will bring *illumination* which is the crowning halo of the attainment of desire.

Charles Filmore, as I recall my early reading of his papers in *Unity*, often laid great stress on the use of the right word or words in one's hours of meditation. It seemed he thought that the seeking and finding of the right words to fashion a phrase or express a thought to lodge into subconsciousness were matters of no small moment. I fully agree with him in this, and have found them often in the silence—often in my reading where others might read and not see them. Each may seek the path to unfoldment in his own way, following some suggestions here and there of others, and then making modifications as seem to him best. There are, however, general outlines for work which all must follow; and the "prayer without ceasing" must be breathed by all who would learn the lesson of growth. At this time I bring you one I did not coin, but which has meant much to me. It is broad enough in its reflection, combined with its mystic meaning, to hold a world of desires, and to awaken soul throbbings to consciousness.

In a lecture on "Science and Cul-

ture," Prof. T. H. Huxley wrote: "It is very certain that the earth is not the chief body in the material universe, and that the world is not subordinated to man's use. It is even more certain that nature is the expression of a definite order with which nothing interferes, and that the chief business of mankind is to learn that order and govern themselves accordingly." If we may learn the method nature or energy uses in our own unfoldment, and harmonize ourselves to it, then the work will go forward grandly. These papers purpose to present to the reader some of the laws of that definite order of nature, directly applying to mental growth and lifting the human to understand and use powers within himself. Often the methods suggested may seem almost absurd, because of their simplicity; but if one declares them illogical, it will be because he has not tested them. The proofs of mental growth and grasp must be found in the human halls of experience. Logic argues only from facts, known or accepted; and its conclusions, drawn within its own range, have often been found to be more than ridiculous, as science later brought forth truth after truth from the boundless fields where the adventurous guesser went with hypotheses which they who go by the record (formerly known as Scribes and Pharisees) deemed wild and senseless.

Even the distinguished physician, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, acknowledged that medical science had not discovered the secret of man's unfoldment and said: "The more we examine the mechanism of thought, the more we shall see that the automatic, unconscious* action of the mind enters largely into all its processes. Our definite ideas are stepping stones; how we get from one to the other, we do not know; something carries us; we

*We speak of this now as subconscious action, recognizing all mental action as either conscious or subconscious.

do not take the step. A creating and informing spirit is with us, and not of us, is recognized everywhere in real and in storied life."

Year by year we are all advancing and learning more and more of the possibilities of man and of the law of his growth. As we grasp this law, it gradually is being shown us that all the tasks it imposes can be performed joyously, and that, as the adepts have proved it, life's utterance is, in truth, a song. I present you here a refrain from one of the Master's which, if made one of your prayers, will fill your being with light and help you to discern more than that almost unknown poet ever recognized in his own verses when he wrote:

"Oh Life is joy! Its pulses play
So buoyantly and warm.
The earth, the air, the ocean spray,

The quiet hills, the crowded way,
With animation swarm.
The insects in the sunset beam,
The fairy tenant of the stream,
The cattle grazing on the hill,
And man who moulds them to his will,
In sun and sky, in earth and air,
A common lot rejoice to share—
A common race—its goal is nigh,
They flourish, falter, fade and die.

"Of Life is Love! Before the light
Diffused its cheerful bloom,
It brooded in creative might
Upon the boundless mists of night,
And warmed the murky gloom.
The life that paints this herb of earth,
Gave Seraphim celestial birth.
All Life is One! He fans the whole,
Who lighted up thy torch, my soul!
A bright career hast thou to run,
But—there is Death for thee to shun.
Then curb the Sense, aspire above,
And thou shalt live, for Life is Love."

*Where are the cowards who bow down to environment—
Who think they are made of what they eat, and must conform to
the bed that they lie in?
I am not wax,—I am energy!
Like the whirlwind and waterspout, I twist my environment into
my form, whether it will or not.
What is it that transmutes electricity into auroras, and sunlight into
rainbows, and soft flakes of snow into stars, and adamant into
crystals, and makes solar systems of nebulae?
Whatever it is, I am its cousin-german.
I, too, have my ideas to work out, and the universe is given me for
raw material.
I am a signet, and I will put my stamp upon the molten stuff before
it hardens.
What allegiance do I owe to environment? I shed environments
for others as a snake sheds its skin.
The world must come my way,—slowly, if it will,—but still my
way.
I am a vortex launched in chaos to suck it into shape.*

—Ernest Crosby.



PRAYER.

*Lean on thyself until thy strength is tried ;
Then ask God's help ; it will not be denied .*

*Use thine own sight to see the way to go ;
When darkness falls ask God the path to show .*

*Think for thyself and reason out thy plan ;
God has his work and thou hast thine, oh, man .*

*Exert thy will and use it for control ;
God gave thee jurisdiction of thy soul .*

*All thine immortal powers bring into play ;
Think, act, strive, reason, then look up and pray .*

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Don't Worry.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

Advice impossible to follow unless one knows why one need not worry.

Your child is ill and your mother heart is torn with anxiety. Remembering what you have heard or read on the don't worry subject you declare your freedom from fret and perhaps hum a little tune as you go about your work in attestation of your deliverance from fear.

This mental condition will last if the child improves, but if an opposite phase appears, worry seizes the reins and goes galloping off with you.

The bare declaration of "I will not worry" is utterly without power except when there is nothing at hand to worry about.

Your friend is in trouble and you are powerless to help. You go all over the intellectual arguments against worrying and make vigorous protestations concerning the sin and the foolishness of it. You tell yourself that each individual must work out his own salvation and that it is good for him so to do. Why should you worry about something you cannot help? You will not spend another anxious moment over the trouble. You are quite sure you are on top of it. Nobody will ever induce you to worry again.

You feel quite chipper for a little while after this, but by and by the man who needs the money or the position takes a notion to drop in for a few minutes and you hear the woeful story all over again. There is nothing now between him and his family but starvation or suicide. Disgrace stares him in the face, etc., etc.

You listen to all this stuff and then wipe your eyes and poke around for a five dollar bill. To keep your caller out of disgrace or jail, perhaps he requires

a hundred times that amount, but the five which you need yourself will keep starvation at bay for a spell, and you feel somewhat better. You tell yourself that you have done your duty and this performance ends all your worry and perhaps you add to this statement—all your interest. We are often very brave after having given what we cannot afford in order to make *ourselves* feel more comfortable.

This is one of the most subtle forms of selfishness and self-delusion.

"I have got through worrying," says the neophyte after reading with great interest some eloquently worded advice on the subject. "Why, that's what's the matter with me. Worry has made my eyes dull and my chin flabby, and it never has done one bit of good. Just see how I took on when John was going through that strike and when the baby had scarlet fever. They both came out all right and here am I looking like a woman a hundred years old. Now let me tell you one thing, *I* have got through worrying."

Yes, till next time, as every one who reads this article will testify unless happily there be one who understands and practices the scientific method of disposing of negative appearances.

To begin with a condition of security is not reached by an effort or by repeated efforts of the so-called individual mind. Mortal will sometimes stand the strain of protesting, fighting and kicking against the pricks of a long time.

I will and I will not seems to act as a protection against sickness and the invasion of other sins. But it is all fight and no peace. The smoke of battle is always in evidence.

Such are mental boasters.

"Behold! what have I done," they say: "and if I can ward off disease and poverty and old age other people can do the same. But they must be everlastingly alert. They must stand sleepless warders at their own gates."

If this is not chronic worry what can it be called?

Think of standing day after day and possibly year after year—if human endurance can hold out so long—with a loaded mental gun on one's mental shoulder, ready to fire at poverty, microbes, malaria, or whatever other imagined thing may seem about to make a raid!

After a while gunner and gun get at loggerheads. It seems to the gunner as if he loaded with the usual care and aimed according to precedent, but the weapon has a habit of kicking and he grows lame and tired and human will reaches its limit.

There never was and there never will be a case where purely mental determination unsupported by divine methods did not and will not come to grief. "I will" and "I will not," however pluckily uttered and apparently lived up to, never yet brought lasting peace and real success to any human being. Pains and aches and griefs and fears may be fought off with a gun for a short time or seem to be so prevented, but there is no virtue and no solution in the fighting attitude.

So it comes to pass that the only way not to worry is to be so filled with divine intelligence as to *know* there is nothing to worry about.

"He who dwelleth in the secret place

of the most high shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." In this divine kingdom there is no sickness, no poverty, no friction, no guns. There is no necessity of mounting guard at your own gate because you haven't any gate. It is one great blessed, pure, happy country and once here there is no disposition to stand about gates or hunt for trouble that does not exist.

When we discover that this is the one and only kingdom, and that the sorrows from which we complain are each and every one nothings imported from nowhere we shall be able to be of some real service in the world, for surely if God is all Truth the race must have manufactured its own falsehoods and we all know that a lie never had a leg to stand on. God is not related to sin, sickness or death.

To regard what may seem to be the serious sickness of the baby or another as a nothing, a habit shadow, will deliver the baby and teach the whole family a needed lesson.

There will never come an end to worry until the Allness of the Infinite is practically recognized. Fear cannot be exorcised by the human will. It may be held in a crouching position for a short time but "be not deceived, God is not mocked." Sooner or later the strong arm weakens and the much vaunted brain power gives way.

In the abode of Righteousness, where we all belong, there is no striving and no fighting of the human will by the human will and there can be no worry because there is nothing to worry about.

*The rain has spoiled the farmer's day!
Shall sorrow put my books away?
Thereby are two days lost;
Nature shall mind her own affairs;
I will attend my proper cares,
In rain, or sun, or frost.—Emerson.*

Child Development.

BY CHARLOTTE S. MARTINDELL.

PART I.

On every plane of life, activity means growth. Lack of activity means loss of growth and finally death.

Creative activity in man is that creation of the brain which seeks expression through the body. It is the desire to make thought visible or tangible, as when the artist paints a picture drawn wholly from his imagination.

To do, to form, to create, to see results from our own hand and brain! This is life's highest pleasure and best good.

As soon as baby fingers can place one block upon another the creative faculty is at work. Parents must be on the alert to have the supply ready for the demand.

Each child possesses special gifts and faculties which are his alone, and which differ from those of every other child who ever has been or will be born.

Each child is a separate pattern of divine possibilities.

Parents have no right to try to shape him into what they prefer he should be. He should, instead, be given every opportunity to express the divine idea which he individually represents. Nature avoids all duplicates. Individuality is her law. No two grass blades in all the universe are quite alike. No child is like either of his parents. He combines the weak and strong points of both, forming an entirely new entity. His desires, his abilities, his tastes, his pleasures and pains are not the same that his parents feel.

The whole world is strewn with the disastrous results caused through parents' efforts to shape their children's lives to their own ideas, regardless of the child's desires and natural bent.

Michael Angelo began to draw pictures almost as soon as he could walk. He

drew with bits of charcoal on the floor, walls, and boxes. Every available space he could find was utilized for his crude art creations. From mud and clay, he fashioned all sorts of childish images which seemed very wonderful to his play-fellows.

His father was for whipping the nonsense out of the boy but the mother, having more discernment, said, "If our child cannot be anything more than a painter—why, we must be content, and God willing let us hope he will be a good one."

Today, when we look upon the marble statues in the Medici Chapel in Florence, or at the world-famed painting of the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel in Rome, or up into the grandest dome ever conceived and executed by man, we may well feel a sort of reverence for the rude charcoal sketches on the floors of the child's home, and for the crude little images fashioned of mud, as being the prophecy of these greater achievements.

Michael Angelo was a genius. Not all children are geniuses. Yet how can we know till we give them a chance? His parents thought Michael a most provoking, commonplace boy. We know, too, that perseverance and hard work, coupled with strong desire, is so good a substitute for genius that it often accomplishes almost the same results. It is an old saying that "Genius is the capacity for hard work." But to accomplish any great result, hard work must be prompted by desire. Then and then only can the best results come about.

Real success comes only when a man does the work he loves to do. Distasteful work never develops the highest faculties or allows a man to show what is in him. The friction is too great. The

best success can only come by working along the line of least resistance.

We realize this in all mechanical things, why not realize that the same law holds true regarding man's abilities?

Co-operate with the child's desires and you have his interest and will power to aid you, thus working in harmony with his nature, not against it.

This is the aim of the new education.

The old, ignorant and barbarous command of "Spare the rod and spoil the child," has lost its prestige, in company with the selfish Puritan maxim (which we all just naturally hate) of "Little children should be seen and not heard."

The old idea of repression has bloomed into the creative condition of expression.

The old idea of learning has changed into the glorious doctrine of *doing!* The old idea of training or applying knowledge from without is discarded for the new and true education—that of development from within. Expression is the law of life. Utterly useless is the education which fills minds with knowledge yet supplies no channels for giving it out again. The mind is the reservoir of thought and knowledge.

The mind without the help of the senses to take in and give out impressions is a useless thing.

The man full of ideas, but without the skill of language to express them; the

man with inventive genius but without skill of hand to either make or draw his designs; the singer, with rich voice, which he has not learned to control, are only half-developed. A large part of mankind is in this half-developed condition. We have been learning too much and practicing what we learn too little. We *know* a great deal but can *do* very little. With all our education we are helpless. Thus the educational value of manual training is being more and more realized and adopted.

"We must preserve that spiritualized strength which we call skill—the tool-using faculty, the power of impressing on matter the stamp of mind. And the more machinery takes the place of human labor the more necessary it will be to resort to manual training as a means of keeping up skill, precisely as we have resorted to athletics as a means of keeping up strength."

Hand and brain, body and mind, says the new education. All must work in harmony to produce the normal, healthful, useful individual.

"The purpose of manual training should be to train the hand to express the mind, not in one trade or line of work, but to express whatever the mind of the person trained is capable of thinking or conceiving; in short to be the complement of the mind."

(To be concluded.)

—"We should resist gravitation, moral, mental and physical. Do not let your body sag downward, or your mind, or your character. All old persons who permit themselves to be old, have old bodies that are slowly being dragged downward; their thoughts are also heavy and slow; they tend to their manifestations. Their tendency to move in grooves and to feebly repeat themselves is overcome by taking thought about them; sit erect in your chair; when you stand, lift yourself to your full height; when you speak, let your voice possess volume and energy; when you think, think freshly and away from routine. Never believe you are a back number."—Washington News Letter.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

HARMONY IN THE HOME.

Without harmony of thought, feeling and action on the part of man and wife, marriage fails of its highest results.

Love is creative. But without harmony it never flowers.

Harmony should be guarded and *developed* consciously and intelligently between man and wife.

It will add immeasurably to their health, happiness, success and power to accomplish.

Two people who live together in the close relation of husband and wife *must* learn to respect each other's desires, tastes and habits, and grant to each other freedom of action, or harmony can never result.

The one who imposes his or her personality upon a life partner suffers far greater injury than the more negative member of the union.

Your own point of view may be correct or it may not.

In any event it can do no harm and will probably do much good to get at your partner's point of view on the same subject.

It helps you to see things as others see them.

That is one of the great benefits of the marriage relation—it keeps one from becoming lopsided and help him see all around any subject. It wears off the rough corners of one's disposition as a less intimate contact with individuals in the outside world would never do.

But to secure good results in marriage there must be an honest attempt at co-operation on the part of each.

Until you have *tried* to co-operate in this relation you do not know what wonderful results may be accomplished in the line of self-development and the growth of harmony and power.

Too often one member of the partnership is willing to co-operate while the other cultivates selfishness.

A man is far too apt to refuse to lend sufficient weight to his wife's opinions, desires and inclinations. He is far too self-satisfied for his own good.

But the silent, persistent *attempt* on the part of one to bring forth harmony in the home, the repeated *statement*, the silent WORD—of harmony spoken in love creates a center of rest and power the vibrations from which gradually widen and widen until all within the family are brought more or less into accord with this center.

Through harmony we enter upon the spiritual plane, the eternal plane of living.

As the vibrations become more and more in accord with the Principle of Life—or more spiritual—regeneration begins. The whole body and mind becomes poised in harmony with Infinite Life and Love.

When both man and wife are looking toward the PRINCIPLE of Life rather than at it's outer form, they begin to pass from generation to regeneration, all unconsciously—at first—to themselves it may be.

Day by day they come more in touch with the vibrations of the eternal, their souls expand, their bodies thrill and life takes on beauty where before all was discord, ceaseless effort and pain.

Husband and wife hold between them the key to heaven.

Through the creative power of love, harmoniously directed, unity of thought and effort, they become fitting temples for the Spirit of Life to dwell in, and may use this key which they hold to enter the Life of Regeneration where body and mind become attuned to the Infinite Life.

DEEP BREATHING CURES FEAR. Many nervous people are troubled with baseless fear.

They know very well there is no reason for their fear, and yet they cannot seem to overcome it.

Usually such fear is accompanied by mental and physical tension, which greatly aggravates the unpleasant feelings.

The first thing to do is to relax as completely as possible, and then breathe *deeply, slowly and evenly*.

If you will notice yourself closely when nervous fear or doubt assails you, you will observe *that your breathing becomes short and strained*.

Your lungs are contracted by the fear as if you were continually trying to expel the breath.

Remove this contraction, take deep slow breaths, and you will find the fear departing.

As soon as you realize that nearly all your fear comes from checking the breathing, it will be easy to overcome it.

You couldn't be very comfortable with a rope drawn very tightly around you just under the ribs. And that is about the condition you are in when you are tied up with fear.

It is the fear of the fear that causes your trouble.

Say "scat" to it, breathe deeply and Mr. Fear will be only too glad to depart.

LET the Spirit of Life live through you and you will never know fear.

—W. E. T.

Ho! For Oregon.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

At last we are actually off. For several years Mrs. Towne has been insisting that *this* year I must go to Portland, Ore., with her, and visit the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and her relatives there.

We left Springfield yesterday (September 12) at 4.31 for Portland. Everything connected with our starting worked as smoothly as grease. To be sure I had one or two narrow escapes.

For instance, I sent my new suit to the tailor's to be pressed, and it was returned minus all the buttons on the coat. Fortunately my wife insisted that I dress several hours ahead of time, so that she could have the suit I had on to pack in our trunk. Consequently I discovered my loss of buttons in time to have them replaced.

The scenery between Springfield, Mass. and Pittsfield was not new to us, so we occupied the time in looking out of the window and eating our supper.

On the New York Central dining cars the meals are served on the American plan. You pay one dollar for each meal and eat as much or little as you please.

About ten o'clock we had our berth made up. We requested the porter to find a place for our hats, and to take good care of them. At first he looked a little dubious, but a twenty-five cent piece caused him to experience a sudden change of heart. He placed Mrs. Towne's hat in a clean pillow case, folded her coat with elaborate care, and showed his teeth and said, "yassir, yassir," when we asked him to make up the bed with the foot towards the engine and to open the window at the foot and put in a screen.

During the night the weather, which had been rainy, cleared up, and the air

was cool and fresh. Thanks to the screen we had almost as much fresh air in our berth as if we were in our own bed rooms at home with the windows all open.

Sometime in the night we passed through Syracuse, N. Y., where the state fair is being held. The city was gorgeously decorated with millions of colored electric lights which were festooned on almost every building and draped across the streets in numberless places. The illumination was the prettiest thing of the kind we ever saw.

At Niagara Falls we crossed to the Canadian side. The part of Canada which we passed through was flat and did not look like a particularly good farming country. Every farmhouse had one to three large stacks of straw around it, and a drove of razorbacked hogs nearby. A New England farmer would consider this method of taking care of straw rather improvident.

Both the hogs and the straw stacks continued plentiful after we crossed into Michigan.

At Detroit the train was divided into two sections and ferried across the river. There was so little motion to the boat that numbers of the passengers did not know that the river had been crossed until the train began backing into the station on the Detroit side.

The New York Central service gives one a sense of stability and good system.

At this writing we are within about five hours' ride of Chicago.

At Jackson, Mich. we got off the train and strolled about a few moments to rest ourselves. We recalled that the Michigan State Penitentiary is located here, and that at this institution is published *The Optimist* magazine, one of our exchanges, to which we have previously referred in the columns of *Nautilus*. The paper is edited and published entirely by the prisoners.

At Ypsilanti, Mich., we saw the most beautiful flower beds surrounding the depot. At Niles, Mich., a boy came aboard the train and handed a handsome little bouquet of flowers to every person in the car. To each bouquet was tied a card on which was printed "Compliments of the Michigan Central."

So far we have found the service to be the best on the Michigan Central of any of the lines.

We arrived in Chicago at 3.30 p. m., September 13. We went immediately to a hotel and from there tried to get Mr. Atkinson of *New Thought* and Mr. Carey of *Suggestion* by telephone. We were not successful in this so we went out to see the town a little by ourselves.

Chicago is a city of tremendous force and energy, but it is yet crude in many respects when compared with older cities in the East.

The people are broad and free and forceful, but they need to stand still awhile and become more deeply rooted.

We visited Marshall Field's great store, said to be the largest and finest in the world. This store is one of the things in Chicago which has not been duplicated or equaled elsewhere. The store is spick, span and elegant in all its appointments. It is a delight to the eye and to the artistic sense. It has none of the frowsy, slipshod look one so often finds in large department stores.

In the evening we visited one of the medium priced Chicago theatres. The audience was exceedingly orderly and well behaved. A Holyoke or Springfield audience in a house of the same class would have been considerably more boisterous in expressing their enthusiasm.

The theatre itself seemed gaudy and crude in its furnishings.

The street car system in Chicago is, as one of our friends expressed it, "almost brutal." We did not once see a conductor help a lady on or off a car,

and whenever a party of two or three persons started to get aboard the signal to start was given about as soon as the first person got on. After the passengers were once aboard, the motorman evinced no symptoms of being in a hurry. The cars were started and stopped with a jerk, but between times they proceeded very moderately.

Thursday noon we went to Mortimer's Vegeterian restaurant at 67 East Washington street to take lunch. Mr. Atkinson went with us. The meal was one of the very best we ever ate at a vegeterian place.

That Chicago people appreciate this restaurant was shown by the crowd who filled the place to its fullest capacity.

Mr. Atkinson remarked that Chicago people dearly love noise, and after eating at Mortimer's we agreed with him. Their dishes were evidently built for service, and the waitresses seemed to take delight in slamming whole bunches of dishes together on the trays so as to make as much of a crash as possible. At the rear of the room there was a continuous sound like sliding whole trayfuls of dishes down an iron chute.

We visited the Chicago public library which is a magnificent, noble building, and far more beautiful on the inside than one would suppose from its exterior.

At 3.30 p. m. we went to the Chicago and Northwestern depot and boarded a train for St. Paul. One of the nice features of the C. & N. W. cars was the two small electric lights in each berth. This made it easy to undress and place our clothes where they would not become too badly wrinkled.

Early in the morning when we awakened the train was passing through a newly settled part of Northern Wisconsin. On every side we saw black stumps sticking up through luxurious grass of the freshest, greenest hue imaginable.

Evidently there had been plenty of recent rains. It was the first real fresh looking grass we had seen since leaving New England, and I was beginning to think that was the only place where it grew.

At 7.20 in the morning we reached St. Paul. As it would be several hours before we could get a train, we got aboard an electric car and rode out several miles through the business section of the city and through the country as far as Fort Snelling.

We found a marked difference between the car service in St. Paul and that of Chicago. In St. Paul the cars stop as frequently as a passenger desires to get on, regardless of whether or not it is in the middle of a block. Everyone waits until the car gets to him, no matter if it stops for other passengers within two rods. Plenty of time was allowed passengers to get on board and yet fairly good time was made. The conductors were exceptionally courteous, although we plied them with questions that would have exhausted the patience of many Eastern conductors.

In St. Paul there was little of that tremendous rush and force which characterizes Chicago, but still plenty of evidence that substantial business was being done there.

Altogether we were well pleased with St. Paul.

At ten o'clock we boarded the Great Northern flyer for Seattle, Wash.

At first we thought it was not going to prove very much of a flyer, as it was about three-quarters of an hour late in starting, but once well out on the prairies we made up for lost time.

At Minneapolis we crossed the Mississippi River, which was a great disappointment to me because it was so narrow. I had always pictured the Mississippi as being so wide that you could hardly see across it, but at this point it

seemed hardly more than half as wide as the Connecticut at Holyoke.

All of yesterday afternoon we rode through the great wheat belt of Minnesota and North Dakota. On every side as far as the eye could see were enormous fields of wheat, much of which was still unharvested. We saw the farmers and their help busily working as long as daylight lasted.

The threshers are located at a convenient place in the field and the wheat which has been cut and bound is carted to the thresher with double horse wagons.

Much of the wheat looked to be over-ripe, and the porter told us that the farmers were so short of help that large quantities of it would rot on the ground.

My New England training caused me to rebel at the idea of Canadian and Wisconsin farmers stacking their straw in the open field, but last night I saw something that greatly discounted that. As soon as it was dark and up to the time we went to bed the prairies were lighted in every direction with burning piles of straw. It seems to be almost a universal custom here to burn the straw where it lies in the fields.

At Grand Forks, North Dakota, the porter announced a stop of fifteen minutes, and we were more than glad to get out and walk briskly up and down the platform. The prairies had been very dusty, and here we took in deep, full breaths of fresh air and cleared our lungs for the night.

In the afternoon it had been very warm, but as soon as the sun set it was cool, and during the night it became really cold. Mrs. Towne asked the porter for an extra blanket and he came and tucked us in as if he were taking care of two babies in a crib.

This porter is quite a character in his way. He has followed the business for years, and worked on half a dozen lines

of railroads. We discussed the question of tips with him (*after* we had given him the customary quarter) and he informed us that he treated all alike upon the theory that the generous and wealthy ones paid for those who gave no tips.

When we awoke this morning (September 16), we were riding along the valley of the Missouri river in Montana. The bluffs on the farther side of the river were the first distinctively Western scenery we had met with since leaving home. Everywhere else we had been the changing landscapes were such as might be duplicated in New England, but here it is distinctively different.

This seems to be a great cattle and horse raising country. There are almost no signs of any attempts at agriculture, and without irrigation agriculture would not be practicable here.

We saw real cowboys not far from the railroad on typical Remington horses, with their lariats curled at their saddles. We also passed a considerable number of Indian tepees, and saw the squaws and dogs outside, just as we have often seen them in pictures.

The only buildings in sight for miles are small low log houses and barns. The houses look hardly tall enough to stand up in. Timber is very scarce in this vicinity, and the logs used in building the houses are all small.

The country is rolling prairie, covered with sage brush and short grass. It seems to be generally fenced with wire. A few rods on each side of the railroad a narrow strip of land is ploughed up to act as a safeguard against prairie fires.

This rolling land is a relief to our Eastern bred eyes, after riding so long over the dead level prairies of North Dakota, where the landscape is seldom broken by even a tree.

The Great Northern provides well for the comfort of its passengers. There is a library car where all the latest period-

icals are at the disposal of all passengers traveling first class, and where a special list of the latest and best books, arranged by the Booklover's Library may be procured, free of charge.

The dining service is said not to equal that on some other lines. Here all meals are on the European plan—you pay for just what you order, with a minimum charge of twenty-five cents to each person. There are only three waiters in the dining car which often makes it necessary for the passengers to do some tall waiting on their own account.

The road bed of the Great Northern is the smoothest we have struck, and the scenery farther along is said to surpass that of almost any of the other through lines of railroad.

Just after we had finished lunch yesterday (September 16), we reached Havre, Mont., and nearly everyone got out to walk up and down the platform.

Here we saw a real Indian, dressed in a blanket and moccasins leaning against the back corner of the station. He peered timidly around the corner like a bashful child, at the rushing, bustling civilization in front. He held some polished buffalo horns in front of him which he probably wanted to sell.

Everywhere through Northern Montana we saw plenty of Indians. At one place there was a whole party of Indian men, squaws and papooses with teams close by the track.

Just about dark we began to rise into the Rockies. We were not able to see much of the mountains at night. We soon reached the highest point, Summit Station, which is 5,199 feet above sea level, and then began to go down the grade on the other side at a tremendous gait.

Early in the morning when I awoke we were passing through a real pioneer settlement in Northern Idaho. The trees around the clearing had been felled and

burned, and the blackened stumps stood up thickly everywhere. The houses were very small, but instead of being built of logs like the houses we saw in Montana, they were all built of rough boards.

Here the land was hilly and more or less wooded where it had not been cleared, so it made us Easterners feel that this would not be such a bad place in which to make a new home.

Soon after daylight we reached Spokane, a thriving straggling city but altogether the most attractive city we had seen since leaving St. Paul.

All through this Western country we miss the fresh green grass that we are accustomed to in the East. Here everything is brown and as uninviting looking as our Massachusetts fields sometimes are in December.

Today (September 17), it is beautifully clear. The sky here assumes more intense colors than in the East. The blue is often deeper than I ever saw in New England.

* * * * *

All through the day of the 17th we traveled through the Northern portion of the desert section of the United States. On each side as far as the eye could reach lay sandy wastes with hardly a green thing in sight except small and scraggly sage bushes.

Here and there where there was a small stream or lake so that irrigation was possible we saw little fruit farms.

All through this waste country we saw tiny cabins of settlers wherever there was the least opportunity for growing any living thing.

We saw a few fine fields of alfalfa, and whenever irrigation was possible fruit was abundant.

At Wenatchee, Wash., which lies near the edge of this dry, sandy plain, large quantities of fine fruits, melons, etc., are raised. We read in a Washington paper of one man at Wenatchee, who cleared

over \$300 this year from a single acre of strawberries.

The station platform was piled with boxes of delicious looking muskmelons awaiting shipment.

These great sandy plains are level or rolling for the most part along the line of the Great Northern. At one place we saw quite a deep canyon, and the afternoon sun threw a beautiful, purple haze across its walls in places until it looked almost exactly like some of the canyon pictures published in September *McClure's*.

In the middle of the afternoon we came in sight of a small stream, apparently eight or ten rods wide. It was of a peculiar greenish color, and looked not unlike a dish of Maggi's pea soup. Imagine my surprise on learning that this was the famous Columbia River. I had always pictured the Columbia as an immensely wide majestic stream, clear and sparkling and flowing between high and rugged banks.

Towards night we entered the famous Tumwater Canyon. On each side of us towered lofty, forest clad mountains. Many of the peaks were snowcapped. Here, for the first time since leaving the East, I saw some really impressive scenery. I had seen much that was new and interesting, but little that could really be called impressive. We came through the Rockies at night and could get but a very poor idea of our surroundings.

We followed the bottom of Tumwater Canyon for several miles, then passed through Cascade tunnel (the highest point in that part of the Cascade range traversed by the Great Northern) and came out high up on the side of a rugged mountain. Far below us we could see the bottom of a canyon, and a summer hotel of considerable size. After going down grade for some little distance we entered another short tunnel, made a curve and came out lower down and

doubled back along the side of the mountain again, passing below the hotel. Down, down, we went with the brakes set and the cars swaying and rattling at a great rate, until we reached level ground again, and proceeded to thread our way out of the mountains completely. Soon we were speeding down the slope towards Seattle on the opposite side of the Cascades.

Our train was a long one and already two hours late. We had on two powerful engines, and while winding up through the curves in the Tumwater canyon we could often see the engine by looking ahead.

While going down grade towards Seattle we made up a little lost time and pulled into the station about 10.30.

Here we were greeted by a perfect mob of hackmen and drivers of hotel buses. Apparently there were no legal restrictions regarding the mode of solicitation which these gentlemen might employ, and the result was pandemonium let loose.

Seattle is a fine, thriving city, full of Western enterprise and forcefulness. It has many fine business blocks, hotels, etc.

The streets and sidewalks are yet in a crude state of development. The city is built upon a steep hillside overlooking Puget Sound, and it must have required great enterprise to build up so large and fine a city in so short a time where the cost of grading, building streets, etc., must be excessively high on account of the great natural obstacles to be overcome.

The next morning after our arrival we visited the book store of Mr. Thomas A. Barnes, who conducts the only strictly New Thought book store of any proportion that I have ever seen.

Here we saw *The Nautilus* and all the other New Thought, Theosophical and occult magazines for sale.

Mr. Barnes is a Theosophist, and a most liberal, cordial and pleasing man to meet.

We next visited Shorey's book store. Unlike Mr. Barnes, Mr. Shorey keeps all classes of books for sale, although he makes a *specialty* of New Thought books and sells large numbers of them.

Mr. Shorey has been a resident of Seattle for many years, and has built up a wonderfully large business. He has in his store 60,000 volumes, all of which are most carefully selected. He told me that during a recent visit to the large cities of the East he saw only one store which contained a larger and better selected stock of books than his own.

Mr. Shorey does not conduct his business as if he were simply an ordinary merchant, but recognizes that he stands in his relation to the public somewhat as an educator or instructor. People come to him for books and ask his opinion, and he invariably recommends what he considers to be the very best books of their kind. Long experience and natural aptitude for the work has made his judgment valuable, and this his customers recognize.

This store is also unique from the fact that Mr. Shorey sells *nothing* but *books*. He does not even carry a single periodical or sell stationery.

We also met Professor Knox, editor of the *True Word*, and his wife. They are engaged in establishing a Mental Science college and have already secured grounds for the same. Lack of time prevented our tarrying with these cordial people or visiting their college grounds.

At 11.15 we boarded the train for Portland, Ore. Our way lay through newly cleared, productive farming country, where we saw quantities of large, fine apples and peaches, often on very young trees.

A short distance from Seattle we got a fine view of Mt. Rainier, which is 14,500 feet high and snowcapped the year around. When we saw it there were fleecy white clouds floating around the summit and the sun was shining brightly upon the eternal snow.

At Kalama, Wash., we again crossed the Columbia River, which at this point is about three-quarters of a mile wide and looked more like what I had always pictured it. The train was divided into two sections, backed onto an enormous ferry boat and taken across the river, the whole process consuming about twenty minutes.

We were now in the state of Oregon, the river being the dividing line between Oregon and Washington.

A little farther on we came in sight of Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Adams and Mt. Hood, all snow-capped peaks, the latter over 11,000 feet high.

At 6.35 we were in the outskirts of Portland and caught our first glimpse of the Lewis & Clarke Exposition buildings, which were at this hour illuminated with millions of electric lights. The grounds and buildings made a most impressive scene to one who had never visited a great exposition.

At 6.40 our train pulled into Portland station and our long journey of almost four thousand miles was at an end.

"The study of heredity, spiritual anatomy and physiology is highest of all. The key to this study is your own soul. Study yourself! Gain possession and mastery of your own spirit and you hold the key not only to the heights of liberty, but the key that unlocks imprisoned souls."

—Mary Weeks Burnett, M. D.

Anent Books and Things.

—*The Right Thought Advocate*, Vol. 1, No. 3; published every two months by D. E. Moorefield, News Ferry, Va.; price 50 cents a year. A neat, nice fifty-two-page pocket-size magazine of good things. Long life and success to it.

—"Children of the Sea and Marble Swan" are two poems by Alonzo Brown, bound in one white and gold paper bound volume of thirty-nine pages and sold for twenty-five cents by Westbrook Publishing Company, 6 North 13th street, Philadelphia.

—"Brain Building," by Joseph Ralph, is a neat sixty-nine-page paper bound volume published by L. N. Fowler & Co., London, price six pence net; and by Fowler & Wells Company, 24 East 22d street, New York, price twenty-five cents postpaid.

—"Practical Application of Divine Principle in Our Every Day Life," is a series of helpful little talks by Mrs. Pauline E. Sayre of the Truth Center, 313A Quincy street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; seventy-five pages, bound sweetly in heavy white paper and gold. No price given.

—*The Balance* is a very neat and attractive looking new magazine, the first number of which has just been issued by J. Howard Cashmere, the editor, of 1700 Welton street, Denver. Mr. Cashmere has a message, which he writes in a bright, *alive* way. He will mail you a sample of *The Balance* upon receipt of a two cent stamp. Success to him and his work.

—"Life More Abundant" is Henry Wood's new book, a volume of 313 splendid pages bound in olive green cloth and gold. The author sends a copy of his book inscribed "To my good friends and co-workers, *The Townes*," who value highly his book and his friendship.

"Life More Abundant" is a luminous as well as scholarly presentation of new thought, which is reaching a wide circle of readers. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd, Boston; price \$1.30 postpaid.

—Are you interested in making "arts and crafts" rugs? Then Helen R. Albee's "Abnakee Rugs: A Manual Describing the Abnakee Industry, the Methods Used, With Instructions for Dyeing," will interest you; sixty pages, bound in heavy paper, price sixty cents; Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. Helen Albee's "Mountain Playmates" is a charming Elizabeth-in-her-German-Garden sort of story that chimes well with the new thought. Sold at all book stores for \$1.50.

—"As a Matter of Course," is another practical and helpful little volume by the author of "Power Through Repose," Annie Payson Call. I recommend it to every woman especially, and to every man who is even slightly acquainted with nervousness, blues and other moods. Miss Call explains these things and applies to them the law of non-resistance and Common Sense in such a way that I cannot imagine her readers not being able to understand themselves and slough off the nervous states. Her two books are *simply* great. "As a Matter of Course" contains 135 pages prettily bound in gray-green cloth and gold. Price, \$1. Sold by William E. Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

The things that are for thee gravitate to thee. O believe, as thou livest, that every sound that is spoken over the round world which thou oughtest to hear, will vibrate on thine ear. Every proverb, every book, every by-word that belongs to thee for aid or comfort, shall surely come home through open or winding passages.—Emerson.

**A GOOD SPELL
OF WORK.**

Across the road from one corner of Netop is a spring of clear, cold water, which we bought along with the acre of land. It lies below the road, under the lee of what remains of a big old stone fence. William has just finished an easy flight of steps from the level of the spring up to the road, steps made of large flat stones picked up in the vicinity and set into the earth, with a sort of flaring hedge of stones on either side. Then he set in another large flat rock level with the earth at the edge of the spring, to stand on while dipping water. And beside this is a big square stone just right to sit on. And the sides and bottom of the spring are made of big stones and white and many-colored pebbles. Back of the spring is a wall of big boulders nearly as high as one's head, with green things growing above and smaller green things springing from the interstices of the rocks. A grape vine grows near the lower stone step. In time this spring will be a very beautiful spot. Even now it is an oasis in the desert to many a traveler by foot, horse, automobile and trolley car. The car conductors have discovered our spring, and they keep a stone cup in a safe corner, and stop often for a drink. "It is the best water I ever tasted," said one of them.

It took William all his Netop-time for three days to complete the work of laying those stones. And it was hard work. But he enjoyed every minute. So did I—sitting in a clean white dress on the front of his new wheelbarrow, with the August *Harper's* in hand. I didn't read much though; and between our excitement when William found a new vine or plant to preserve, or just the right stone, and his calls to me to see if he had got the stone set to the best advantage, I didn't sit on the wheelbarrow as much as I might. And it was all fun.

After the work was done William kept thinking about it. When I catch him with a particularly seraphic expression on his face I know he is thinking about that spring and those steps. Once he remarked, "I feel tickled clear through every time I think of those steps!"

And I've been pondering the wherefores of that exclamation. Those steps are nothing much—just irregular, unhewn stones set without spirit level or cement. If William compared them with the steps, say in the vestibule of the Boston library, he wouldn't feel so tickled about them. But that is just the point—he did his best with the materials and tools and knowledge at hand; and his soul is singing to him, "*Well done, well done.*" This is what makes the "tickled clear through" feeling. It is the natural result of *doing willingly* the best one can with the knowledge and materials at hand.

That tickled feeling comes to *every* individual *every* time he does good work—yes, EVERY TIME. Good work and soul-joy are inseparable. *And this alone is true happiness.* This is the reward people are trying to tell you about when they talk of "the gospel of work." This "tickled clear through" feeling is the *sweetest* thing in life, and it is something the idle-rich and the idle-poor and the grumbling drudges never taste, poor things.

And to think how *easily* William could have spoiled all that tickled feeling just by *finding fault*; by comparing his stone steps with somebody else's stone steps.

**KNOWLEDGE
AND WISDOM.** When people begin to realize that infinite mind, or God, is the source of all wisdom, and that the individual is one with that source, from which it may draw all supply; when people first begin to realize this there is an immediate impulse to despise all knowledge which must be secured by

plodding. A few of the earliest Christian Scientists even went to the length of taking their children out of school, declaring that the teaching of man served only to obscure the teachings of intuition within us.

This is a mistake, which people are learning by experience.

Man must grow in *both* wisdom and knowledge, which are not identical at all, as many suppose.

Knowledge is gained through the five senses. Webster's Unabridged is a compendium of knowledge, a storehouse of facts—more or less true—gained through the five senses, most of it through the sense of hearsay.

But Webster's Unabridged has in all its thousands of pages not one ounce of *wisdom*. The dictionary obeys to the full the Biblical injunction to "get knowledge," but the poor thing can't obey the complementary injunction, "*with all thy getting get understanding*."

Understanding is wisdom, the higher sense of the *relation of bits of knowledge to each other*, the sense of *what to do with knowledge*. Knowledge is the mental man-formed-out-of-the-dust-of-earth; wisdom is the breath of life that makes knowledge live and move and do things. Knowledge is mere building material; wisdom is the life which organizes and directs knowledge.

It was *wisdom* Solomon prayed for, not knowledge. He was already an educated man, a man of knowledge, and he was growing more educated every day. He wanted God's wisdom to show him *what to do* with his knowledge.

Solomon knew from observation that a true mother would stand being robbed or drawn and quartered rather than have her child hurt. Everybody knows that, from human experience. What good did that knowledge do him when the two women came with a dead baby and a live one, and both contended for the live

one? Each woman protested that she loved the child and it was hers. Solomon needed something beside that knowledge, in order to decide the matter. He prayed for *wisdom* to use his knowledge. And wisdom came. When he directed that the living child be divided between the two women the not-mother was satisfied, but the real mother cried out that she would give the child up rather than have it hurt.

The dictionary holds more knowledge than Solomon dreamed of, but it takes an individual in close communion with the source of all wisdom to know how to *use* the knowledge contained therein.

Schools and colleges teach knowledge. Only the Infinite teaches wisdom to *use* that knowledge.

And the schools and colleges are beginning to see this point, and to cut out useless studies, and give their students a chance to *use* the knowledge imparted. This is the meaning of the manual training movement in the schools.

Knowledge without wisdom is dead, useless, a cumberer of the mind.

Wisdom without knowledge is wisdom pent up, useless, for the lack of *means of expression*.

Wisdom urges us *first to get knowledge*; second, to *use* it. And in the using of knowledge we get more knowledge and more wisdom. This is what Jesus meant when he said, "*Do the will of the Father and you shall know of the doctrine*"—*use* your knowledge and you will gain *more* knowledge and *more* wisdom.

So, schools and colleges are not to be done away with; they are to give students greater opportunities for *doing* the things they learn about, for using their knowledge.

Here is an example of the contrast between the man who depends upon inherent wisdom and *picked up* knowledge, and the one who, having wisdom, *gets*

all the knowledge he can. I quote from a letter written by a bright "self-made" man who engineers large mining and other enterprises in South America, to a young friend of his who is just entering college:

"To show you the difference between an 'educated miner' and a miner of my kind I will cite a case in point: \$2,500,000 was sunk in the famous S— S— mine in this country, without a dollar being taken out as profit. The mine broke a dozen different owners and was finally sold for a measly \$5,000, tin money. The purchasers sank another half million in it, and then decided on sending for a 'book miner,' bringing out a little lisping dude of an Englishman that wore white shirts and used—a tooth brush!!!

"Of course we old 'practical miners' laughed at the idea of paying a sawed-off blue-eyed school-boy \$30,000 gold providing he struck the lode. The idea was hilariously ridiculous.

"He also wore eyeglasses, neckties and—suspenders!—all contrary to social ethics—and he wandered about the S— S— for a month before he made a single remark on mining. Then, with an idiotic grin, he said: 'Boyths, drive in here 360 feet, and you will hit the ore bodith.'

"The S— S— has been shipping \$450,000 per month ever since—more than three years—and that little Albino Englishman went away with five shares of the mine, and a check for \$50,000 in his jeans, \$20,000 of which was a present from the grateful owners. That's the difference between the man who *knows* mining, and the man who *thinks* he knows mining. That is the kind of educated miner I want you to be."

"Talk not of wasted affection! affection never was wasted.

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning.

Back to their spring like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshing.

That which the fountain sends forth, returns again to the fountain."

—Longfellow.

AIR SHIPS AND LEVITATION.

"I saw a wonderful thing the other day. I wish you could explain it through *Nautilus*. Before my eyes in broad daylight a man caused the body of a young girl to gently rise from a couch into midair, and remain there for two minutes, the couch being carried away, there was *no possible chance for the use of mechanical apparatus*. The couch was returned and after passing a hoop over the body several times she was gently allowed or caused to be lowered to the couch. How was it done?" J. R. C. V.

I don't know how it was done, but that levitation is a fact with some people I have no doubt. And I believe that in time it will be a fact with all people. It will come into fashion along with ideal economics, everlasting life and the blossoming of the earth as a rose.

Have you noted how telegraphy is being perfected? After a bit all messages will be sent without wires. And later the very instruments themselves will become obsolete, as we *develop our own powers to receive and send messages by telepathy*. Lots of people communicate now by the wireless-telepathy lines, regardless of distance and *almost* at will. I have often received or sent such messages myself, but not at will. The laws of telepathy are yet only in process of discovery, but the time is not far distant when we shall telepath as readily as we now telegraph—and with less fuss and no money cost.

Experimentations with telegraphy, by wire and ether waves, is *revealing to us the principles of that which is within every human soul and mind*.

It is the same way with air-navigation. We are discovering the most primitive methods as yet. The other day a man named Knabenshue steered a clumsy and complicated "air-ship" back and forth over New York. The people all got cricks in their necks, and when the air-ship came down they carried Knabenshue

on their shoulders. Then Knabenshue opened his mouth and spake out of the vanity of his heart to the effect that air-ships would never be as common or as practical as automobiles or steam launches or bicycles. Whereby he placed himself on record with those chaps who solemnly declared the telegraph and telephone would never be anything but toys.

And I say unto you, out of the deeps of *faith*, that air-ships will be *more* common and practical than thesethings. And after they are well in use they will be quickly relegated to the museum with the stage coach and the ox cart, and all the other clumsy experiments that have gone before and have helped man to discover and direct the powers within himself. As air-ships will supersede automobiles, so levitation-and-flight-at-will will supersede air-ships.

Anything we gods really want we can have. Nothing is impossible which is desirable. And, lives there a soul so dead it doesn't want to fly? And doesn't in its freest moments dream of flying? Why, man is only a *little* lower than the angels; and by-and-by he will touch shoulders as well as souls with them.

**POURING OUT
HER HEART.** One of my friends is a woman who used to "pour out her heart" to me in direful tales of woe and longing. After a lengthy silence I received from her the other day a short letter to which was added this happy postscript:

"Isn't this an improvement over the voluminous letters I used to write? My surroundings in the physical, mental and spiritual worlds have changed for the better, so I no longer feel the spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction that prompted some of the former letters with which I inflicted you."

I rejoice with her.

And I wonder if she, and the thousands of others who write long tales about themselves, are aware that volu-

minous letters and lack of success have an occult connection.

I believe that "pouring out" one's "heart" is one of the great *causes* of unhappy conditions of all sorts.

The "heart" is the storage battery of soul force, and to "pour out the heart" is *literally* to empty one's self of soul power. And the one who makes a habit of "pouring out his heart" keeps his soul power at the lowest ebb.

Soul power is *wisdom and love*, as well as power. So the one who pours out his heart in much talking or writing empties himself of wisdom, love and power to accomplish. He needs to *be still and know* his heart and its power, that it may direct his soul energy in ways that make for health, happiness and success, for the things he desires.

He needs to *be still* and let the tide of his soul force rise until it carries *depth*, power and *wisdom* enough to both direct and accomplish desirable things.

A FIT OF TEMPER. A fit of temper is an attack of temporary insanity, during which you say and do things you would not dream of saying and doing when you are in your right mind; things you are ashamed of and sorry for when you *come to yourself* again.

In a fit of temper you are not yourself at all—you are literally *beside* yourself; your consciousness has really gone outside you and got mixed up in the whirl of things over which you have no control; you are *out of your head*, and dizzy with whirling around outside yourself.

A fit of temper is the result of hypnosis, caused by mentally gazing long and intently and resentfully upon the thing you don't like.

You *work yourself* into a fit of temper by circling mentally around and around the unpleasant thing; just as savages

work themselves up to the murder pitch by circling 'round and 'round in a war dance.

To avoid temper fits give the mental war dance a wide berth. Turn your back on it and look up at the blue above us.

To prevent getting beside yourself, get *above* yourself, where peace is.

Be still until you come to yourself.

SOME GOOD ADVICE.

It was a fine thing that was said by a political leader to a singularly brilliant young man from college, who, with letters of unlimited indorsement from the presidents of our three greatest universities, asked for a humble place in the diplomatic service. He wanted to make that service his career.

"Now, let me tell you this," said President Roosevelt to this same young man. "You may have an under-secretaryship, but let me tell you this," said he: "Don't take it just yet. You are only out of college. Take a post-graduate course with the people. Get down to earth. See what kind of beings these Americans are. Find out from personal contact. If you belong to exclusive clubs, quit them and spend the time you would otherwise spend in their cold and unprofitable atmosphere in mingling with the people, merchants and street car drivers, bankers and workingmen. Finally, when you get your post, do as John Hay did; resign in a year, or a couple of years, and come home to your own country, and again for a year or two get down among your fellow-Americans. In short," said he, "be an American and never stop being an American."—Senator Beveridge, in *Saturday Evening Post*.

*"Only thyself thyself can harm.
Forget it not! And full of peace
As if the south wind whispered warm,
Wait thou 'till storm and tumult
cease."*

Netop Notes.

THE RIDE HOME.

Coming down from Netop the other evening—too late for the sunset—the conductor told us that the evening before a wild deer had run across the track in front of the car, which was brought to a standstill while everybody watched the deer leap a fence and amble leisurely into the woods. A number of wild deer have been seen near there.

When, on a clear evening, we come down late from Netop the hills rise dark blue against the sky and the electrically illumined big house on the top of Mt. Tom glows in the dark like a great jewel on the placid bosom of Mother Earth. On misty evenings it seems to hang suspended in the heavens, as if a thousand stars had come together to hold a convention.

WOODCHUCK LORE FROM A SUBSCRIBER.

"The subject of the woodchuck has brought up memories of an experience with that vicious little animal, that you can publish or not as you see fit. I think it is about seven years since I saw an account in Unity, of how Flora P. Howard, then of California, overcame her hatred to mosquitoes and moths by loving the life in them, with the result that they ceased to annoy her. I tried her plan on the currant worms and used no hellebore that year, with the result, no worms and a full foliage and the largest currants and gooseberries I had ever raised, while my neighbors' bushes were little else than leafless bushes and dried currants, through liberal and frequent applications of hellebore. And their dog was kept busy keeping the chickens out of the garden to save the cabbage, while mine had free range, and every morning their first work was to run along the cabbage rows and pick the worms out and sip the dew from the leaves. But they molested nothing. Then I resolved to extend the treatment to my granary, which was overrun with mice. I had four cats and had tried leaving the granary door open nights, giving the cats free run; but the little pests still ran in every direction when I went for oats to feed my team. So I gave away three of my cats just keeping the old one as a pet, and kept the granary door shut except when I was in for grain. Well the mice soon disappeared and for five months I never saw a mouse or rat, until I was raking clover hay and saw one among the hay in the field. Now comes the woodchuck part of the story. I had been over to my neighbors and noticed their cat was bloody about the throat, and inquired what was the matter with her, and they replied they supposed she had been fighting with something. I wondered what it could have been as I had often seen cats with face and ears sore, but never the throat. Well, next morning the problem was solved, for on opening my kitchen door, which led down to the woodshed by three steps, I heard a most vicious grating of teeth, and looking under the steps saw a large woodchuck, trying to engage my cat in a fight while she lay beside the steps in a shallow box purring sweetly while her two kittens were nursing. I studied over the situation a while and saw that 'Love is the ful-

filling of the law' and Mr. Woodchuck could grate his teeth and raise all the fuss he wanted, but where love reigned supreme he could not interfere. So I bent a piece of hay wire and offered him the folded end and he took it as eagerly as a crab takes a piece of meat on a string, and I drew him from under the steps, and lifting him, he swung over the box and kitties and let go the wire and dropped into the box. The instant he touched the box the old cat leaped out, and I handed him the wire again and he took hold and I lifted him out and took another turn of the wire round his neck, so he could not let go, and drew him across a narrow garden into the orchard, and untwisted the wire and let him go telling him to go to his place and come here no more. And so far as I know he never molested an egg, of which they are fond, or a vegetable, or anything else. This was my first and last acquaintance with him. I knew where his hole was, back in the field. When I told my neighbors my experience they said, why did you not kill him when you had him? I replied God sent him to teach me a valuable lesson in overcoming by love, and as it takes two to make a quarrel, it's better to leave than engage with an enemy stronger than yourself. It would not be fair to kill the bearer of a message. Now, I wish I had everlastingly practiced the lesson he taught."—Thomas Thompson, Conway, S. C.

**YALE'S PRESIDENT
ON "BAD IDEALS"**

Dr. Arthur Hadley, president of Yale University, in his address at the first Sunday divine service of the academic year, warned students against purposes that lead to "fraudulent ideals, bad politics and un-Christian civilization." He said:

"If a man's purposes and ideals are such that he is seeking to attain them for himself at the expense of his fellow-men, they are pagan ideals. If his ideals are such that each step toward their realization means the advancement of those about him, his purposes are Christian. Let us look at its application in various fields. What is the pagan ideal of sport? To win, whether you play fair or not. What is the Christian ideal? To play the game fairly for all that it is worth, and win if you can.

"If we hold the former ideal, every game that we play is a training for fraudulent business, bad politics and un-Christian civilization.

"The man who fails, if he can but

"He alone is wise who can accommodate himself to all the contingencies of life, but the fool contends and is struggling like a swimmer against the tide."

Work a Pleasure.

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keep from the discouragement of failure, sometimes learns more from the lesson it teaches than the man who succeeds; for the man who fails and rises above his failure is free from what is perhaps the most dangerous temptation of American business life at the present day—the danger of measuring the value of a man's purposes by the immediate and tangible results achieved."

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Seeing the fly's position plainly I took my handkerchief and gently brushed the poor captive out into the coveted but wrongly sought liberty, and then sat down to digest the lesson it revealed. Forceible assistance? To be

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sure. But how many of us are like the fly and insist on going over and over the old futile way that leads nowhere because we are led by a false light,—working in vain.

I had studied some of the New Thought teachings without being able to apply much that I learned because, like the foolish fly, I would not leave the old ruts, until poverty became my friend and gave me "forcible assistance" by gently pushing me out through the narrow way of self-dependence into the world of freedom. Instead of searching out the way of escape, I was expecting something to give way before me. I have found the way of escape is the straight and narrow way of progression into mental freedom—and, as our teachers have told us,—the entrance into the promised land of plenty and security.—Charlotte Cole.

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