

CHRISTMAS JOY NUMBER.

THE NAUTILUS.

DECEMBER, 1905.

Leading Articles:

- The Point of View, - Elizabeth Towne
The Law of the Rythmic Breath,
Ella Adelia Fletcher
Are You Ready? - - Floyd B. Wilson
Our Souls (Poem), - Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Committing Sickness, - Eleanor Kirk
Child-Development (Conclusion),
Charlotte Martindell
Individualisms, - - William E. Towne
The Editors Abroad, - - Elizabeth Towne
New Thought in the Kitchen,
Riley M. Fletcher Berry

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
ELIZABETH TOWNE,
Holyoke, Mass.
Associate Editor, WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

NEW THOUGHT CENTERS

Following is a list of new thought centers, reading rooms, book stores, etc., where new thought publications may be found, and where visitors are always welcome.

- ALAMEDA, Cal.**—Home of Truth, 2527 Central ave.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—F. D. Martini, Palmist, Delaware ave. and Board Walk.
BOSTON, Mass.—The Metaphysical Club, 211 Huntington Chambers, 30 Huntington ave.
BUFFALO, N. Y.—James Russell, 129 College street.
CHICAGO, Ill.—Liberal Book Concern, 89 Washington street.
CHICAGO, Ill.—The Progressive Thinker, 40 Loomis street.
CHRISTCHURCH, New Zealand—Ida M. Bruges, Fendalton.
DENVER, Col.—J. Howard Cashmere, 1700 Welton street.
IOLA, Kan.—H. Spencer, 5 N. Jefferson street.
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.—Miss S. Hale, care S. Tavares, 7 St. Andrew Lane.
KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Mrs. Emily Solomon, 411-412 Hall Bldg.
LONDON, England—Higher Thought Center, 10 Cheniston Gardens, W.
LONDON, England—L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E. C.
LONDON, England—George Osbond, 14 Kenilworth ave., Wimbledon, S. W.
LONDON, England—Research Pub. Co., T. W. Henry, Mgr., Temple Chambers, Temple ave., E. C.
LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Metaphysical Library, 611 Grant Bldg., 355 So. Broadway.
MELBOURNE, Australia—Miss E. R. Hinge, 115 Collins street, Austral Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Miss Edith A. Martin, 1912 Mt. Vernon street.
PORTLAND, Ore.—Mrs. L. H. Hart, 311 Tourney Bldg.
PORTLAND, Ore.—W. E. Jones, 291 Alder street.
SPOKANE, Wash.—Lew N. Benson, 114 South Post street.
ST. LOUIS, Mo.—H. H. Schroder, 2622 South 12th street, German publications a specialty.
ST. PAUL, Minn.—The Progressive Book Co., Drawer 653.
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SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Elizabeth D. King, Metaphysical Library, 201 Grand Bldg., cor. Market and 7th streets.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—M. L. Wheeler, 1519 Polk street.
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Nautilus News.

**MRS. WILCOX'S
CHRISTMAS
POEM.**

For almost a year I have been saving Mrs. Wilcox's "Our Souls" for the Christmas number of *Nautilus*. I love the spirit and the thought and the rhythm of that little poem; it breathes the true Christmas spirit. May it ring through eternity in our souls and the souls of our friends.

We present this beautiful little poem to our readers, with best wishes, for a Christmas of Full Peace and Joy.

**THE LAW OF THE
RHYTHMIC BREATH.**

With this number of *The Nautilus* begins Ella Adelia Fletcher's notable series of articles on breath. William thinks these articles will arouse remarkable interest among our readers. He is greatly enthused over them. So am I. The subject is one of vital importance, and nowhere have I found a writer who seems to have the subject so well in hand as our new contributor. We are delighted with the four of her articles already at hand, and we trust every reader will give them careful attention.

Miss Fletcher is lucid, logical and thorough, splendidly informed, and writes with enthusiasm. She is a deep student, a college bred woman, and makes her home at Whittier Hall, the women's house at Columbia, where she has the advantage of the student's and investigator's "atmosphere."

Miss Fletcher saw in *Nautilus*, in a clipping, a statement which she had reason to believe was incorrect. So our printed mistake brought us all a great good! Miss Fletcher places at the disposal of our readers the deep occult truths which are called "hidden." Here is her view of such hiding:

"In this country all knowledge of the *Tattvas* is confined to the East Indian teachers, their students, and to Theosophists. I KNOW that with all these there is extreme reluctance to make the knowledge public, while for my own part, I have felt its further guarding as an error as great as to deprive people of the light of the sun. * * * * *

"The matter is of stupendous importance, not alone to your regular readers who are striving to overcome physical weakness and to master the secrets of successful and happy living, but also to all scientists to whom it discloses the basic laws of the universe as well as all life."

And she verifies her statements by scientific data, as well as personal experience and discovery. She writes thus:

"You will, I think, agree with me, that in presenting facts of so revolutionary a character it was best to verify them with proved scientific data where possible, and I have been most fortunate in the matter I have collected."

**OUR "NEW THOUGHT
IN THE KITCHEN."**

I think you will all enjoy our new food specialist, Riley M. Fletcher Berry. This Christmas dinner menu is only a foretaste, a timely gift to our readers. Beginning with the January number, Mrs. Berry will give us each month an interesting,

short article on "New Thought in the Kitchen" lines, followed by a menu for well balanced meals, with recipes for preparing each item.

I believe our readers will like Mrs. Berry, who is an interesting writer well qualified to enlighten us on this important subject. We all want to do away with the slaughtering business. Mrs. Berry will help us solve the problem. She has had an intense interest in the preparation of foods, from the days of sawdust and mud pies in childhood up to date, with an ever increasing desire to lead people to better foods and better ways of preparing them.

And all her tests are made on her husband before recommending them to the public! Her husband writes that he still survives!—a healthy specimen too, judging from his picture. And a humorist. He says that his wife "has contributed for some years to various magazines and colored people in the neighborhood!" Mrs. Berry loves "strange people," children, the woods and all outdoors.

**OUR NEW
COVER DESIGN.**

Our new cover design is meeting a few "downs" as well as a good many "ups" of approval.

The first to express an opinion was "The Blissful Prophet," who visited us the day after November *Nautilus* was mailed, and who knows a lot about printing as well as about occult things. "Oh, this new cover is a great improvement," he exclaimed. "It expresses brightness and light; it is more appropriate to the message of *Nautilus*. The old cover was just a little too—well, *severe* and *sober*."

The next expression came in a letter from one of our women friends. "I like the old cover—it looked bright and happy, where this new one looks—a little bit gloomy!"

The next expression came from Boston. "I want to tell you how pretty and dainty the design is; it is *restful* to me." One man says he likes it because it suggests that we are entering our "palmy days"!—As he hopes we are.

One or two friends say they prefer the old design because it was William's! One didn't like all the covers, of the twelve numbers of a volume, printed in that dark bronze black!

But almost all our friends who have mentioned the matter express themselves as well pleased with our new cover design. I shall not be quite satisfied with it unless it grows on us all, as I hope it will. This time it appears in red, in honor of Christmas. Make it bring a welcoming smile to every face!

**FLOYD B.
WILSON.**

We had a recent very pleasant visit from our friend and contributor, Floyd B. Wilson, who was on his way home to New York from his other home, "Valley View," at Farmington, Me., where his wife and two daughters are spending the summer, and as much of the rest of the year as possible! Mr. Wilson says he doesn't see why he and his family don't stay there all the time!—and they mean to eventually. "Valley View" is one of the finest and most sightly summer homes in Maine, where for three years the Wilsons have gone for the outdoor life they love.

Mr. Wilson looks like his picture. He is full

of life and energy and brimming over with new ideas and the joy of living and doing. He is a great student of Shakespeare and Spanish lore. And such an investigator in the lines of psychic phenomena and new thought. His experiences in the former would fill volumes and convince the most sceptical. Mr. Wilson is the first healthy, solid, level-headed business man I have ever known who investigated along the lines of spiritualism, etc.

BOUND VOLUMES NOW GOING!

Our new bound volumes of *The Nautilus* for November, 1904, to October, 1905, are now ready for delivery. The Boys' Club of Holyoke has done Vol. VII into handsome and substantial volumes, strongly bound in old blue vellum cloth. Vol. VII. makes a nice big volume of over 400 pages, the first bound volume of *Nautilus*.

A big book to sell for \$1.00 postpaid.

And if you send us six subscriptions to *The Nautilus*, not more than one of them to be a renewal, with \$3.00 in full payment for the six, we will mail you the bound volume free of charge.

Or we will send it for three subscribers, with \$1.50 in payment for those, and 50 cents extra to cover binding and postage on the bound volume—\$2.00 in all. Please note that in either case all but one of the subscriptions must be new ones.

Or, if you want one bound volume and a year's subscription to *Nautilus* for a friend, (or for yourself if not already a subscriber) send \$1.30. The subscription must go to someone who is not already a subscriber to *The Nautilus*. Better send in your orders right away, to make sure of the bound volumes, which are limited in number.

BLESSINGS ON THEE, THOUGHTFUL FRIENDS. If our readers realized what blessings come their way, as well as other folks' way, through *Nautilus* subscriptions given to friends, we'd have to hire a half dozen extra girls to take care of the Christmas orders! Just now we are receiving such delightful letters from people whose friends sent *Nautilus* to them last Christmas—all of them sending in renewals on their own account, and many of them subscribing for other friends. Here is the way one friend puts it:

"Some one was kind enough to subscribe for NAUTILUS for me a year ago. I suspect it was a dear cousin of mine. And I am going to return her kindness by subscribing for four of my friends. That certainly speaks my appreciation louder than words."—G. F.

OUR CHRISTMAS OFFER.

Already we have had numerous inquiries from our readers who want to send *Nautilus* subscriptions to friends as Christmas presents. They want to know if we are going to make again that Christmas offer of three subscriptions for \$1.00. YES! And this is probably the last time our readers will have the opportunity, for I think without doubt that long before next December our subscription price will be \$1.00 a year.

You see, we are making splendid improve-

ments in *Nautilus*, and besides all the good things we have told you about, we have a lot more up our sleeves, as it were! You will hear about them from time to time! All these things cost money, and lots of it! And you would rather pay \$1.00 for the improved *Nautilus* than 50 cents for a stand-still magazine.

Oh, I know there are a few of you who say you prefer the small magazine with just the editors as contributors. But the editors are to stay right with the improved *Nautilus*. And 999 out of 1,000 of our readers are rejoicing in our growing *Nautilus*! For one letter that calls us to put the brakes on we receive a thousand that say, "Go ahead—we'll pay the dollar gladly!" So we are going ahead!—hoping that all our friends are coming with us, and bringing their other friends along!

Yes, for the sake of this season of love and good cheer, you may have three yearly subscriptions to THE NAUTILUS for \$1.00, provided at least two of the three subscriptions go to new subscribers. Not more than one one-year renewal on a single three-for-a-dollar order; the other two to be new subscriptions. Please remember, dearies, and save delay and extra correspondence and expense. This offer good only until December 31, 1905.

Send cards, if you wish, to be enclosed with the first number of *Nautilus* sent to your friends on this offer. Otherwise they will not know from whom the subscriptions come. If you wish your card mailed in a letter, be sure to send stamped envelopes addressed to your friends, with the cards enclosed. And please take pains to write all addresses, including your own, very plainly and fully. "Mrs. Smith, Kalamazoo," might do for a letter, but it will never do for packages or magazines.

OUR CLUBBING OFFER.

And some of our friends are inquiring about clubbing offers. In the advertising columns are all details for this.

Nautilus with any one of the dollar magazines in the list for \$1.30.

Where several magazines are desired in connection with *Nautilus* allow 90 cents for each dollar magazine added to your list.

Each magazine may go to a different address if you wish, or all to one address.

Our list is carefully compiled, including only what we consider the best and most reliable magazines of their kinds.

In ordinary subscriptions please be sure to write all addresses correctly, very plainly and in full.

"It is more necessary for us to be active than to be orthodox. To be orthodox is what we wish to be, but we can only truly reach it by being honest, by being original, by seeing with our own eyes, by believing with our own heart."

—Henry Drummond.

I DESIRE to make an engagement as nurse or companion for an invalid lady going to California. References given. I will still continue metaphysical healing. Price within your means. To insure attention enclose stamp. MRS. LYDIA A. CORNWELL, INTERLAKEN, N. Y.

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A sample of my philosophy comes for ten cents. If I didn't love you—a million dollars couldn't buy it. **EDWARD EARLE PURINTON, 66 West 142, New York City.**

N. B.—Lecture Course commenced in November, closes in January.

New Thought Calendar For 1906.



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which are fortunate for business, travel, social undertakings, etc., etc. The beautiful Christmas number of **POINTS** also contains *The Circle of Silent Healing*, *The Study of Man* (by Elizabeth Towne), *Faith as a Factor in Healing*, and many other articles of deep interest. Every issue contains special book offers, which appear nowhere else. **POINTS** is a dainty and valuable magazine of twenty-four pages, printed on fine, super-calendered book paper, with covers in colored ink. Subscribe now. Send only **10 cents** and get this handsome little magazine a whole year. Address **WILLIAM E. TOWNE, Dept. 1, Holyoke, Mass.**

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WHY NOT FOR YOU?

If you have anything to sell, make it known to NAUTILUS readers. The right kind of advertising pays in NAUTILUS, and pays well.

Henry Rice, the New York Graphologist, who has been advertising in every issue of THE NAUTILUS for the past two years, writes as follows: "Herewith check for another month's ad. Received 134 replies last month, and at least half of them were for 50 cent readings." Mr. Rice's ad. occupies a space of one inch, and costs \$3.00 per month.

The publishers of *The Mystic Magazine* tell us that they secured over 2,000 subscribers through direct returns from their one inch ad. which has been published for a few months in NAUTILUS.

Grenville Kleiser, 1267 Broadway, N. Y. writes: "From a small announcement in the NAUTILUS I received over ten times as many answers, accompanied by remittances, as from any other half dozen publications."

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One inch.....\$3.00
One-fourth page.....12.00
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Investment ads. not accepted.

Orders must reach us not later than the 10th day of month preceding date of issue in which you wish ad. to appear. Let us hear from you! Address all orders to

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

THE NAUTILUS.

ELIZABETH TOWNE { Editors
WILLIAM E. TOWNE }

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

FLOYD B. WILSON

ELEANOR KIRK

ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER

RILEY M. FLETCHER BERRY

Regular
Contributors
for 1905-6

THE NAUTILUS, monthly, 50 cents a year; foreign countries, 3 shillings, 1 penny, by international money order. Foreign money, stamps or postal notes not acceptable. THE NAUTILUS is owned and published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass., to whom should be sent all subscriptions and all correspondence regarding the magazine.

Date of expiration of subscription is printed on every wrapper. If special receipt is desired send self-addressed and stamped envelope or card.

You will save me, and perhaps yourself, a lot of trouble if you will state whether your subscription is new or a renewal.

Unless we are specially notified at the end of your term of subscription, it is assumed that you wish the magazine continued.

Give full name and fullest address in every letter.

Send prompt notification of change of address, giving both old and new addresses. This is most important, for names cannot be found on list unless town and state are given.

I will assume no responsibility for copies of NAUTILUS lost through failure to notify me promptly when address is to be changed.

All articles and items appearing in NAUTILUS, which are not otherwise signed or quoted, are written by the editor.

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.

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

THE NAUTILUS.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

MONTHLY, {
 Fifty Cents a Year. }

DECEMBER, 1903.

1 VOL. VIII.
 1 No. 2.

The Point of View.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

"Why, if the Hindoo philosophy has been so new-thought-y, has the native who has believed it brought forth no better fruit? Why as a nation are they so corrupt? And why are we sending missionaries there to teach them? Mr. Wilson's article would lead one to believe that the Yoga philosophy is a wise, practical religion, but what about the child widows, the suttee, the howling dervishes, the filthy holy men, the vice, the blackness of darkness in the lives of the vast majority? By their fruits ye shall know them. I do not understand why we should turn back to the study of Hinduism."—E. S. P. C.

Read "With the Empress Dowager," by Katherine A. Carl, who painted the portrait of the Chinese Empress. (The articles began in *Century* for November.) Read "Letters of a Chinese Official." Read Rudyard Kipling's East Indian story, "Kim." And you may see the Orient world with new eyes.

What about the American murders, robberies, lynchings, burnings at the stake in this country? How about the "suit case mystery"? How about the corrupt bosses of our big cities, and the no less corrupt little voters who keep them in power? How about the big steals and the little steals on every hand? How about the ridiculous fashions and the cinched waists of the women in high places, and the squalor and filth and hopelessness of the people in darkest

New York and London? How about Mormonism? How about the trusts? How about the slaughter house? How about tainted beef and tainted money? How about the filth behind our typhoid and yellow fever epidemics? How about the corruption and eruption in our City of Brotherly Love? How about the rest of the evils that cry to heaven from every corner of our country?

Are bound feet more heathenish than bound livers and lungs? Is American corruption less corrupt than East Indian?

Just think a minute and you will see that America has fully as many evils to the square inch as East India. Our evils are different, that's all.

The East and the West represent the poles of being. India is subjective, reflective; America is objective, active. America is too busy with the outside of the platter to think much of the inside; India is too busy with the inside to think of the outside. India thinks and feels, while America gets up and dusts.

Each has its own strong points and its own weaknesses, diametrically opposed to those of the other.

The Universal Spirit sends missionaries to the Orient not so much to give

them a religion as to *wake them to action and combination*.

See how Japan has caught on to civilization. And her religion, all that was good of it, she still keeps. China will do it too, and all India.

India is outgrowing its suttee as America is outgrowing its lynchings.

And between you and me, a suttee is less of a barbarism than the burning of a negro at the stake. The latter, from the negro's misdeed to the consummation of the public's revenge, is the expression of the lowest, most violent passions possible to humanity; while the suttee originated in the loftiest idealism of eternal love and *willing* sacrifice. The last suttee I heard about was instigated by the *widow herself* against the urgent advice of all her friends, and in spite of threats of punishment by the English authorities.

The East Indian woman was determined to show her love and loyalty in the time honored way. The lynching mob is determined to vent its *hate and vengeance*. One burns herself for love; the other burns another for hate. *Which is the heathen? Which needs the missionary?*

And the vast majority in the countries of both suttee and lynching condemn the acts and seek to do away with such barbarities. In this, too, the East is no more heathen than the West.

There may be more filth in the Orient (sometimes I doubt it!); and there is less enterprise, less co-operation, less accomplishment. There is likewise in the East less compulsion, less interference with personal liberty, less all-around unkindness and brutality. And there is less of the spirit which flies into the breach and straightens out other people's affairs.

With all their apparent one-patternness and lack of initiative the East Indian is more of an *individual* than his

western brother. He depends upon his own efforts, and is content with what *he himself* can accomplish; and he *expects* every other man to depend upon himself. This strong sense of *individual* consciousness is not conducive to great achievements as a nation; each man attends to *his own* business so thoroughly, and is so well satisfied with himself and his life, that he has little time or desire to improve his and his neighbor's *conditions*, the outside of the platter. The oriental believes in doing his work well, enjoying it and being kind. To him the chief end of life is *peace*, a quiet spirit.

To the western mind the chief end of man is to accomplish great things. It takes large numbers of men to accomplish great things—a whole city, or a state, or an army of workmen, or a trust, or a union. So the western man cultivates, instead of the *individual* consciousness, a great *class consciousness*. He is not sufficient to himself, as the oriental is. Unless he has his union, or his lodge, or his church, or his ward, or his party, city, or state back of him he feels that he is but a useless mite of humanity, a drop in the bucket, an impotent leaf in the wind, a useless derelict.

"Without others I can do nothing," says the western mind.

"Of myself, I am sufficient," says the oriental mind.

And the heathenisms of each nation are the results of these opposite states of mind. Even though he himself disapproves the suttee, the oriental *lets* his neighbor's wife burn herself on her husband's funeral pyre if she will; the western man would gather a mob and prevent the burning as the English do when they can. If the oriental's neighbor's wife or daughter were assaulted by a negro, or by one of his own race (*we are informed that such things never happen in India, except during invasions by white soldiers*), he would let the neigh-

bor settle the matter in his own way. And the neighbor would never think of calling in others to help him avenge his wrongs!—he can administer his own punishment. But the western man would call up the neighbors and with his harrowing tales and maledictions work them into a like fury with himself. Then with *his neighbors to back him* he would feel bold enough to vent his revenge by burning the negro—in the name of justice!

If a great good is to be done the western man pursues the same tactics of working his neighbors up to the pitch of helping him do what he cannot possibly accomplish by himself. The oriental mind, sufficient to itself, leaves undone what he cannot do by himself.

The western mind needs poise, reflection, self-consciousness, self-knowledge. *The oriental can teach him these things*—they are his forte.

The oriental mind needs class consciousness, civic consciousness, race consciousness, patriotism if you please; that which binds people together and makes each person active for the good of all. The East needs the trust and unionism, the lodge, the town meeting, the club, the "smoke talk," railroads and the ballot. *The western world is teaching the orientals to combine, to boycott, to wake up to the enormous advantage a great-many-individuals-helping-each-other have over one lone individual hoeing and tending his beautiful little ten by twelve garden.*

The East needs us and we need the East. Yes. And wise is the westerner who dispises not the other fellow's point of view.

Japan is a tremendous object lesson—a thoroughly oriental, every-man-sufficient-to-himself-and-exactly-like-his-exalted-father kind of nation, which one day got hold of the western trust-and-union idea and used it.

Do you see now why it is good for us that the oriental missionary is having his hearing in the West?

Can't you see why the madly-tearing, nerve-tensioned, union-and-trust-ridden, gasping-for-a-hasty-breath-before-the-next-rush American needs contempla-

tion, relaxation, deep breathing, mental and physical *self-control*?

We are one-sided—that's all. And the East Indian adepts are the other side.

* * * * *

Greater than self-consciousness; greater than class or union or race consciousness; but no more complete in itself than either, is the *cosmic consciousness*, through which whole-world unionism comes into being, through which East and West appreciate each other and *co-operate* to make the millenium come true.

Can't you see, and *feel* that the One Spirit circulates in the veins of every soul, East or West, North or South?

Can't you see that without one the other cannot be made perfect?

* * * * *

The Yoga philosophy of being, silence, reflection, oneness, comes to us as "the new thought."

The western philosophy of stand-together-and-hustle is the "new thought" being preached to eastern nations, and practiced by Japan.

Shall we refuse the "new thought" because it is old thought to East India?

Japan, insular as were her habits, was bright enough to catch the western new thought. Shall we leave her and her brothers to conquer us and *force* upon us the truths we are too stolid to accept—as England and America have been forcing the western thought upon China?

The orientals have developed strong minds and bodies, strong individuals. Now they are catching the new thought which is to direct those strong individuals in magnificent organization and achievement.

The western mind is already organized. *But the western individuals lack the mental and physical stamina of the orientals.*

How long can the western minds and bodies stand the pace? Not very long, *unless the western individual looks to the strengthening of mind and body.* The orientals are presenting him some new thoughts on this line.

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

By ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

[This is the first of a series of articles so novel, so original, of such absorbing interest and affecting human health and happiness so profoundly, that I urge every reader of NAUTILUS to follow them carefully to completion. These articles explain, for the first time in Western literature, in a convincingly clear and simple form, and with proofs that will silence every doubting Thomas, the basic truths of the Rhythmic Breath, as taught in ancient Hindu philosophy and developed by the author. These truths involve a knowledge of the Law of Vibrations or the basic law of the universe. Miss Fletcher's second article will be entitled "The Master-Key of Creation," to be followed by "How to Find the Master-Key" and "How to Use the Master-Key." Then will come articles upon "Color in the Visible and Invisible World," "Sequence of Numbers," etc. My advice to you all is: Do not fail to read every word of these articles.—THE EDITOR.]

CHAPTER I.

"BREATH IS LIFE."

Is it wontedness and use, or perhaps, that unspeakably deadening factor thoughtlessness, that has robbed the pregnant aphorism "BREATH IS LIFE" of every atom of its profound significance?

None has ever gainsaid it, yet to the mass of mankind it means no more than if one were to write *omicron mu*! And to that suicidal mania, fear of fresh air and draughts, and its accompanying folly, flagrant neglect of the primal function of breathing, the world pays an annual tribute of at the lowest estimate a quarter million lives; all sacrificed to preventable disease!

But not alone the mass of humanity have been thus apathetic. Until the beneficial cult of deep breathing, a growth in rational doing and thinking of the present generation only, the man of science whose life work is to relieve human suffering equally ignored this flaming torch "BREATH IS LIFE," pointing unerringly to fundamental truths of being, but which throughout the centuries of Western civilization might as well have been a dark lantern.

It is my grateful task—nay, happy opportunity to prove to you that it is a torch; a torch of such wonderful illuminating power that man's electric searchlights should pale before it.

Most persons who are interested in any system of breathing have become familiar with the term Yoga breathing, yet it is so completely misunderstood

that it oftener excites a smile than serious attention; but this is another instance where the precious pearl truth is in sight, and unseeing eyes confound it with a worthless pebble.

All the ridicule, misunderstanding, and depreciation of this cult are in reality due to the fact that few expositors of Yoga breathing have explained either in their writings or verbally to pupils the *rationale* upon which it is based. In our day and generation, Occidental people accept nothing blindly; all must know the "Why?" and "Wherefore?" We find the answer in the profoundly scientific teachings of Hindu physiology, founded upon the inspirational truths preserved to us in the Tantrik philosophy, and in those sacred Sanskrit writings, the Upanishads.

Only the arrogant egoism of Western civilization has made it possible that enlightened minds could read the Upanishads as they have done for years and overlook the significant facts they contain with reference to the union of breath with life. These facts are the foundation for the deepest, most philosophical, and only scientific cult of physical health and spiritual life; but, clothed in the most poetic imagery, they have been studied, translated and read for that alone, as curiosities of literature.

It is a deplorable fact that these so-called minds rejected, without the experiments which they are *assured would verify the statements*, but with cheerful indulgence for the credulity of those sa-

ered writers who believed them, all these profound truths weighted with the most beneficial results to humankind, and which, in consequence, have remained occult mysteries closely guarded by the few who understood them.

The forms of Yoga breathing which excite the greatest incredulity, because differing radically from accepted theories of the function, are best described as alternate breathing; that is, through each nostril in turn, the exhalations preceding the inhalations from the same nostril.

This method is profoundly scientific, being based upon a phenomenon of normal breathing almost unknown to Western scientists (five years ago, I heard of two Buffalo physicians who had discovered it). It is that every human being inhales and exhales for a certain fraction of an hour through the right nostril and then all unconsciously changes to the left for a like period.

Hindu philosophy teaches that with every inhalation through the right nostril a positive electrical current flows down the right side of the spine, and with every inhalation through the left nostril a negative current flows down the left side. The lungs are correspondingly charged with positive or solar and negative or lunar currents. It is by means of the two currents that all the processes of life are performed, and it is an imperative condition of health that they be equally balanced. Upon their rhythmic and harmonic flow, fed by the breath of life, depends the measure of health and vitality in the human system.

It is of interest here to state that early in 1905, the newspapers chronicled the successful experiments of Dr. Atkins, of the California Medical College, who had discovered and succeeded in registering by mechanical means "a positive and a negative electrical current in the air

chambers of the lungs of a living person." Thus it will be seen that Western science is painfully discovering the truths which the Orient has had in its keeping since the earliest ages of man.

But the analysis of breath does not rest here. Of as vital importance are these facts: The universal current of life, *Prana*, or vital force, which pervades all space and is commonly recognized in the body as breath (the distinction will be explained later) is compounded of atoms, or electrons, which are differentiated by their characteristic motions into five forms of vibrations. Western science has recognized only two of these subtle ethers, and has not yet discovered their profound influence upon all living things.

We are compelled to use the Sanskrit terms for these etheric forces, which are called generically *Tattvas*, meaning literally a form of motion. The *Tattvas*—referred to in the Upanishads as "the five vital airs"—are specifically distinguished as (1) *Akasha*, the sound vibration; (2) *Vayu*, the tangiferous vibration; (3) *Tejas*, the luminiferous ether; (4) *Apas*, the vibration of taste or gustiferous ether; and (5) *Prithivi*, the odoriferous ether.

These five *Tattvas*, everyone of which has its positive and negative phases, mingle in varying proportions in both the solar and lunar currents. In normal health, their flow and proportion varies from time to time with absolute rhythmic precision, every *tattva* having its period of predominance for a longer or shorter period. If human beings were automata, the regularity of these vibrations would be as unchanging as the movements of the planets in their orbits. But free will and emotions, every thought and act of man, have their effect for good or ill, and ages ago the Hindus discovered that the inception of every disease is in any influence which disturbs Nature's

intricate but symmetrical balance of these etheric life forces, which, corresponding to the elements composing the body, are renewed with every breath and, being elemental subdivisions of *Prana*, furnish and modify the activities of the whole human entity.

This explains the philosophy of alternate breathing, the many forms of which are devised to restore the balance of the *Tattvas*. It also exposes the error of the statement that, "A strictly well person uses the right nostril by day, the left by night." So far, indeed, from the truth is this, that it might be a dangerous practice, and its exact reverse is the recommendation of adepts in *Tattvic* philosophy. They commend the negative breath—lunar current—at sunrise, and the positive breath—solar current—at sunset; the reason being that the one is cooling, the other heating, and they thus impose a check upon the prevalent terrestrial influence.

Great fatigue from overwork—which draws upon the positive current—is quickly relieved by a few negative breaths.

Beneficial effects are gained by employing the positive breath when going to sleep, which is done by lying on the left side. It counteracts a tendency to an excess of the negative principle in the heart at evening, and also protects the sleeper from the frivolous and wasting activities caused by the invasion of idle thoughts (called dreams) upon the field of subconsciousness when the guarding mind is off duty. At dawn, it is well to turn upon the right side, but other movements in the night can be made according to comfort and convenience. Nature may be trusted to take care of breathing if we start it rhythmically.

The overwhelming importance of the equal balance of these two currents will be appreciated when it is known that the excessive preponderance of either causes death; each displaying characteristic symptoms and causing negative or cardiac death and positive or spinal death.

The former is commonly diagnosed as heart failure, and there is little doubt that in many cases the patient could be carried safely through the critical moment if the attendants stopped the left nostril and made the positive current of *Prana* flow.

In cerebo-spinal meningitis, not serum but such care as shall insure the rhythmic flow of the alternating currents down the spine is the treatment the symptoms call for, which agrees with but goes beyond the learned decision that fresh air was the only hope in this disease.

How to direct and control these life currents in manifold ways, promoting health, happiness and efficiency will be the subject of future talks. Those who wish to acquire the power should commit to memory the names of the *Tattvas*; and as a preliminary exercise can practice alternate breathing on a count of four and eight pulse beats or seconds, for inhalations and exhalations, respectively, or six and twelve, according to the lung capacity, which should not be forced, merely encouraged.

Placing the first and second finger of the left hand so that they can alternately close the left and right nostrils, begin the exercise by a thorough, deep exhalation. Then close the right nostril and inhale through the left; hold the breath for a perceptible moment, then with gentle restraint exhale it through the right nostril; next inhale through the right nostril and exhale through the left. Repeat four times, and practice—it takes but a fraction of time—on rising in the morning, at noon and at evening.

It is by means of these universal vibrations that in actual fact—a literal truth—"The heart throbs of the Eternal Spirit pulsate through" us. It is in this way that we actually live and move and have our being in the God of Gods, the very Light of Light. This *Tattvic* Law of the Universe solves the mysteries of the Omniscience, Omnipresence, and Omnipotence of God, for there is nothing where He is not.

OUR SOULS.

Our souls should be vessels receiving

The waters of love for relieving

The sorrows of men.

for here lies the pleasure of living:

In taking God's bounties and giving

The gifts back again.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.





Are You Ready?

By FLOYD B. WILSON.

Desire is always in advance of complete preparation; and, even when one couple *now* with it, he should often enter into a critical self-examination to discover if he be truly ready to give full recognition to all its possession may demand. Man frequently is careless, almost wanton in asserting his wishes and desires. To encompass the desire may call for the performance of certain elementary tasks in order that he may be openly receptive. In brief, he must be mentally prepared in advance, in order that he may give form and expression to the ideal conceived.

Shakespeare knew the path to attainment was over a road built on invisible lines and traversed by right thinking. To attain to this was a mental process which he had learned, and his characters over and over again were made to reflect his philosophy. In the play of King Henry V., just before the commencement of the battle of Agincourt, after King Henry had been advised that the French army outnumbered his five to one, and that it was magnificently equipped in every way, he maintained a perfect composure, evidently having decided in his mind that his army was going forth to victory. When Westmoreland wished for ten thousand more men, he rebuked this wish with,

"The fewer men, the greater share of honor,
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more."

And later, when Salisbury announced that the enemy were drawn up in line of battle and about to charge, Henry V.'s sole reply was,

"All things are ready if our minds be so."

To the herald who at this moment again entered asking if the English king would compound for his own ransom and save himself from certain death and his army from annihilation, his reply was his former answer, coupled with, "Come thou no more." Then, after the battle was fought and his victory found to be overwhelming and the French army crushed, he like a true genius disclaims all honor,—

"O God! thy arm was here.
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all."

In this illustration it is apparent how faith firmly established becomes absolute in power; and also how the real hero merges his own identity into that of the Universal.

Let one search as he may for truth, here, in this illustration, he will find the epitome of the teachings of the so-called advanced philosophy of this age. The mighty question which each must answer unflinchingly and with such candor as to meet the soul's acceptance is, if his mind be ready to receive the unfoldment the attainment of the desire will bring. Until that time come, no arbitrary power is withholding anything from one, no

Saturn in the heavens is delaying the coming of his good to him, but he is not yet mentally developed to the point necessary in order that he can fulfill the requirements demanded. In one's mind he must know and feel possession of the claims he has made before realization can be made manifest on the sense plane.

If there must be some waiting, he first of all in the world will know the cause of the delay—he is not yet ready. This does not mean he may not win his purpose—it simply means that more time is required in order that the preparation be complete, and “God will not have his work made manifest by cowards.” Above all, remember that in the silence each will learn of himself what no other can know. There he learns what may be his, and also of the work to be done before he may reach that ideal. He must learn to labor and to wait. He may turn to Emerson and again read: “Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their hearts, working through their hands, predominating in all their being.”

When Lincoln startled the citizens of this country by publishing his emancipation proclamation, he gave the South an opportunity to end the war and take its place in the Union as before, retaining slavery; but that proposition was not accepted, and the war went on. Our nation, and in a sense the whole world, was not ready for peace. In the evolution of man and nations, the upward trend demanded that the day of slave and master should then end. Labor itself was being given a new meaning—it had ceased to be mean and degrading; it became dignified and noble and free:

“For many barren ages
Earth hid her treasures deep,
And all her giant forces

Seemed lost as in a sleep.
Then Labor's anvil chorus
Broke on the startled air,
And all the Earth in rapture
Laid all her treasures bare.”

The minds of all who then caught the spirit of progress were not ready for peace obtained by such a compromise, and so it could not be made. Wars in times past have been fought for spoils, conquest or aggrandizement; now they seem to represent methods men and nations pass through in their evolution to higher and grander purposes. Upward, onward man must go, and evolution crushes out life only that a nobler and more abundant life may appear and expand. That mighty Energy behind which man may not go is to some extent perhaps, made up of the polarization of the progressive thought of those in both material and spirit life. Its silent speech is felt, not heard; and then man recognizes how he is of it a part, as he voices this sense of upliftment in “I am ready.”

Often in our lives have we felt almost crushed because of the failure to realize a hope or project planned; and a few months or a few years later, we have rejoiced because of that failure. The path to the end we would is not always clear to the view of consciousness. Again, with growth come grander conceptions of life, and new and nobler ideals are conceived; and this should help one to realize its complexity and the mystic order of unfoldment. There are new lessons to be learned as wider scope is included in the horizon of intellect; and consciousness will often be made aware from humanity's silent monitor that the time is not yet ripe.

The law of unfoldment in life places no barriers before one—it does not stand forth to fetter or dictate; and yet its demands must be met for therein is the order of the evolution of consciousness. Know that the ego can understand clearly the mental upbuilding, and when it in no uncertain tones says *now*, then are you ready and the purpose achieved.

Committing Sickness.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

People talk very glibly about committing sin—it is usually some one else's sin if you take notice—but it never occurs to them that sickness can be committed. Sin can be repented of, they tell themselves, but sickness must be borne until some doctor or drug can hit the case. To sin, they argue, is to break the law of God. To be sick is to break the laws of health with which laws God is only indirectly connected, although he does send sickness and death or punishments for sin.

Is it any wonder that with such beliefs in full blast the world is closely dotted with hospitals, lunatic asylums, jails and graves? Is it any wonder that the people are always having a pain somewhere and expecting a worse one somewhere else? Is it any wonder that men strive dishonestly for gain since wealth is considered the *summum bonum* of life?

Committing sickness is committing sin. The two states are indirectly connected. Sickness is sin.

You reply that you take the best possible care of your body. You bathe and exercise regularly; you partake of the simplest food and eat very sparingly.

Who told you to eat sparingly? Who told you to eat nuts and dates and college-bred crackers when you like something else better? Who told you to go about with a hole in your mental stomach crying aloud to be filled? Who told you to select the viands you don't like when the world is full of things you do like? Why should you slight God's bounteous table by keeping to a diet of chips?

You are astonished at these questions, and you answer that such and such things disagree with you and you are obliged to give them up. Who placed this obligation upon you? Your stomach, you answer. You are mistaken.

That small piece of internal machinery is entirely innocent in the matter. You have endowed it with power to ache and inflame, to demoralize every other organ in your body and at the time set by yourself to call for the usual cemeterial conveyance.

Now you will doubtless declare that you know when you have a pain in your stomach and a headache and that you prefer to go without the things that make you miserable. This is not true. You do not know any such thing. Your human mind that has been making these laws for itself ever since your mother sterilized your milk in babyhood and talked to you about your "poor itty tumich" has kept right on with its foolish legislation until now you are down to a starvation diet and don't know how soon you may have to give that up. And you call this picking, choosing, grunting, weak and weary creature, yourself. What a blasphemy! It is not even a distant relative.

As long as you believe that the small piece of gristle you call stomach is your master just so long you will bow down and worship it. There are various kinds of worship—the cereal worship, the gruel worship, the worship of nuts, prunes, raw wheat, etc., etc.—your human mind, which in all these fads and fantasies is entirely divorced from the Infinite Mind, makes all these rules for the body and the body without any will or power of its own—quite like any other senseless piece of machinery—is obliged to respond. Remember that this response is automatic and not intelligent. It has no more conception of the man at the wheel than the ship that sails over the ocean.

Incorrect thought is the cause of every ill ever suffered by man. Incorrect thought causes the commitment of sick-

ness as well as the commitment of sin. Ignorance of man's God-given dominion over all things is the basic cause of the incorrect thought.

Do not suppose that any criticism is intended of the articles of food above mentioned. They are all good in their places, but to restrict one's self to their use is like living in a small dark room in an elegant mansion where sunshine and comfort are in abundance.

A man condemned by physicians to three daily meals of rice, a man who had consulted the so-called best authorities here, and abroad, who had carried his "poor itty tumich" to the mountains and the valleys without relief, called upon a new doctor. The self-elected sufferer had grown tired of rice. It was not "agreeing" with him as it formerly did.

"Rice?" said the practitioner, "what for?"

"Because my stomach will not take care of anything else," was the despondent answer.

"How do you know?"

"I guess if you had spent as much money finding out as I have, you would know," the victim of self-commitment replied.

"And now rice doesn't fill the bill," his companion suggested.

"No, I loathe it, and I don't feel in the least right after eating it."

"What would you like to eat?" was the next question.

"You will think me crazy when I tell you, but what I want most of anything in the world is a cucumber and a big slice of fresh bread and butter."

"I don't see any lunacy in that desire," was the laughing response. "Go and get them."

"And you advise me to eat cucumbers?" the visitor exclaimed. "Don't you know how harmful they are—a cucumber?"

"What sin has the cucumber ever committed?" the doctor asked. "You

show good taste," he added. "Go and get a square meal of anything you like. I will insure you against any unpleasant consequences."

The patient, thus mentally assured, went straight to his hotel and gave the new order. His waiter, who had served him rice for several weeks, looked astonished.

"It is the doctor's prescription," the guest explained.

"Glad of it," was the hearty reply.

A whole cucumber and all the bread and butter he wanted, the famished man disposed of at this most enjoyable meal of his life.

Strange, isn't it, but that man's stomach never uttered a word of protest. Of course it never had before, but the assurance of immunity from suffering added to the cucumber desire, fixed the matter all right with the much protesting human mind, and the result was comfort and a considerable enlightenment. He told a friend the other day that he felt ashamed every time he saw a dish of rice.

God's children are given dominion over all things. This seems too big a story for them to believe and so they elect to suffer. Dominion, of course, includes the government of an excessive appetite or excess of any sort as well as its opposite lack. We are not governed by anything or any person unless we permit ourselves to be—in other words invite and expect it. The authors of all these vagaries is the human mind which is perpetually shifting, enamored of this thing today and disgusted with it tomorrow.

Only by a recognition of and familiarity with the Divine Mind can we obey St. Paul's injunction and become transformed by the renewing of our mortal minds.

Faith, patience and obedience will surely find ourselves coming into the possession of "the same mind which was in Christ Jesus."

Child-Development.

BY CHARLOTTE MARTINDELL.

PART II.

We often hear people say, "I cannot work my mind and body at the same time." This is largely true of the majority of us; but had we been properly trained in our youth we would not be thus handicapped.

Now the time of greatest activity is during the years of childhood.

Children are only happy when *doing* and the opportunity to develop skill and originality in the child is unlimited.

We may begin with the babe in his cradle, teaching him to help himself a bit even there. He should have the chance to reach, squirm, struggle and strive till he procures the object he desires.

The mother who rushes to put it in his hand, deprives him of bodily and mental gain as well as pleasure. The effort is a pleasure and if it is successful, the babe feels a satisfaction in his victory.

Children resent being helped too much. Nature struggles from the first to teach them independence, while the parents are thwarting her wise efforts on every side. How early the little ones desire to feed themselves, hold their own cups, take off their own shoes and stockings, do everything possible for themselves. But the nurse or mother says, "No; you can't hold your cup of milk; you will spill it," and "I can't wait for you to take off your own shoes, you are so slow about it." Naturally children are slow and awkward at first, but how are they to learn except by doing?

A few days ago I watched a two-year-old baby struggling to fit a cover on a box. I let her struggle on for some time, then felt it was the part of kindness to help her. But I should have known more and kept in mind the Pestalozzi

doctrine of letting children entirely alone unless they require your aid. The small maid set up a howl of insulted rage, snatched off the cover I had fitted on for her and went on with her former struggle to fit it herself. After about five minutes' time she was successful and came to me with a radiant smile and triumphantly laid the box on my lap, remarking "*Dar!*" which I understood to mean, "You see I did not need your help; I could do it alone."

The father who presents his little son with an elaborate ready made sail boat, in place of the necessary materials with which to *make* a sail boat, has unconsciously done him an injury and deprived him of a pleasure infinitely greater than the ready-made boat can ever give him. Wood and saw, hammer, nails, small rings, string, canvas, scissors, zinc—all waiting to be fashioned into a boat by the boy's own hand! Here indeed are riches for hand and brain.

The present day toys are for the most part more of a curse than a blessing. They are not made to please children, but to *catch the eye of grown people, and to sell.*

The simplicity of the old-time toy is as much a thing of the past as the simplicity of our grandmothers' lives. The toys of today are artificial, complicated, unsubstantial and un-child-like.

They are something to bemoan if it be true as philosophers tell us, that "toys point to a nation's chief characteristics." We may be sure that there is as much meaning in a nation's toys as in its songs. Dr. Dewey of the Chicago University tells us that, "Toys, as a rule, are the remains of primitive occupations which have lost their utility; for instance the top was once the spinning wheel."

But I think he could not have had in

mind the modern American toys. Primitive! would that they were, but the fact is, the manufacture of toys is keeping up with the latest slang, as the "rubber necks" which have been so much in evidence the past few years, prove to us.

Parents must therefore see to it that their children are given something to replace the chaos which these modern toys establish, something which will give opportunity for the child's creative activity to assert itself. The Paris doll which says "Mama," and "Papa," will not make the little girl happy or contented long; the cannon which shoots the soldier when you press the button will be an old story in a very short time.

What then shall we give our children to help toward a right development? Give them plastic materials which they can *make* something out of. Give them a big load of sand in the yard, a shovel, stones and shells, and if *possible* a garden bed to plant and water and tend themselves. Give them clay to model with, paints to paint with, scissors to cut out an infinite variety of objects and forms; give them blackboard and crayons and let them express their ideas with chalk; give them thread and needle and cloth to *make* the doll's clothes, bed quilts, rugs, hats, etc. Give your boys and girls, too, tools, and plenty of nails to hammer into the wood; give them wood which they can fashion into little tables, chairs, cupboards, boats, etc. Study what they need and buy material to keep them busy expressing their activ-

ity, instead of buying toys they do not long care for.

A mother of a little boy of seven years, who studied her child intelligently, noticed his fondness for all mechanical things, his interest in fitting keys into locks, screws into holes, etc. When Christmas came she resolutely passed by all the toy soldiers, ships and hobby horses, going on to the hardware department. There she spent two hours selecting the mechanical things she had noticed he enjoyed, such as different sized nails, screws, pulleys, hinges, rings of different sizes, silver wire, gimblet, and other things. His mother writes, "And of all the Christmas presents he ever received, this one pleased him most and cost just forty-nine cents." I believe that this boy is now being educated for an engineer.

The world is full of blank faces and mistaken callings.

For this, parents are largely to blame, though unconscious of it.

The natural engineer is practicing law; the born actor filling the pulpit; the should-be architect hanging up an M. D. sign, and the orator of the district schools is stolidly ploughing a corn field.

The parents having failed to give the right opportunities or to see what the child's highest ability was, the round peg was put into the square hole and a life-long mis-fit is the result.

Fortunate is the child whose parents watch him, and present him with those opportunities which lead to an early discovery of what the life-work should be.

Nothing before, nothing behind;

The Steps of faith

Fall on the seeming void, and find

The Rock beneath.

"My Soul and I," by Whittier.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

"GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

And women.

And children.

And all living things,
as well as to the universe in general.

When you hold Good Will in your thought toward others, there is a force set in motion which lifts *with* you—and with the others.

It means that you are working *with* them in the expression of *their* highest ideals.

They may be picturing a fat turkey for Christmas while *you* are a vegetarian.

They may like apple pie, while you stake your pile on squash.

They may detest slang while you delight in its reasonable use and adduce good authority in support of your taste.

But you can easily send your Good Will to all these people if you only realize that they are simply looking at life from a different point of view than yourself, and their point of view is just as right as yours.

Their needs are not your needs.

Why, then should you desire them to live as you live?

Free them all in your mind and send them your Good Will for their further growth and unfoldment.

When Good Will becomes common and hate and envy are tumbled into the bottomless pit for their final burning (transmuting) it will be found that all of these people with varying desires can live together in harmony, and they will all have come into a realization of the truth that they are really living in one great Unity in the very midst of their seeming differences.

Good Will is a recognition of unity.

It is easy to send your good will out to those whom you naturally love, because you recognize points of unity with them.

But if you look deep enough into the mystery of human life you will find points of unity with *every* human being.

At this Christmas season we celebrate the birth of one who gave his life for the establishment of peace and unity among men.

THE VOICE OF LIFE.

"Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry, it is a song. Learn from it that you are a part of the harmony; learn from it to obey the laws of harmony."

—From *Light on the Path*.

In most of us the voice of life is stifled.

It is stifled either by the intellect or the physical senses.

The Voice of Life cannot speak to us of the infinite harmony which exists back in the subjective so long as we live by reason.

The goldenrod and the rose do not reason. Hence the soft whisperings of the Voice of Life are accepted and followed implicitly by them so far as their powers of comprehension extend.

The soft wind gently sways them and makes them strong; the warm rain falls upon them, and they absorb it gratefully, building it into their material structures; the sun shines upon them, and they respond to its influence; they turn their faces toward it and drink in its radiance and transmit its beams into glowing color.

All this without effort or noise or pain.

But man grows through painful effort. He has become overbalanced by his reason, and allows himself to be misled by it. It becomes necessary that he should pass through all sorts of rough experiences in order that he may finally be turned back upon himself, to listen to the Voice of Life and become conscious of the Great Harmony which is ever waiting to receive him and give him peace.

Life that requires effort for expression is not really Life. Such living is simply man's distorted view of the real principle of Life.

The expression of Life should be fraught always with joy and peace.

The expression of Life in useful work should and would be a pleasure if man were not deaf to the Voice of Life.

Life itself does not speak of striving and ofttime's hopeless effort to achieve.

It does not require watching at every stage of its manifestation.

Do we watch the sun to see that it rises properly?

Do we fret about the stars properly following their orbits?

No more should we worry about the Life that lives through us.

We should realize our unity with the One Life and rest in this Universal Power that springs forth from the subjective whenever we listen for the Voice of Life to speak to us.

Let the Life live in and through you. Seek for harmony and you will find the key to enduring power and joy.

The power which men manifest upon the earth today is only a temporal thing, because it is based upon an intellectual and sense conception of what life really is. It is based upon imperfect and distorted views of truth, distorted because the eyes are blinded and the ears made deaf by the things of the objective world—the things of sense.

But when the consciousness of man

becomes deeply rooted in the subjective, when he turns within himself and listens for the Voice of Life, then Life and lasting powers will be built up within him without effort or pain.

ORIGINALITY. The truly original person is new born each morning.

He is unfettered by custom and precedent.

That is what makes him what we call original.

He has learned to work the gold mine of truth within his own consciousness instead of reflecting the brilliance or idiocy of others.

Most of us are not original by nature. That is, we have been living inside the fences so long that we have forgotten about the great expanse of green and delightful pasturage which always waits for the mental and spiritual explorer.

Only get your hypnotized gaze off the outward world long enough to take a good full breath into your cramped mental and spiritual lungs, look around a bit and rest and you will be surprised at the new things you will see.

I can count on the fingers of one hand the truly original writers with whom I am acquainted.

Among them are Walt Whitman and Thomas J. Shelton. And best of all there is Gerald Stanley Lee, who climbs upon Mt. Tom, looks off over the world, sends his soul out exploring and tells us what new things he finds each day.

RAIN MUSIC. Did you ever listen to the rain at six o'clock on a September morning?

It makes soft, soothing monotonous music as it falls on the roof with an almost continuous sound.

And how deliciously it gurgles in the roof gutter.

Somewhere across the alley you can hear a pleasant splashing and sputtering

where a roof gutter pours out its contents upon the ground.

One imagines that the green (or brown, as your point of view may be) old earth enjoys the falling rain in somewhat the same way that a pig enjoys having his back scratched with a corn-cob.

Or in the way that a cow enjoys herself at high noon when she lies down on the top of a wooded knoll, where the flies are not thick, and chews her cud with infinite, quiet satisfaction.

* * * * *

Your soul goes out and out in this peaceful rainy world and gets washed white and clean. All the stubborn, unhappy little kinks get rinsed out of it, and it returns to you filled with the peace of Nirvana and the rainy freshness of a spring morning.

IF YOU SLIP.

By Stella Stuart.

"If you slip and fall in the new way, pick yourself up, brush off the dirt, suppress the cry and smile. The cry of discouragement will put you in the lower strata of the mental atmosphere which envelops us. The smile of courage will lift you to the higher strata of thought currents, which, in turn, will attract towards you happiness and prosperity. We create our own environment and wherever you are, rest assured it is the very best possible place for you from which to work out your soul's unfoldment. It will drop away from you as soon as you are ready to progress. Smile, therefore, always and the sunlight within will disperse the fog without. Smile at your reflection in the glass. Smile at every one who meets you. Turn a deaf ear to tales of woe, suppress complaint. Be sympathetic to those who believe themselves in real trouble, but do not let their clouds darken that steadfast, shining center within your soul. Thus shall you grow in health, beauty and godliness (God-likeness), day by day and no evil shall come nigh you."—Stella Stuart.

The Editors Abroad.

PORTLAND AND THE LEWIS AND CLARK FAIR.

By ELIZABETH TOWNE.

Just before our Great Northern train pulled into Seattle, William asked a man the population of that place. The man lives there. "It has 160,000 now," he replied, "and there are two more suburbs to come in, with 30,000 more." "How does that compare with Portland," William queried, without mentioning that I had ever seen the place. "Oh," he replied with an airy gesture of dismissal, "*Portland* isn't in it—Portland's dead!"

The next day, as we were leaving for Portland, I asked the same question of an intelligent looking young man at the station. "Seattle has 150,000 or 160,000 people now," he replied, "and there are two suburbs to come in soon; one has already voted to come—Ballard." "How many people there?" "About 3,000," he answered. "And how many in the other suburb?" "About 10,000 more—say 15,000 altogether." The man on the train saw double!

Well, we liked Seattle. It certainly is *alive*; not with mushroom growth either. William said it was the first place he had seen since leaving New England in which he would like to live. He thought he *couldn't* find a nicer place.

But he did! As we came up the Columbia and the Willamette, old Oregon, green and lovely, greeted us with a rosy glow on three magnificent snow capped peaks. And, as we came flying up the Willamette just at dark our first glimpse of Portland was the Lewis and Clark Fair grounds to our right, every white building and bridge and roads and walks outlined with electric lights, the beautiful trees hung with them, the white and light-rimmed buildings rising nobly above rolling green lawns and hillsides,

and all reflected in the placid waters of the lake; and back of the Fair grounds, rolling upward, the wooded and home-dotted and illumined glory of Willamette Heights; and straight ahead and beyond it all the splendidly illumined city of Portland stretched away toward other green and lighted hills, on either side of the darkly shining Willamette.

That entrance to Portland would soften and glorify a heart of lead, and thrill to life and joy and sublimity the dullest imagination that ever crawled among ghosts of things gone.

And two days later we rode on a fine new trolley line which winds around the heights west of the city, and lands one on top of "Robinson's Hill," and "Marquam's Hill," where we children used to climb on pleasant Sunday afternoons to pick wild flowers; where now stands in spacious grounds, thousands of beautiful homes, their windows and wide verandas commanding the most magnificent view in all the world—when old Jupiter Pluvius happens to be weeping in some other locality.

The heights encircling Portland for miles on the west are 1,200 to 1,400 feet above the city proper, rising sharply, like the green rim of a bowl. From these heights, anywhere, on a clear day one gets such a feast of view as cannot be described.

Such vistas of maple shaded streets, velvet lawns and fine buildings. Portland's residences are built in gardens; thousands of lots are hedged with choice rose bushes; in June the place is truly the "Rose City." The Willamette flows like a broad silver ribbon through the city. To the east and north and south there are miles of pretty homes in groves and gardens, thinning on the outskirts to neat homes on "berry farms" of three to ten or fifteen acres. Five or six miles to the east rises Mt. Tabor, gently

rolling, three-spurred, wooded and parked at the top, the sides dotted with pretty homes and thrifty fruit farms. All around Mt. Tabor stretching away for many miles in all directions, there are more farms and villages (called "towns" out there) and straight roads and patches of wooded land. Away to the north and east you can see the sun shine on the broad Columbia and glint on the windows of the United States barracks set down in Vancouver's pretty groves, some nine or ten miles away, on the farther side of the Columbia.

And away in the distance, forty or forty-five miles to north and east and south, like the rest of the rim of the great bowl, you see the Cascade mountains purple against the sky, with three snowy peaks, St. Helens, Adams and splendid old Hood (11,225 feet high), rising white and tall, like saints guarding this broad garden valley of the west.

Straight down the hillside, from the observatory, a little to the north of east, trailing along some 1,200 feet frontage on the Willamette river, we can see the Jones Lumber Company's sawmill, lumber yard and other buildings, founded by my father, John Halsey Jones, now managed by my brother Herman Halsey Jones. On Mt. Tabor we spy through the glasses, the knoll where I used to live—levelled off a bit, and a large new gray and white house replacing the old house, which was burned after I left Portland. Straight across the river to the east, on Hawthorne avenue, my brother's home can be seen. To the northeast, on the eastern side of the river stands the home of John Halsey Jones, on Halsey and East Sixth N. Glancing along the hills at the left, on the western side of the town, one can see the handsome new Elizabethan house on a hill at the head of Kearney street, which is the new home

of one of my two sisters, Mrs. W. H. Grindstaff, who helped plan and oversee the building of it.

I wish you could see the floors and woodwork in this house, all made of matched and matchless, and *flawless* Oregon fir lumber, sawed at the Jones mill, and polished by hand, some of it stained mahogany, some weathered oak, some left in the natural color. And the last named is the finest! Years ago we thought Oregon fir would not do for finishing purposes! And it is as pretty as fine grained oak! And polishes perfectly.

Seeing Portland at night by automobile is something never to be forgotten. We rode for miles over cement pavements, brilliantly lighted stores or homes on either hand, and ropes of electric lights festooned on either side of the streets for miles in every direction. This was dazzling, enchanting.

And what shall I say of the sight from Willamette Heights, with the miles of streets strung with light-beads, and directly below us the brilliantly glowing fairyland of the exposition grounds, all white and strung with fairy-beads of light, trees whispering in the balmy air, water shimmering, thousands and thousands of people wandering about chattering, laughing or listening to the enchanting strains of Innes' music. No real fairyland *could* be more entrancing.

We asked the population of Portland. "About 150,000," he replied, "not including those other suburbs that are coming in soon." "How about Seattle," we said, "any larger than Portland?" "Seattle is a mighty fine, live place," he answered, "but I don't think it is quite as large as Portland yet; and not liable to be; for Portland is seaport for an enormous farming, grain, cattle and lumber country; and no grades to climb to reach it; while Seattle can be reached only by climbing over moun-

tains, and has nowhere near the country to draw from anyway. Seattle is mainly the result of the opening of the Alaska gold fields, and cannot continue to grow as fast as she has; while Portland grows steadily from natural and stable causes. Portland is one of the wealthiest cities in the United States, according to its population; is the practical terminus for four transcontinental railways, with the finest union depot on the coast. It has the only fresh water harbor on the coast. The lumber product of Oregon for 1904 was 1,405,000,000 feet—enough to make a plank walk an inch thick and nearly eleven feet wide all the way around the earth at the equator. Portland ships more lumber and more wheat than any other city in the world. And she'll *keep on* being first, too! Nothing can prevent, for she taps the source. Talk about Seattle!—She's all right; but Seattle hustles and crows and tries hard to catch up, while Portland goes solidly along at the *head* of the procession, where she *knows* she'll stay. Now, if you Eastern tenderfeet want to know more about Portland, the metropolis of the northwest, the liveliest and best city on earth, you just ask C. H. McIsaacs of the Board of Immigration, 308 Chamber of Commerce, for a copy of the 'Portland Guide Book,' which will give you some pointers to make your eyes bug; and it will be *conservative* pointers, too,—no boom talk. *Seattle! Huh!*"

And Portland does grow, if statistics are to be trusted. According to the census of 1850 Portland had 821 people in it!—fifty-five years ago. My father went there in 1852, when there were not many more than one thousand. In 1865 I was born there, in a little house built in the forest, where second and Columbia is now, with the little house still standing. That year there were about five thousand people in Portland, and

my mother could not see her nearest neighbors for the woods, and she had to cross five "gulches" to get into town. In 1870 the census gave Portland 8,263 inhabitants; in 1880, 17,577; in 1890—only fifteen years ago, 46,385. Then in 1890, after annexing East Portland and Albina there were 64,739; in 1900 the census gave 90,426; a year later, 115,491; another year, 121,265; in 1903, 131,162, and in 1904, 145,250; all without any Klondike booms or padding of the count.

* * * * *

The Lewis and Clark Fair was unique, and worthy of any city in the land. I have seen none of the other great expositions except the one at Omaha; but we know others who have, and all agree that as a whole, as an artistic arrangement of handsome buildings on beautiful and sightly grounds, none of the other fairs ever compared with it. Not one of them had any such natural advantages to begin with, and none made better use of what they did have. St. Louis' "lagoon" was a pinched watery alley which would have been lost without so much as a splash in one corner of the two hundred and twenty acre Guild's Lake about which the Lewis and Clark buildings are grouped, with the beautiful government buildings on a long peninsula across the water, connected with the mainland by a many-arched white bridge, half a mile long; the waters of the lake dotted with fine launches and gondolas for the use of those who did not care to walk the bridge. The fair grounds covered four hundred and ten acres with ten big general exhibits buildings, and ten state buildings, besides the amusement buildings on "The Trail," the inns, etc.,—about forty buildings in all, exclusive of the eight hundred feet of "The Trail," where every inch on each side is full to brimming with allsorts of curiosities, thrills, fun and fakery—including

a big "shoot-the-chutes," where we flew down a long toboggan in a flat bottomed boat which went skipping and skimming, dashing us with spray, clear across the lake before the gondolier could turn it back again to the landing.

The buildings cost \$7,000,000 and there were \$25,000,000 worth of exhibits, with three thousand individual exhibitors; Japan's the largest Oriental exhibit.

It would take at least twenty or thirty all-day visits to give one even a general idea of the interesting and wonderful things to be seen. And among the government exhibits alone, made at a cost of \$800,000, with trained lecturers and daily stereopticon and biograph shows in each department, one could easily spend weeks of time with great pleasure and profit. And many of the state buildings were worthy a whole day's visit. It takes a good day's steady walking just to get a general idea of the spacious and beautiful grounds, with miles of hard-rolled broad roads and other miles of shady paths, acres of velvety green lawns, up hill and down dale, their myriads of flower beds and shady nooks, their "sunken gardens" and their hillside gardens and hill top gardens, all green and blooming and waving and dotted with beautiful pieces of statuary.

"Sacajawea" deserves an hour all to herself—the spirit of the West pointing Civilization the way, caught in fancy's realm and immortalized in copper by a young woman of Denver, Miss Cooper. Sacajawea was the Indian woman who, pappoose a-back, showed Lewis and Clark the trail to Oregon. A real, live Indian princess posed for the statue, for which Portland paid \$7,000. The statue is to stand permanently on a splendid pedestal facing and overlooking one of the two main entrances to Portland's beautiful city park,

which lies on and around one of the hills on the west.

And for unique exhibits the Lewis and Clark fair beats all the others.

The very most unique and attractive of all exhibits is the Oregon forestry building, of which you have doubtless seen many pictures. But no picture can do justice to this gigantic "log cabin," none convey the impressiveness nor the artistic beauty of this immense temple of the West made of solid natural logs, many of them six or seven feet in diameter and so long I am afraid to give figures. And it would take a volume to describe the display within this building, of Oregon woods in all degrees of size, color, dressing and undressing.

Coney Island offered the management \$250,000 for this forestry building as it stands, the buyers to take it to pieces, ship it to Coney Island and set it up again as one of their attractions. But Portland refused to let it go. This one building is to be preserved as it stands, all the other buildings to be razed and the fair grounds converted into a permanent city park, the forestry building a permanent exhibit therein. This is as it should be; and may the devil fly away with any Portlander who tries to balk the working out of this plan, and drop him where he'll sizzle. Portland is rich enough to afford half a dozen such parks and buildings if she wants them; and if she has as much hustle and civic enterprise as Seattle says she hasn't, nothing can hinder the development on the Lewis and Clark fair site of one of the finest and most unique parks in this country. Here's hoping and praying.

To be continued.

Look at the yellow label on your Nautilus wrapper. If it reads "December '05" it means that your subscription expires with this number. Renew promptly if you wish to secure all of the articles on "The Law of the Rhythmic Breath." These articles are of great importance to you.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN SPIRIT GUIDE. "Spiritualists say we have phenomena; what have you New Thought people to offer in its stead? While I am no believer in table lifting and rapping and such other silly matters, I notice that Spiritualism places before us such spiritual gifts as clairvoyance, telepathy, warnings, unseen beings and forces to aid us. Does New Thought banish those things?"—*A Wisconsin Subscriber.*

Every human being is a prophet in his own right. He has within himself the faculty for foreseeing what will come to pass, and every one of us uses this faculty to some extent.

And everyone has within him the faculties of clairvoyance and clair-audience, and all the instruments necessary to send and receive telepathic messages.

These things have been used in all times and races and every being in the world now or in the past has had some degree of experience with them.

We send and receive mental messages every minute of our lives. And half the thoughts we call our own are thoughts received telepathically from others.

The thought of the world circulates telepathetically.

And I doubt not that the thought of unseen worlds circulates in our brains, and that our thoughts circulate in many a sphere we do not dream of.

And all people have at times visions and warnings.

Spiritualism has not "given" us one of these things. Especially has it not "given" us telepathy, which is better understood and more persistently used by almost any other sect of the advanced thought people.

Spiritualism has simply taken note of these particular human faculties and phenomena, which have existed in all ages and places, and is seeking to gain definite knowledge of the nature and uses of these faculties.

Spiritualism offers us a theory in re-

gard to these things, substantiated by what they have seen clairvoyantly or heard clair-audiently.

Spiritualism's theory may or may not be correct. Time and death may prove it to each believer. If their theory is correct it will stand the test. If it is not it will give place to a better.

In either event it will have served its purpose as a working hypothesis, and Spiritualism will have done a great work in calling attention to, and developing, the knowledge and use of these occult powers.

Spiritualism "gives" us "unseen beings and forces to aid us." While new thought "gives" us *One Power working in and through each of us directly, to "will and to do of its good pleasure";* teaching us that when we work with the will of this One Power, one beneficence, all our ideals and desires are worked out as desired and all our paths are pleasantness and peace.

New thought "gives" us One Power with which we are one; it gives us One Spirit.

Spiritualism "gives" us *a lot of spirits as messengers between the One Spirit and ourselves.*

This is the main difference between the new thought and spiritualism, which is really a part of the new thought movement.

The weak point in the *practice* of Spiritualism is that it cultivates dependence upon the advice of unseen persons. This is not much removed from ordinary materialism, wherein the ordinary man runs to his neighbor for advice and encouragement and financial backing.

Spiritualism cultivates the idea that a man is not good enough or wise enough or big enough to *get what he needs direct from the One Source*; but must work up a "pull" among unseen spirits who will bring him the knowl-

edge or power he cannot get for himself.

All this tends to make man a *dependent* being, instead of an *individual*. As long as he depends upon *somebody else*, whether in the flesh or out, he is not developing by exercise *his own* powers of clear-seeing, clear-hearing and *clear understanding*.

There are Spiritualists who understand all this and who treat spirit information exactly as they treat information gathered from spirits *who are yet in the flesh*. But the *tendency* of the teachings of Spiritualism is to cultivate other-fellow-dependence, dependence upon many spirits (including mediums) instead of dependence upon the spirit within themselves.

CONCERNING GOOD AND EVIL.

New Thought banishes nothing that is desirable. And as long as

people desire it, a thing is desirable.

Whatever man strongly desires and persistently works for he may attain—be the desire good or ill.

The gratification of a wrong desire brings pain, sorrow, repentance, new resolution in right directions.

Because of this we say "all is good," and all desire is good.

One desires what at that time one believes to be good. The results teach us whether or not the desire was really good. If it proves an ill desire the results cure it. If it proves a good desire results confirm it, make it firm.

So all desires lead to the truth, as all roads are said to lead to Rome. So all desires, all things, are good, since they lead to good, the chief end of man being to grow in wisdom and knowledge and enjoyment of good which is God, to which all desires eventually lead. All things work together for good. So in their essence and direction all things are good.

An evil desire is one which in its grati-

fication interferes with the rights of freedom and progress and peace, of other individuals. This, you see, includes all those desires commonly called "selfish." The sort of desires which prove themselves altogether good are the ones which help along the individual and *at the same time help the world along.* The gratification of an evil desire *proves a good thing for the evildoer*, in that he learns by experience that it is evil, and thus forsakes that kind of desires.

But his evil deed brings pain and hindrance to other individuals while it really brings good, wisdom, the truth, to himself; while his *good* deed brings *help* or good will at least, if not pleasure, to other individuals besides himself, and injustice to none.

ALL IN

THE SILENCE.

"How does the Silence differ from the passive state of hypnotism? How can one enter the silence?"—G. C.

In hypnotism you resign yourself to the will of another person, who puts your reasoning mind to sleep and induces you to accept and act upon the suggestions he gives you. If the hypnotist were a *very good and wise* one he might do you some good. But beware of letting Tom, Dick and Harry put you to sleep and tinker with your subconscious self.

When you go into the silence you still the chatter and argument of your reasoning or everyday mind, and listen to your own soul wherein the Infinite sits ready to commune with you. When you go into the silence there is no resigning of yourself to anybody but *your own soul and God.*

To go into the silence, *get still mentally.* Practice at it during definite hours every day until you accomplish what you are after. Begin this sort of practice by "holding" a high thought, bringing your mind back to it, gently but firmly, every time you catch it wan-

dering. *Persist* in this practice. In due time you will find yourself able to still your thinking at will.

You are *in the silence now.* We all live and move and *have our being* in the silence. All that keeps you from realizing it is the hubbub of your own thinking.

PSYCHIC

PHENOMENA

AND THE CHURCH.

Archdeacon Colley of Stockton, England is raising a great to-do in the Church of England. He proposed to present the matter of psychic phenomena to the Church Congress. They refused to be disturbed with any such new-fangled nonsense. So the Archdeacon hired a hall and presented his subject to whomever it might concern. A houseful came to hear. It is said the speaker's remarks were of such a nature that it took the men's breath away and many of the women fled the room covered with blushes.

As one of Archdeacon Colley's most respectable psychic experiences the newspapers publish the following, in the speaker's own words:

"On Friday, June 9, 1876, I, at Southsea, with no little discomfort, wore all day under my clothes next the skin several yards of white muslin. In the evening, still wearing it, I cycled to Chichester for a surprise visit to a young lady medium of my own developing. Making there, at Chichester, an unwrapped-up small bundle of the attire, and loosely pinning my card to it with no other address, I, and my fiancée, and the young lady's elder sister (after our supper and two hours of music, now close on midnight), saw the muslin fade away, disappear, and melt like vapor from the lap of the little medium.

"I had willed it to go to London for a friend somewhere there into whose hands I wished it to fall, not knowing where he might be. Then immediately cycling back at midnight to Southsea, I there in the morning before breakfast got a telegram from London announcing the mysterious receipt of the muslin with my card so loosely pinned to it, showing that the articles had arrived at their right destination, but where, when, or how, I could not for a while imagine.

"A letter, however, quickly followed the telegram from my friend to the effect that at the first hotel he had chanced on—having been to the opera and missed the last train that would have taken my friend to his home out of Lon-

don—the muslin and card so insecurely pinned to it, had fallen upon his face just as he had gotten into bed, and seeing my name and address, he wired to me at 11 Bellevue terrace, Southsea, first thing in the morning; we afterward finding that it had taken less than five minutes by aerial flight of about seventy miles from Chichester to secure midnight delivery of the goods in London somewhere at a chance hotel by Psychic Parcel Post."

NOT YET! This is a true story of something which happened in Holyoke.

Elsie, aged five, and Henry, aged four, are taught to ask God for the things they want.

The other day they wanted matches to build a bonfire. Of course mamma said no.

The children walked out doors, and through the open window mamma heard Elsie say, "Come, let's ask God for some matches."

Elsie and Henry smoothed their aprons and then stood hand in hand, with eyes reverently lifted, while Elsie softly petitioned, "Please, God, throw us down some matches."

They waited patiently for the matches—until they thought of something else to do which was more fun than waiting.

If they had *kept on* praying would God's heart (in mother's breast) have melted and granted their petition? With perhaps fatal results to the children?

This is what Lida Churchill says about instant answers to prayer: "*Prayer is sometimes answered instantly, but in these cases the ones who pray are ready for the things for which they pray.*"

SEGNO'S GOOD MEMORY DRILL. Let the person decide upon an hour or even a half hour that he can devote to these exercises. They should be taken at the same time each day, the evening being preferable. He should go to his own room where he can be alone. Then take his thoughts back to the hour he awakened, and commence

from that point to carefully and thoughtfully trace every action through which he has passed during the entire day. He should try to take each in its respective order, and he must not be in a hurry to pass to another event until he has carefully analyzed and lived over every little detail of the scene he is reviewing. The ability to trace one scene or act to another, in consecutive order, will be a test of the memory. After having followed this exercise for a few days he will find himself taking a keener interest in the events of the day, and in his own actions. He will unconsciously do this so that he can recall them more easily in his mental review. In fact, he will soon begin to observe little details that previously he would have passed unnoticed. As he perseveres, he will learn to enjoy this closer observation, for his experiences of yesterday will be remembered, and they will guide him in his actions today, and thus the sense of reasoning will also improve. The increase in knowledge and the facts he will store up will make the exercise fascinating. It is not what a man earns but what he saves that makes him rich. It is not what a man observes but what he retains that makes him wise.—A. Victor Segno in *Segnogram*, Los Angeles, Cal.

MAKING IT EASY. "A nervous passenger on the first day of the outward voyage importuned the captain to know what would be the result if the steamer should strike an iceberg while it was plunging through the fog.

"The iceberg would move right along, madam," the captain replied, courteously, 'just as if nothing had happened,' and the old lady seemed greatly relieved."—*Youth's Companion*.

You may have three yearly subscriptions to *The Nautilus* for \$1.00, providing at least two of them are new subscriptions. This offer positively expires December 31, 1905.

Anent Books and Things.

—"The Law of Mentalism" is a series of interesting and helpful lectures by A. Victor Segno, editor of *The Segno-gram*, Los Angeles, Cal. Bound in dark red cloth and gold; price \$3.00. Bright and helpful.

—"How to Read People's Minds," by H. J. Burlingame, is a forty-eight page paper bound book which sells for 25 cents. Address, George L. Williams & Company, 7145 Champlain avenue, Room 20, Chicago.

"A Book of Psalms," by Owen R. Washburn, a new book beautifully bound in green cloth and gold; price, \$1.00. Published by Washburn Publishing Company, 129 West 125th street, N. Y., In some respects as good as David's psalms!

—The *Unity Tract Society*, Kansas City, Mo., has just issued H. Emilie Cady's "Lessons in Truth," in a handsome, green cloth and gold volume; price, \$1.25. These Lessons are the bread of life to the student who is seeking to apply Christ's teachings.

—*The Open Court* (1322 Wabash avenue, Chicago), for October and November contains a series of very interesting and well illustrated articles by A. Christina Albers, on "Modern India." William says they gave him the clearest idea on the subject of anything he has read.

—"Marriage," is a beautiful little white cloth and stained-glass colored and gilt edged volume, all cream and red and black printing within, and filled with high thought and sensible advice for married or unmarried. There are 82 pages. No price given, probably \$1.00. Nunc Licet Press, 42 W. Coulter, Philadelphia.

—"A Modern Miracle, or Psychic Power Made Plain," is a nice new blue and gold volume of 113 pages, issued by the Grafton Press, 70 Fifth avenue, N. Y. Price \$1.00. It is written in allegory form by Corilla Banister, whose delightful "Self-Building" has been noticed on this page.

—Do you want an odd and interesting book to use as a gift to some child?

Nothing nicer than "Little Almond Blossoms," by Jessie Juliet Knox; published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50. The book is a collection of charming stories of real Chinese children, written with sympathy and imagination, and illustrated with sixteen quaint photographs.

—Here is a copy of Helen Chauncey's "Radiance Calendar of Daily Sunshine for 1906." It is pretty and artistic, done in rich brown and gold, with separate leaf for every day of the year. Mounted to stand on desk or to hang on wall. Selections are exceptionally good, well printed and mounted. This is a new thought production and will please our readers. Price, 75 cents. Address, Box 426, New Haven, Conn.

—"The Every Day Book," by Suzanne Wardlaw, is something new under the sun. A cross between a birthday book, a year book and a "light on the path," it is the very thing for a gift book, or for a volume to keep on your own table to look at the first thing every day. It gives the sign of the zodiac, color, stones, sentiment, musical composer, etc., appropriate for each month in the year, and a specially appropriate sentiment for each day in the year. An elegant little volume, too, in rich red silk stamped in white leaf, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ inches in size, 144 pages, price, \$1.10 postpaid. Published by Elizabeth Towne.

—"Good Things and Graces" is the most original and charming little book, both in appearance and subject matter, that has come to me lately. And it is written by one of our good *Nautilus* subscribers and old friends, Isabel Goodhue, of 93 Van Cortland Park avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., who is to be congratulated upon the appearance of her artistic little book. And her recipes for "Irish Stew" and "Mayonnaise for Blue Monday Salad" and for "Removing Stains from Character" ought to be in familiar use in every household! This unique little red and gray and copper book, thirty pages, is published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. Ask them what the price is, and tell 'em the editor of *The Nautilus* doesn't think much of publishers who send no price mark with books for review.

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

"Oh, wad some power the gistie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION.
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

F. F. J.—At least I would try my best to cure it by faith and affirmations, full breathing, plenty of outdoor exercise and perhaps a little fasting. *I believe you can do it, and will.*

A. N.—Yes, I believe in *all* the creeds of all the churches. Each stands for the truth as certain classes of people conceive it. Every church is founded on truth "*seen as through a glass darkly.*" And we are all coming out into the light where we can see plainly. Never mind dogmas—*let Christ live now in your heart and thoughts.*

VIRGO WOMAN.—You are too exacting for a Scorpio man. You take the confidence out of him. And I doubt if you understand him. *Hands off.* Support yourself if need be. But *hands off.* Encourage him in your thought, instead of condemning. A man will do his best to live up to his wife's *high opinion and faith in him.* AFFIRM THE THINGS YOU DESIRE TO SEE MANIFEST.

M. A. M.—I fancy your refer to "Chiropractic," Dr. Langworthy's (603 1st Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Ia.) method of straightening out kinks in the backbone. Am glad you found an effective remedy for your headaches, after Christian Science, etc., had failed you. But for one who needs a "luxation" reduced there are thousands whose headaches are caused by wrong thinking or living or both.

G. L. C.—No, do not *resist* anything. Just affirm her freedom and *know* that no one on earth can influence her *except love.* Leave them both free, and the less you all think about it the better. If he tries influencing her *against her* will he will influence her *against himself*, defeating his own desires. Let them alone, and know that *only her own can win her.* Just *let go* and trust it all to the Spirit of Love which is running the world.

F. P. R.—Always "hold the thought" a while, and then *let* your mind slip off into the Infinite without any definite aim to *listen* to anything. Just float in the Infinite! The Infinite does the rest. You may not see results at the time, but the power and wisdom which come to you in the silence will surely crop out in times of need—and *will lessen the times and the weight of your needs.* Never mind if you go to sleep in the silence—the Infinite "*neither slumbers nor sleeps,*" but works miracles while *we* sleep.

W. L.—Unless a statement agrees with *my own spirit*, my own best understanding of truth, I do not accept it. *Neither do I repudiate it.* I simply leave myself open to further leading of the spirit in that particular direction. *And I make no moves until the spirit witnesseth with mine that I am right.* There are several

ways of explaining that passage, or of treating it. Or it may have been incorrectly or not fully reported. *Follow your own soul*, your own highest ideal. When in doubt be still. And don't try too hard to settle in your mind a decision for which you have no *immediate* use. Things *come* to us as *we need* them.

R. S. A.—Pay first the debts owed to the poorest people, of course. Get the *little* debts paid first. Then pay the most pressing ones. There are always people who will wait and those who won't. Use your gumption. You are going about it in the right way. To save *systematically* for a given purpose is the only way to surely accomplish it. See you *enjoy* all this saving to pay debts. Get *joy* out of every bit of the managing that is to be done, and you will find yourself getting ahead almost before you know it. *Joy is power.* It is likewise the best grease to use in all departments of life.

A. and R. E. G.—I believe that a cheerful, right-thinking attitude of mind along with fasting, properly and persistently applied, beginning with short fasts and increasing the length as one gets used to it, will cure *any* kind of disease except broken bones, and a moderate amount of fasting will facilitate recovery even in such cases as that. A *complete change* in diet will sometimes cure chronic indigestion and flatulence or even rheumatism. People who do plenty of vigorous, outdoor work very rarely suffer from indigestion. When they do they are the hurrying, worrying, *driving* kind of people who fret and rush their energy into other channels, leaving the stomach with insufficient power for its purposes. Right thinking with the above hints as to diet and exercise ought to enable you to complete your cure. Evidently your change of diet was good for you. *You are on the right track.* Keep cheerfully along. Health is yours.

A. J. N.—We use Sylmar Olive Oil, put up by the Los Angeles Olive Grower's Association, Los Angeles. The Battle Creek Sanitarium have a good oil too. Buy nuts or nut meats of any grocer or fruiterer. For people who are *outgrowing* meat and are not yet quite accustomed to a non-meat diet an occasional fish dinner is good. One class of English vegetarians use fish quite regularly. For large abdomen, and for constipation, use this exercise: Stand straight, hands on hips; bend as far back as possible; then as far forward as possible, letting head hang as near knees as it will; repeat ten times to begin with, and increase to *forty times or so, night and morning!* If you eat less at meals and use plenty of figs you may get rid of your troubles without quite so much hard exercise. Better combine them.

New Thought in the Kitchen

Have you noticed that new thought is flowing into every department of our lives? The movement began as a "spiritual" impulse. People lived a tip-toe in an effort to reach it, and to shake off all the every day things in which they had to live. Then the new thought flowed a little lower into the reasoning faculties. Gradually it began to quicken the every day life. It is flowing into art, literature, business, the work shop, the home.

And into every department of the home. Unless our new thought flows into every crack and cranny of our every day lives we are not completely "saved" from the old thought of sin, sickness and death.

So *The Nautilus* proposes to let a little new thought into the darkest and most old-thought-y corner of our daily lives, the corner which is most persistently neglected!

For nearly a year we have been searching for the right person to let light into the kitchen, a person fitted by the new thought as well as by nature and training and experience, to inform us as to the best food combinations with which to displace the old thought of beef and pork and turkey. We think we have found the right one, in Mrs. Riley M. Fletcher Berry of Orlando, Fla., author as well as practical dietitian.

Mrs. Berry comes of a family of physicians and authors, a number of them of world wide reputation, and has studied these things almost from childhood. Dr. W. B. Fletcher, the alienist, is her uncle. She began her literary career as editor in chief of her college paper. The readers of *Table Talk*, *What to Eat*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Frank Leslie's*, *Field and Stream*, etc., all rejoice in her—and think she is a man!

With pleasure we introduce to *Nautilus* readers our new friend, Riley M. Fletcher Berry, whose first contribution to our enlightenment and comfort is the following menu with recipes, for a delightful Christmas dinner of the new thought kind.

—ELIZABETH TOWNE.



OUR NEW THOUGHT CHRISTMAS DINNER.

By RILEY M. FLETCHER BERRY.

Cream of Celery	Croutons
Nut Loaf	Cranberry Sauce
Scalloped Tomatoes	Lima Beans

Mushrooms with Rice

Grape Fruit or Pomelo Salad

Plum Pudding

Lemon and Orange Ice

Cafe Noir

Salted Nuts

Cream of Celery: Wash and cut in inch pieces a large bunch of celery, laying aside young tender leaves for salad, and placing the coarser ones in a small vessel with a pint of sweet milk. Place the cut celery with one small minced onion and one bay leaf, in a granite vessel with one quart cold water. Let come to boil then simmer three hours till reduced to about one pint. Crush and strain this through a coarse sieve, adding half teaspoon of salt. Half an hour before this is ready set on the stove and let simmer the milk and celery leaves. When the celery pulp is strained remove leaves from milk, thicken and add to the pulp. Make thickening with one-half cup butter and one tablespoon flour rubbed together, with a half pint of milk added gradually.

Croutons: Sliced bread rather thick; trim off crusts and butter. Cut in slender strips, slices or triangles and place in oven till crisp and brown. Serve hot.

Nut Loaf: Blanch and cut in food chopper two cups nut meats (a mixture preferable), or one kind of favorite flavor, omitting black and English walnuts (or using latter in small quantity) and butternuts, as too oily. Have ready, mixed, one and a half pints stale bread crumbs, a teaspoon of salt, and a pinch each of thyme, marjoram and sweet savory, or one (powdered) teaspoon of one's favorite "pot herb." To this add gradually the nut meats and one teaspoon butter with just enough boiling water to bind together. Set aside for ten minutes (to swell) then add one beaten egg and three-fourths cup of hot milk. Bake in individual bread, or loaf cake, pan for an hour in a moderate oven. Strew with fringe of parsley or other graceful green herb with sprig of holly springing from loaf center.

Cranberry Sauce or Jelly: Carefully pick over and wash one quart cranberries, add one cup cold water and stew slowly about an hour. Tenderness of skins will indicate when done. For the sauce, remove from stove before sweetening with generous quantity of sugar, but if jelly is preferred add sugar and simmer three minutes before removal, then strain through colander and coarse sieve and place in wet molds. Serve cold.

Lima Beans: Lima beans, canned, should be drained and placed in saucepan with a little boiling water, then simmered about fifteen minutes, drained again, and milk with cream thickening added. The dried beans must be soaked over night, one pint beans to two quarts cold water. In morning place on stove with fresh water, and teaspoon salt; bring to boil and simmer three hours. Then drain and add one cup milk. When heated through stir in thickening made with one tablespoon each of flour and butter rubbed smooth with a little milk. Let cook up once and serve.

Scalloped Tomatoes: Alternate layers of to-

matoes and bread crumbs until baking dish is nearly full. On top layer (of crumbs) place bits of butter. A small minced onion may be added if liked. Mix this with a half teaspoon of salt and dash of tabasco through the bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven till brown.

Mushrooms with Rice: Mash thoroughly one scant half pint of rice and place in open vessel in two quarts salted water already boiling. Boil hard fifteen minutes and drain. Meantime have ready a can of mushrooms, drained and quartered. Place in saucepan with cup of hot milk and simmer ten minutes. Thicken with a teaspoon of flour, add same of butter and mix carefully with rice. Place in ramakins, buttering top of each, and brown in oven. Or serve the flaky rice in a pyramid surrounded by mushrooms.

Pomelo Salad: The pulp of the pomelo (the correct name of the "grape fruit") must be picked free from every vestige of "rag," the white tissue. Divide each section into quarters and carefully mix with one large chopped apple, one-half cup nut meats (whole or chopped as liked), and the minced tender leaves of celery (laid aside). Place this on bed of crisp lettuce and serve with mayonnaise. On outer edge place sprig of holly with candied cherries to simulate the berries.

Mayonnaise: To the yolk of one raw egg add a saltspoon of salt, a dash of tabasco and one-half teaspoon each of sugar and mustard. Stir with silver fork, adding alternately, a few drops at a time, nearly or quite one cup of olive oil or melted butter, and three table-spoons of lemon juice or two of vinegar. This should become very thick when properly made. Keep on ice till served. Thin with whipped cream if desired.

Plum Pudding: For a generous pudding prepare one pound each of raisins and currants; one-half pound each candied citron and almonds. Halve and seed raisins (unless Sultanias are used); pick over; wash and dry in gentle heat the currants and dredge well with flour. Mix with cut citron and blanched, chopped almonds. In separate bowl stir together one scant pint each of milk and can syrup, adding gradually one pound of flour, one-half pound of bread crumbs, eight beaten eggs, three-fourths pound butter, grated rind one orange, or teaspoon each of salt, clove and ginger with one grated nutmeg.

Another and very important ingredient not to be bought, is the *mixing* of the Christmas pudding. Each member of the family must give at least one stir with hearty good will, or, according to tradition the flavor and success of the pudding will be impaired.

Make the pudding some days before Christmas, placing it on a large, strong pudding cloth which has been scalded, then floured, and the string hole "daubed" with dough. Place in pot of boiling water and boil six hours the first day. On the day of serving boil two hours longer, then dip in cold water and turn into the serving platter, placing a sprig of holly on top and pouring over all a half cup of brandy at the very last minute. Bear the blazing pudding to the table (the alcohol is

entirely burned out by the flames), and serve with sweet brandy, or wine sauce.

Sweet Brandy or Wine Sauce: Cream together two cups of sugar and one-half cup of butter, stirring in gradually two well beaten eggs. Place in double boiler to keep hot. Just before serving add one small cup sweet milk flavored with nutmeg, or one-half cup brandy or wine. If the latter, add **AFTER REMOVAL FROM THE STOVE.**

Hard Sauce: Beat to a cream one cup of butter, adding, little by little, two cups of sugar. This may be flavored with lemon, nutmeg, or a dash of brandy.

Orange and Lemon Ice: To one quart of water add one pound of sugar and boil five minutes. Remove from fire, cool and add juice of one lemon and two oranges. (More fruit juice may be preferred.) Strain and freeze.

Salted Nuts: Blanch almonds or remove skins from peanuts and place in shallow pan with a little butter in slow oven till brown. Remove, sprinkle with salt and stir till well coated, then place on cloth to cool.

THE NEW THOUGHT CONVENTION.

The fifth annual convention of the New Thought Federation, held at Nevada, Mo., seems to have been a shining success. We have heard about it from several different sources. The *Unity* people said it was really the most harmonious and prosperous convention which has been held. It closed September 29 with joy and satisfaction in every heart and \$200 balance in treasury—a record in both respects.

Nevada and the Weltmer School of Healing entertained in royal fashion the 400 or so guests who attended. Everybody had a fine time and came away enthused with the Federation idea and resolved to spread pearls of new thought wherever there are no swine.

Evidently that Federation is concentrating and getting ready for real work. May it grow in power with every year.

The Chicago New Thought Federation, which hitherto has flocked by itself, has adopted a resolution of good will toward the World's New Thought Federation, and invites its members to affiliate.

The officers elected at this W. N. T.

convention were: *President*, T. G. Northrup of Chicago; *vice-presidents*, Judge H. H. Benson of Kansas City and Mrs. Grace Brown of Denver; *secretary*, Ernest Weltmer, Nevada, Mo.; *assistant secretary*, A. R. Heath, 5437 Kimbark avenue, Chicago; *treasurer*, Mrs. C. H. Besly, Chicago; *auditor*, Charles E. Prather, 913 Tracy avenue, Kansas City, Mo.; *directors*, Henry Harrison Brown, A. P. Barton, Charles E. Boring, S. A. Weltmer, Miss Jennie H. Croft, Paul Tyner, Mrs. Elsie D. Davis of Durango, Col.

THE BOSS EVERGREEN.

We intended to see our Evergreen friends of the *Soundview*, who live at Olalla, Wash. We wrote them we were coming, but they were away, attending the exposition in Portland. And anyway we had not time. Olalla is farther out in the woods than we expected, and no way of getting there except by boat, from Seattle. We have heard great stories about our *Soundview* friends, and also about their neighbors, the people at Home, Wash., and we wanted to meet them all and get a taste of real frontier socialism and boiled cabbage and things. They say those folks are all so tame and gentle and considerate that the wild birds don't mind building nests in their hair, and the only thing that ruffles their peace is the sight of a marriage license or a man-a-gunning. To read a copy of *Soundview* you wouldn't guess they are so tame! We wanted to see.

We couldn't go to the Evergreens, so one of 'em came to us! We had a delightful call from the Boss Evergreen himself, Louis Rader. He is a great big handsome fair-haired western giant with a face that certainly looks gentle. But he isn't as tame as they said! He is an evergreen; a sort of cross between a tall pine tree, a cowboy, a scholar and a two-year-old who has never been

spanked. He talks like a book and intimates unutterable things, like the aforementioned tall pine. I don't believe he ever "bossed" "Em" a bit!—he'd lead her out and show her where the new bird's nest is, and she'd forget they were not both all-two-years-olds.

I think friend Rader will bear acquaintance, and next time I'm going to see him and "Em" in their lair. So there!—if they'll stay at home.

CUPID AND THE NEW THOUGHT.

Cupid — or Hy-men at least—is again busy in the new thought ranks! Wonder who'll be next. (I know several who'd like to be!)

In Kansas City we met Edgar E. Prather, the business end of the *Unity* work. A little later a tall, blond young lady was presented to us with the announcement that Mr. Prather considered her the very nicest girl in town. She was pretty nice, so I wasn't surprised at his opinion. A moment later another friend whispered to me, "*They are to be married next week!*"

We have not heard a word about it since our return, but we suppose that Edgar E. Prather and Miss Filkins are duly married and enjoying a real new thought honey moon. I feel like congratulating them *both*—that is the really new thought way, isn't it? May they live happy ever after, and spread the gospel of true living in deed and word.

Then Edgar Wallace Conable of the *Pathfinder*, and Los Angeles, has married his right hand helper, Miss Louise Ambrose! Wouldn't that jar you? Edgar Wallace, the lofty and self-sufficient, who has always given the impression that he considers marriage a bondage and failure, and love a species of insanity, the only sensible part of which is the divorce! Why, William Walker Atkinson, who has been living near Con-

able (and has just gone back there again!) and getting all his views on various subjects was simply stunned to think a man could talk so positively one way and act the other! (I wasn't so shocked, because I know how beautifully Nature and Love get their own way in spite of all our high flown theories!)

And Edgar Wallace himself, in November *Pathfinder*, pretends that he married Louise Ambrose simply because he needs her in his business!—and wouldn't allow her to be talked about for staying.

I have my suspicions! Love under the name of business may fool the masses. It may even fool Edgar Wallace—for a time. But—

If Edgar Wallace's marriage *experience* doesn't knock some of his theories *straight*, I'm no prophet. Shelton's experience exploded his theories!—and they were no crazier than Conable's!

But there's a great advantage in going into marriage as Conable has. His expectations and ideals begin close to earth; and love can teach him *the truth* without smashing a lot of lofty air castles. He will begin by treating his wife *with consideration*; in a businesslike, pay-as-you-go fashion; *and this very consideration gives love its chance to manifest*.

Most men (women too) begin marriage with a series of outrages against justice, all in the name of love. Man and wife are inconsiderate of each other, *unbusinesslike*. *All in the name of love! And love hates inconsideration and injustice*. In other words, inconsiderateness causes love to *turn back* within the lover and *curdle into hate*. *Kind acts* give love a free channel to flow through; *inconsiderate ones close the channels by which love must express*. "A soft answer turneth away wrath"—sets the pent up love-energy

Sound Sleep

Can Easily Be Secured.

"Up to two years ago," a woman writes, "I was in the habit of using both tea and coffee regularly.

"I found that my health was beginning to fail, strange nervous attacks would come suddenly upon me, making me tremble so excessively that I could not do my work while they lasted; my sleep left me and I passed long nights in restless discomfort. I was filled with a nervous dread as to the future.

"A friend suggested that possibly tea and coffee were to blame, and I decided to give them up, and in casting about for a hot table beverage, which I felt was an absolute necessity, I was led by good fortune to try Postum Food Coffee. For more than a year I have used it three times a day and expect, so much good has it done me, to continue its use during the rest of my life.

"Soon after beginning the use of Postum, I found, to my surprise, that, instead of tossing on a sleepless bed through the long, dreary night, I dropped into a sound, dreamless sleep the moment my head touched the pillow. Then I suddenly realized that all my nervousness had left me, and my appetite, which had fallen off before, had all at once been restored so that I ate my food with a keen relish.

"All the nervous dread has gone. I walk a mile and a half each way to my work every day and enjoy it. I find an interest in everything that goes on about me that makes life a pleasure. All this I owe to leaving off tea and coffee and the use of Postum, for I have taken no medicine." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

When replying to advertisements please mention THE NAUTILUS.

Passing of Porridge.

Makes Way for the Better Food of a Better Day.

"Porridge is no longer used for breakfast in my home," writes a loyal Britain from Huntsville, Ont. This was an admission of no small significance to one 'brought up' on the time-honored standby.

"One month ago," she continues, "I bought a package of Grape-Nuts for my husband, who had been an invalid for over a year. He had passed through a severe attack of pneumonia and la grippe combined, and was left in a very bad condition when they passed away."

"I tried everything for his benefit, but nothing seemed to do him any good. Month followed month and he still remained as weak as ever. I was almost discouraged about him when I got the Grape-Nuts, but the result has compensated me for my anxiety."

"In the one month that he has eaten Grape-Nuts he has gained ten pounds in weight, his strength is rapidly returning to him, and he feels like a new man. Now we all eat Grape-Nuts food, and are the better for it. Our little five year old boy, who used to suffer from pains in the stomach, after eating the old-fashioned porridge, has no more trouble since he began to use Grape-Nuts, and I have no more doctor's bills to pay for him."

"We use Grape-Nuts with only sweet cream, and find it the most tasty dish in our bill of fare."

"Last Monday I ate four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast, nothing else, then set to work and got my morning's work done by nine o'clock, and felt less tired, much stronger, than if I had made my breakfast on meat, potatoes, etc., as I used to."

I wouldn't be without Grape-Nuts in the house for any money." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

to flowing *outward*, relieving the hate-gorge within.

Conable is always better than he seems. At heart he is as gentle and loving as on the outside he is positive and even truculent. And "they say" Louise is lovely.

In three years, or four, I should like to have a heart to heart talk with each of these blessed folks.

They are building on a safe foundation. May *love* glorify the structure.

MEDICAL TRUST Some of the doctors
STILL KICKING— and a few other folks
INEFFECTUALLY. in Bozeman, Mont.,

are just now lamenting the ignorance and disobedience of the ordinary jury. In spite of the state's prosecuting attorney's strenuous charge the jury of "twelve good men and true" refused to condemn Alzamon Ira Lucas for practicing medicine without the consent of the doctors. The *Republican-Courier* says the jury repudiated the technicalities of the law and judged Lucas according to "its common sense and justice, rendering a verdict that its inner conscience approved."

All honor to Bozeman's "good men and true," who listen to conscience and common sense!

Three cheers for the American jury in general, which can usually be trusted to do likewise.

And glory hallelujah to the Spirit of Truth which is surely loosing us from the bonds of "the law's technicalities"!

And congratulations to Alzamon Ira Lucas and to new thought healers everywhere.

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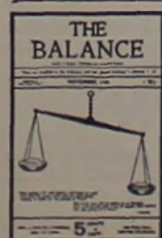
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