

THE NAUTILUS.

JANUARY, 1906.



Leading Articles:

Soul, Mind and Body,	- - -	Elizabeth Towne
The Weed (New Poem),	-	Ella Wheeler Wilcox
The Master-Key of Creation,		Ella Adelia Fletcher
Spiritual Knowledge (Part I),	-	Floyd B. Wilson
What is Pain?	- - - - -	- Eleanor Kirk
Words,	- - - - -	William E. Towne
The Anti-Mormon Crusade,	-	William E. Towne
The Editors Abroad,	- - -	Elizabeth Towne
New Thought in the Kitchen,		Riley M. Fletcher Berry

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Associate Editor, WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

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A NEW CONTRIBUTOR FOR FEBRUARY.

In February number of *The Nautilus* we are to publish an article on "New Thought Without Thinking," which will amuse, as well as interest and inspire, our readers. It is written by one of our own subscribers, a prominent person in his home city, whom we have named L. A. Bow, because that is not the name he is known by. His article tells a series of stories about people he knows, and a good many other people know, in his home city. So the writer thought it best to conceal his identity from all but the editor of *The Nautilus*. I think you will all be interested in "New Thought Without Thinking."

And perhaps some of you will be able to tell us more stories—from personal experience or observation—illustrating the same or similar principles. We shall be glad to hear from you.

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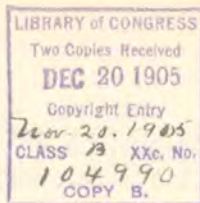
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"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell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

THE NAUTILUS.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

MONTHLY.
Fifty Cents a Year. }

JANUARY, 1906.

} VOL. VIII.
} No. 3.

Soul, Mind and Body.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

"You state that the human body is the 'subjective mind' in which all our past experiences are stored up. That this brain is the 'objective mind' and the point of contact between the uncreate and the create. That it is the brain with which we do our thinking, and store up our wisdom in the sub-consciousness. Still you believe in 'reincarnation.' Now if all our past experiences are carried from one life to another, and the accumulation of these experiences make up the 'subjective mind,' how can the physical body be that mind when through the process called death, the organism disintegrates and returns to its original nature, 'dust to dust?' If the body is the sub-conscious mind, the accumulation of our past habits of thought and feelings, then this acquired knowledge must be lost at death when the atoms scatter, seeking again individualization. If it is the physical body in which our sensations are located, if it is the brain that thinks and makes organization possible, why has a so-called dead body no sensations at all? The source of sensation has separated from it. The link between what seems to me to be the 'sub-conscious mind,' the sense body, has been cut, consequently the physical body is left to disorganize, and the knowledge gained by the evolving entity in all its past physical incarnations is absorbed and carried on, creating in time new forms through which it may gain further knowledge."—C. P.

If there is an individual soul that leaves the body at death, as most of us suppose, then this individual soul must be an organization of *cell souls*, just as the body is an organization of cells.

The body is referred to as the "shell," the "husk," the "house we live in," the "temple." In leaving the body, then, only the coarser elements are sloughed off and left as "dead," while the *soul of every cell* ascends, still organized in the individual soul; and the body cells dis-

integrate because the soul no longer holds them together.

This agrees with the statement of Theosophy that there is an "astral body" within the material body, which is like the material body but more beautiful. Many persons claim to have seen this astral body leave its "temple." Perhaps Paul meant this when he spoke of two bodies.

It seems reasonable to suppose that this spiritual body carries within it all knowledge gained in this state of being, and that in a new incarnation the older experiences are "forgotten," just as a thousand things are forgotten every day of our lives—things which at some future time we may recall. The thing was there, in our *sub-consciousness*, all the time; it simply did not *affect us strongly enough to make us think about it*. A child's interest in this incarnation keeps in the background of sub-consciousness its memories of past lives. If it *wanted to* hard enough, and thought about it enough, it could recall incidents in previous states of existence just as it can recall an incident of yesterday or last year which it has temporarily forgotten.

Many people claim to have recalled past states of existence by desire and concentration, and many claim to have flashes of remembrance without any spe-

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

By ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

[This series of articles is 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 next article will be entitled, "How to Find the Master-Key," to be followed by "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 II.

THE MASTER-KEY OF CREATION.

Harmony is the least known but the most indispensable factor of health and mental serenity; while discord is the beginning of all *disease*, *discomfort*, and all the family of *disorganizing* elements; the name of which, you may have noticed, all begin with the significant prefix *dis*.

Harmony, therefore, is the law of order,—the normal, natural condition of every atom and its component particles (science is reviving the name "corpuscles" for these) within the crowning work of creation, the body-beautiful of the human creature, as well as in the visible and invisible world about us; and *discord* is the law of *disorder*. To live "In Tune with the Universe," we must live in harmony with its laws; and the "LAW OF RHYTHMIC BREATH" gives us the master-key to these laws. Studied, understood, and *applied*, no other road leads so swiftly to spiritual consciousness; and at the same time it reconciles science and religion.

For generations men read Buddha's declaration that ignorance was "the root of the huge poison tree of mundane existence with its trunk of pain;" but, ignoring his "*Wheel of the Law*" in the *body*, they have sought for knowledge far-afield, everywhere but within—in self-study and self-examination. And alas! so far have men depreciated the higher self in man which differentiates him from the lower animals, that they

have thought to arrive at accurate knowledge of his physical characteristics by submitting helpless brutes to the tortures of vivisection.

When the scientist understands the *Tattvic* Law of the Universe, which opens to him the miracle-world of Nature's forces, he will realize what awful forces of discord he thus sets in motion which by an immutable law must return, like a boomerang, upon himself! Then, indeed, will the helpless dumb creatures be freed from man's reign of terrorism.

When we speak of harmony as inseparable from health and all joy in living and doing, we are not dealing with an abstract quality but with a concrete principle of motion underlying the ceaseless activities, visible and invisible, of our Universe—a macrocosm in which there is no "dead matter," but life, life everywhere. To the minutest particle, all is vibrating with ceaseless energy in that mysterious, invisible realm which men are beginning to penetrate by means of cunning instruments devised with infinite patience and skill to supplement the perceptions of the physical senses. Science is creeping close to the long-hidden truths.

One of the recent discoveries is that "This motion is continually changing from one velocity to another." This is the source of that beautiful diversity in unity which keeps us wondering at the infinite variety of Nature's marvelous works, and it is caused by the characteristic vibrations of the *Tattvas*, which are

differentiated in form and color, and whose energies can thus be analyzed and recognized on all the planes of their activities throughout the Universe. It is by this means that Hindu physiology has traced their power, office and effect in the human economy.

We are all familiar with the fact—indeed, every school boy knows it—that our bodies are said to be composed of the four elements: viz, air, fire, water, and earth; yet how many ever think of it as anything but a figurative expression? Now, I am going to show you that it is a statement *de facto*; but how much it shall signify to you, dear reader, depends upon yourself. You must *think*, or it will be barren of results. This caution is based upon experience; for many persons have learned this elemental distinction concerning the nature of the *Tattvas*, and, not applying the knowledge, have gone no further, failing as utterly to grasp its deep significance as in the old familiar statement.

Bearing in mind the previous explanation of the positive and negative breath-currents, flowing in regular alternation through the right and left nostrils respectively, and their differentiation into the *five Tattvas*, we proceed now to an examination of the character and properties of the separate *Tattvas*, and the effect of their action upon the physical, or gross, body.

Akasha is the most refined or tenuous of the elements, and on the gross plane of the physical body is correctly classified as ether. Don't let it confuse you when all the *Tattvas* are referred to as ethers, for on their subtle planes of activity they are so tenuous that wanting a strictly scientific nomenclature, we must call them also ethers. They never, however, lose their distinctive form and color; always, even in the closest union one with another, they retain

these characteristics which betray the presence of the vibration, although every element restricts, and is modified by, the vibrations of the elements with which it is combined. Hence, there are manifold permutations in form and color, producing variety.

Akasha is circular or oblong in form, and gives this shape to the orifice of the ear, the organ of hearing, whose perceptions its property of sound stimulates. It is represented as a circle with a single dot in the center (●) and also as a dotted circle (⊙); for matter subjected to its influence gyrates with extreme velocity in tiny points that chase one another within the circle. The positive phase of *Akasha* is colorless, sometimes described as white, but it is a white pulsating with light; and its negative phase is indigo, so dark that to some eyes it appears black. In this condition it holds potentially all the other *Tattvas* or elements; and it is the medium—space—in every state of matter which propagates sound.

The vibrations of *Vayu*, or tangiferous ether—the air—are spherical in form, and its motion is the duplicating of spheres, or groups of spheres. It is variously represented in this form (⊙) and in this (⊙). The particular property of *Vayu* is locomotion, and it stimulates, or gives birth to, the sense of touch; therefore we find its physical influence predominates in the skin which it forms and nourishes. Motion in any part of the body is due to the *Vayu* centers of that part. It is naturally prevalent in the lungs (or ought to be!), and is regnant in the hands.

The color of *Vayu* is usually described as blue, and it commonly appears blue; but there are some who think it green. Both visually and logically the latter seems a mistake; but it is a simple matter to reconcile the two state-

ments when we consider the shades of green-blue and yellow-blue which to many eyes appear green. From its effects in combination with other *Tattvas*, we have reason to *feel* and to conclude that its pure state is blue.

Tejas is the luminiferous ether and the fire element in the physical body, the agent which keeps up internal heat and maintains the body's normal temperature. It stimulates the sense of sight, is therefore regnant in the optic nerves, and must be recognized in the form of light as well as heat. *Tejas* has the property of expansion, and causes the swelling in inflammatory disorders; and, of course, it is prevalent to great excess in fevers. Its form is that of a triangle, and its color is red.

Apas, the gustiferous ether, is the water element, and is white or violet in color. It stimulates the sense of taste and possesses the property of contraction. It predominates in the tongue, both in its office as a sensuous and as an active organ, and its semi-lunar (or wave-like) vibrations are the chief mo-

music is open to the earnest student of the *Tattvas*. The discipline and culture of voice-production in speech itself are thus recognized as of the highest importance.

Wherever water runs over sand, which it throws into waving forms, it furnishes a constant object-lesson on the semi-lunar form of *Apas* vibrations. The very name wave is a symbol of the curving motion of water.

Last, but not least in this terrestrial life, comes *Prithivi*, or odoriferous ether, the earth. It is the vibration which excites the sense of smell, and its characteristic properties are resistance and cohesion. *Prithivi* is quadrangular in form and, *as do all the Tattvas*, impresses this form upon the nerve ganglia in which it is predominant. Its color is yellow, and it is the excess of the earth vibration which causes liver troubles, as the yellow tinge of the skin betrays.

For convenience in study and reference this capitulation of the *Tattvas* is given.

	Element.	Color.	Property.	Form.	Sense-perception.
1. <i>Akasha</i> .	Ether.	{ White. Indigo.	Space.	Dotted Circle.	Hearing.
2. <i>Vayu</i> .	Air.	Blue.	Locomotion.	Spherical.	Touch.
3. <i>Tejas</i> .	Fire.	Red.	Expansion.	Triangle.	Sight.
4. <i>Apas</i> .	Water.	{ White. Violet.	Contraction.	Semi-lunar.	Taste.
5. <i>Prithivi</i> .	Earth.	Yellow.	Cohesion.	Quadrangular.	Smell.

tive-power in the production of voice.

The combination of *Apas* with other *Tattvas* in manifold permutations produces the exquisite variety in musical tones, gives to them their color, for every tone has a distinctive color, and creates that subtle element which sways the emotions. It is the *color* of the tone which affects the nerves, sympathetically or antagonistically, and a wide field for the scientifically accurate application of the therapeutic value of

The *Tattvas* manifest their power in two ways, gross and subtle; our bodies are the gross manifestations of their activity, and through these, animating them and giving them all life, motion and force, play unceasingly the subtle *Tattvas*, which govern the body physiologically, mentally psychically, and spiritually. Every nerve center, or plexus, is governed by a particular *Tattva*; that is, is the seat of its special manifestation; thus, though all the *Tatt-*

vas are present, there is a ruling one which is always *in health* predominant.

Now, I neither ask nor wish that anyone should believe any of these statements blindly. Don't accept them because I say they are so. I do ask that all who wish for freedom of mind and body, for health based upon the serenity and confidence that come from knowing the exact nature and action of the agents you are employing to obtain that blessing—I ask you to make the whole subject the matter of serious study and thought.

Reason it out for yourselves. Look first within, in the calm meditation that quiets the troops of idle thoughts which make havoc of our energies and are a never ceasing source of discord; and when you discover that the very name *Tejas* is potent to raise your temperature if you send it with commanding thought to its centers of action, you will begin to realize the truth. With the first glimmer of this confidence you will find your attention wonderfully sharpened to the relations of external objects, and no moment of thought on the subject will be fruitless.

In India, nothing is ever told to the student of occult mysteries which can be learned through study and thought, for speculating upon these hidden relations of the natural forces furnishes the wings upon which intuition takes its flight straight to the cause. In this Western world, however, where the art of thinking is less understood, the student needs some guidance, but the quicker he can stand on his own feet the better.

In the physical world about us, you must be prepared to recognize the dominant *Tattva* or the combination of elements in natural objects by the colors. Thus, all the vegetable kingdom germinates in Mother Earth—*Prithivi*, which is *yellow*, and draws nourishment in proportion as it sends its roots deep into her

bosom; while it breaks into leaf and blossom and fruit in the ambient, elastic air—*Vayu*, *blue*; and from the yellow and blue of its earth and air progenitors is evolved the grateful, refreshing green.

In the *Cosmopolitan* for September, 1895, is an interesting article, "Artificial Creation of Life," by Garrett P. Serviss, the illustrations in which furnish an admirable study of the *Tattvas*. The article explains the experiments of Prof. Jacques Loeb, of the University of California, which have aroused deep interest in the scientific world.

If a copy of the magazine be accessible, notice first the five points of the starfish, which correspond with the five *Tattvas* as do the fingers and toes of our bodies. Turn next to the large illustration of Eggs of the Sea-urchin; then, observe *a*, "Beginning of segmentation," and *b*, "Second step." You will see that the development is by pairs or couples. These are the positive and negative atoms, which acting upon each other evolve every succeeding step.

In *a*, *Akasha* prevails; *b*, *Vayu*; *c*, intermediate, *Akasha* predominant, with *Vayu* and beginning of *Tejas*; *d*, all the preceding with the addition of a strong vibrations from *Apas*, the water element, in crescentlike waves; *e* *Tejas* is predominant, in which state this artificial creature is said to "starve to death."

Now the reasonable conjecture is that the absence of *Prithivi* vibrations is the cause of the sensation of evolution; and I have had the satisfaction, since making the above notes, of finding the following corroboration of my conjecture: In one of the Upanishads the division of the "five-fold" elements composing the physical body is given according to their use. Water and *earth* are said to be the *food*; fire and air the feeders, and ether "the bowl into which all are poured."

It would simplify and facilitate the

investigations of modern scientists beyond average comprehension if they would accept as the ground or basis of their researches and experiments the *Tattvic* Law of the Universe. Thus, radium in whatever aspect of its activity is a form of *Tejas*. Every manifestation of heat or light is caused by *Tejas* vibrations. Radium is the highest vibration of the solar current of *Tejas* yet discovered by man; and in February, 1905, Professor Rutherford, of McGill University, announced as a revolutionizing theory the fact that the internal heat of the earth is from radium.

To the "knower" of the *Tattvas* this is the only possible conjecture, for the core of the earth is its Solar-plexus, and must vibrate with the most subtle form of *Tejas*, sun rays of a power inconceivable before the discovery of radium.

As I weave these notes made seven months ago into this article, the morning papers chronicle from faraway Johannesburg, South Africa, Prof. George Howard Darwin's speculations upon "the probability of radio-activity in the sun, which, if proved, will subvert all the scientific theories of its constitution, and of the age of the existing solar system based thereon.

The life-current is as subtle as radio-activity, and it depends upon ourselves to how high power we shall raise it. Never forget that "Breath is the beam on which the whole house of the body rests." If you wish to acquire the ability to gain and use the "master-key," be diligent in the practice of

the breathing exercise given in the last *Nautilus*. Make the slight change of holding the breath for a longer interval—not to exceed the inhalation—and fix the thought upon following the vital current down the spine. The length of time must be decided by physical sensations. No slightest discomfort should be felt.

Restoration of the balance of the *Tattvas* gives us rose colored spectacles and all the energy needed to meet life's demands even though they be exacting.

The thought ministrations of Christian Science, Mental Healing, and Faith Cure, which are so "Winged with Power," employ the same force—the only one—and are all manifestations of the *Tattvic* law; for every thought excites a *Tattvic* vibration, just as does the movement of a finger, and the calm fixity and intensity of the thought are the measure of its force.

The throb of the great heart of the universe proceeds from the unknowable primary cause, Divine Spirit, back of all life, and its perpetual source. Its dynamo holds the secret of perpetual motion, fed by the positive and negative currents of Divine Breath, the thought active and thought quiescent or receptive of Him who spake the first Word and declared, "*It was very good.*" And the "Harmony of the Spheres" is no poetic imagery, but describes the rhythmic movements, vibrant with melody, of the Great Breath after the *Tattvas*, by interaction had been evolved, one after another.

You cannot without guilt and disgrace stop where you are. The past and present call on you to advance. Let what you have gained be an impulse to something higher. Your nature is too great to be crushed. You were not created what you are merely to toil, eat, drink and sleep, like the inferior animals. If you will, you can rise. No power in society, no hardship in your condition can depress you, keep you down in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent.—William Ellery Channing.



By
Floyd B. Wilson.

Spiritual Knowledge.

PART I.

In the papers which have preceded in this series, I have tried to illustrate in an elementary and simple way the growth or evolution of man from lower to higher consciousness. In the evolution of life generally, geologists have shown in plant and animal a life succeeding that which preceded it of a higher type than that which passed into nothingness, and this particularly in animal life. Their teachings also show that a type is found in mollusks, fishes and various fowls of the air and beasts, where upon reaching a certain point of development no progress is made thereafter because the purpose of all representing that life seems to be to meet man's requirements in some way in carrying forward his work of dominion over all the earth.

It is not the scope of this paper to analyze the accepted law of evolution or to seek to explain the point of division that arose in the development from the protoplasm of life to a life where self consciousness began to assert itself, and man came into being as the highest type of the animal kingdom. Neither is it its purpose to go back to primitive man and trace through the eons when adding little by little to self consciousness he grew to an intellectual and continually progressive stature, which marks his course from that time to the present day. It will be noted, by going back to the first paper in this series, that I made the sub-

ject of thought a special theme and showed its influence in the development of the human to higher consciousness, and to a higher intellectual grasp. Other papers preceding this have followed a line showing human growth as evidenced by man from early history to the type we have today, similar to some extent at least, to the gradual mental development of the child from youth to manhood.

It is to be noted that sensation is the lowest state or plane of consciousness, and from it grew concepts, then images, next ideas, then comparisons and finally that through these comparisons ideas were grouped together forming thought, which has been and is the creative element in the human to bring about its own upliftment. And yet beyond the plane of intellect we must recognize another plane of consciousness in order to understand the limitless possibilities of human growth. The logic of intellect, to a wonderful extent on account of the reasoning powers, gave man his sovereignty over the brute creation and over his less advanced associates; but through the exercise of this intellectual power he felt instinctively that beyond cold logic there was a realm which seemed to it to be the undiscoverable, a realm of dreams and fancies and mysteries.

From a plane of consciousness that appeared to be separate from the plane of intellect came what is called the intuitive suggestions to consciousness. Often these intuitive suggestions had a practical bearing which intellect recognized and to which intellect gave consideration. Years ago man called these awakenings strange coincidences. Often they directed action in paths the intellect had not discerned, and lead to results most

satisfactory even on material lines. Again, though this undiscovered plane of consciousness (as it must have appeared to man when first it became somewhat active to his intelligence) gradually he became aware that back of intuition or so-called coincidences or happenings there must be an intelligence which in some way was part of himself. As man developed and reached higher stages of unfoldment where he began reaching out to be a factor for and in the world, he by degrees learned that life was far more complex than it had appeared to his ancestors, and that besides the physical plane and the intellectual or reasoning plane there must be at least another plane of consciousness and possibly many more of them. This other plane of consciousness from which springs the best impulses that lift humanity to forgetfulness of self and to noble work in life was little by little ascertained to be an unexplored land filled with treasures, and that by the gathering up of these, new powers would appear in the human. The Hindus long ago recognized this plane of consciousness and the path to it; and they also knew that there were to be discovered there mental treasures gathered from past experiences which only would be obtained by those whose mental unfoldment had bid them to seek and find. Among the richest treasures to be found there was an unfoldment to enable humanity to grasp the meaning of infinity, and the knowledge which teaches that the real self is independent of the body—that the real ego is a soul that always existed—an entity that cannot know death.

We have abused this world spiritual, and have confined its meaning too largely to something that was beyond and disassociated with life on the earth plane. The spiritual mind is an advanced plane of consciousness that only they traverse and reside within who have grasped the oneness of all life. Spiritual knowledge therefore comes only to the seekers for truth who travel over various avenues or

climb certain heights on this plane. To know all the secrets, to possess all the treasures that are to be found there, would be to pierce the holy of holies and lay bare before the mental vision the wealth gathered through thousands of experiences and held secure within the compartments of the soul, and these are revealed to those alone on that plane whose mental unfoldment proves that they are ready.

In a preceding paper entitled "The Dominant Ego," I referred to the path from one plane of consciousness to another until the spiritual was reached, and had something to say of this plane. If one observes the mental development in the life of a child, he would find that for the first few years attention is only paid to the requirements of the physical, and the thoughts and wishes of consciousness hardly reached beyond desires for warmth, food, comfort, rest and sleep. As advance is made and new desires begin to interest the child, there is a self-consciousness reached which advances him mentally from simply noting sensations, images and forms, to the formulating of ideas and the grouping of them together and by making comparisons, thereby producing thought. This next or intellectual plane is a broad one, and gradually is traversed more or less extensively by the youth as he develops into manhood, by his work in student life, and then later by his work in the world whatever it may be. There is a continued series of questions, comparisons, conclusions and experiments all through life on this great intellectual plane. As one traverses it he feels ambitions that can never be fully satisfied there, but makes progress which may be very great mentally and yet be wholly upon the plane of intellect—the plane that gives delight to one because of accomplishments, and because he learns upon it a broader method of reasoning, and a breadth of logic that could only be attained by experiences and experiments in active life.

What is Pain?

ELEANOR KIRK.

Mr. Pain-full rushed into the presence of his usually pain-ful wife, remarking: "Oh! My dear, I have got such a pain."

The partner of his many pains and few joys was reading at the library table, and as he spoke turned her head the least bit toward him and replied absently, and with a vacant expression.

"Pain? Pain? What is pain?" Then she resumed her reading.

"What is the matter with you, Mary?" the gentleman replied with a hand on his stomach. "I tell you I have got a pain."

"Yes, dear, I heard you. But what is pain?"

"It is everything that is mean, outrageous and infernal. I should think you'd had enough of it to know. I tell you Mary I have got a pain and I want something done for me."

To this there was no response. Mary had resumed her absorbed interest in her book.

This was too much, and Mr. Pain-ful rushed out of the room and out of the house, returning in a few moments with the family physician, not for himself but for his wife.

"I have brought the doctor to see you Mary," he said very gently.

"To see *me*?" the lady replied in astonishment. "May I ask what for?"

"Your husband thought you appeared feverish and excited and asked me to come round and look into the matter," the professional gentleman explained, "but," he added with a smile, "he has certainly made a mistake."

"But Mary," said Mr. Pain-full, "when I was in here before you looked and acted like a crazy woman. Why you scared the wits out of me."

"I think you told me you had a pain," Mary replied. "Where is it now?"

"Perhaps you think I didn't have a pain," said the husband, "but I tell you I was in excruciating torture."

"Have you got it now?"

"No, of course I haven't. You scared it all out of me," was the irritable response.

"A very common occurrence," the doctor remarked. "Anxiety for others has caused quite as wonderful cures as medicine has ever performed."

"I was reading an article on the psychology of pain," said Mary, "and I found myself asking what is pain. Somehow I was so filled with the unnecessary of pain that I was not in the least alarmed when my husband announced another one."

"The unnecessary?" repeated the doctor.

"Just that," said Mary, "for you must admit that if a pain can be scared off it can be kept off. So I ask not only what is pain, but also where is the pain from which my husband suffered?"

"Your natural life won't be long enough to solve that problem," the doctor answered.

"I think I am getting at it already," was the optimistic reply. "Here is the inscription written over Dante's hell and it does fit the case most wonderfully—

"Through me the way is to the city
dolent,
Through me the way is to eternal dole,
Through me the way among the people
lost.

* * * * *

All hope abandon ye who enter here."

"Oh! Think of the people lost through entering this door of pain," the speaker went on with shining eyes.

"The city doleful has no charms for me."

The doctor took his leave with a broad smile. Mrs. Pain-full was now only in the incipient stages of lunacy, he told himself. The sanitarium or asylum would come later, and he sighed as he thought of the suffering of the husband in the meantime.

"It is awfully queer, Mary" the strangely delivered man remarked. "I thought I was in for appendicitis sure enough. Why, I was just grabbed with pain. Where did it go?"

"It didn't go. It had no power to come, go or stay. It was *you* who went."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. Your mortally mental conception of yourself. It grows clearer every moment. Don't you see if that pain had been a truth it could not have been dislodged? It was just an old habit that had revolved around again. You thought it was time for a dose of misery, and hence this imaginery appendicital pain."

"That's all nonsense," was the somewhat impatient reply. "There was no imagination in my case, and I should like to know where that pain has gone?"

The wife had been reading and thinking for some time, but the right opportunity had never before occurred to present the subject to her companion who had always considered himself the victim of predestinated suffering. But "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," and the right kind of a metaphysical lesson had been provided for the particular case. It was necessary for this man to have his experience, one of his very own, and one that would start his reasoning faculties into active exercise. He was a just man and prided himself on his power of logical analysis. This proposition was too large for him. "Hold to your five senses," he was in the habit of saying to his friends, "they will never deceive you; but keep clear of fads and cranky doctrines."

Naturally the usual spiritual arguments would weigh very little against such self-appreciated materialism, so the wife did well to wait for the education of events.

Really now, what *is* pain? Is it a friend or an enemy? Does it teach us

anything that we are the better off for knowing? Does it make for longevity? Does it brighten our eyes and preserve our complexions?

We are sure that it does none of these things. It is an arch fiend and yet it has no real existence. It puts its victims to bed and kills them. It supports the undertaker, grave diggers and cemetery keepers. It gives the doctors a good living, so we are told, but this is not true. Doctors do not live. They are dying from the time they commence to practice until the final professional consultation which precedes the trimming of the door bell.

Some people, among them many philosophers, declare that pain is man's best friend because it acts as a danger signal, calling attention to the disease which otherwise would take him out of the body without warning. These danger signals seem about as reliable as our weather forecasts. Sometimes there appears some evidence of correctness about them but more times there is none.

What the race needs is a knowledge of ownership. A man is proud of his brownstone or brick and mortar house. He struts about his country villa and calls it very good, indeed, and spares no pains to keep it in the best of condition. But even while he paints and putters he groans over a pain in the back, or in the cupola of his own real house, and awaits the development of some disease that may carry him off before he has realized his money's worth of comfort from the expensive investment. He owns everything but himself, and with this most valuable of all properties he has no acquaintance. Dominion he declares may mean something to cranks and to a certain class of religionists, but to men with level heads it has no practical value.

And yet that word Dominion expresses the law and the gospel of the universe. When we learn to put pain out of our minds—and this can be done—as we banish thieves and liars from our material homes, then shall we begin to understand what is meant by real immortality and the meaning of the statement—"Death shall be swallowed up in victory."

INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

WORDS. Printed words carry with them an aura or atmosphere which reveals—to the Discerning Ones—even the inmost life of the writer.

And how little do we realize the marvelous power and far-reaching effects of a few printed words, when they picture forth the thoughts of some great master of truth.

The words of one man flow as musically as a rippling brook. Another reminds you of a military band. You hear the trumpet call ring through his words, even though the call be to an action of which you do not approve. Another is full of sarcasm and bitter epithets. You see the cynical smile with which he looks out upon the world. The bitterness and the cheerless undertone which is ever present in his own life. Another sheds a radiance of joy, a sunshine of hope, wherever his (or her) words are read. The density of the world's atmosphere is illumined about the personality of such a one. You can see and feel something of the light in which they dwell as you read their words.

In *The Ariel* (Westwood, Mass.), Mr. J. William Lloyd reviews one of Horace Traubel's works, and takes occasion to refer to his style of words as follows:

"The only thing I have against Traubel is his style. He has a style that breaks me all up. I love the man, but all that is within me kicks at the style. My soul balks like a bad horse at the hurdle. And it makes me mad at myself, too, for I believe in individuality, in every man giving his message in his own words, but all the same the effect of this man's words on me is pathological. The short, abrupt, solid sentences and exclamations, all on a level, the over-elaboration

and interminable repetitions soon beat my feeble nerves into insensibility. I am hypnotized, narcotized and swiftly lose all power to think, understand or remember. Pleased at first, before long I am conscious only of the desire to get away, and if I persist, I go to sleep. I am ashamed to confess it, but so it is."

My own experience with Traubel's writings is similar to Lloyd's. After perusing *The Conservator* I feel as if I had been churned beneath the wheel of a river steamboat—or mayhap like the butter in an old fashioned churn with a revolving wooden dasher. But Traubel's *ideas* appeal to me strongly, and some of his articles are truth incarnate.

If an author is not feeling at his best when he writes an article, that article is bound to show the fact to those who read it, at all sympathetically. If one writes in a hurried, careless manner, that, too, will surely be manifest to those who read between the lines. If the writer is tired, overworked, despondent, his readers are sure to catch the vibrations.

Often, very often, there is more to be learned by reading between the lines of a book or article than the text itself conveys.

He who is wise will surround his written words with an atmosphere that corresponds with his most vital self, his fullest strength, his highest hopes. No necessity for filling space or calls from his pocketbook should—under any ordinary conditions—induce him to send forth words that are not vitalized with his own strength and earnest convictions.

Words that are the spontaneous pictures of fertile, vital thoughts carry

power with them. Those that are the product of an exhausted brain carry only exhaustion with them.

THE ANTI-MORMON CRUSADE.

Many of the sensation-seeking, play-to-the-gallery magazines are filled with rejoicing at the present time. They have discovered in the Mormon situation in Utah (or think they have discovered) lots of new and exceedingly juicy material for double leaded, double headed articles, that will bring them much glory and incidentally many shekels.

So far as an outsider can discover, the Mormons are a quiet, industrious, law-abiding people. Their ideals will average much higher than those of an equal number of Gentiles. They are distressingly healthy and prosperous, and do not seem to be falling off in numbers.

But mark you: Up to the year 1890 about four per cent of these industrious, law-abiding people *believed* in and practiced plural marriages for the men, or polygamy as it is commonly called.

When polygamous marriages were prohibited by the Edmund's bill, the Mormon church forbade its members to contract them.

It is claimed by those who are prominent in stirring up anti-Mormon sentiment (and I have no doubt that many, perhaps most, of these reformers are perfectly sincere in their work) that this action on the part of the Mormon church was intended as a blind, that the Mormon people are hypocritical, and that plural marriages are still indulged in to quite an extent, which custom is winked at by the church.

Be this as it may, there are some Gentiles who have lived among the Mormons for years who solemnly assert that out of the 400,000 living members of the Mormon church, not over five hundred today are polygamists, and that these five hundred had contracted plural mar-

riages before the passage of the Edmund's bill.

The writer in *Tomorrow* to whom I am indebted for these facts, pertinently inquires if New York or Chicago can show equally as clean a record as Salt Lake City, (which, he says, contains only seventy-four polygamists) in this regard.

The Mormons are a peculiar people. They are imbued with their peculiar religious doctrines, and no doubt as a class they live their religion to a far greater extent than their Gentile neighbors do.

They look at life, death and marriage with very different eyes than does the outsider. Consequently the Gentile view of their institutions is a distorted one.

From what I can learn of their teachings, I believe that the Mormons in many ways exalt woman far more than their Gentile critics do.

The Mormons attempted to solve their social problems in such a way that their lives could be lived in the open. The Gentiles live a large part of their lives in secret, and all that pertains to this part of their lives is kept hidden. I am not prepared to say which method is the better one. But I do believe that the Mormons are entitled to and should receive a "square deal," and that they are coming in for more criticism than they are justly entitled to, and that there is more stone-throwing from the Gentiles than there would be if the rule laid down by Jesus in regard to this matter were generally followed by them.

In my mind's eye I see again that beautiful Salt Lake valley, transmuted from a barren desert, into a green, fertile and productive land by the industry of the despised Mormons. I see again the healthy, happy, rosy cheeked sturdy children who greeted our train as we passed through the station just above Salt Lake City. I see the irrigating sluices running for miles and miles back

into the snow-capped mountains, a monument to Mormon enterprise. I see the beautiful and extensive fruit orchards growing where, a few years since, there was nothing but a sandy waste.

And I say again, whatever faults the Mormons may possess (and I believe their faults are not unlike those that you will find in the rest of mankind) do not forget their virtues, nor overlook the great works that they have accomplished for the physical welfare of their people.

—W. E. T.

THE EVERY DAY HEROES.

Professor William James of Harvard University, relates that, upon a certain journey, he was questioning with himself whether or not the higher heroism of life was passing out of human society; and that, at the very moment, he looked from the car window and suddenly got sight of a number of workmen performing some task on the dizzy ledge of an iron construction at a great height. This at once brought to his mind a sense of the everyday bravery of men in everyday occupations. It flashed upon him, on the instant, that the true heroism of life is found, not only on the day of battle and in desperate adventures, but also in building every bridge, or in the ordinary day-by-day service of the world, whether of the sailor upon his deck, the brakeman upon his train, the lumberman upon his raft, or wherever else men are at work.

"As I awoke to this unidealized heroic life around me," he says, "the scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and a wave of sympathy greater than I had ever before felt with the common life of common men began to fill my soul."—*Success Magazine*.

The law of nature is, Do the thing and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power.—Emerson.

The Editors Abroad.

THE LEWIS AND CLARK FAIR AND NEW THOUGHT, AND AN AIR SHIP.

The Government exhibits were alone worthy going across America to see. And the Alaska and Japanese, California and Washington and Idaho exhibits were unique and wonderful.

California's was probably the finest of the state exhibits, and the best arranged and cared for, and the best *advertised*. California believes in advertising.

Washington had the largest, most imposing and one of the handsomest state buildings, on the most imposing site.

New York's site was equally as beautiful more elegant than Washington's, but more elegant than Washington's, but not not so large.

Massachusetts had a fine colonial mansion, severe in outline, well furnished like a comfortable home, with finest of accommodations for her guests, and the best educational display at the fair. We were proud of Massachusetts!—and signed our names in her register.

Illinois' state building was a reproduction of Abe Lincoln's old home, which we did not enter.

North Dakota exhibited the real old log cabin in which Roosevelt used to live out on the prairies; with Alice Roosevelt's name on the inside of the door, where she wrote it herself when visiting her father's cabin on its original site.

The Y. W. C. A. had an artistic big rustic building, finished in bark, with very large veranda, and they ran the best cafe on the grounds—so folks said.

The fat stock show was the greatest collection ever brought together, with \$50,000 distributed in prizes. Every imaginable kind and breed of domestic animal was fattened and polished for the occasion, from the big donkey, "Missouri Queen," "eighteen hands high and

pretty as a red wagon," and the "biggest and most perfect pair of coach horses in the world," down to the Shetland ponies and 600 pound hogs.

The main feature on "The Trail" was a make-believe Hottentot who made faces, scratched like a monkey, dinned a continuous racket on an enormous big battered tin rattle, and set all Portland echoing his "Ah-HAA-a-a-a-a!" He was a "spieler," worth more than the show.

Half the buildings we did not even enter! There was not time to see but a small portion of the sights, in the seven or eight visits we made to the fair. And several times we staid all day too, and always we made good use of every minute, under good guidance. Those who had seen the world's fairs at Chicago and St. Louis called the Lewis and Clark "our little fair"; but it was too big for us to get a glimpse at more than half of it!

In one of the general exhibition buildings we found a Christian Science booth and a Theosophy booth alongside each other. And a little farther on was a booth where Mrs. Weber was teaching her children-of-Israel way of reading character. And a little way farther Professor Griffith was holding forth on phrenology—a little greyer and more glib of speech than when I used to see him ten or fifteen years ago. These exhibits were the nearest to professed new thought of anything we saw.

But the whole fair was full of new thought, and inspiration, education and life! And I found that the Board of Immigration and the general advertising of the fair, with headquarters in a special building near the entrance, were represented and altogether moved and inspired by two strong new-thought-ers, C. H. McIsaacs and my old friend Sidona V. Johnson, author of "A Short History of Oregon." With these two in such

prominent position and vital relation to visitors I felt that our kinds of new thought were being better represented and better spread than if we had had a prim booth or two in the exhibits building! And also I didn't wonder that, with the McIsaac and Johnson new thought pouring into its circulation, the Lewis and Clark fair was making a record as the *first* great fair which didn't come out in a financial hole!

Yes, Portland's "little exposition" was a financial as well as an artistic and educational success. The attendance was immense the whole season through, and on "Portland Day" it of course broke all records; and thereby made another record for itself. In proportion to its population Portland showed the largest attendance ever gathered at *any* of the great expositions on the home city's day.

There were 85,000 admissions on Portland Day. And plenty of room for more! The only crowded place we saw was the Y. W. C. A. entrance when we went for supper.

To the Philippine friends, Igorrotes, was given the credit for good weather on Portland Day! It had been raining for a week. The Igorrotes shivered around their camp fires and prayed for sunshine. Still it poured. So they sent a delegation down to the river to propitiate the rain gods. They made heap big noise on their tom-toms, muttered incantations and strewed rice on the waters of the Willamette. This rice was supposed to float down to the Columbia's broad mouth where the rain gods would find it as they came up from the ocean. Being satiated with rice it was supposed they would not trouble to come up and weep over Portland. So the sun beamed (gently!) on Portland Day, and the Igorrotes, wreathed in smiles and nothing much else, took all the credit.

Those Igorrotes were a nice looking lot of savages, some of the women quite

pretty. One woman, in a red and green blanket with a glass door knob stuck by the handle through the punctured lobe of one ear, sat weaving industriously, unmindful of American curiosity; while the rest of the women and most of the men danced a sort of fascination dance which reminded one of the slow strut of peacocks before their mates. The women wore blankets, beads, glass pendants and what not, while the men did the strutting, to the tune of their own tom-toms.

Near the Igorrotes was a very interesting "Farm" owned by Homer Davenport, the famous cartoonist. Here was exhibited a wonderful collection of rare birds of gorgeous plumage, and several genuine and very beautiful and gentle Arabian stallions, said to be the only ones in this country. Homer Davenport is an old Oregonian, but I believe his "Farm" when at home is in New Jersey.

The day we left for home, October 5, was "Royeroft Day," and Elbert Hubbard lectured that afternoon. We had to miss it all, much to our regret. But we read about it in the evening papers.

It was said that the churches were to have had a day, too; but when they heard that Hubbard was to have one, the preachers were so mad they wouldn't have a thing to do with the exposition. So they went off in a huff and left the whole thing to Fra Elbertus and the powers of darkness.

Fra Elbertus pleased Portland by comparing it with Boston, and predicting that our next great literary lights would come out of Portland. And it pleased me, too—doubly; for ever since I first visited Boston I have been calling Portland the Boston of the West.

I have just learned, too, that Portland came within the flip of a coin of being named Boston!

In 1843 two men, Overton and Lovejoy, were on their way home from Van-

couver to Oregon City when night overtook them. They beached their canoe and built a fire on the edge of the dense forest on the west bank of the Willamette, twelve miles from the mouth and half-way to Oregon City. The next morning the men were so struck with the natural advantages of their camping place that they explored a bit, and decided to plat a town and name it forthwith. One of the men wanted to call it Boston and the other Portland, and they tossed up a coin to decide the matter. This was the beginning of the "metropolis of the Northwest," which as late as 1848 was designated simply as "a place twelve miles from Oregon City."

* * * * *

One of the marvels we saw in Portland was an airship in active use. Or it might properly be called an air canoe.

It came sailing through the sky, circled around a bit and then settled softly onto the top of the tall Chamber of Commerce building—while the crowds cheered and waved their hats and got cricks in their necks. Everybody seemed to feel that he was seeing for the first time a sight which would soon be so common nobody would lift his head to observe it.

I wondered if the crowds thought of that time Fulton first ran his steamboat on the Hudson, and how nobody—almost—believed his freak invention would ever "work." And I wondered how many mental prophesies of success were flying up to meet this new navigator of the air. Surely there were many. For have we not, since Robert Fulton's day, seen 10,000 marvels become practical and common in spite of our prophesies of failure? Certainly we are learning to believe in the attainability of the desirable, and to prophesy good rather than evil. Wonderful things are less hard to believe, in these days of common wonders.

Portland's airship is the invention of

Captain Baldwin, and is navigated by an eighteen-year-old boy named Lincoln Beachey. Whether due to ship or to boy, or to both, I do not know; but that airship was manouvered with remarkable success. It beat against the wind, and across it, rose up and went down, flew straight, cut corners and figure eights, and alighted on the building as gracefully as a bird.

And this was the first time in the history of air navigation when an airship has alighted by appointment on a building or other pre-designated place. All other air navigators have considered themselves lucky when they were able to return and land somewhere in the vicinity of the starting point.

But on this trip, September 26, 1905, Lincoln Beachey started from the Lewis and Clark fair grounds, sailed up to the business portion of the town, traveled up and down and around big buildings; dropping messages for the *Oregonian* and *Telegram* on top of the Oregonian building; landed on the Chamber of Commerce where he remained twenty-two minutes; and returned again to the fair grounds, alighting exactly where he promised to.

It was a sight to see the airship pull off the top of the Chamber of Commerce. We stood on the corner, and the airship slipped slowly off across the street, without even a tremor of its big oblong balloon.

The balloon is made of raw silk (so we were told), which looks as if it were stitched together in eight-inch or ten-inch squares, and stiffened so that it would not collapse if the gas were out. In color it is a sort of transparent light tan—almost the color of the bamboo poles of which the "ship" is made. Under the balloon swings a canoe-shaped framework of bamboo without any floor, with propellor in front and a sort of rudder behind, each made of an alumi-

num or other light metal framework covered with white canvas. The propeller looks like an old Dutch windmill on a small scale.

The bamboo frame of the "ship" looks a very insecure and uncomfortable place! Beachey stood amidships like a young Colossus at Rhodes, and managed both propeller and steering gear with perfect ease.

As yet Captain Baldwin's airship is only in the motorecycle stage—a rather precarious and uncomfortable seat for one person, who is kept pretty busy manipulating the motor power and keeping clear of collisions. But it will not take long to develop on the same motor and steering principles some heavenly launches that will carry a dozen or so people. And in a generation or two more we'll have real air ships, something such as Kipling describes in his new story, "With the Night Mail," in November *McClure's*.

* * * * *

A year or two ago William and I went down to see Crescent Beach, near Boston, a pretty little half-moon-shaped bit of beach which is so sheltered that the roll of the surf is very light. And it was a calm and foggy day. I was disappointed in the Atlantic, and told William if he wanted to see an *ocean* he must visit the Pacific.

So nothing would do William but a trip down to the Pacific ocean to see whether it was any bigger or better than the Atlantic.

A 113 mile ride on a way train landed us at Seaside, on the Oregon Beach—in a pouring rain. We dined at Moore's Hotel and viewed the ocean from Moore's verandas, Tillamook head three miles away to the south, the beach curving away to the north, and the ocean thundering at our feet. And regular clouds rolling up over Tillamook head and spilling their canteens over us without two

minutes warning. Twice we sallied forth between showers only to get drenched to the skin. Back we scurried to Moore's big stone fireplace to dry.

The beach at Seaside is almost as much sheltered as at Crescent Beach, but there had been a heavy storm at sea the night before we were there, bad enough to throw foam and rocks and drift clear onto the hotel veranda. The tide being high when we arrived and the surf unusually tumultuous, we got a fair idea of the surf as it breaks on a long stretch of unsheltered beach such as the twenty-five miles of Long Beach on the north of the Columbia, in Washington, which we were not able to visit in a one day trip.

And an hour before we left for Portland the sun came out over the ocean and showed us a world of glitter and glory. The tossing ocean was dazzling, and the sky all blue and gold. It was *almost* sunset when we left, feeling that that one hour of sunshine on the ocean was well worth a 226 mile journey.

Yes, William was satisfied with the Pacific. And with the view he got of the Columbia river as it nears the ocean.

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We found a very neat, nice, good-sized vegetarian restaurant in Portland, at Sixth street, where we went two or three times. It is run by the Battle Creek Sanatorium folks, and seems to be well patronized. Every time we went the place was full—of pretty nice, healthy looking people.

We feel quite proud of this restaurant; it was as nice and as well patronized a vegetarian restaurant as we found anywhere, and the only one that was any larger was Mortimer's, 67 East Washington street, Chicago. The vegetarian restaurants at Washington and St. Louis could not compare with those of Portland and Chicago. And the only one I ever entered in New York was the frowziest

place, with the poorest excuse for food that I ever tried to eat. But there are a number of non-meat restaurants in New York and I presume some of them are good. If our readers know of a really *good* vegetarian restaurant in New York we would be glad of the address.

We saw W. E. Jones (no relation to my Joneses), and his two little girls at the Portland restaurant. They all look like non-meat eaters! Tall and thin and blond! But I surmise they would look as white if they lived on raw beef!

Later we visited Mr. Jones' new thought book store at 291 Alder street, where I used to get all the new thought books and periodicals I could scrape up the nickels for!

His store has grown tall like himself. The shelves used to run half way to the high ceiling; now they run clear to the ceiling and every inch filled with books, books, books, and all in between lines of periodicals are festooned from the ceiling or ranged on sort of steep grand stand counters. And the circulating library room at the back is filled to the ceiling too, with every imaginable sort of book written or read by the modern crank of any school or no school at all. Mr. Jones takes good care of the cranks, and he seems to be prospering. Judging by the way his store grows the tribe of crank must be increasing fast. Good!

And judging by the size of William Barnes' and C. F. Shorey's stores in Seattle, that enterprising city is fully as cranky as Portland.

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Oh, there were *so many* places to see, and time flew so! We had to cut out everything possible, or get home too late to issue November *Nautilus* on time. We stayed to the last minute! And wanted to stay weeks more!

And where the time went was a marvel. We visited the fair about seven

times; spent one day with my brother and his wife; one day with my sister, Mrs. Grindstaff; had a delightful vegetarian dinner with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers; one day at the seaside; one afternoon at the Jones Lumber Company's mill. It was time to leave and we hadn't seen anybody of all the dear old friends in Portland!

Then my sister, Mrs. George D. Schalk, with whom and my father we were stopping, said I must have a reception to meet them all. She gave a reception Wednesday afternoon, October 4, from two to five, and we had such a delightful, homey visit with many of my old friends and some new ones. And among them were several of my old schoolmates, some of whom I had not seen since we went to school together. This reception was to me a joy concentrated—to see so many friends I was specially interested in. And some I wanted to see could not come.

And on the evening of October 3 we had a family reunion and dinner in honor of my father's seventy-third birthday; which was also a house warming for the Grindstaffs' new home.

Then on the evening of the fifth we left for home, the family waving us goodbye from the gates and the heavens weeping over us.

As soon as we were fairly off, the excitement lulled, we felt like weeping, too.

After a silent quarter of an hour or so William said, "I believe I'd almost rather live in Portland than Holyoke. It certainly is the nicest place." After a pause, "And you've certainly got the nicest, kindest bunch of relations I ever saw."

After another period of reflection, "And they do have the best things to eat!"

(To be continued)

"The strength of the will is the strength of the wish."

WHY THE HATCHET? "I cannot understand why so many people are using 'New Thought' of late. Thought is not and never can be a Redeemer, for it is of the son of man and from the 'carnal mind' which 'is enmity with God' and 'not subject to the law of God.' We are to bring every thought into subjection to the 'mind of Christ.' All power is of God and it is He that works in and through us, and saves us."—L. S. Thompson.

Exactly. God, the divine principle, works in us and through us to save us. Works *where* in us? *In our thought.* The "carnal mind" is the old mind, the "carnal" thought, the old thought; the thought of evil, sin, sickness, death, mortality, separateness. The "new thought" is the spiritual thought of the oneness of life, of love, joy, good, the thought of things being *now* made in the image and likeness and of the substance of spirit.

All humanity is being transformed by the renewing of its mind or thought. By thinking the new thought, the spiritual thought, all men are made new, are changed in *their thought* from carnal to spiritual.

Where else can we be saved except in thought? Was the *spirit* ever lost that it should be "saved" by *anything*? Was anything ever lost except *in thought*? Will it ever be saved except in thought? Won't it be saved in thought *by the new thought of spiritual life*?

Man is not saved by thought, no; but he *is* saved *in* thought; by spiritual thought displacing carnal thought, by true thought displacing untrue thought.

The name of "new thought" is not such a misnomer as some have imagined. It does not express *all* the truth. What term does? Certainly not "Christian Science," which should be resigned to Mrs. Eddy, who invented it to cover her exposition of the philosophy of one of the world's great teachers; whose philosophy was derived from the Old Testament teachers and others. "Divine

Science," "Spiritual Science," etc., are all variations of Mrs. Eddy's science, and are not inclusive enough. Either term suggests a science of the divine principle as distinguished from the material; and there can be no "science" of the divine or spiritual *except as the divine expresses in the material*. "Science" has to do strictly with the things of the five senses.

"Mental science" is more nearly "scientific," but less inclusive and less satisfying than "Christian Science" or "Divine Science." For while we are "saved" in our minds we are not saved by our minds. "Mind" is not all, and "Mental Science" does not cover the whole process of growth, of "salvation." And "Mental Science" means Mrs. Wilman's Science; and the ordinary psychologist disputes her right to the term.

"New Thought" is open to less objections than any other of these terms. It is "new thought" which saves us, no matter whether we get it from Isaiah, Jesus, Confucious, Paul, P. P. Quimby, Mrs. Eddy, Colville, Shelton, William James, Atkinson, Hudson Tuttle, Conable, the *New York Journal*, or from your own souls direct. If it isn't new thought—to you—it won't save you, no matter what label it carries.

It takes all these "sciences" and isms and schisms to wake all the people to the new thought of life and love.

They are all included in the term "new thought." That is why the term "new thought" seems likely to supersede all these other names as a term by which to designate this whole spiritual awakening with all its sects and its select advance guard who belong to no particular sect. You can be a new thoughter whether you are an Eddyite, a Divine Scientist, a Mental Scientist, an Episcopalian, a Methodist, a Baptist, a Sheltonite, an Ingersollite or just a plain everyday individualist without any "church

home" or "science" home. I like "new thought" because it is universal and includes everybody that is catching onto this great regenerating wave of life-thought.

I use the term "new thought" just as I sometimes use a hatchet, or the heavy end of a monkey wrench, to drive a nail; not because the hatchet or the monkey wrench is exactly suited to the purpose, but because there is no nice hammer handy.

If somebody will invent a nice new non-sectarian term better expressive than "new thought" I'll be very happy to use it. I've cudged my brains for a new thought on this line, without effect; wherefore I surmise that the Spirit of Life may prefer the term "new thought."

A GOOD EXAMPLE. We had the other day, a pleasant visit from Mr. A. L. Wyman, of Lexington, Mass., whose wife and himself are interested readers of *The Nautilus*.

Mr. Wyman is full of new thoughts and practices on the subject of food. For four years he has been a vegetarian and a "Fletcher." He is a personal friend of Horace Fletcher, author and original apostle and instigator of the fashion of thorough mastication of food.

Mr. Wyman and his wife and seven children, the latter ranging from twenty-one years down to twenty months of age, all live on the two-meal-a-day, no-breakfast and thorough chewing plan, and some of them eat a little meat once in a while.

But Mr. Wyman sticks religiously to vegetables, nuts and cereals, no breakfast and plenty of chews, though he travels much of the time. He is a tall, straight man, a very good looking picture of perfect health, with a complexion any girl might envy. He says he finds no trouble in keeping strong and healthy on hotel and dining car fare minus all meats. He

carries a few nuts with him, with which he sometimes ekes out a meal deficient in proteids. But ordinarily he eats what vegetables, etc., are set before him in hotel or diner, chewing every mouthful to a liquid as per Horace Fletcher's instructions.

He says he is stronger and better and *brighter* than ever before in his life, and can do with ease and without a shadow of after lameness, all the athletic stunts proposed by his son, who is a college student and cannot do some of his own stunts! All this without ever having had athletic training or practice.

Horace Fletcher healed himself after the doctors had given him up as a wreck, all by very thorough mastication. Then he went to Yale University to convert the heathen. They tested him with all sorts of athletic stunts, every one of which Mr. Fletcher, without any preparatory practice whatever, accomplished with ease and *with no lameness as an after effect*. This is a truly wonderful test, as anyone will agree who has ever made himself lame through unaccustomed exercise.

Mr. Wyman attributes his really marvelous vigor and power to thorough mastication *first*, to vegetarianism and no-breakfast *second*.

And it took him just three weeks to *set the habit* of thorough mastication—during which time mum was the word at the family table!

And ever since Mr. Wyman visited us mum has been the word at the editorial table! Instead of "discussing" our meals we just smile at each other over our chews! It is fully as much fun as the old way! And I know that the new way is the right one. Horace Fletcher and Mr. Wyman declare thorough mastication is the specific for *every* ill. I believe they are right.

When "fletcherizing" is universal what will become of the dinner party?

Perhaps we'll learn to converse in gestures, grins and winks! Or we may take to the deaf and dumb alphabet—which would come in very handily at other places than dinners; in the roar of New York or Boston subways, for instance.

Or maybe by the time "fletcherizing" becomes fashionable we shall have accomplished the art of conversing telepathically! Then we can hold hands under the table, say and listen to nice things mentally, and be happy while chewing! I think I shall like the new fashion.

TO FIND THE WAY OUT.

Several thinkers seem to have been set going by Charlotte Cole's fly (in November *Nautilus*), that flew frantically up and down, up and down the window pane, and could not find its freedom.

Margaret Lacey thinks Miss Cole did not "trace to its ultimate cause the way of escape." She says:

"Charlotte Cole's external law was *Poverty* and her internal condition was exhaustion, submission, hopelessness, despair. The fly was exhausted, the window pane was the barrier, but the *way of escape* was only open when it had ceased trying to find a way and had fallen exhausted from all effort. We have to realize then and welcome *all* experience as the Great Teacher and learn that man *of himself* does nothing."

To my mind the main point in Charlotte Cole's fly story is this: *Be still until you know just what step to take next*. Man is one with all the wisdom there is in the universe, and *wisdom speaks only in silence*, to the innermost heart of us. As long as we go bumbling and grumbling along in the same old way Wisdom cannot teach us the *new* way out. When we give up our frantic efforts to *break through* our limitations the still small voice has a chance to make itself heard.

We are drawn to the old ways by physical attraction. We are drawn to the *new* ways by *soul* attraction. And

soul attractions cannot be felt while body and mind are in a state of agitation.

Be still, and the Silence will speak to you of the New Way Out. And if you are too obtuse to catch the idea yourself, straight from the Source, why a friendly hand will be reached forth to help you into freedom. But neither hand nor inner voice can help you, as long as you keep on bumbling and grumbling.

Be still and know.

SOME GOOD NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Mary Wright, of Cobden, Ill., sends us a clipping from *The Advance's* (Chicago) serial story, "The Roc's Nest," which I cheerfully commend to our readers for New Year's Day consideration. I append a portion of Mary's letter, followed by "Lezer's" boiled down resolutions:

"Lezer tells the folks around the campfire that on New Year's day he made for himself one hundred and four resolutions—two for each week in the year; but he found they dove-tailed, overlapped and toed into each other, so he biled them down to five; two of which were personal and he wouldn't give them as they applied only to himself, but they were welcome to the other three. These have dove-tailed, over-lapped and toed into your writings, and have helped me many times, so I send them on to you, hoping you may use them to 'point a moral or adorn a tale.'"

"*Lezer's Resolutions:*

"*Resolved I:* That I won't borrow no trouble nor lend none, nor give none, nor keep none, nor expect none.

"*Resolved II:* That I won't find fault with folks afore their face, nor talk about 'em even to myself behind their back.

"*Resolved III:* That I won't hurry myself, nor try to make other people hurry, nor let other people hurry me. Amen."

A LITTLE LOVE STORY.

Estelle M. Burrows.

We continually quote justice, and our laws and constitutions are based on justice; but Shakespeare says, "*In the course of justice none should see salvation.*" Who knows but whether, if we knew the true inwardness of the lives of even our worst criminals, we might not more leniently judge them? Perhaps it was enforced environment, early teaching, or the beginning of wrong thought in youth, fostered into fixed habit as the child grew older, that culminated in the criminal courts. Sin is only harmful action controlled by wrong thought. If we could only get into the habit of right thinking! Let us swerve our minds from the old grooves into new and broader ones with the New Year.

A friend of mine had a beautiful, affectionate collie with glossy hair and plumey tail. Sport always trotted exuberantly before his mistress when she took an airing. His air of being well cared for greatly exasperated an ugly little cur from an undesirable street near by. The cur had had one eye put out, and was of a dirty, yellow color. Whenever it caught sight of Sport, it would emit sparks of jealousy from its one poor eye, and bite and snap at him viciously. My friend had administered justice in the shape of several sharp cuffs, with no effect.

Finally I said, "Let's be merciful to the poor little outcast; perhaps it has never had a kind word spoken to it in its life," and I called softly to it. At first it shied, as though I would strike it, but at last desire, awakened by my gentleness, induced it to draw near enough for me to stroke its scraggy back and admonish it kindly to be better disposed. Presto, change! The poor little eye lighted up with love, the stump of a tail wagged its joy and the measly body quivered with delight. Here was appreciation! Sport was never again molested by my little street cur.

**THE FIRST NEW
THOUGHT CHURCH.**

Mr. F. J. Watt, of Detroit, called the other day. He says his city holds the banner for the very first real New Thought Church ever incorporated and established. It was incorporated under the laws of Michigan, about two years ago; has a membership of 125 and an average attendance of 300. The president of the association is Henry C. Hodges, a prominent business man and author of several books. The regular pastor is Mrs. Margaret LaGrange, 76 Joy street, who is, Mr. Watt says, a bright woman, and successful in her work. And this first New Thought Church is in a thriving condition, doing lots of good.

Mrs. LaGrange does not consider "marriage a failure." She thinks it a game, the only one wherein both players may lose! She says one party may find he's got a snapping turtle, the other a bull-head, as partner. In which case marriage *might* be a lost game and a failure to both. Then, I surmise, she tells her flock how to convert snapping turtles and bull-heads into turtle doves, so that both players may win the game!

Success to the church and its pastor. May they always live on Joy street.

**THE JAPANESE
IDEAL.**

A good Japanese is one who fulfils all his duties to his parents, brothers and sisters and relations; who never forgets the veneration due to his ancestors; who as a master, is kind and considerate to his servants; who, as a servant, is faithful to his master. He will never forget benefits conferred on him. He will act straightforwardly in all things, scrupulously observing his agreements, acting in a generous and large-minded way to others; he will be kindly and charitable, respecter of what is right, and full of compassion for the unfortunate; holding in high esteem public order; devising schemes for

furthering the progress of society, and careful not to be guilty of an impropriety even in his dealing with foreigners.

A good Japanese develops his physical powers, stores his mind with useful knowledge; cultivates valor, endurance, self-control, moderation, modesty and self-examination; ever bears in mind what is required of him in work, business, competition, money making and how men's trust is to be won. He forms useful habits; he practices virtue, he applies his mind to the practical application of learning; he devises measures for self-development and continual progress.

A good Japanese thinks highly of his country, and by the culture of a spirit of loyalty and patriotism strives to fulfill all the obligations of a good citizen. In this manner should we develop our own personality, raise family and do all that is required of us to benefit the world and our fellow men.—From a *Japanese Moral Text Book*.

AN OPTIMIST. "During a bargain sale rush in a metropolitan store," says the *New York Tribune*, "a small cash boy brushed against and upset a costly lamp. It broke to bits, and he was haled to the manager's office. There he listened patiently to a long exposition of his crime until he heard the final sentence:

"'Half of your four dollars will be held back each week till the thirty-eight dollars, retail price of that lamp, is made up.'

"Then the boy grinned cheerfully.

"'Well,' he said, 'anyway, I'm sure of a steady job for a while.'"—*Youth's Companion*.

Live merrily as thou canst, for by honest mirth we cure many passions of the mind. A gay companion is as a wagon to him who that is wearied by the way.—Burton.

**'TWIXT
TWEEDLEDUM
AND TWEEDLEDEE.**

Emilie Cady says,
"There is no reality, life or intelligence in matter."

Kate Atkinson Boehme affirms "Every particle of matter is intelligent and thus capable of yielding obedience to a mandate."

And some of our readers want to know how these statements can be reconciled, or which is true.

It is all in the point of view. Emilie saw things from the mountain top, while Kate looked at the same things from the valley. Emilie stood at the center and looked out; while Kate stood at the circumference and looked in. Emilie spoke subjectively, Kate objectively. Both say the same thing, in different language.

"The things which are unseen are eternal," are the *real things*, the *sub-stance*—that which underlies and informs the seen things.

When Emilie Cady says "reality" she means the things most people consider as *not* real, the things of spirit and soul. Turn her sentence around and you will understand it better—thus: "The spirit or soul is the *real*, unchangeable, eternal thing; and the things of the five senses are illusory, ever-changing, mis-leading; instead of the visible things being solid and substantial it is the *invisible* things which are solid and can be depended upon, while the visible ones are ever shifting."

Paul said the same thing this way: "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal (temporary, changing); but the things which are not seen are eternal."

So Emilie Cady—and Mary Baker G. Eddy and all others of that cult—use the word *real* to describe the unseen, and they call *unreal* all that which *seems* real. They are right, too. And we cannot too

often dwell with the thought that the unseen things are the true reality, and the seen things *easily changed*.

But this interchange of terms is confusing to minds who have always considered the earth itself the solidest of all realities. So Kate Boehme tried to translate this same high truth glimpsed by Emilie Cady and Mrs. Eddy *et al.*, and by Jesus, Paul and 10,000 other clear-seers, into such every-day language that the earthiest soul could not get confused over it. She lets you call the seen things "matter" if you will, and then she tells you *what* matter is—every particle of matter is intelligent as well as ever-changing; and it is governed by *your spirit*—the *real* you which is *not* visible nor ephemeral nor "temporary." Kate Boehme gets right down with you and uses language as she finds it, as you understand it; while Mrs. Eddy (and Emilie Cady, in some cases), gets right up *above* the clouds words, words, words, and twists language around the way she knows it ought to go, leaving you to follow her if you can!

All the differences in the world, or at least 99-100ths of them, are merely differences in phraseology. And the other hundredth is due to difference in viewpoint. Truth is *one*; just as all people are "members one of another." And all clear-seers see the truth—and then some of them waste time quarreling over the words in which they tell each other what they see!

**NEW THOUGHT
IN SOCIETY.**

Mrs. John B. Henderson, who is famous for her dinner entertainments in Washington society, has during the present season served exclusively vegetarian dinners. She serves five or six courses of vegetables, nuts and cereal foods, prepared in a most palatable manner. The dinners have attracted much attention and the next season they promise to be much in vogue.—*Oregon State Journal*.

Anent Books and Things.

—"Dreams and Visions: Their Nature and Significance" is an interesting little treatise by Dr. J. Ball, 1073½ Market street, San Francisco. Price 25 cents.

—*The Business Arena* is a bright neat little twelve page paper published by Fred G. Kaessmann, 46 Park street, Lawrence, Mass. Subscription price only ten cents a year.

—*The Breath of Life*, edited by Samuel Christian Greathead, Battle Creek, Mich., appears again after a long sleep, during which I trust it has gained power to do a great work.

—"Lock and Key: Or Woman's Friend," by Dr. J. S. Flory, Denver, deals with transmission of desirable qualities to offspring. Price twenty-five cents; thirty-four pages, paper.

—Music:—"Heart of the Happy Hills," song, words and music by Lillian Elsworth, Tiverton, R. I. "Crystal Spray Schottische," by the same. Price, 25 cents each, to be had of the composer.

—L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, London, and Fowler & Wells, N. Y., have just issued "Health Building," Joseph Ralph; price fifty cents; and "I Wants and Wants Me," by K. T. Anderson, price forty cents.

—"The Dream Man" is a "wonder book" by Owen R. Washburn, a fairy story for everybody. There are ninety-six pages, bound in stiff boards, illustrated. No price given. Published by Washburn Publishing Co., West 125th street, New York.

—We are in receipt of two paper bound books by Herbert A. Grant, 53 Market street, Lynn, Mass., which sell for thirty-five cents each. "Health and Breath Culture" contains thirty-four pages, and "An Essay on Proper Food" contains fifty-seven pages. Both nicely printed and bound.

—And now report says Dr. William C. Gibbons, of the Noon-Day Club, N. Y., has joined the new thought procession to the altar of Hymen, under the moon that is honey. Dr. Gibbons was recently married, so *Harmony* says, to

Miss Rebecca Bedford. Both the bride and groom being old friends of *The Nautilus* we send them special greetings and congratulations, and best wishes for a real new thought union.

—John Milton Scott, who was for a time one of the editors of *Mind*, is beginning at 2034 Seventh avenue, New York, the publication of a new monthly magazine called *The Grail*. Mr. Scott calls it "a little magazine of thirty-two pages, 7x5 inches," and the price is \$1.00 a year. Some of John Milton Scott's editorials in *Mind* were specially fine, and I believe his friends will rejoice in *The Grail*. Success to it!

—"The Legend of Multnomah Falls" is a beautiful little volume in shades of blue touched with white, with double covers of heavy blue paper, with five handsome full-page half-tones of Columbia river scenes, including Multnomah Falls, and a picture of the author, Susan Williamson Smith, who is an old friend of *The Nautilus*. "The Legend of Multnomah Falls" is told graphically, in unusually good blank verse. It presents a sort of impressionistic picture of Indian life which will charm the reader. The book as a whole is very artistic and the half-tone views, some of which are from photos taken by Lily E. White, another *Nautilus* friend, are very handsome. Price of the book, \$1.00. Address the author at 429 Market street, Portland, Ore.

—"The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia" is the newest of those charming new thought stories by Florence Morse Kingsley, author of "Singular Miss Smith," "Transfiguration of Miss Philura," "Titus," etc. "Miss Philura" appears again in the new story, where she helps the prim, precise, old-maidy "Miss Cynthia" to blossom out in a wonderful way, and put the doctor's dictum to shame. "Miss Cynthia" is sure to win the heart—as well as the head—of every reader. Mrs. Kingsley's are to my mind the very nicest, most artistic and most natural new thought stories ever written, and "Miss Cynthia" is the best of them all. Just the sort of "treatment" to give your friend or yourself. Handsomely and oddly bound, 321 pages; price, \$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.

→ THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS. ←

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen some one find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We hope to publish herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be

too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matters of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of the February number, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

A. S. Monroe in *World's Events* tells the following story about a man who was "afraid to invest his time":

"A very common type of failure is he who is afraid of doing more than he is paid for. I know a young man who had been five years trying to establish himself in a certain line of business. He had not been successful. One season a friend of his connected with a well established concern, sent for him and said: 'I am going away on a three months' vacation. Now I propose that you come in here and manage my department during my absence and at the same time establish a department in your line. We need such a department and here is your chance. Get it going in good shape by the time I get back.'

"The young man readily agreed for he needed the money badly. When his friend returned, however, he found that the new department had not been opened. He asked the man why this was. 'I wasn't paid enough for that order of work,' he answered, with some spirit. 'That kind of work takes brains, and should command a big salary. When I saw what I was to get, I just let the whole thing slide.'

"His friend returned the compliment and let him 'slide.' He had intended to help the fellow, and had given him this chance to make a good berth for himself. Had he pitched in and worked for all he was worth, getting the new department in good working order, he could have taken root then and there in a business that would have led him to prosperity. He was to use the other man's capital and benefit by the investment, but he considered his precious time too valuable, preferring to fritter it away. He is now looking for a job.

"When a man's time is all he has in the world, why should he hesitate to spend it demonstrating to ever watchful employers how well he can use it? Why should he prefer to waste the day, even though he gets nothing for it? It is at least better to give evidence of being a hustler than an idler.

"If you are paid \$2.00 a day, do your very best work, just as if you were paid \$5.00 a day; and sooner or later the \$5.00 position will find you. The man or woman who is heart and soul interested in his or her work does not need to worry about a raise in salary. It will come quickly enough. Every man, barring accident, eventually gets out of business just what he puts into it."

You see, it is the old story of the talent kept in a napkin. The man who "saves" his energy until he is adequately paid for using it is the man who loses the power to earn. It is

as if he "saved" his corn until it grows more corn, before trusting it to the earth.

Every right thought, every rightly directed effort, is a seed. Properly planted it brings forth a full harvest.

The "pay" one is drawing today is never his compensation for the efforts he plants today. He is drawing *today* the "pay," the harvest, for yesterday's and last year's efforts. For the efforts and thoughts planted today he will draw his pay next year and the year after; and *forever after*.

For every man's pay, whether it comes through an employer or not, is *cumulative*; like the earnings of an insurance agent who continues to draw his percentage on every premium paid in through his initial efforts!—E. T.

A CHANCE TO HELP YALE.

Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University desires us to print the following letter:

"The undersigned is attempting to collect statistics bearing on the question of diet in relation to endurance. His studies are not made in the interest of any dietetic theory, but merely to obtain the facts as shown by the experience of individuals. It is hoped that all who see this, and have had experience with more than one system of diet, will signify their willingness to contribute that experience, whether it has been favorable or unfavorable to any particular theory, and even if they think their own experience of no value. Definite questions will be submitted to those who are willing to answer. Send address to Irving Fisher, 460 Prospect street, New Haven, Ct."

With the reason one may discover duty; with the will he may force himself into external obedience to its requirements; but only with the heart can he so love "I ought" as to change it into "I desire."—FREDERICK ROWLAND MARVIN.

New Thought in the Kitchen

Conducted by R. M. FLETCHER-BERRY.

There is no difficulty in finding varied enough substitutes for meat, and with *greater* food value since, although but few vegetables, fruits, or nuts contain, individually, protein or nitrogen, (the most important of the constituents of food) in equal amount with meats, they can be so grouped and prepared as to present a more varied, more attractive and more cleanly diet, a diet containing the right proportion of protein, than one with meats as the center. Meat is too concentrated a nitrogenous food. But the same ancient saying may be applied to vegetarians as to meat-eaters. Most men dig their graves with their teeth, if food is not thoroughly masticated. This is particularly the case with nuts, of which we should eat in goodly quantity in order to gain an equivalent to the protein and fat of meats. But the nut form is a wise provision of Nature; it must be ground fine with the teeth, therefore one grows unconsciously accustomed to eating slowly all foods. Do not chop nuts too fine, on the principle which wise men apply to horses who "gobble," when stones large enough to be seen, wondered at, and cautiously avoided, are mixed with feed.

And another lesson we must learn from horses: It is not well to subsist too much upon concentrated grain foods, such as package breakfast foods. They are all good and have their mission, but we, too, require a certain amount of "roughness." Horses eat principally hay, to fill this need of the physical organism of man and beast; and humans must not neglect substantial foods—beets, lettuce, cabbages, and other vegetables containing cellulose in abundance and which furnish "bulk!" They are necessary in order to induce proper peristaltic action of the intestines and carry off the "waste" which would otherwise remain in the system as poison.

One will have only Nature's minimum of waste if one eats light breakfasts and drinks plenty of water between meals. (Much drinking of water is one of the secrets of the physical and mental activity of the Japanese.)

A light breakfast, quickly and easily prepared, gives the day a better start in every sense of the word. The following outline presents a variety in vegetable foods and an

all-around diet for breakfast, dinner and supper or breakfast, luncheon and dinner.

BREAKFAST.

Grapes. (Failing these substitute apples, preferably dried.) Flaked Wheat Breakfast Food with Peanuts. Cereal Coffee.

DINNER.

Corn Pudding—Plain Boiled Rice—Onions, with Cream Sauce; or Buttered Beets—Celery and Popcorn Salad; or Baked Winter Pears with Cream; or Grapes; or Baked Apples with Cream.

SUPPER.

Mushrooms on Toast, or Whole Wheat Bread Milk Toast—Whole Wheat Bread—Blackberry Jam—Cocoa.

LUNCHEON NO. I.

Cream of Potato Soup—Green Pea or Bean Salad—Dates—Salt Crackers.

LUNCHEON NO. II.

Bowl of Crackers and Cream. Two or Three Figs (which, if dried, have been soaked in cold water all morning).

BREAKFAST: When grapes are in season use grapes with this breakfast, dinner or supper, in place of other fruit, as no fruit is more wholesome—more perfectly combines in proper proportion the right components of food. If one may not have grapes use apples with the breakfast menu. Dried apples are very satisfactory. Wash and cover them with luke warm water and let stand over night. In the morning place on the stove and let simmer about ten minutes in the water in which they were soaked. The amount of time (and sugar) depends somewhat upon the apple and upon one's taste concerning cooked or partially cooked fruit. Add sugar at the end of ten minutes and simmer until a thin syrup is formed. Serve in a bowl with three tablespoons of some flaked wheat food and one tablespoon of chopped, roasted peanuts. Use the fruit juice instead of milk or cream. One gets the milk value in the wheat and the cream value in the nuts and also avoids any possible acid action. Apples are more apt to have this objection than sweet grapes.

DINNER: Corn contains more protein than most vegetables and is rich in fat—also containing carbohydrates in goodly proportion. Canned corn if pure has not lost its food value and with the eggs and milk used in corn pudding has additional protein and fat to counterbalance the generous carbohydrates of the rice.

The onion is noted as a blood purifier and is wholesome in every way. Beets, the alternate, do not contain the same amount of fat but with butter any difference is made up. Beets, also are "good for the blood," with their large percentage of mineral matter, but they should not have vinegar added as it offsets the iron-value of the vegetable. Celery is a nerve food; horse radish is one of the best of Nature's stimulants and blood cleansers. The pears give sugar and a mild acid which assists as a laxative.

Corn Pudding: Beat well two eggs and stir in with them gradually a pint of sweet milk. With this mix well one pint fresh, scraped, or canned corn, a pinch of salt, one teaspoon of sugar, and a suspicion of pepper. Bake in moderate oven till the center is set.

Plain Boiled Rice: Wash thoroughly one cup of rice. Have ready two quarts (or more) of fast-boiling water to which add the rice and a heaping teaspoon of salt. The whirling rice will cook in about fifteen minutes, time depending upon age of rice. Drain and place either in colander over boiling water or in oven for ten minutes before serving.

Creamed Onions: Peel rather small onions (under water). Pour over them boiling water, salted, and cook gently until tender. (Young onions require less than an hour.) Leave saucepan uncovered and drop in it with the onions a lump of charcoal. With these two preventives there will be no odor. For the sauce rub smooth one tablespoon of flour with half as much butter. To this add gradually a pint of heated milk, salt and pepper. Let thicken slightly before pouring over onions, then simmer together about ten minutes before serving.

Buttered Beets: Wash and pour over unpeeled beets boiling water and boil hard continuously until tender. Old beets will require two or more hours, young ones half that. Peel and slice into serving dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and add one tablespoon of butter.

Celery and Popcorn Salad: Wash and carefully arrange on small salad plates crisp lettuce leaves. On these place one tablespoon each of chopped celery and well popped corn, chopped, with one teaspoon grated horse radish (prepared with vinegar or lemon juice). Serve with olive oil.

Baked Pears: Wash and halve (if large) the pears, or if small cook whole. Place in baking dish with a cup of water and same of sugar (unless the fruit is sweet), with juice of one orange or half a lemon. Cover and bake

till tender. If apples are substituted, core tart apples but do not add sugar till heated through. Bake till tender. Make a syrup, add chopped raisins and nuts and let cool, then pour over the warm apples and cool all together.

SUPPER: Mushrooms on Toast: If possible use fresh mushrooms; if not use the canned, but with the former do not trust to any so called "test." There is no such infallible thing. Either know your mushroom thoroughly, of whatever variety, or else know your dealer: only then cook fresh mushrooms.

Clean, wash and cut tops off fresh mushrooms, if large. If small, split them, as with the canned "buttons," and place in saucepan in which has been placed a tablespoon of sweet, *real* butter,—one to each cup of mushrooms. The butter must become heated through before adding the mushrooms. Sprinkle them with salt and let simmer a few moments, when they will become juicy and tender. Then pour over them a cup of rich milk in which has been mixed a teaspoon of flour. Cook gently a few minutes longer and serve on slices of home-made white bread toast or crisp crackers.

LUNCHEON NO. I: A small bowl of crackers and cream. Two figs which have been put to soak at breakfast time in rather warm water.

LUNCHEON NO. II: Cream of Potato Soup: Peel and cut into small pieces three large Irish potatoes and one-half an onion. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and place in another vessel. Take out onion and mash potatoes with a tablespoon of butter, small teaspoon of salt and dash of red pepper. When creamy pour gradually upon them—stirring the while—a pint of heated milk in which has been rubbed smooth a tablespoon of flour. Strain this all into bowls, soup-plates or tureen and serve. (The liquor in which the potatoes have been cooked may be used also, or substituted for part of the milk.)

Green Pea or String Bean Salad: Place fresh or canned peas or string beans on crisp lettuce leaves or those from the heart of the cabbage and serve with French dressing. (Three tablespoons of olive oil to one of vinegar—or lemon juice—the latter mixed gradually with the oil, a little salt and pepper.)

See that the dates are firm; wash, stone and serve as they are.

"The sorrow that unmakes some old desire,
And on the same foundation builds a higher,
Hath more than joy for him who acquiesces."

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie 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.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 odds and ends of life-problems and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of *The Nautilus*. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all!—ELIZABETH TOWNE.

B. J. C.—If you "eat less, but eat it more," as Horace Fletcher advises, you will have no trouble "governing" your appetite. If every mouthful of food is chewed to a liquid, until it goes down without any special effort to swallow, you will never eat too much. Just in proportion as food is gulped without chewing, is the stomach improperly distended.

The way to make "a god of your stomach" is to fill it fast without thinking. And by and by the stomach-god becomes a devil and fetic, to be placated.

To keep the digestive organs in a happy, healthy, willing condition don't pamper them, and don't overwork them. Masticate your food properly, and you can eat anything you want.

But eventually you are going to quit wanting slaughter house foods.

God first gave man only fruits, nuts, etc., to eat. It was not until man got himself turned out of his garden and took to killing things and eating them, that God told him *what meats not to eat*. Nowhere in the Bible does God tell folks to eat meat, as you seem to think.

A little bit of Bible is a poor excuse for doing anything anyway. By using a little Bible you can prove anything. The whole spirit of the Bible says, "THOU SHALT NOT KILL," nor do any other unkind thing. Would you like some giant to fatten you and your children for slaughter? The time will come when your own spirit will keep you from participating in the business or results of slaughter. You may not outgrow meat-eating in this incarnation, but eventually you will. This prophecy is written on every human heart, and will surely come true.

A. B.—This friend wants me to tell our readers how shoulder braces helped her to keep her shoulders back and give her lungs room for proper expansion, during breathing exercises. Now she has grown so strong she has discarded the brace. This might be a good idea for persons who are very weak or stooped, and are just beginning to straighten up and use breathing exercises. But I would use the braces only a part of the day, as a rest, and I would discard them as soon as possible, teaching my own muscles to keep me erect and straight with shoulders back.

F. L.—It is for you to judge what is best for you. To me, the writings you mention are

merely elaborate mental constructions without the soul of truth—the complex letter in which the soul gets lost. If you are satisfied that you have it all, then quit seeking, reading, meditating. For my part, I am still at it! I want to see the truth from all points of view.

T.—Dearie, you surely are too sensitive—and maybe—jealous! Make up your mind to let her shine in her own way, without wanting to attract attention on your own account. Find the good in her and be glad she enjoys herself. Better a positive egotist than a too-self-effacing little sensitive. The latter shines only by reflected light, like the moon; while the egotist radiates her kind of light. Brighten up and shine yourself. Unless you can do this, better keep away from the girl entirely. It does not pay to cultivate such feelings.

J. H. B.—On page twenty-two in October *Nautilus* were two items about stage fright and its control. These articles and persistent practice are all you need. Outdoor breathing exercises of any kind will help you gain the control of your voice and body.

THREE TRIANGLES.—You are suffering from too long continued effort in the same line. A vacation of a month or so, getting clean away from shop and shop talk and making as complete a change as possible in your way of living, will be the best, pleasantest and quickest cure. If you can't possibly get away, shorten your hours of sewing, make as complete a change as possible in your ways of living and in your diet, and spend at least two hours out doors every day, most of it in walking briskly and breathing deeply. Get into the woods and the parks. Go to good theaters once a week or so. And seek good, cheery, congenial company at least two or three times a week. This, with affirmations and hours of stillness, will quickly rejuvenate you. Keep up your out doors, full breathing and other recreations and you will keep healthy and gain in power and wisdom and usefulness and joy of living.

S. W. S.—You did well! And Grandma, too! Next time begin the night before—by going to sleep right, with a peaceful mind and assurance of a good day tomorrow—the working of the Universal Good Will in and through you—and you will surely get an early as well as a happy start! Try it.

M. M. F.—The only "attitude" to adopt toward an "implacable enemy" is that of passive friendliness. Simply let him feel and act as he pleases, while you let him pleasantly alone. But in your mind be his positive friend. Every time you think of him send him your positive love and good will, and wish him all

sorts of good things. If you *persist* in this sort of treatment, *at the same time keeping perfectly mum about him and his misdoings*, his implacableness will eventually melt into friendliness. You can turn hate to love, or at least to good will, if you begin at home and *keep at it*.

M. N. C.—I think you surely exaggerate, and that she may be safely trusted to her own honest and loving spirit. Whether or not this be true you only aggravate the fault by harping on it *in your own mind*, or to her. *Deny* it for her, and affirm for her the qualities you desire to see manifest. The things you describe may be due to *honesty, and clear seeing of the motives of others*, rather than to selfishness. At any rate you would better keep mum, set her an *example* of the sort you desire her to be, and *trust the spirit within her* to make its own impression and applications. If she is overbalanced in this direction she will surely attract unpleasant experiences which will eventually wake her up to correct the fault.

H. M. P.—That is it—"you can't seem to give up a thing you desire." That is the secret of your difficulties. When you have learned by *practice* to give up, to "let go" things you can't have, *and things you can have*, you will begin for the first time to feel what *real* enjoyment is. As you are now you are the *slave* of the things you desire, the slave of your desires. Only as you can *command* desire, can you really enjoy its gratification. By *letting go* the things you desire you gain command of yourself. And practice makes perfect. When you begin the letting go practice, you think you don't enjoy the things thus gained; but wait a bit until you get the habit fixed *and your soul begins to sing its little "Well done" song*.

A MASSACHUSETTS HEALTH CURE. "John Eddy of Ashuelot street in Dalton is now engaged in competing for one of the \$25 prizes offered by the McFadden Physical Culture Company for the cheapest menu for one week. Mr. Eddy is now living on parched corn, salt and water, and claims that it costs him less than one cent per day to live. He is sixty-five years old and is in good health, having gained six pounds in weight during the past winter, and now weighs 161 pounds. He has not eaten any pie for twenty-five years and no meat for over four years. Mr. Eddy claims that he was nearly deaf a few years ago but his present mode of living on parched corn, peanuts, etc., has entirely cured him."—*Holyoke Transcript*.

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By Marden.

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We hear a great deal about "Roosevelt's luck"; but what would it have availed him if he was not ready for the opportunity when it came—if he had not trained himself through years of persistent drill to grasp it,—if he had not been prepared to make the best use of it?

He did not start out with the deliberate ambition to become President. His general aim was to make Theodore Roosevelt just as large, as complete, and as fine a man as possible, and no pains were too great, no exercise or drill or training or effort at self-improvement too troublesome or exhausting to undertake in order to make himself physically strong and intellectually vigorous. Mr. Roosevelt told me *that he never would have been in his present position but for his long, persistent, and vigorous self-training.*

The resolution which he never lost sight of was to train himself to do the duty nearest him with such completeness, earnestness, and efficiency that it would best prepare him for the next thing which came, and *he always saw the step to the thing above him in the thing he was doing. He knew that the key which would unlock the door the next opportunity must be wrought out of the thing he was then doing.*

The unhappy incident which placed Mr. Roosevelt in the presidential chair would not have kept him there through a second term if he had not fitted himself to fill it. Others had been similarly placed by like chance, but the opportu-

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than the old heavier meal we used to have with the other kind of coffee.' Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

ity laughed at them because they were not ready for it, or fitted for it, and they practically threw the chance away.

If Roosevelt had blundered or shown incompetency in the great office which accident gave him, "luck" would not have elected him for a second term.

I have never known a man to amount to much until he cut out of his vocabulary such words as "good luck" and "bad luck," and from his life-maxims all the "I can't" words and the "I can't" philosophy. There is no word in the English language more misused and abused than "luck." More people have excused themselves for poor work and mean, stingy, poverty-stricken careers, by saying "luck was against them" than by any other excuse.

That door ahead of you, young man, is probably closed because you have closed it,—closed it by lack of training; by a lack of ambition, energy, and push. While, perhaps, you have been waiting for "luck" to open it, a pluckier, grittier fellow has stepped in ahead of you and opened it himself.

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