

"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."

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## The Day of Opportunity.

By ELIZABETH TOWNE.

"I am concentrating for money for personal needs and because I mean to use it wisely to aid others. In my present state of environment I see no way to make it. However, I have an income of about \$90 a year, out of which I can probably save about \$30, the rest going for absolutely necessary expenses. Now I was raised luxuriously and a love of the beautiful is highly developed in me. Little things like simple but dainty underwear, thin, easy slippers, etc., I miss greatly, and it is a great hardship that I have to do without them. Here is the question: I am saving \$30 a year, hoping to build bit by bit until I reach independence. It is very small, but is the only effort that I can see to make. Should I spend this money satisfying little wants or should I save as I am doing? I fear the denial and stint makes me hold the thought of poverty more than otherwise. Yet the desire for independence is so great that I like to feel that I am doing something towards becoming so."  
—M. S. C.

The spirit of wisdom is leading you aright. By all means save a portion of your income, however small that income may be; save it, not for a rainy day, but for the Day of Opportunity, when you can invest it in something which will bring you greater satisfaction than you could possibly gain from present indulgence in fine linen or frills.

Money is business energy, with which people do things. It works on the same principle as any other energy; if you allow your money to run away to the last dollar, in the gratification of the little desires of life, when some great desire comes it will have to be denied because there is no money. There must be

financial reserve force, just as there must be physical reserve force, or the unexpected will overcome you.

It is easier to deny yourself in little things *now* than to find yourself bankrupt a little later.

No matter what your income, it must be managed, commanded. You set aside so much for rent, so much for groceries, so much for dress, so much for "sundries." It is as if you had a reservoir of water, represented by your entire income; from this you dig a little canal to the grocery store, another to the dry goods store, another to your landlord's pocket; and you calculate that there will be a little left in the reservoir for "sundries," which you mean to ladle out as you need it. Now, if you are careful to put *gates* in your canals to the strongholds of the butcher, the baker and the gasman *et al.*, and to watch and use those gates, so as to regulate the flow to each of these good men, you will be able to keep a little supply in your reservoir for sundries. But if you open the canals and let her slide you soon find your butcher, baker, gasman, etc., have drawn off *all* your income, sundries and all, and left you in the empty hole.

It's so easy to let things slide! And at the end of the month it's so *hard* to see where it all slid to! And you haven't been specially happy while it was slid-

ing, and *now* you are in the hole and anything but happy.

And it's so *easy* to watch and regulate those canals, and such *fun* to do it, when once you get interested in doing it!

Why, first of all you are a *Creator*, with a natural instinct for making something out of nothing, for making a little of anything go a long way, an instinct for regulating those canals so that each shall convey money-energy *enough*, but not too much, and so there shall be a comfortable surplus for sundries.

When you *do* regulate things like this you are *happy*, aren't you? Of course, *you are happy because you have lived according to the law of your being*. Your soul tells you you have *done well* with the money you had to do with.

But when you let the grocer, the dry goods man and the gasman get more than their shares, when you didn't *do your best with the golden "talent" given you*, you felt unhappy, restless, dissatisfied, clear through, didn't you? Of course.

It doesn't *pay* not to use your inventive or creative power in *making the best use possible of whatever you have to do with*. And the *best* use of anything always leaves you with a comfortable reserve of mental and financial energy on hand.

Now suppose you succeed in regulating those canals to the butcher (I would cut this canal out), the baker, the candlestick maker, the dressmaker *et al.*, so you have a little left for sundries, you are still not quite happy. Because intuition tells you there are big opportunities ahead that will call for more money than you can dip up from that little sundries pool. Your heart tells you you must have a good reserve ready for Unexpected Opportunities in the way of education, travel, business, or else you must forego those opportunities and lose their greater pleasures.

So the question is this: Shall you get more good, more pleasure, more of your soul's "*well done*," through the thirty-cents-a-pound porterhouse steak *today*, the seventy-cents-a-pound strawberries in January, the lace frills on your underwear *now*; or through the larger opportunities of the Unexpected, which will beckon you tomorrow?

I say, from experience and from intuition and understanding, that you will gain far greater joys through a well-regulated expenditure and a growing bank account, than through many porterhouse steaks, seventy-five-cents-a-pound strawberries and fine frills. The fact that *your own heart desires* a bank account, a growing surplus over necessary expenditures, is proof enough that this is true.

*And the desirable thing is always possible to him who wills it steadily.*

The only way I have ever found for ensuring the reserve is to *dig a canal to the best savings bank in the country*, just as you dig one to the grocer's or the baker's. Count the reserve money *first*, and *let nothing* interfere. Regulate the grocer's canal or the dry goods man's, keep a strict eye on the gasman's; but keep the savings canal well open. When pay day comes set aside the savings *first*, then regulate the other canals and the sundries reserve as well as you can. This is the *only* rule I know of, the only rule the world has ever proved, for getting out of the hole and being *ready* when life presents us with a Great Unexpected.

The savings must come *first*, or it will never come at all.

And it is *all in your mind* that the work is to be done, the change made. As soon as you *make up your mind* that a comfortable surplus for Desirable Emergencies is of more importance to your happiness and progress than high living or fashionable dressing, the battle is won. Until your mind is so made up, to stay,

it will require extra thought and effort to nurse the bank account along. But if you make up your mind with a will and *get interested* in making ends meet, you will *enjoy* the whole process.

But you live so very plainly now? You simply *can't* cut off anything more and be healthy or presentable? *Nonsense!* There is not a family with an income of \$50 a month and no extras, which does not eat more than is good for it! It is said that "one-third of what we eat keeps us, and the other two-thirds we keep at the peril of our lives." I believe it. It is the frills, the unnecessary eatables which cost the most money. With dress it is the same. *Forget how our neighbors* dress and eat, and we can live healthily, happily, artistically, on much less than we do now, and be ready for the Pleasant Unexpected which is hurrying to meet us all.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sensible old-thoughter says, "Save for a rainy day."

The sensible new-thoughter says, "Save for the Day of Opportunity."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Success is the direct result of an attitude of mind.* That is why one man succeeds where his neighbor fails.

The difference between success and failure is the difference between *faith* and *fear*.

Yes, success is the result of intelligent effort, as others have said before me. But *faith is the door by which intelligence comes into us.*

Faith opens the door between soul and mind, the door through which wisdom and power flow into the individual. Faith *expands* the whole mind and body to receive new ideas and energy; and new ideas and energy impel effort. "According to your faith be it unto you."

Fear, apprehension, causes the contraction of mind and body, which prevents the inflow of wisdom and energy. You have only to note your own sensations under either emotion to prove the

point. When you are riding down a steep mountain road see how you instinctively "curl up your toes" and hold your breath. And when you are safely down the first thing you do is to let go and take a long breath.

*The very tiniest fear makes every nerve and cell in your brain and body "curl up its toes" and hold its breath. And every tiniest thought of faith makes it uncurl and take a good breath.*

*Breath is power and wisdom*—as the East Indians have known for thousands of years. Every thought of faith and every full breath lets out some of the kinks made by fear and hurry, and *lets in* new wisdom and energy.

The good old thought of saving is born, not of fear, but of observation and reflection. Water can be "saved" in reservoirs to tide us over the dry periods sure to follow rains. Why then cannot money be stored to tide us over the periods of non-productiveness which come to every soul? And people saw the point and began to save. The Indians died every year in great numbers, before they learned to save their surplus food for the season when game was scarce.

Always, as long as people eat, *somebody* must save for the times of non-productiveness certain to come to every individual. Under our present economic system the individual, for himself and family, must do his own saving or starve. In time we shall be wise enough to band together and do the saving and distributing as a community or a nation.

In the meantime, fear *spurs* the individual to save for the inevitable rainy day, until he wakes up to the fact that he can do in faith what he has been doing in fear. Then the dreaded rainy day becomes the hoped for Day of Opportunity. Then saving becomes a pleasure, mind and body expand to receive new ideas and energy.

And, behold, every day proves itself the Day of Opportunity.

## Going Into the Silence.

By SALVARONA.

"Go, Johnny, and see what the baby's doing, and tell him he mustn't," is the cry of Distracted Experience, in its frenzied, motherly attitude, to the babes, boobies, bores and social burglars. Johnny must be always on the lookout.

"Tell him he mustn't," on general principles. Babies are always blundering.

The terribly cruel, tragic necessities of our own lives sometimes change us into social burglars, persecuting book agents, reporters and advertising vetos, and degenerate babies.

Because Hawthorne congratulated himself on meeting no one on his way back and forth from the post-office, the villagers of Concord voted him queer, and his biographers declared him to be ultra-English, in the exquisite refinements of his sensitiveness.

But Hawthorne knew very well that village human nature was often, very often, gossipy and narrow, and cruel in its intrusiveness. It would give him no peace unless he avoided it. The baby was always into some form of mischief; and, possibly, Hawthorne sometimes contemplated building a social cyclone cellar. Schopenhauer, Tennyson and Thoreau sought the silence for similar reasons. Byron told the Countess of Blessington that he sincerely preferred occasional solitude.

Happiness with savages, degenerates, hooligans, certain lower types of children and maniacs usually implies an eternal deafening element of the gong, the tom tom, the tin can, the tin horn, and the drum, as its condition of expression.

On the other hand, the world's greatest generals, philosophers and statesmen

lived much in the silence. George Washington and Grant were not great talkers. This expression (going into the silence) has, within the past decade, come into popularity among the people of the New Thought.

The movement being a strictly unorganized, free, individualistic expression of the evolved, spiritual consciousness of a mass of the American people. These good folk believe there is strength in silence. To illustrate this principle, it is not impossible that a New Thought poet would insist that Nature's silent moods imply recuperative moods. That there may be spiritual strength, moral gaiety, joviality, glee and merriment in profound silence and quiet; as there may be spiritual weakness, gloom, melancholy and moroseness in laughter, shouts and loud noises.

To many natures the gay, silent repose of a blooming pansy bed is more spiritually strength-instilling than the sublime roar and deafening brawl of Niagara. There is a mirthful rest of the honeysuckle and its visiting, gorgeous, silent butterfly, says the New Thought poet, that seems to beget a more calm strength than the loud voices of the sea. The red, jovial quiet of the roses affects one with a renewed sense of soothing, spiritual power, whilst even the low noise of the sullen, discontented, rustling poplar leaves gives us a sense of spiritual debility. The merry silence of the mosses is, to thousands, spiritually sweeter than the sad noises of the winds in the firs.

To such souls there often seems to be self-evolved a sweeter and more delicate range of profound spiritual sensibility. An ear, which seems to catch the inner harmonies of things.

*I often hear the roses blow,*

*In notes that mortals never know!*

On the other hand, when the fierce intrusion of melancholy thoughts, born of terribly tragic experiences, insists on taking possession of us, a momentary plunge into the thick of the noises of new scenes and people has incalculable value. Our only chance for relief from the horrible insistence of the thoughts of the injustice of others is to crawl clean inside the world's noisy, big drum. This treatment, however, is only for those tragic times when our sorrow becomes so great that our very sanity seems, for the moment, to be weighed in the balance; and, the outside voices of the mad world are, for a time, given a chance to drown the more mad and haunting bitterness and cruelty of the inside voices. Wholly new outside voices and faces, and happy views, are our only conditions of mental salvation; and we must go to seek them.

Thus, to drown some forms of mental pain we must sew it up in a bag and throw it into the Creek of Worldly Noises.

Harmony alone brings mental and moral peace. Where the discord and cause of your pain is inside; and comes from cruel experiences you cannot forget; then seek and find harmony outside of yourself. But, where the cause of your mental pain comes from meeting discordant moral conditions uniformly outside, then seek your harmony in the silence, inside.

The characteristic of genius is its exalted sensitiveness as to discordant mental, spiritual and moral conditions. Hence the necessity of fencing behind secretaries. William Dean Howells detected the fencing habit in Oliver Wen-

dell Holmes. In my own experience I detected it when talking with President Benjamin Harrison, Monsignor Capel, James Sully, the famous English psychologist, Spurgeon, Sir Julius Vogel, Sir Henry Bessemer, Fanny Davenport, Henry Ward Beecher, Lord Mount Temple, Archbishop Ryan, President Grover Cleveland, President Hayes, Philips Brooks, Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Weir Mitchell, General Booth and Talmage.

Experience is self-knowledge; and our greatest moral failures give us a form of self-knowledge we could not gain in any other way. The greater the moral failure—by reason of its subsequent cleansing moral pain—the greater the self-knowledge. We do not travel the same road again. One experience is enough. The heart is deeper than all our philosophies; and we are equally as astonished at our capacity to sin as we are at our capacity to pray.

The meliorism of the New Thought has a deeper sense of truth in it than either pessimism or optimism. Meliorism says you can, with the help of others, change your own condition. Pessimism says such a change is impossible. Optimism says everything is perfect, and always has been, and therefore there is no necessity for change. Going into the silence to better one's condition with the New Thought is to imply the possibility of a hustling meliorism as a mental factor, capable of marshalling helpful ideas to the front.

It takes a big heart of the heroic type to overlook our tremendous moral weaknesses, when we have once proved ourselves worthy of being numbered with the world's galaxy of great fools, and greater sinners.

**"When I come to die I know my keenest regret will be that I suffered myself to be annoyed by a lot of small people and picayune worries, wasting God's good time with both."—Michael Monahan.**

# The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

By ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

[This series of articles is so novel, so original in their style of presentation, 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 Vibration or the basic law of the universe. Miss Fletcher's next article will be entitled, "The Evolution of the Tattvas." Then will come "Universality of the Tattvic Law," "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 IV.

### HOW TO USE THE MASTER-KEY.

The secret of all success in every undertaking is concentration of all energy and all endeavor upon that aim. Remittent effort, with many irons in the fire sharing attention and strength, is a wasting drain upon time and human energy; and never, unless under rarely fortuitous circumstances, produces more than mediocre results.

This importance of concentration is well understood in its bearing upon the material interests in life; but its real potentiality is not even dreamed of until, in connection with the rhythmic breath, it is used to bring the mind under control; and, through the mind, the body. This system of teaching the overcoming of the lower self, by no means belittling the body or any form of matter but recognizing the power and influence of every atom, proves to us in clarion tones of conviction the personal responsibility of all who are endowed with intelligence for the perfection of that body through right thinking.

It is by controlling these bodies of ours first, with all their passions and emotions—none of them designed for our undoing but as schools of strength—that we build the ladders which carry us to unknown, almost unbelievable, heights of intellectual and spiritual power; heights where we *know* that all lasting, enduring power is indissolubly united with, *because proceeding from*, the spiritual force, fed by rhythmic currents of *Tattvic* vibrations of so high and subtle

a character that they are unaffected by the disturbances on the grosser planes of being. Only spiritually can we know them; and in rare, exalted moments they give us a perception of the "Harmony of the Spheres." The source of strength thus opened to one is inexhaustible. Practice will give every human being access to it, for the reservoir is within every soul.

The effective use of the master-key is by means of concentration. Only thus can we gain so firm a hold upon the key that we can unlock and open the magic realm of power to which it gives access.

The practice of *Pranayama* purifies the body through the impetus it gives to the expulsion of all wastes, and it greatly increases the flow of the most favorable *Tattvas*, which, speeding rhythmically over the nerves, clear the channels of all jarring and jangling vibrations,—those irregular and abnormal atomic vibrations which cause disease. In brief, *Pranayama* prepares the way and the stimulus for the ability to exercise the power of concentration.

Concentration is the bridge which spans the gulf between the visible, physical world and the wonderful invisible one of Nature's finer forces. It is the first step in consciously exercising the subconscious mind,—the immediate vehicle of the soul's expression. Only by concentration can we quiet the kaleidoscopic flitting of idle thoughts through the conscious mind. Through their train of upheaving emotions, they are constantly beating upon Nature's harmonious vibra-

tions and throwing them into waves of discord. The moment we arrest the energy-wasting activities of the senses, which furnish much of this mental hash, we bring our minds under control of our souls and give our real selves a chance to live.

The need for the silent period of concentration is the need for meditation, that men may learn to know their spiritual selves. In the rush and turmoil of life this noblest part of being lies latent when not denied. The progress of the race during centuries has been vastly retarded by the mistaken attitude towards the soul. It has been treated as a mysterious something, quite apart from practical affairs, which must be "saved" for the future life; forgetful—yea, for the most part ignorant!—that it is ever and always the immanent present which demands the exercise of the soul. By the conquest of self in that exercise—and the first enemy is selfishness—the soul saves itself and grows to immortal stature.

It is the exaltation of the physical body as the mundane manifestation of self whose needs, comfort, and pleasure are of paramount importance that has made possible the development of the modern curse—Sunday saints who are week-day sinners. The man who knows he is a soul and that every vibration he sends out will return to him, cannot have one set of morals for the first day in the week, and an antagonistic code governing his business dealings and private life.

The cult of the "Power of Silence" arose from the immanent need to save the world from the abyss of materialism into which it has been plunging with its famous seven-leagued-boots of so-called progress. Humanity is just rousing itself to a realization of the depths of degradation to which this mad pursuit of material things as the be-all and end-all of existence is carrying the race. And it is waves of spiritual vibrations, gener-

ated by lofty aspirations in the silence, which are thus stirring the public conscience as never before.

From this leaven are rising insistent demands for ethical standards of conduct governing all human relations, and the time has come when these demands can never be silenced till the principle of the universal brotherhood of man passes from theory into vigorous practice, purifying every branch of government—Municipal and National—and elevating all the activities and relations of life.

This is the real Christ spirit which is to rescue humanity from the present intolerable conditions of sordid grind and vicious selfishness; and it is our privilege and responsibility to aid in thought as well as act in this evolution, of which Horatio Dresser wrote prophetically: "The law of the Christ is the law of organic perfection, the Christ spirit made social is the supreme triumph of all the powers of evolution."

Spiritual thought must descend as a balm to cleanse and to heal the wounds of crime. Not the common vulgar crimes of ignorance or of ungovernable passion which education combats; but the far more dangerous ones—more heinous in the sight of God, more fatal to the soul!—the deliberate, cold-blooded crimes of Satanically immoral intellects which have sacrificed all human welfare and National prosperity to selfish personal greed and ambition. All human moralities melt away before such aims. But they can neither affect nor withstand the force of the stupendous moral wave circling round our sphere.

Every human being, no matter how isolated the life, can aid the cause by right thinking. It is the quality of our thinking that—*through the Tattvas we draw to us*—makes us what we are, and upon which all our influence depends. Dedicate your daily life to high ideals, and in this training of self-control and self-knowledge your soul will increase in sensitive intuition to all promptings

from the creative resources of the Spirit which are infinite.

Horatio Dresser, than whom none has aided more in the cult of spiritual thought, says: "Deep within every human soul there is a dormant intuition which, if it be quickened, will guide us as unerringly as the instinct of the dove, to our home in God" ("Power of Silence"). That "quickening" can be attained only when we *listen for our soul's commands*. This is difficult in the hurly-burly of life till we have made our minds sensitive to the soul's lightest whisper by wooing it in silent concentration.

Remember that we thus raise the *Tattvas* to a subtle plane, which means increasing activity,—vastly increased velocity. This higher rate of vibrations increases the power of the soul to manifest its control over the mind, in fact, puts the two *en rapport* as nothing else can. The strength which the mind thus gains is shared by every nerve and externalized in the increased vigor and vitality of the body. Existence should be made a joy. Only thus can any soul manifest its highest powers. And to this end the daily life as far as it is under personal control, should be ordered with harmony and restraint. Moderation in eating is important and the purer the foods—the substances furnished for these marvelous *Tattvic* activities—the better the results.

The practice of *Pranayama* should precede not follow eating, and when there is extreme physical disturbance—more especially congestions of any sort—it would better be omitted. At such times, alternate breathing—on a count of seven for inhalation and nine for exhalation—aids wonderfully in restoring poise, calming the mind, and soothing pain.

Instead of counting numbers during these exercises, and especially during the held breath, it is best to *think* a rhythmic syllable or phrase, a sacred word or lofty sentiment, the repetition of which holds the attention and promotes harmony. There is a deep significance in this which demands more extended consideration than I can give it now.

In the practice of *Pranayama* and in the period of concentration following it,

the eyes should be closed. This inhibits one disturbing sense-activity, and at the same time discloses to us a marvelous inner vision, whose development, like that of all the senses, depends upon *use*. The first aim of concentration is to withdraw all the senses from every external excitant for this aids powerfully in quieting the mind. Exactly in the measure that we can hold our attention to a given point, do we increase the rate of the *Tattvic* vibrations, and therefore the force of *Prana*.

One of the earliest results of regular and effective practice is the discovery that this internal vision looks upon a marvelous realm of color due to the *Tattvas* which we are able to recognize by their characteristic forms and colors. As these vibrations mingle, they vary from their simple forms to those of bewildering complexity, forming every conceivable geometrical line and figure, and the blended colors producing myriad hues and tints. Many movements whirl around a central dot or vortex, which sometimes gives a sensation of great depth or unfathomable space. This hole, as it were, is *Akasha*, the first vibration which was thrown into undifferentiated matter by the great Primary Cause, Divine Spirit—hence, the beginning of evolution. Sometimes this *Akashic* depth might be described as colorless—a glowing white light—again as black in its intensity. These are the positive and negative phases; then, as the *Vayu* vibrations mingle with the *Akasha*, it changes to very dark blue.

Those who have once seen the wonderful play of light and color within realize for ever and aye that there is a realm where there is no night, and a light that penetrates the densest matter—the light that never was on sea or land.

#### KEY TO PRONOUNCIATION OF SANSKRIT WORDS OCCURRING IN "THE LAW OF THE RHYTHMIC BREATH"

One unvarying rule for the pronunciation of Sanskrit words is that long a's, having the sound of *a* in *ah*, are commonly distinguished in print by the circumflex accent; short a's are without mark and have the sound of *a* in *up*. Thus:—

*Tattva* is pronounced Tutt-vuh (accent about equal on the two syllables).

*Upanishad*—Oo-pun-ish-ud (equal accent also).

*Akasha*—Ah-kah-shuh.

*Vayu*—Vah-you; but between the two syllables there is a suggestion of *ee* as the mouth shapes itself after broad *a* to utter the liquid *you*.

*Tejas*—Tay-jus (last syllable like *jus* of just).

*Apas*—Ah-pus.

*Prithivi*—Pronounced as spelled, giving the vowel the short sound of *i* in *din*, *thin*, *pin*.

*Prana*—Prah-nuh; and *Pranayama*—nah-yah-muh.



### STRENGTH.

*Who is the strong? Not he who puts to test  
His sinews with the strong and proves the best;  
But he who dwells where weaklings congregate,  
And never lets his splendid strength abate.*

*Who is the good? Not he who walks each day  
With moral men along the high, clean way;  
But he who jostles gilded sin and shame,  
Yet will not sell his honor or his name.*

*Who is the wise? Not he who from the start  
With Wisdom's followers has taken part;  
But he who looks in Folly's tempting eyes  
And turns away, perceiving her disguise.*

*Who is serene? Not he who flees his kind,  
Some mountain fastness or some cave to find;  
But he who in the city's noisest scene  
Keeps calm within—he only is serene.*

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## “Speak Ye Comfortably to Jerusalem.”

ELEANOR KIRK.

This does not mean to lie to Jerusalem, although it is the prevalent opinion. The person in trouble apparently needs the encouragement which his case does not warrant—hence misrepresentation, anything—to afford a moment's respite.

Jerusalem is a colossal, heterogeneous, cramped, complicated, sinning, suffering locality where men are tired to death with the burden of their sins though they call it not by that name.

Ancient Jerusalem—if we desire to keep to the external and literal—does not differ much from modern New York, London or Paris in character and tendencies. In fact, the command to speak comfortably to Jerusalem makes it incumbent to speak comfortably to the whole world. There isn't a man or woman on top of it, in jail or out, who does not need the comforting word.

No other adjective expresses the true meaning of the service required. Kind is too superficial and too hackneyed. Tender is too sentimental. We must speak comfortably—that is in a way to suggest deliverance to the sick, sympathy to the troubled and reformation to the sinful. Comforting does not hint even at the slightest glossing over or misrepresentation of the truth.

Speaking comfortably brings the assurance that there is a way out of every trouble. Comfort stands for God's heartiness and encouragement. Translated, its language is always as follows: “Why break your heart over the sinning you have done when it is quite possible to stop and provide a happy record for yourself? Why suffer from sickness when God is your Life and outside Him is not any Life at all?”

This last suggestion may not seem so comforting at first but after a while it

will touch the intelligence and the invalids will come creeping out of their beds and the dying will take another lease of life.

Here is a comforting word. Ponder it. So-called physical suffering is no more respectable than moral sinning. The former is usually produced by the latter—lust, envy, jealousy, falsehood, false views of life, inordinate ambition—being among the chief causes.

If strong enough the comfortable word will heal all of these conditions which so generally obtain, but it is the comforting word spoken to ourselves as well as to others. It is the Christ word relieved of all sharpness and criticism, pressed down and running over with the mighty power of Love.

Happiness cannot be found in sin or sickness. A thief, for instance, is a very miserable and hopeless creature. He first wants something that does not belong to him—covets his neighbor's goods—next he is afraid of being found out and then of being punished.

“How can one speak comfortably to a thief?” some one may ask.

In these peculiar domains of sorrow and suffering it is really best not to cultivate the superior attitude towards our fellows. If we are intelligent we shall know the difference between coddling, excusing, unlawfully shielding and comforting. It is possible to believe the arrest and imprisonment the very best thing that could possibly happen and yet to speak the helpful word.

The comfortable word will lift the thought of permanent disgrace from the sinner's consciousness. There is a world of peace and helpfulness in the following words, “Let him who stole steal no more.” Such a treatment does not re-

quire to be barked or uttered with a long, pharisaical face or with the other-side-of-the-street-attitude. With a clasp of the hand and a smile one may say, "You are getting just what you have earned, my boy, but you needn't keep on getting it. If you persist in your error this punishment is not a circumstance to what will overtake you."

The mission of sin is to destroy itself root and branch. This is accomplished by means of pain and misery indescribable. The human mind and the mortal body can sear up more agonizing situations out of things that have no existence than any other team that was ever harnessed.

*"Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem."*

A very young man was brought before a judge who sometimes saw things that did not appear on the surface. He had a belief that "the things which are seen are temporal and the things which are not seen are eternal." The bench was a very good place for such a man.

The charge was drunkenness and all present thought that the punishment was a very inadequate fit for the crime. It was the youngster's first offence, but the performance had been such a fierce one that there was scarcely a whole piece of furniture or crockery left in his mother's house.

In a private conversation with the culprit the judge evolved the following facts:

"It isn't a pretty word, your honor," said the boy, "and it is a very mean thing for a fellow to talk against his mother, but jaw did it. From the time I can remember I never had anything but jaw. That night she struck me. I rushed out of the house, went into a saloon, took a couple of drinks of whiskey, rushed back and tore things up by the roots."

Subsequent looking into the environment corroborated the chronic "jaw."

This mother was doubtless afraid her boy would fall into temptation and the

breaking up of the house was what her fear and her ignorance accomplished.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the comfortable speech will be taken advantage of. Many parents keep their children at arm's length and are forever warning and reproving them; but these are the ones who are eluded and cheated.

The truth of the comfortable word is what gives it its power. Neither the claim of so-called friendship is in it, nor the desire momentarily to mitigate the consequences of a sinful act. To speak comfortably is to speak with God's Love. Those who are not ready for the comfortable word are in a sad state indeed, and those who fear to speak it are in a sadder one.

The obligation is upon us to speak comfortably to Jerusalem. We must learn how to do this, and as we are all inhabitants of that city which stands for the earth, it behooves us to clothe the right thoughts comfortably for our own growth in grace, happiness and usefulness. We must tell ourselves the truth with a pardoning smile and a knowledge that personal scolding and fault-finding are far removed from the qualities of the Divine Mind as the so-called basest of sins. When we are able to grasp this truth we can be of great practical, as well as spiritual help to others. Love—*real* love—does not scowl or vituperate. It is warm and sunny and awakens a response wherever it is found.

*"Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem."*

Speak *ye*—now, today, this minute.

If you cannot or will not speak comfortably, don't speak at all.

You know how hungry you have been and still are for the comfortable word. So is every one you meet. Tell them as you are now told that God is their Life and tell them to stick to the statement night and day. It will lead them out of the roar and confusion of the great striving city up the steps of Mt. Zion, and then shall they be able to send comfortable *thoughts* about as well as to speak comfortably unto Jerusalem.



By  
Floyd B. Wilson.

## THE GOAL.

The goal sought for by all mankind is freedom. Freedom from thralldom, whether contained within the shackles of ancient or modern religious creeds, or within prejudices which are the outgrowth of environment and false teachings. Truth leads to freedom, for truth is freedom while error is slavery. Truth is progress, light and heaven. Error is defeat, darkness and hell.

Until one has unfolded so that he is willing to accept truth, no matter what belief or idol is destroyed thereby, he is not ready to stand with the progressive ones ushering in the dawn of the new era with its glad song of joy. Some give up error little by little, because they love it as they do their bad habits; and yet error and bad habits alike are evils that drop away from one when he ceases to love them. If one questions this statement, I ask he reflect a little and it will be clear to him. Desire for anything quickened into love may be made an irresistible attracting force. Self-criticism indulged in till it becomes self-condemnation is a weakness, a remnant of a morbid inward affection for what one in his full intellectual manhood detests.

The path to freedom is only entered through the gateway of self-control. At that gateway one should take a mental inventory and drop there his load of false theories, false beliefs, worn-out dogmas and narrow prejudices. If he in

his self-examination at that time passes over all questions as to where, how and when he loaded his mentality up with all these burdens, and simply takes cognizance of the fact that he finds himself weighed down with an unworthy load which he desires to drop, then without a sigh turns his back upon them, it will be proof that his love has now mounted higher and has grasped the true and rejected the false. Few have so critically studied their combined emotions, feelings, reasonings, as to discover that their own faults, whims and vices could only secure firm hold upon them, because of the fact of this perverse love which had a natural growth from seeds sown in the subconscious through wanton and exceptional desires harbored in the past. Habits to be discarded must be uprooted like weeds in the gardens that choke the growth of the plants it is the desire to cultivate and improve. One's habit of thinking brings forth the seeds called thoughts, and these seeds are hurled to subconsciousness by a natural law. Thoughts are serious things, and they find their origin either in love or fear. If found in fear the image created is repellant rather than attractive; and yet the mental eye is turned to it again and again, bearing the suggestions it emanates to subconsciousness precisely as if they were sent there by true desire and love. The continued mental drawing of them could not be because of hate for them—it must be because of a sort of infatuation which can exist only through perverse love. This is why a multitude in this world are going forward feeling life a tread-mill, and the world at large a mental realm filled with unsatisfied

longings, blasted hopes, and dismal failures. The key to happiness is right thinking, and it can never be held secure until one has buried forever the phantom will-o-the-wisp named fear.

One thing the student should always remember and that is that he must work out his own way to freedom. Others may suggest but he must do the work. If the path to freedom starts from the mental plane called self-control, no little calm reflection is necessary that he may know he has passed that point, for then only can he enter the right path.

The goal is somewhat shifting, because one seldom wraps his whole being about a single ideal; and also he quickly reaches out to other ideals as one after another of those sought is won. As new ones are seen or are created by thought, through man's mental sense of hearing is being wafted to him continually the refrain of the joyous song of progress, "onward, onward." Progression to higher things is an eternal law of the soul, and even the passing of it from the physical cannot limit its unfolding. It is not a wish or desire as to the future that determined this—it is a universal law of human life that the soul must expand and grow. Death or separation from the physical body does not bar soul development. It is the unseeable ego of being only that is real, and its unfoldment is now known to be as limitless as thought. One presses forward to a particular goal; and, upon arrival there, new ideals have been presented to consciousness so that he may not recognize when a desire is attained, for there in the distance he sees what has now become his goal and it is still beyond. Swinbourne with his brilliant imagery caught this truth and in full harmony with the philosophy I am presenting wrote:

"The waves are a joy to the sea-mew,  
the meads to the herd,

And a joy to the heart is a goal that it  
may not reach.

No sense that for ever the limits of sense  
engird,

No hearing or sight, that is vassal to  
form or speech,

Learns ever the secret that shadow and  
silence teach,

Hears ever the note that or ever they  
swell, subside,

Sees ever the light that lights not the  
loud world's tide,

Clasps ever the cause of the lifelong  
scheme's control

Where though we pursue, till the waters  
of life he dried.

The goal that is not, and ever again the  
goal.

Friend, what have we sought or seek we,  
whate'er betide,

Though the seaboard shift its mark from  
afar descried.

But aims whence ever anew shall arise to  
the soul,

Love, thought, song, life, but show for a  
glimpse, and hide

The goal that is not, and ever again the  
goal."

This receding goal so poetically described by Swinbourne is but another proof of the boundlessness of human growth. The thought breathed by the poet in these lines, recognizing the secret of progress beyond the limits of sense, and revealed only in "shadow and silence" is a truth, that only they may learn who have worked and wrought in the deep valley of silence.

The goal sought can be won, and yet when won another and another appear. Life can know no stagnation. With each unfoldment a broader and broader vista arises. The goal has not receded, but in the mental evolution attained by up-reaching and work a grander and a nobler desire has been born lifting

thought to higher aims and holier purposes.

This upliftment points to the absolute; and is in one sense the striving of the human to blend itself with the universal—to lose itself by finding God. As each advance is made, more of the infinite is compassed and is given expression to in one's daily life. Man adds to his power as the divine unfolds within his selfhood. Each new awakening gives keenness to desire which gradually becomes so broadened and intensified that it loses all selfish purpose. To uplift man, to do good in the world, become then both a purpose and an ambition. When this height is reached one may know that he is blending himself with and into the Universal, that the Christ within is unfolding, that he has here in earth life entered into the Kingdom of Heaven, and therefore the highest of goals may be won, and his only limitations are represented by his desires and purposes.

#### ABOUT AURAS.

##### From Reason.

The theory of the aura is an old one, coming down from the earliest times. The halo of the Christian saints is a part of this teaching. This aura changes with the thoughts, emotions, will and character.

It is said that clergymen, scientists, fashionable ladies and curiosity seekers are among its students.

Avarice is dark red, and malice dark blue. When people learn their own character, through their aura, many desire to exchange colors for something brighter and more representative of goodness; but this can only be done by changing character.

A person in perfect health, full of hope and ambition, with high, unselfish affection, will radiate pink. A mother with strong, true, maternal instinct will be surrounded by a lavender aura. The color of the sensualist's soul is dark red.

Red vibrations denote a life concerned mostly with the physical. A black, forbidding mist surrounds the person about to die. The aura of a jealous person is a strange and forbidding atmosphere to look upon. The aura of intense hate is a sooty blackness, with flashes of red through it, as we see the lightning flashes through dark clouds. Pure religious feeling is indicated by a deep blue. Selfish religious feeling is characterized by streaks of red through the blue. Gray denotes fear. High intellect is denoted by the pale yellow aura,—a deeper yellow denotes a stronger intellect, and a brownish yellow, the lower type of intellectuality. Pride has a deep orange tint. Sympathy is pale greenish gray. High, unselfish affection is deep pink, etc.

St. Paul, in one of his letters, speaking of the future, refers to a time when we shall see as we are seen and know as we are known; and Bobbie Burns prayed the Supreme Power for the gift to see ourselves as others see us.

If, indeed, men could see themselves as they are seen by angel friends, and by clairvoyant sensitives about them, they would want to change their character and their aura, or pray for the rocks to hide them from the all-seeing eyes of the spirit realm.—From *Reason*.

#### THE SIMPLE LIFE.

*To be tender;*

*To be kind;*

*To be able to bear our trials bravely;*

*To decide without prejudice;*

*To rise above suspicion;*

*To look for the beautiful and the good  
in precious common things about us;*

*To let the song of inward trust and  
peace rise to our lips and permeate  
our lives.*

*This is the Simple Life.*

*Ruth Sterry.*

## Benjamin Franklin.

With One Exception the Greatest American of His Age.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.



Benjamin Franklin.

If Benjamin Franklin had lived in the present century he would have been quite at home, in many ways, as a New Thought teacher.

His own philosophy and teachings were far in advance of the age in which he lived. It is doubtful if they have ever been equalled for sound common sense and all-around utility.

Franklin was one of the few great types of a well balanced man. In him the practical, mental and spiritual were blended together in harmonious proportions.

I have just been reading his autobiography, and have been greatly interested and surprised to learn that so broad and truly liberal and tolerant a man could have grown up and flourished at that time.

Franklin was born at Boston, January 17, 1706. His parents were poor, and he was taught the value of industry and frugality very early in life.

When about sixteen years of age he happened to read a book recommending a vegetarian diet. He became a convert

and proposed to his brother, to whom he was then apprenticed, that his brother allow him half the price he was then paying for his (Benjamin's) board and he would board himself. This offer was promptly accepted, and young Franklin soon found that he could live on *half the amount allowed him by his brother.* Thus you see that Franklin, as a vegetarian, lived comfortably on exactly one-fourth the amount which his brother had been paying for his board. And yet we often hear the argument advanced that a vegetarian diet is more expensive than one of meat!

The manner in which he afterwards came to abandon (to a great extent) his vegetarian practices is both characteristic and amusing. On his first voyage from Boston to Philadelphia the ship was becalmed off Block Island, and the crew employed themselves in catching cod. Franklin, being a follower of Tryon, whose book on vegetarianism he had read, looked upon the taking of fish as a sort of unjustified murder. But he had formerly been a great lover of fish, and when these cod were taken from the frying-pan "they smelled admirably well." So he began to cast about in his mind for a good reason for returning to the flesh pots. He happened to remember that he had seen fish opened who had smaller fish in their stomachs, and he reasoned that if they ate one another it could not be wrong for man to eat them! So he fell from grace and enjoyed a meal of cod. He naively adds to this recital: "*So convenient a thing it is to be a REASONABLE CREATURE, since it enables one to find or make a REASON for everything one has a mind to do.*"

Franklin believed in God as an all-wise Goodness, the fountain of all wisdom and light, and that he served God best who served his fellow men the best. At nineteen we find him publishing a pamphlet which had for its motto these lines of Dryden:

"Whatever is, is right. But purblind man

Sees but a part o' the chain, the nearest links;

His eyes not carrying to that equal beam,  
That poises all above."

The purport of this pamphlet was to prove that *all is right*, reasoning from the ground that God was infinitely wise, good and powerful. He afterwards receded somewhat from this position, at least to the extent of believing that "though certain actions might not be bad *because* they were forbidden by it, (Revelation) or good *because* it commanded them, yet probably those actions might be forbidden *because* they were bad for us, etc."

Being blessed with a rare intuitional power to perceive the cause back of common, every-day effects, we are not surprised to find that Franklin understood the true laws of health far better than almost anyone else of his age. In his "Dialogue with the Gout" he makes Madame Gout say: "If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations, at least, should be active, etc., etc." And in his essay on "The Art of Procuring Pleasant Dreams," he gives us the best of advice about eating and drinking moderately, *breathing an abundance of fresh air*, etc. "It is recorded of Methuselah," he says, "who, being the longest liver, may be supposed to have best preserved his health, that he slept always in the open air; for when he had lived five hundred years an angel said to him: 'Arise, Methuselah, and build thee an house, for thou shalt live yet five hundred years longer.' But Methu-

selah answered and said: 'If I am to live but five hundred years longer it is not worth while to build me an house; I will sleep in the air as I have been used to do.'"

Of all that Franklin wrote nothing has been so widely read and quoted as the "Sayings of Poor Richard." In his homely, practical style Poor Richard stated the foundation principles of success. The foundations of success, he taught, were *industry and frugality*. Temperance was a still greater factor, because without temperance and self-control you cannot practice either industry or frugality.

"Time is money," was another point that Poor Richard was wont to drive home.

We have the greatest sympathy with the publisher of a newspaper in those days, for verily his lot was hard. When Franklin first started his newspaper in Philadelphia, the postmaster, publisher of a rival paper, refused to allow Franklin's paper to be carried in the post. Some years later Franklin himself became postmaster, but was too liberal to take revenge on his predecessor, as he might easily have done.

Franklin was a pioneer in all reforms that would benefit the people, and his keen, unerring judgment and intuitional insight combined with his great practical ability enabled him to select for his attention only those reforms that were really useful, and to carry them forward to success where almost any other man would have failed.

In connection with securing official recognition for needed reform he says: "Those who govern, having much business on their hands, do not generally like to take the trouble of considering and carrying into execution new projects. The best public measures are therefore seldom adopted from previous wisdom, but forced by the occasion."

## Briefs.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

\* \* \* Cold, clear and O! so windy. Winter in everything but snow. (New England Yankees always talk about the weather first.)

\* \* \* *The Nautilus* family has struck another streak of expansion. We have been looking at little houses and big houses; furnished houses and empty houses; brick houses and wooden houses; houses to rent and houses to buy. Even land upon which to build houses. The editor is not going to rest until she gets a more or less permanent home for *Nautilus*. Expansion is in the air.

\* \* \* So it happened that in the course of human events, I had to leave my desk and warm, sunny corner this cold and windy day, and after our dinner at Kostenbader's (we eat dinner at noon like white folks—and New England country folk) go house looking.

\* \* \* How women folks do enjoy house looking. Anyhow, Mrs. Towne enjoys it better than eating or reading Harper's magazine.

\* \* \* This afternoon we spent about three hours inspecting a house, and Mrs. T—planned in detail where Leila's room was to be, where our own offices were to be; where the mailing-room would be, etc., etc. This is the 'steenth time she's made these plans, each time for a different place. She thinks its quite a game,—this home hunting—and I console myself with the thought that I'm getting a lot of exercise in the open air, which otherwise I wouldn't get.

\* \* \* Here is a puzzle. See if you can solve it. This morning I received a letter from a good friend enclosing \$1.00. The letter reads as follows: "Enclosed find one dollar. 50. 25. 6." The puzzle is to find out what this good friend wants for her dollar. No one in the *Nautilus* office could tell, so we've written her to elucidate.

\* \* \* We get some queer letters from foreigners who are not yet quite masters of the English language. One native of a sunny southern island wrote me concerning a certain book of ours, saying: "I will buy it, but before

please say me, the sooner possible, how much money more of the twelve cents I must send to you for expenses of post-office registered." And in a later letter: "If this letter arrive delayed send them after the soonest."

## COLUMN OF

CRISP SAYINGS  
FROM EVERYWHERE.

*All our readers are invited to contribute to this column the bright, original things they hear said at new thought meeting or church or lecture, or in private conversation. Where possible give name of speaker, and name the occasion and place where the crisp saying was heard; and always sign your full name and address to the report. Upon request we will leave your name out of the published report.—E. T.*

Thoughts from the Sunday morning lecture of Mrs. Margaret La Grange, October 29, 1905, at the First Church of the New Thought, 94 Miami avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Dying doesn't mean *much*. *Cowards die*, when they fear to live. *Brave men live on*, and overcome the obstacles.

You cannot *live* on a dead past experience.

I care not whether it squares with your theology or the text books of religion old or new—you cannot live on a past conversion, it must be received each day. You can't cook with the fire you had yesterday.

We should not crush the ideals of the young—rather pray that they may succeed where we have failed.

Don't get into a rut and crystallize there.

Don't think you are great just because you are not understood. It's easier to understand great people than small ones.

There's no good wrapped in the unseen, undeveloped, but draws nearer with every right effort.

There's something wrong with the woman who is content with a poodle dog, a French novel and a dude for company. We have got to have different men and women from that to develop the race.

They say the Lord made the world, but judging from the wails made by some preachers and newspaper writers it looks as if the devil is to put on the finishing touches. I have considerable respect for the old fellow, since I learned that he started with a capital of one small snake, and now he has about one-half the world, and an option on the other half.

## The Editors Abroad.

### ST. LOUIS AND WASHINGTON.

On the map St. Louis looks not unlike a lady's fan wide spread to the west, the sticks meeting in a bend of the Mississippi river, which wriggles its muddy way down the outside sticks.

We entered from the west, flew down one of the fan's middle sticks, and came to a standstill pretty close to the place where the fan sticks meet at the river. We found ourselves in an enormous station, where we checked our suit cases before sallying forth to see St. Louis. We had from seven in the morning until 11.35 at night to see a big city in. We saw a lot, and we carried away a strong impression of St. Louis. We feel that we did quite as well as Poultney in Panama.

And our visit to St. Louis included a three or four hours' residence at the big Southern Hotel, where we bathed, napped and lunched on the good things provided by our generous friends at the Unity quarters in Kansas City, reinforced by the most delicious coffee and *real* cream and Vienna bread ever served—the while our traveling suits were being cleaned and pressed by the hotel folks!

St. Louis is an odd mixture of splendid buildings and tumble down shacks; fine boulevards, littered and dirty, with miles of as handsome stone and pressed brick residences as we saw anywhere, nearly all facing tenement houses or dingy shops on the other side of the street. And massive public buildings grimed with coal smoke. St. Louis is full of northern thrift and enterprise; and it is apparently just as full of post-bellum down-at-the-heeledness, shiftlessness, squalor; all happily hobnobbing together.

One of St. Louis' special features is

its hotels. So many really *fine* hotels, and such perfect service at reasonable cost. And such immense places!

We went first to the famous "Planters' Hotel," which was full to the brim. This hotel is more modern than the Southern, and the Jefferson (built for the Exposition), and one or two others are still newer. Any one can accommodate 1100 or 1200 people at a time without crowding, and they say they are all full nearly all the time.

The Southern is one of the largest. It is 225 feet square and six or eight stories high, with the largest hotel rotunda in the world, running entirely through the building each way, like a great Greek cross, 225 feet across. This rotunda is of marble, plain and fine. The rooms are very large, the ceilings on the parlor floor, at least, very high. We had one of the choicest parlor suites, furnished in rich, old things, heaviest of velvet carpets, massive canopy bed; but lighted and heated in the most approved fashion, and with the finest of white tiled marble and silver trimmed bath room and appliances. And the place was spotless, the lace curtains purest white, bed linen and towels immaculate and service perfect. I could imagine those fine old Southern aristocrats coming there and feeling *at home*. Nothing showy at the Southern, but everything clean and good clear through, and rich and fine enough for the finest. And nobody so busy that he or she (we found a woman at the desk when we left) was not ready to answer pleasantly every inquiry. The Southern is the one hotel we found in our travels where we wanted to live! Such a paragon deserves special mention.

And I surmise that we would have been nearly or quite as well pleased with the Planters' Hotel, where we found most obliging people who sent a trim and courteous bell boy to show us their elegant wedding suite and their famous

oriental parlor. And, by the way, it was the lady at the Southern who suggested that we see the Planters' fine rooms before we go. Imagine a Northern city hotel man—or clerk—expatiating on the beauties of his rival's house! It wouldn't be business;—and anyway he wouldn't have time.

Perhaps it is the leaven of Southern "shiftlessness" which makes St. Louis such a comfortable place to live in.

Yes, we went out to see the St. Louis Exposition grounds and buildings, at the center of the western edge of the St. Louis fan. Nearly everything was dismantled and some of the buildings are torn down. The place looked the more forlorn for the reminders of greatness and beauty which still remain. We walked clear across the grounds, from one entrance to the other, and visited the one accessible building, called a museum, I believe; which looks more like a junk shop catch-all for the remains of exhibits not worth packing away. The "Grand Basin and Cascades" are now a shallow weed-grown suggestion of a "sunken garden"—which made us proud of the broad and beautiful lake on the Lewis and Clark fair grounds!

The St. Louis exposition grounds reminded us of a fair city devastated. For the place must have appeared as a city, built compactly, every foot of land serving a special purpose; while at the Lewis and Clark the beautiful grounds were a prominent and harmonious setting for artistic and artistically arranged buildings. At St. Louis there was a great city the world will never forget, of which the world carries a hurried, blurred impression. At Portland's fair there was a beautiful community of homes, each individual, each in its proper place and appropriate setting—not too complex or solid a picture to carry forever in one's portfolio of rosy dreams.

After we had gazed and gazed at St.

Louis, up one street and down another, and up and down again, in stores and out,—some of the stores were fine and solid inside and out, like the Southern hotel, and some of the shoppers were most handsomely gowned for the horse show held that afternoon—until it grew dusk, and the millions of lights came twinkling out; and were as happy and tired as could be; we went down again to the Union Station—largest and maybe not the grimmest in the world—to find our berths in the Pennsylvania train, which was to take us on to Washington.

Our fresh-pressed suits very carefully folded away to keep them nice for the capitol city, we went to sleep like two babies, snug as two bugs in a rug; roused up a minute to peek out at midnight at the old Father of Waters, as we passed over into East St. Louis; and slept the sleep of innocents abroad or at home, until seven o'clock the next morning.

All day we flew through beautiful green lands, rolling and clean and well cared for, through Illinois and Indiana and southern Ohio, which seem to stretch endlessly ahead and behind and on either hand a sea of swelling green, with neat homes and pleasant villages riding peacefully.

Through Indianapolis and Columbus we passed, and near dusk we entered Pennsylvania. Soon the lights of Pittsburgh shone ahead and we came to rest for three hours in the city of iron and natural gas and Carnegie and smoke and skyscrapers. We supped in the big station eating room and then went for a walk through brilliantly lighted streets with tall buildings towering above us on either hand. We met many well dressed, pretty women, being escorted to the theatres, and everywhere were comfortable workingmen, going leisurely to and fro.

Pittsburg seemed strong and steady rather than bustling.

The next morning we waked in Baltimore, which appeared to us a succession of tunnels, with flashes of blue sky and bare two-story wooden houses. By the time we got through the tunnels there was nothing to see but more wooden houses against blue sky.

Then *qui vive* for Washington! From Baltimore on we glimpsed the real South. This country was a taste of Southern slipshodness, almost untouched by the spirit of enterprise of either North or South. Such neglected, forlorn houses. Almost worse than the naked wooden houses set down in the sun and sand of the far West. But the South looks as if it were still in mourning, still bereft of its brave masters and sons, still minus the directing force which must once have made green glory of that lovely land.

As we neared Washington the country lost some of its unkempt look. Washington's environs are not so bare as Baltimore's.

And Washington itself is great! We arrived at the dirty little Pennsylvania station—which is to be discarded for the finest union station on earth, built and owned by the government and the Pennsylvania system in partnership—at 11.30 Friday morning, October 13. We went to the Raleigh hotel on Pennsylvania avenue, across the street from the big government building where the general postoffice and the U. S. Postal Department dwell together in amity, whence the latter dispatch Uncle Sam's sleuths to track the unwary publisher.

Pennsylvania avenue is the broad path that cuts across lots straight as the crow flies from the capitol building to the White House. They tell about the wobbly calf that made the path followed today by Boston's Washington street. I can imagine George Washington making tracks up the path of Pennsylvania avenue—the Father of his country, with queue and coat tails streaming and cane

a-thump, padding straight out from the back door of the Capitol to see if the workmen were doing his new White House right. For George Washington laid the cornerstone of that White House, and lived to see the building completed.

John Adams was the first occupant of the presidential home in 1800. And many a time he must have hurried out of the back door of the Capitol and streaked it home to Dorothy and dinner. And because these good men and brave went straight and didn't wobble Washington has Pennsylvania avenue cutting clean across lots. And Pennsylvania avenue is wide, perhaps because Dorothy was such a delightful hostess and John took many friends home to dine. And now this mile-long path, which once ran through fields and woods, is smoothly paved and lined on either side with handsome buildings.

(To be concluded in April NAUTILUS.)

### The Masterpiece.

Year in, year out, he wrought,  
Arduous, of himself taught:  
From far and near, from deep and high,  
He learning got.

Each work in prayer he brought;  
"Lord, let my work lack nought!"  
Still lore and toil, desire and sigh  
Availed not.

One day in play he wrought  
A little thing unthought.  
Lo, 'neath his hand did beauty lie!  
It came unsought.

—Grace Norton in *Harper's*.

# THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

*A Correspondence Department.*

*Conducted by The Editor.*

*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 each number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.*

*To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send \$5.00 in money, in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters.*

—EDITOR.

## Letter No. 7.

Our success in any calling, adaptability presupposed, is the exact equivalent of the will power, force, determination and perseverance we put into it.

A stream can rise no higher than its source.

The power developed in the steam engine is the exact equivalent of the pounds pressure on the piston rod. And our attainments are the exact equivalent of the will pressure behind our actions. We may have a splendidly equipped engine, perfect in all its parts, capable of developing immense power, but which remains inert, and powerless until steam is turned on.

There are men who are splendidly equipped, perfect in all their parts, capable of developing great powers, but who remain inert, powerless, through the low pressure of their desires, ambitions and will power.

Desire is the incentive and will the propelling power behind all action.

The I can't is the engine without steam.

The I can is the engine with a full head on.

All men who have achieved grandly, have been men of indomitable will, perseverance and conviction that knew no doubts, for our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.

Such a man overrules difficulties, circumstances and environment, and starts them moving his way, as the strong current carries with it all surrounding objects that come within its vortex. Opposition exhausts itself against such a will, as the waves dashing against the rock fall back upon themselves. Such qualities presage success.

All great reforms have concentrated in the will of one man, who had convictions that amount to inspiration, and which all the contumely and persecution of the world could not shatter. Gathering force he becomes irresistible, and men rally around him as a center of light and energy.

For one indomitable will, with unwavering convictions, will inspire thousands to action. Napoleon infuses his own unconquerable spirit into his soldiers, bearing them to victory on the current of his imperial will.

Will strongly, act promptly and keep a full head of steam on.

For weakling ne'er wins the goal.

If our desires and ambitions are at low pressure, we should proceed at once to get up steam, for will power can be generated, with the fuel of persistent application and effort, and our desires and ambitions can be fired by the examples that noble lives and grand achievements afford us.—Wheeler H. Smith, 1316 Abriend avenue, Pueblo, Cal.

## Letter No. 8.

Keeping persistently at it makes for success.

The right road is opened once and perhaps many times to every human being.

The trouble is we are not trained to see for what we are best fitted.

A farmer's daughter with a great desire to make some spending money without leaving home and the old folks—found the way opened for her—when a friend was about to be married and go to Boston to live.

The girl friend had been the village scribe for a nearby city daily. A political friend asked me to take up the work. I readily agreed and was soon making \$25 where the friend had made \$5.

Not satisfied, I insisted on working for the rival daily in the same city. The editors were bitter enemies and each said they would not use my copy unless I worked for them exclusively.

Feeling that I could supply their wants better than any one else in the village I insisted. The editors' fight with each other was not my fight, and I refused to take it up, but continued to do my work for both until I was grad-

uated to the list of four Philadelphia dailies.

The nearby papers still accept all I send to them.

Some of the home folks, who could have been the greatest help to me did everything to hinder my success.

A brother in a fit of anger threatened to kill me, but I remembered the motto of one of the papers—hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may.

If one keeps on in their own God given course, the enemies are pretty sure, sooner or later, to turn to friends.

The barriers were all surmounted and when thrown upon the world, I could take care of myself by the use of the pen, but ere long Prince Charming insisted on taking care of me, and even now in the midst of my happy home, I cannot resist going to my desk each day, for there is so much good to be done in the world by the pen. It is mightier than the sword.—June Aroe.

#### Letter No. 9.

While thinking, "what is success?" the answer came, "wise use of power." This was not explicit or complete enough; so, whenever I had time, I "thought it up" in the silence; and the following is a condensation: What is success? Wise use of power. What is power? Concentrated essence of understanding. What is understanding? Properly digested and assimilated knowledge. What is knowledge? Perception and observation of experience. What is experience? Gratified desire. What is desire? Primitive thought. What is thought? Soul action. What is soul? Spirit's instrument of expression. Desire, thought and experience, bring knowledge, understanding and power; and wise use of power, IS success.—A. TODDLER.

Don't think the success letters must be long, the shorter the better! And don't think you must cover *all* the points that make for success, nor even the most important ones. Rather tell us about *the one* thing which helped you or your friends to succeed at some particular crisis—the one thing which impressed you.

Take that Letter No. 1 in February *Nautilus* as an instance of one kind of letter we like for this department—from most of our letter writers. Once in a while a good statement of the principles of success will help us—such a letter as No. 7—but as a rule one little personal impression and application of a single principle is more helpful. And it is helpfulness we are aiming for in this department, rather than comprehensiveness or literary merit in any one letter.

Everybody in *The Nautilus* office read the

letters last month, and great was the discussion!—after the voting. We asked for votes first, so as to get the real first impression upon the readers.

Nearly all the girls voted for Letter No. 6, by Garfield Inwood! Some of them voted for No. 1, by C. P. Watts, and one voted for No. 5, by Mrs. Rose Johnson.

After the discussion the honors were a little nearer even between Nos. 1 and 6. And some of the parents of the girls thought No. 1 the best, which was Mr. Towne's choice and mine.

So we decided to call it a tie between No. 6 and No. 1, and shall be glad to have each send in directions as to the disposal of the two subscriptions to which each is entitled. And we thank them for their good letters.

*Observation:* That Letter No. 1 appealed to me personally (aside from its literary merit) because it brought home a principle of success which in me needs cultivation. I am too brusque and outspoken, and if my way is questioned I am very apt to express my opinion. I *need*, you see, to "install" an "Aim to Please." I need that as a *principle* by which to square my thought and action. I have had it installed (in other words), for a dozen years or so, and I live in hopes that some day I shall, by practice, sink that principle into my subconscious self as a real *instinct*, which will *impel* me, without the effort of thinking, to please others rather than to assert myself at inopportune times.

Some of the girls in the office who voted for that letter are a little like me!

After the discussion Anna was the one girl who could see very little in Letter No. 1. "Why, such a motto tends to toadying, flattery, time-serving."

Anna's most prominent characteristic is *tact*. She has the *instinct* to please; and anyone, with that instinct recognizes the possibility of temptation to flatter, toady, deceive, unless *other principles govern*—as with Anna herself. So Anna's soul repudiated the motto which she does not need.

So, I see that *all* mottos are good for some people, and perhaps for all people at some time in their lives. And I see that *each soul selects according to its needs, from the mottos or ideas presented to it*.

And I see that the thing which helps one person is sure to help others. That is why I think *one* thing which has helped you, if well presented, will be of greater benefit to others than many preachments on the principles of success. Illustrations and single ideas well presented are remembered where preachments go in one ear and out the other at a mile-a-minute clip.—ELIZABETH TOWNE.

## THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

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

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

H.—Yes, "it can be done." But I am not enough of a chemist to tell you what things to use.

E. S.—I have heard of palsy being healed by new thought methods, but have not known personally of such a case.

W. E. K.—You certainly can assist your husband, or any other relative or friend, in the working out of his plans. We are all joined together by an invisible network of "wireless telegraphy" lines by which we communicate more or less consciously. Keep mum and send your husband by the wireless line your faith, and your thoughts of love and good will and co-operation, and your affirmations of wisdom and power within himself. *He will surely respond.*

E. M. D.—As a rule it is better that the husband be older than the wife, or at least as old. But there are certainly exceptions. Some women are young at fifty and some men are old at twenty-five. Not the age of the body but of the soul, should be considered. No hard and fast rules will serve—the individuals must decide for themselves whether they are mated. Personally, I should not consider even twenty-five years one way or the other, a bar to marriage. And history records many happy marriages and companionships where the woman was older than the man. Some of the best marriages of the present day are of the same sort. Until they are well along in life many women haven't gumption enough to manage a husband. It takes an old experienced hand to do much with some men!

W. G. D.—It is *between* the "severe attacks" of a disease that one must do the healing! Neuralgia is made possible by a resentful, fretting, bitter frame of mind. *Let go your troubles, love your enemies*, and neuralgia will disappear. A great *help* in letting go and loving is *plenty of outdoor exercise and full breathing*. It is inactive, anemic, shallow breathing people who are too weak to let go their worries and to love their enemies. Ever notice that when you feel particularly well your "troubles" seem less? There's a reason—exercise, breathing, etc., develop nervous energy, health, strength, power. The things which burden a weak, nervous person are mere bagatelles to a strong one. Moral: Live naturally, actively, *breathe*; then you will have the necessary power to control yourself and transmute your troubles into joys.

TROUBLED SUBSCRIBER.—The "brooding over it" is the cause of the whole thing. Those who "exchange glances" over her have doubtless forgotten that little childish fault.

Their glances and grins have to do with *her present gawkinsness and queerness*, not with her childish mistake. *She* thinks of the old fault, and by so doing she makes herself awkward and self-conscious, unnatural. I have known children to do far worse things in childhood, and yet grow up beautiful, care-free and generally beloved and respected by those who had known them all their lives. But they *forgave themselves*, and forgot all about their childish mistakes. So did everybody else—as they always will unless the child grows up self-conscious, *sin-conscious*, making no good use of its opportunities to develop itself mentally and physically and spiritually. People can live down any mistake of youth if they begin in their own minds. Humanity loves to forgive, and in the end it always glorifies him or her who lives down things. *And it is never too late to begin.* Let the one of whom you write begin to displace those thoughts of dead things with a real, live interest in, and love for, those about her, living her life cheerfully, helpfully, and she will have taken the first long step in the desired direction.

M. H. B.—(1.) I would give a child of six years, or of any age, all the Bible stories that are attractive to a child; and I would explain the stories in the light of new thought, *as the child's questions gave me opportunity.* (2.) What relation a child sustains toward God? Teach it the truth; that it and the Father are one; that its body is the temple of God; that its heart is heaven where God is; that its thoughts are God's good angels for carrying joy to the child and the world. (3.) Yes, I would teach a child to "pray in the old-fashioned way," but possibly not in the old-fashioned words, and I hope not in the old-fashioned spirit of intercession to an austere and capricious God outside itself. (4.) Yes, I believe the Greeks were not far from the truth—that God is the soul of all things, nature the many-membered body. (5.) There are many delightfully new thought songs in every hymn book and children's song book. Look for them! I know of nothing special in that line. (6.) When a child gets to teasing better isolate it, in a quiet, pleasant place, until it comes to its good will again. But if you slap the child you will spoil the good effects of the sequestration cure or any other. (7.) I know of nothing special in that line. (8.) The proof of inspiration is that the writing appeals to human needs in all ages and climes. What answers this test better than the Bibles of different countries? They are not the only inspired writings, but surely they show the most inspiration to the page.

## New Thought in the Kitchen

Conducted by R. M. FLETCHER BERRY.

There are many who believe the devil directly responsible for the origin of coffee because of its diabolic effect upon themselves. Others so glorify the powers of the little Arabian bean that one would think its birth the opposite extreme, at the very least a straggler from the Garden of Eden. Coffee seems a name to conjure with; such violence of argument, such champions of opposite opinion instantly arise at its mention as subject of discussion, a bean of just such properties as to appeal to and affect the people of America, now known as a nation of coffee drunkards. Undoubtedly the devil was and is to blame if Omar's theory of heaven and hell is correct since we Americans are "the very devil" as extremists and the devil is certainly in coffee as made and drunk by most people.

It is in America only that we hear of these widespread devilish effects, and also in America only that one hears of the equally heavy plunging into cereal beverage baths. Just about ten years ago we began swinging our heels at this other extreme and taking these seriously, serially and every other way. Cereals have a magnificent mission, but remember our national tendency, then "sit on the stile and consider awhile." It is really quite a pleasant little joke that those who accept as an emissary of the devil the priest who brought coffee to America (or directly confuse the two terms), must also admit that it was a monk who introduced the cereal beverages, as a *wholesale* health drink.

What are the facts about coffee? It was never meant as a food, as Americans use it, nor to be abused as a stimulant instead of a literal refreshment, a digester with antiseptic properties. The trouble is not with *coffee*, but if you must either be a slave to it or let it alone then by all means let it alone. It is the old story of intemperance with *any* drink, for coffee, like whiskey, may indeed be very bad for one. In truth, why not say the same of water, since, as the southern colonel remarked, "If watah will rot youah shoes, suh, what will it do to youah stomach?"

European nations and our Mexican neighbors are examples of national coffee drinkers of another type than ourselves. They drink it in moderation, made the proper way and at proper times, in the morning their *café au lait*, hot milk just flavored with the best, strongest coffee, and taking it with rolls, only avoiding acid fruits, (often hot milk chocolate is used instead), and a tiny cup of clear, black coffee immediately after dinner, since for centuries the *demi-tasse* of *café-noir* has been recognized as a dinner's proper finishing touch, a natural digester and regulator. Black and strong it counteracts any acids formed.

The openings for the devil in drinking coffee, "real" or cereal, are that a weak slop is made which *ought* to make rebellious any well

ordered stomach; that too much sugar is used, that it is drunk too copiously at whatever meal taken and too often taken between times. Neither is "cheap" coffee good for anyone. The cheapest grades of "coffee" consist greatly of the "seconds" of California bean crops shipped east by the carload. There is usually a curious glossy coating on this "coffee" of which strange stories are whispered in commercial circles. On the other hand, while there may be *several* exceptions, most cereal coffees are flavored with some form of caffeine. Yet, do not pride yourself on being an habitual chocolate drinker, instead, for unadulterated chocolate contains the same stimulating alkaloid found in tea and coffee, the obroma, virtually the same as thein and caffeine.

But, "when in doubt," (if too great a temptation), avoid coffee and let me tell you how to make the most delicious cereal beverage you ever drank in your lives, and how to experiment to your heart's content. Peel, slice thin and dry slowly till crisp three medium sized sweet potatoes. This should equal a cupful when ground. Mix with equal quantity (each) of well brown barley and wheat (ground or cracked not too fine), and stir into the whole one teaspoonful of *real*, ground coffee. This amounts to about three grains per cup, cannot harm digestion, (unless imagination permit), and *does* improve the flavor. One may vary this with other cereals or with beans. Be careful with corn, however, for it gives too strong a flavor generally. Beans have an immense proportion of protein; then come wheat, oats, barley and rye. Oats furnish the most fat; wheat and corn the most carbohydrates, barley leads off way ahead in value of mineral salts. Vary these to suit your physical make-up or tastes. Add a little syrup if you like when mixing, and even raw egg (for the nourishment); then dry carefully. Pour boiling water upon the grains and let steep, just coming to a boil, then setting aside. Use hot milk or undiluted evaporated cream when serving and drink either at the beginning or the end of the meal, and you will be happier ever after.

### BREAKFAST.

Bananas and Cream. Brown Bread with Butter. Coffee.

### DINNER.

Baked Beans. Irish Potato Puff. Creamed Carrots. Scalloped Tomatoes. Heart-Cabbage and Cress Salad. Grape-Fruit. Coffee.

### SUPPER.

Creamed Celery. Corn Muffins. Cranberry or Rhubarb Fluff. Sponge Cake.

LUNCHEON NO. I: Rice Pudding with Dates. Fruit Crackers. Assorted Nuts. Hot Milk.

LUNCHEON NO. II: Spinach Salad with Horseradish and Hard Boiled Egg. Oil and Lemon Dressing. Wheat Bread.

BREAKFAST: Serve the bananas sliced, with a small pitcher of cream. Bananas have so small a percentage of fat that the fat of

the cream makes the combination more perfect as a food. The fat is of course also furnished by the butter. We get a goodly percentage of carbohydrates in the bananas with a small amount of protein. In the brown bread, if well made, the protein should figure more largely.

**DINNER:** In beans we have a perfect storehouse of energy, an immense amount of protein. Cooked with some form of fat and eaten with bread it is really a sufficient food in itself. The potato gives, as before noted, starch; the tomato and grape-fruit abundance of proper acid; the cabbage adds not too much of bulk; the cress and carrots are two of the most excellent things for the blood one may eat. The French, so famed for their attention to concerns of the complexion, realize that first it is the blood to be purified, and indulge generously in carrots and cress.

**Baked Beans:** Soak a quart of beans over night in warm, soft water. In the morning parboil them slightly, then drain, pour cold water over them and drain again into an earthen dish on the bottom of which has been laid a shredded slice of onion. Stir in a half cup of molasses and a tablespoon of olive oil or butter; cover with cold, soft water and bake in moderate oven eight or ten hours.

**Potato Puff:** To one pint cold mashed Irish potato add one tablespoon of butter and two of cream. Beat till creamy when add whipped yolks of two eggs. Beat, then add the whipped whites and bake about ten minutes in rather quick oven till hot, brown and puffy. (With more eggs in proportion, the beans may be omitted or the potatoes served without eggs for the dinner.)

**Escalloped Tomatoes:** Prepare according to December Number.

**Buttered Carrots:** Wash, scrape and dice, cooking in boiling, salted water (uncovered) till tender. Chop fine, add salt and pepper and two tablespoons of butter. Serve very hot.

**Cabbage and Cress Salad:** Serve the tender, heart leaves of the cabbage with generous sprigs of cress, adding oil and vinegar.

**Grape Fruit:** Halve, crosswise, removing center with slim, sharp knife. Place tablespoon of sugar in the hollow thus left. (Many prefer the addition of a little sherry as well.) Set on ice six hours before serving.

**SUPPER. Celery Cream:** Wash and cut in inch-lengths the celery and cook till tender in boiling salted water. Thicken this liquor with a tablespoon of flour rubbed smooth in a little cold milk; add lump of butter and serve.

**Corn Muffins:** Stir together one and one-half cups each of corn meal and wheat flour; one-half cups of sugar; one and one-half cups sweet milk; one egg (beaten separately); two tablespoons butter, one teaspoon salt and three tablespoons baking powder sifted through the flour. Bake in quick oven.

**Cranberry or Rhubarb Fluff:** If cranberries are used prepare as for the jelly in December directions; when quite cool adding the

stiff whipped whites of two eggs, then placing in molds. With the rhubarb cut tender stalks into inch lengths and place in baking dish with one-third part of sugar; *no water*. Bake slowly till clear but firm. When cold beat in the egg as for the cranberry and serve.

**LUNCHEON NO. I. Rice Pudding:** Heat to boiling point (in double boiler) one and a half quarts sweet milk, then add three-fourths teacup of rice, a half teaspoon salt and teacup of sugar. Let boil, uncovered, for fifteen minutes, then place in pudding dish with cup of fine chopped dates, baking slowly an hour, stirring frequently until the last ten minutes when it must be allowed to brown.

**LUNCHEON NO. II. Spinach Salad:** Use cold spinach prepared as in February directions, serving with slices of hard boiled egg and French dressing, substituting lemon juice for vinegar.

**SUPPER. Sponge Cake:** One cup each of sugar and flour with one and a half teaspoons of baking powder sifted through flour; two eggs (beaten with the sugar) a pinch of salt; two large (kitchen) tablespoons of cold water. Flavor with vanilla or wine. Add flour and baking powder to eggs and sugar, then the water and flavoring. Bake in moderate oven.

#### A QUESTION ANSWERED.

The world is such a cheery place  
If we but see it so;  
There's beauty everywhere we step  
To set the heart aglow.  
The air is full of rhythmic joy,  
The blue sky throbs with love,  
And every leaf and flower and bird  
By pure delight in life is stirred  
Its ecstasy to prove.

The world is such a sorry place  
If we but see it so;  
There's sadness in the skies above  
And on the earth below.  
The children weep, the birds are mute,  
The flowers droop and die;  
All sounds are tuned in minor key,  
All sights but picture misery;  
We wonder, wonder why.

How can we solve the problem—we  
Who fain the truth would know?  
How can earth be so beautiful,  
And how so full of woe?  
O human heart give answer, for  
In thee that answer lies;  
'Tis not for birds, or flowers, or air  
To make life either dull or fair  
Or prove its mysteries.

Life's radiance from within must shine,  
Its harmony express  
The aspirations of the soul;  
The power to cheer and bless.  
'Tis love, love only, in the air,  
The sky, the birds, the flowers,  
That glorifies the common life,  
That triumphs over care and strife  
In this sweet world of ours.

—Emily Hartley in *Sunset Magazine*.

# **PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF UTILITIES.**

I hope all our readers stand for municipal and government ownership of public utilities. This is surely in line with new thought, which teaches the golden rule and co-operation in all departments of life.

If there is a new-thoughter not already convinced of the feasibility of such things let him read carefully the series of articles on "Soldiers of the Common Good," by Charles Edward Russell, now running in *Everybody's*. Let him read the articles before he pounces on the editor for talking politics! Particularly should he read and assimilate the facts given in the January number, where Mr. Russell tells of England's successes in public ownership.

And if one of our readers is so lacking in true American spirit as to imagine that we can't do what England and the rest of Europe, not to mention New Zealand, are doing, he needs to go long and often into the silence and grow faith; faith in humanity in general and in American humanity in particular.

And he might come to Holyoke and see something of what is already going on in this line. Holyoke has cheaper and better electricity and gas, and better service, under city ownership than ever before. And she has better water service. And she is not taxed to death either. They say, too, that "there is absolutely no graft in Holyoke." I believe it. When a strongly democratic town of 50,000 or 55,000 people elects a republican mayor six times in succession, and then elects twice in succession another republican who stands for the same things and the same government, it looks as if they are emancipated enough to know what they want and to vote for it regardless of party lines. When a city full of people knows enough to do that, grafters are hopeless and useless.

And Holyoke is not the only town that is proving municipal ownership.

And in spite of graft our government-owned mail service beats any corporation-owned service in the land for cheapness and real usefulness.

# **A SOUL CHIME.**

In re soul mates and my February remarks about "Ideals, Theories and Folks," one of our readers sends me a clipping which so beautifully chimes with my own thought on the subject that I reprint it for our readers. I wish I could give the author's name, which does not appear.

If you receive and express the love which comes through the physical, you will experience greater joy and also greater sorrow. If you give free expression to the soul's love, and select a mate, and act out the natural instincts of the soul, your joy will be still deeper, but your sorrow will also come, and its depth is like the joy. I do not say the child should not have a doll and love it; that the youth should not have the right to love and be loved, or that the full grown man and woman should not give free expression to the desires in them; for this is nature's law. So I do not say that soul mates should not seek each other and enjoy their "first love" as well as select the one which more mature soul life will give them, but I only want to say, the wise one will not think this an eternal condition. They will expect pleasures and sorrows, and will ever allow the next part of nature to come up in them. All these things are only forerunners of the coming of the Life of Perfect Spirit in you. Meet them as of Spirit. Give them their time and place, and be ready for Spirit Universal when it comes to set aside all that is limited and contains the seed of sorrow and disappointment. Therefore when one says, there is no love in the child for dolls, I know they have not been through it. If they say there is no love of the youth for the opposite sex, I know they have not been there. If one says the more mature years do not bring a desire for a permanent mate, as long as life lasts, they have not been there. And if one says there is no such thing as soul mates, I know they have not been there, but if one says, there is nothing above and beyond it, that it is not only a passing condition, then I say they are yet in the midst of it, and are not alive in the Oneness of Life, which is eternal, because it does not separate or take to Self, away from the WHOLE.

So enjoy your respective spheres and know the TRUTH.

# **"A WONDER AMONG EXPOSITIONS."**

That is what *Everybody's Magazine* calls Portland's recent "little fair." Here is what they say about it:

One accepts meekly wonders from the West, the capital of Wonderland, but this Oregon marvel is really transcendent. Can an exposition fail to be a failure? Even the West has not been able to beat that iron rule. But Portland, from where rolls the Oregon, actually made money out of the Lewis and Clark Exposition; closed it with a surplus and will pay a dividend of from thirty to forty per cent. Not a "vast" exposition, just an ex-

cellent, limited, local one. The St. Louis Fair was too big. It was too much for the hardest sightseer. The Portland show was simpler. It revealed in some part the resources of the Northwest. Indeed, the Timber Temple itself was worth the journey from the East and back. The exposition is reckoned to have brought as permanent settlers to Portland and the region about it at least 100,000 people. Its effect upon trade, agriculture, population, influx of capital, and so forth will be great and beneficial. Thus two noble historical names have been honored worthily. Business and sentiment have both been expressed adequately. And Portland has shown the proper scope of an exposition now that the world seems weary of the more ambitious and showy ones.

## A Chance To Help Us.

Some of our subscribers are in arrears for their subscriptions. Most of these have asked us to continue sending *The Nautilus*, promising to pay later. This we have cheerfully done.

We have kept no record of those who are continued thus—have simply left them on our list—so we cannot distinguish among our delinquents the ones who have *requested* continuance, unless we search through our files for their letters. This would take weeks of time.

And now we are to put in a new addressing machine, and for every address on our list we must pay two and one half cents to have the plate made from which to print the address. This will cost us several hundred dollars.

Naturally we don't want to pay 2½ cents each for making these plates for people whose subscriptions are delinquent, unless they mean to pay up and continue.

So we ask you who are in arrears for *Nautilus*, or whose subscriptions are just expiring, to *please notify us immediately* whether or not you will pay up and continue your subscriptions. Will you *please* do it *now*? It will save us a dead loss of from \$40 to \$100 if you all attend to this *now*. Will you? A postal card will do it if you are not ready to send the money now.

Will *you* do it *now*, and keep us from losing money on you? I think you will, and I thank you cordially in advance.

Elizabeth Towne.

*When replying to advertisements please mention THE NAUTILUS.*

## Coffee vs. College.

Student Had to Give Up Coffee.

Some people are apparently immune to coffee poisoning—if you are not, Nature will tell you so in the ailments she sends as warnings. And when you get a warning, heed it or you get hurt, sure. A young college student writes from New York:

"I had been told frequently that coffee was injurious to me, and if I had not been told, the almost constant headaches with which I began to suffer after using it for several years, the state of lethargic mentality, which gradually came upon me to hinder me in my studies, the general lassitude and indisposition to any sort of effort which possessed me, ought to have been sufficient warning. But I disregarded them till my physician told me a few months ago that I must give up coffee or quit college. I could hesitate no longer, and at once abandoned coffee.

"On the advice of a friend I began to drink Postum Food Coffee, and rejoice to tell you that with the drug of coffee removed, and the healthful properties of Postum in its place, I was soon relieved of all my ailments. The headaches and nervousness disappeared entirely, strength came back to me, and my complexion, which had been very, very bad, cleared up beautifully. Better than all, my mental faculties were toned up, and became more vigorous than ever, and I now feel that no course of study would be too difficult for me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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

Dear is my friend, but my enemy is of great value.

The friend shows me what I am able to do, the enemy teaches me what I ought to do.—Schiller.

## Food and Study.

### A College Man's Experience.

"All through my high school course and first year in college," writes an ambitious young man, "I struggled with my studies on a diet of greasy, pasty foods, being especially fond of cakes and fried things. My system got into a state of general disorder, and it was difficult for me to apply myself to school work with any degree of satisfaction. I tried different medicines and food preparations, but did not seem able to correct the difficulty.

"Then my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food and I sampled it. I had to do something, so I just buckled down to a rigid observance of the directions on the package, and in less than no time began to feel better. In a few weeks my strength was restored, my weight had increased, I had a clearer head and felt better in every particular. My work was simply sport to what it was formerly.

"My sister's health was badly run down, and she had become so nervous that she could not attend to her music. She went on Grape-Nuts and had the same remarkable experience that I had. Then my brother, Frank, who is in the postoffice department at Washington city, and had been trying to do brain work on greasy foods, cakes and all that, joined the Grape-Nuts army. I showed him what it was and could do, and from a broken-down condition he has developed into a hearty and efficient man.

"Besides these I could give account of numbers of my fellow-students who have made visible improvement mentally and physically by the use of this food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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

### TEXAS HAPPENINGS.

By Maglyn Dupree.

Two little negro girls of tender years sat on a downtown pavement one summer afternoon, exchanging confidences, and watching with curious eyes the passersby. One was the fortunate possessor of a piece of gum, which she chewed with great vigor and satisfaction, and with an air of conscious superiority, born of being the sole possessor of such a luxury. The other watched her in envious and longing silence, until the conversation took such a friendly turn that she ventured a great request.

"Say, Vi'let, gimme some of yore wax, won't yer please?"

"Vi'let's" black eyes turned heavenward until only the whites of them were visible, as she found herself thus threatened with one or the other of two great losses, the loss of her friend, or the loss of her gum. Suddenly, however, she was relieved by the following tactful inspiration, which she took care to deliver with an air of real regret: "Dis heah wax 'longs to my brudder, and yer see I jes' couldn't give away what don't nacherly 'long ter me."

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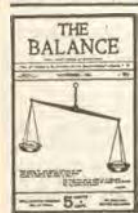
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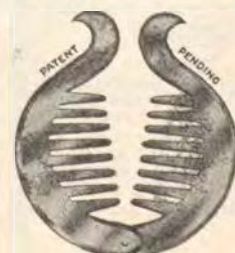
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