

THE NAUTILUS

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

APRIL, 1906.

Leading Articles:

- "Oh, be Joyful," - - - Elizabeth Towne
 A Meditation for the Poor in Spirit,
 Florence Morse Kingsley
 The Evolution of the Tattvas (Chapter V),
 Ella Adelia Fletcher
 A Dialogue (New Poem), - Ella Wheeler Wilcox
 Resurrection, - - - - M. A. Crosby
 The First Step, - - - - Eleanor Kirk
 The Secret of Easter (New Poem), - Susie M. Best
 Mme. Eames and the New Thought, Lester Gaylord
 To Lengthen Life, - - - William E. Towne
 Briefs, - - - William E. Towne
 Editors Abroad, - - - Elizabeth Towne
 New Thought in the Kitchen, Riley M. Fletcher Berry

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Associate Editor WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

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NEW THOUGHT CENTERS

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

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Nautilus News.

MRS. KINGSLEY'S "MEDITATIONS." Isn't Mrs. Kingsley's little "Meditation for the Poor in Spirit," in this issue a beautiful and peace-inspiring thing? Take it into the silence with you every day this month and you will surely find yourself responding to its beautiful spirit.

In May number of *Nautilus* will appear Mrs. Kingsley's "Meditation for an Hour of Perplexity"—just in time to help us settle the great annual perplexities incident to spring moving or cleaning!

These meditations are straight from the soul, sure to appeal to other souls who listen. They were written with no intention to publish; just to help Mrs. Kingsley herself in expressing and remembering what the spirit said to her in her hours of silence and prayer. Says Mrs. Kingsley, "Some were written several years ago, some recently, but all for my own benefit. I may say that I have 'worked them all out,' and found them demonstrable."

For two years I have been looking for something like these "Meditations," something that would do for the daily inspiration of our readers. I first tried to get Henry Wood to write us something like the statements in the back of his "Ideal Suggestion Through Mental Photography," but he insisted that he had stated it all in that book, and anyhow he was too busy with other work.

And now the spirit has answered my desire with these beautiful "Meditations" of Mrs. Kingsley's, and I believe our readers will make the best use of them and rejoice in them. They are a power for good. Hitch your wagon to Florence's star and soar into higher realms of peace and power.

OUR SPRING POEMS! In May number we will publish a charming little spring "Reveillon" by Ruth Sterry, which I think will please you all.

This in addition to a specially splendid five-verse new poem by Mrs. Wilcox, called "The Word." I believe "The Word" is the finest poem she has written for us thus far.

A TRUE STORY, WITH CATCHING VIBRATIONS.

In our May number we will print the story of a girl who had all the troubles in creation piled onto her, and then walked out from under and demonstrated success. She wrote the whole story (in not too many words) for *Nautilus*, and signed it, "A New Thought Convert." With it came a very concise letter as follows—postmarked Tillsonburg, Ontario, Canada, where she lives:—

"Dear Editor: When you publish the enclosed send me a dollar and a half. Thank you. (When you read the enclosed true tale you will see why I say 'Thank you' so trustingly). Yours in Gratitude, ———"

"P. S. If you want any proof that the story is true I can furnish it."

I didn't wait to publish it. I sent her the dollar and a half on the spot (it was a bargain!—next time she sends an article anywhere she will ask more!) and said, "I want to

use your full name and address with your story. Of course you will say yes! Thank you! (You see I am catching your vibrations!)"

So in next number of *Nautilus* you will read this girl's story with her true name under the title. Look for "Your Name is On the Books, Too."

ELEANOR KIRK. Aren't her articles great? It seems to me the one in this number is the best so far—even better than "Awake, my Glory," which brought uncounted letters of appreciation from our readers.

Eleanor Kirk's article for May is "The Automatic Slave," which will open the eyes of a good many readers, or I miss my guess.

Eleanor says she is just waking up!—and her recent articles sound like it! She is surely waking up to new things; and when it comes to expressing her ideas she is always awake.

M. A. CROSBY. I promised you a little article on Poise for this number, by C. A. Crosby. Afterward the "Resurrection" story came by the same author, which just fits our Easter number. So you will find that on page fourteen. And *next* month you shall have the little Poise article sure.

OUR MADONNA. Isn't she sweet? And isn't that little Elizabeth a *darling*? I had three views of the same "Madonna" and each one was prettier than the others! We wanted to publish them *all*! We chose this view because the smile accords with our philosophy! The "Madonna" is Mrs. J. H. Weisgerber, of 1607 N. 12th street, Lafayette, Ind., and she is bringing the little Elizabeth baby up in the new thought. Elizabeth is a real little individualist, too, and rules the whole Weisgerber family, including the bulldog. And they seem to like it!

The photo was made by Mrs. Weisgerber's aunt, Mrs. J. L. Howell, of Jackson, Mich. And the fine half-tone plate from which the picture is printed was made by the Clark Engraving and Printing Company, of Milwaukee, Wis.

THE NAUTILUS' NEW MANSION. *The Nautilus* is to have a new mansion after all! Or rather the best old one we could find, enlarged and adapted to its use.

On March 9 we closed the deal by which *Nautilus* is to own its own home.

Two months ago we advertised for a new home, either to lease or purchase, and this big house at 242 Oak street, was the very first presented for our consideration. We liked it on sight, but there were not quite rooms enough to please us, and we decided to try further. Since then we have looked at all sorts of houses in all sorts of places at all kinds of prices—including an offer to build us any kind of a house we wanted out on Northampton street, which is the arriving residence street, but too far out for us now.

Always our hearts came back to the "Richards place," and finally we began to consider it seriously. It stands on high ground with the finest view of hills and distance to be had anywhere in the city limits, and the ground slopes away to the north so abruptly that no

one can ever obstruct this view. There are two large lots of "restricted land" on the north, and everywhere else are fine homes on large lots, residences of some of the nicest people in town. There are asphalt sidewalks and good streets, and we are midway between two street car lines, two blocks from either.

Holyoke is built on three levels, and this house stands on the edge of the highest, nine blocks from our present quarters, within easy distance of the post office, in an ideal neighborhood and location. The lot is on the northeast corner, 90x118 feet, with an alley at the back. There are fruit trees on it, a big "weeping" white birch, a fine magnolia tree, some splendid looking grape vines, a wistaria and other vines, and other shrubs and roses and things I will tell you about later.

The house is a big one with thirteen rooms and a brick basement solid enough for a church; five rooms on each of the lower floors, three on the third; fine big halls with solid oak woodwork and staircase; verandas down stairs, and small balcony and conservatory on second floor, storm windows, window screens, steam heated throughout. And at the back there is a finely built 20x30 foot, two-story barn which will solve our storage problems and maybe some others.

The house was designed nineteen years ago by James A. Clough, who has a reputation for fine and solid buildings. And he is a new thought man and a subscriber to *The Nautilus*. So you will know without telling that the house is built of the best materials, is as solid as it looks from the basement, well proportioned, very light and well arranged, and in fine condition. And Mr. Clough says it is good for another hundred years! And would cost \$12,000 to duplicate it today. No one has ever lived there except the family for whom it was built, whose children are all married off now, so they are moving into smaller quarters and selling to us.

There is to be a new addition on the house, at the back, which will give us six fine living rooms on the second floor, and for offices five good rooms on the first floor, including the enlarged one which will be 14x20 feet, lots of windows, where Leila and the subscription list will reign. And we are to have new paper inside and new paint on the outside.

We hope to move into our new quarters about the middle of April—perhaps before the addition is complete. Then, if you happen around Holyoke after the middle of May, you may find us at home at 242 Oak street. Until then we shall be very much on the wing, and pretty busy.

Next month we shall have more to tell about our new arrangements, and in time we may give you some photos in *Nautilus*. We hope all our readers will send us their best good will for the highest usefulness and prosperity of our new *Nautilus* mansion.

RENEWALS AND THE NEW ADDRESSOGRAPH. Thank you, friends, for so many prompt responses to our call for renewals or notifications to continue sending *Nautilus* until you are ready to send payment.

We are getting our list into shape for the new Addressograph mailing machine, which we hope to have in use—in our new home!—for May number.

But we have not heard from *all* of our friends yet! I suppose you are busy and forgot.

Won't you *please* take a moment *just now* to send us word *if you don't want Nautilus continued* to your address.

You see, our practice is to send *Nautilus* right along until you direct us to stop.

Of course you all know this, since it is stated in *every* number of *Nautilus*—page 4, lower right hand corner. And of course you all expect to pay for what you receive, as all good new thought folk do, and you don't want to be cut off our list until you say so. And *we don't want to cut you off!*

So please, dearie, if you are a delinquent or if your term is just expiring, send us renewal or notification to continue; or pay up and tell us to leave your name out.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS. In order to give our new subscribers the complete series of Miss Fletcher's "Rhythmic Breath" articles we are reprinting in this number the Chapter II which appeared in January number of *Nautilus*, now out of print. The reprinted chapter will be found at the back of this issue.

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GENTLEMEN—I am in my seventy-fifth year, and for the last ten years I have been full of pains and aches, and had indigestion fearfully bad. My food would generate gas, which would rise up and press on my heart with an ache like sticking a knife in it, and my arm, well, it would become almost paralyzed, and when I went for a walk I would have to stop every few minutes, I was in so much pain I could not go along. I thought I would try dieting, and entered the Boston City Hospital in 1898. Stayed there two weeks on a strictly milk diet, and my discharge reads, condition relieved, to cure. Then I tried patent medicines, took every kind advertised, result no benefit. I have not had my Vibrator three weeks yet, but it has made a new man of me. One day last week I walked three hours and came home feeling fine. I have also been troubled with insomnia, had to take medicine every night before going to bed to make me sleep. Have told the nurse that I did not want any more medicine, as the Vibrator was making a new man of me in more ways than one. Respectfully yours,
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Date of expiration of subscription is printed on every wrapper. If special receipt is desired send self-addressed and stamped envelope or card.

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

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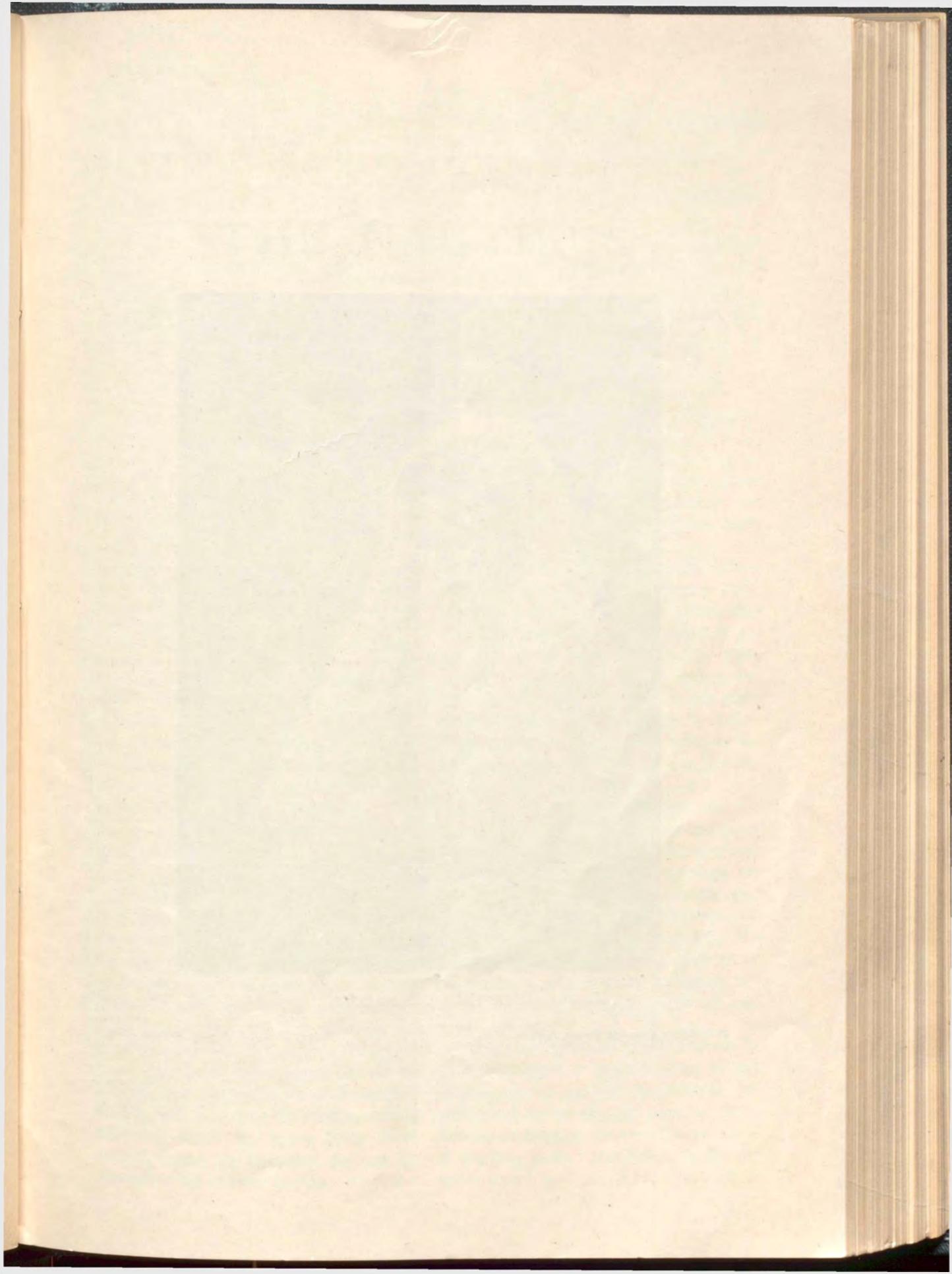
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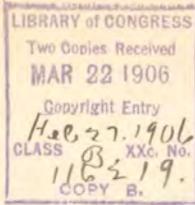




OUR NAUTILUS MADONNA.

Published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

Photo by Mrs. J. S. Howell, Jackson, Mich.



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

THE NAUTILUS.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

MONTHLY. {
Fifty Cents a Year. }

APRIL, 1906.

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"Oh, Be Joyful!"

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

"Will you please explain to me what you mean by letting go of the things you desire? Do you mean that a person must stop desiring a thing if it seems impossible that the desire be granted? I have understood from your teachings or writings that what one earnestly desired would be granted. Which is right, and just how can one give up what they want most of anything on earth? What I most desire is something that I cannot get by working for. It all depends on someone else."—Kate.

Power manifests on various planes. Man is just emerging from the stage of consciousness where power manifests as brute force and the devil take the hindmost. He is entering the state where power manifests on the mental and spiritual plane, every soul for the universal good.

On the plane of brute force the biggest body wins. Aboriginal man seized the woman he wanted and carried her to his lair—if a bigger brute didn't happen on the scene in time to stop him.

On the same plane the 20th century man bosses his wife, his children, his employes for his own individual good, until their brute force equals or exceeds his own. On the same plane the mother knocks her child into the corner, out of her way—until he grows brute force enough to stop the knocking, perhaps by administering heavier knocks. Then the

mother calls in bigger brutes in the form of police and court and reformatory. So the brute force keeps calling out more brute.

Until some wise and kindly reform school teacher, perhaps, brings a little Wisdom and Love into the affair, and the brute boy *lets go* his attempt to get his rights by brute force. His little tensed muscles and nerves relax, the flush in his face cools down, his eyes cease to flame and his heart to burn. *He begins to trust the teacher to get for him the "rights" he could not get for himself.*

He "lets go" his resistance and his fighting because he begins to recognize the existence of a power more beneficent and at the same time greater than his own much trusted and lauded, and nearly always defeated, brute force.

I said we are just emerging from the plane of brute force. There is not one of us, perhaps, who is fully emerged; not even the most set-up scientist of any school, or none.

All is not "spiritual" that thinks it is.

We still trust in great measure to *our efforts*, mental as well as physical, for the things we personally want or need; instead of trusting the One Power which is working in and through each for the good of each and all. Even as we affirm

health, happiness and success our poor hearts are congested with fear that we won't get them, and our poor muscles and brains are tense with the more or less unconscious *effort*, the real brute *effort*, to bring about the desired things.

Because we don't trust a higher power than brute effort we don't "let go."

And because we don't let go the higher power cannot work through us for the realization of our desires.

The desires of our hearts are God-given. And they are self-fulfilling—as soon as we get brute force out of the way, as soon as we *let go* and *let desire*, which is God, do the work.

"Trust in the Lord (God, love, desire) with *all* thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him and *He shall direct thy paths*" in the desired direction.

Only by *leaning* unto your own understanding, and fighting accordingly, can you keep yourself from realizing the desires of your heart. And even so, you only postpone your realization.

Have you ever watched a hungry baby defeat its own desire by its tiny brute force? How it struggles and clutches for its mother's breast. And its little efforts keep the willing mother away. Then she clasps its little hands firmly and puts them out of the way, and baby gets its dinner. So Mother Life is always trying to give us our hearts' desires, and in our misunderstanding struggles we keep away the thing we clutch for.

To trust in the One Power working through us is the only salvation; to trust to the letting-go point. *Then* we find the good things dropping into our lives.

Are we to *do* nothing—just trust and wait? Oh, no. We are to *do* with joy and faith the thing that Life sets before us, and trust Life for results and rewards. "Run with patience the race set

before us," knowing the desired goal is sure.

And the more *fun* we get out of running the sooner we reach the goal.

For time is a state of mind. We live a lifetime in a moment, and a moment in a lifetime. A thousand years are as a day to the mind filled with faith and love. To such a mind all work is joy and all time flies. Schiller is right—

"Joy is the mainspring in the whole of Nature's calm rotation.

Joy moves the dazzling wheels that roll in the great timepiece of Creation."

You and I turn our own time-wheels, with the joy we find in our work. In the work that is "set before us;" never in the work we'd like to do but can't get to just now.

"No use to hunt the happy days—

They're with you all the time:
They're loafin' with you 'long the ways
An' singin' in a rhyme.

No use to search the world around
An' think they're far and fleet;
The brightest of 'em still are found
In violets at your feet."

The joy we generate in the work which is "set before us" lends us wings, too, in the desired direction! Joy and faith mount hand in hand to bear us to the heaven of our desires.

The recipe for letting go is to have faith in your desires and the One Power, and joy in the work that is "set before you."

And the more interest you put into the work which is "set before you" the greater faith and joy you will generate. This is as demonstrable as any proposition in mathematics. Try it, and see.

"It is a comely fashion to be glad;
Joy is the grace we say to God."

* * * * *

There is an over-ruling Something that knows better what is good for us, and *what we want*, than we do ourselves.

I have known girls to be very sure they knew exactly the *only* man in all the

world that could make them happy. And years after, when they were happily married to other and better men, they laughed at the foolish choices of youth!

Perhaps Kate will find the right one in another quarter. Who knows? At any rate the All-seeing and All-loving and All-moving Something will see to it that she gets her heart's desires *just as fast as is good for her*. And if she keeps on insisting, she may get some things that are not good for her—except as they teach her to be less sure of her own un-

derstanding and *more* sure that the overruling Something can guide her better than she herself. After she has burned her fingers a time or two she will learn to *let go* things and trust the Something to bring "her own" to her, and keep away that which is not "her own."

There is sometimes a great difference between the thing we want and the thing we think we want.

* * * * *

Desire is God-power, God-attraction. If a desire continues steadfast it will surely fulfill itself.

A Meditation for the Poor in Spirit.

"God is that being whose center is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere," hence, I contain *within myself* the resources of the universe!

This is "the Kingdom" to which Jesus referred, the "Pearl of Great Price," to gain which one may well and wisely give all else, for it includes *all* that the soul, in any world, in any body, in any given circumstances can want.

I *will* to continually remember that *my* God—whose center is *within me*—will—nay, does—supply *all* my needs, now, and to the eternity of eternities.

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

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, "Universality of the Tattvas." Then will come "More About the All-Pervading Tattva: Akasha," "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 V.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE TATTVAS.

In the evolution of the *Tattvas* we trace the evolution of the Soul to its beginning in the involution of the Spirit. The one is as inseparably connected with the other as are the interacting energies of the positive and negative life-currents; the out-breathing and the in-breathing of the Divine Spirit (or the thought active and the thought quiescent), upon which all life and motion depend.

Thus, spiritual activity is the creator of all things; and the energy behind all motion, without which creation is unthinkable, derives its power from the one source. The first manifestation of that power was positive and negative—the active impressing its thought or action upon the receptive passive—and *Akasha* was the first *Tattva* evolved by the interaction of these Divine currents of spiritual force. The cosmic void of undifferentiated matter—the Hindu's *Prakriti*—was formless, and the first need of differentiation was space in which to create many forms; therefore, the characteristic property of *Akashic* vibrations is to make space, and the closer the impact of matter upon the vibrations the louder is the sound of their movement. This is the reason of the phenomenon that Natural Philosophy explains as the denser the medium the better conductor is it of sound.

The homely and familiar comparison (in the "Aitareya-Aranyaka-Upanishad") by the learned Hindu teacher, of

the ether—that is, the *Akasha*—to a bowl in which all the other elements were poured, is extremely felicitous and graphic. In very fact all the other *Tattvas*, one after the other in their turn, were evolved and are continually mingled in the spaces of *Akasha*.

Akashic energy, expressed as sound, has long been recognized as both the builder and disintegrator of form. The wonderfully beautiful geometrical forms into which dry sand, sprinkled upon a drum-head or upon a sonorous plate, will move under the impulse given by musical tones show the ever formative effect of *Akashic* vibrations.

It was through an ingenious device of the German philosopher Chladni that sound vibrations were first made visible—*circa* 1785. He observed that plates of metal or glass gave out different sounds according as they were struck at different points; and he conceived the idea of strewing the surface with fine sand, and drawing a violin bow across the edge of the plate, while damping the vibrations at certain points by touching the edge with his finger tips. This established nodal, or rest, lines along which the sand grains shifted, showing the form of the vibrations; and by varying the points of contact, both for drawing the bow and damping the vibrations, a great variety of beautiful figures were produced corresponding with varying tones. It was thus found that a given tone always produced the same figure; so the experiments disclosed an unvarying law of sound vibrations.

Illustrations of these sand forms,

called "Chladni's Figures," can be seen in Tyndall's "Sound" and in most text books upon Natural Philosophy. They are of particular interest in our study because they betray the presence of all the *Tattvas* in manifold combinations in the different musical tones, and show how their characteristic vibrations are modified by interaction one with another.

Efforts to establish the laws of tonal color should investigate this field; for color, following form in cosmic manifestation, is inseparably connected with it, and as invariable as the form. Each may be recognized by the other. Helmholtz discovered that every color has its special vibration (that is, *form*), but he drew the false inference therefrom, that the secondary colors were not formed from the primaries. The *Tattvic* law corroborates the original conception, and by its means the presence of any element can be detected by the known influences, or effects, of the blending of colors.

"In the realm of hidden Forces," every audible sound is a subjective color; and, *vice versa*, every visible color is an inaudible sound. Both proceed from the same potential substance which Physicists used to call ether. Occultists pronounce it, "plastic, though invisible, Space."

The deeper we study the *Tattvic* Law of the Universe the deeper is our conviction that everything in the natural world moves rhythmically. It is only when the human mind steps in with its responsibility of free will to choose the right or the wrong thought and act that life's rhythm is broken and all its vibrations thrown into a discordant jangle.

There is a center of unity in all things, —the ever present *Akasha*; and creative power, working in this center, always manifests itself with rhythmic harmony. Holding as it does every form (and, therefore, all colors) potentially, *Akasha* at all times foreshadows the qualities of all the *Tattvas*, and intervenes between every two. Every progressive step in the evolution of the *Tattvas* is instinct with Divine intelligence, preparing the way for the crowning effort of creation—man with his manifold activities, equipped to conquer and dominate the vast realms of inanimate nature.

Space having resulted from the inter-

action of the positive and negative currents of *Akasha*, there was room for locomotion; and the spheres of *Vayu* appeared next and began to whirl in the *Akashic* vortices, born of the union of the *Akashic* currents. Again I must refer to the illustrations of Professor Loeb's biological work in the September *Cosmopolitan*, for as far as that spark of laboratory-created life progressed it corroborates the Hindu revelation of the evolution of the *Tattvas*, and the law of their several activities and influences.

After *Vayu*, the next need was heat to expand the air, therefore we find that the mingling of *Vayu* vibrations with *Akasha* produce *Tejas* vibrations of light which generate heat, and which manifest their presence in this dual character. Through the action of heat upon air water is formed, hence *Apas* vibrations were the next result of creative energy; and the combined activities of the other *Tattvas* condensed water into *Prithivi* vibrations, completing the primary differentiation of cosmic matter. Thus, with the fifth *Tattva*, the self-conscious universe, an ocean of subtly fine, psychic matter, came into existence. By successive interaction following the established law—the *Tattvic* vibrations becoming ever coarser in their descent—the other planes of existence through the mental to the physiological were evolved; till the involution of the Spirit in the terrestrial elements was completed, and the earth with its teeming life whirled in space.

The evolution of the soul thus involved is man's task in his earthly pilgrimage, and it is alone through spiritual thinking and living that he can make that task a daily joy, and feel the exhilaration in facing every duty which more than half accomplishes the work. Health is the mainspring of all successful effort, and the spiritually alive soul can command health as the first blessing. It is the natural and inevitable reward of right thinking and spiritual living; that is, living under the direct guidance of the soul.

When we consciously subordinate the physical to the spiritual, all the atoms in our bodies feel an impulse toward order from the rhythmic flow of the *Tattvas*; and even the most rebellious

yields to the magnetic attraction and vibrates in harmony with the prevailing rhythm when the currents are fully established and maintained in perfect equilibrium. This is the secret of all the miraculous recoveries of bed-ridden invalids; for in moments of supreme exaltation through faith or enthusiasm, the *Tattvic* currents are raised to so high power as to sweep all obstructions from their path, and to impart synchronous action to the hitherto warring elements, which almost instantly thrills the body with a sensation of strength.

The higher we raise our vibrations through the purifying action of rhythmic breathing and beneficent thinking, the more we shall be in touch and cooperate with the finer forces round about us—their waves even breaking over us—and waiting for our recognition to lift us to higher states of efficiency—of comprehension, of intuition, of power to think and to do. Spiritual perceptions and spiritual strength make possible a degree of activity—both mental and physical—a power of accomplishment in a given task, utterly beyond the capability of mere physical energy. Work which on the physical plane is effort, becomes a joy and an inspiration when we call to our aid our ever ready, ever waiting, spiritual forces.

It is the attitude of *thought* which makes all the difference, because every atom of energy in the physique has its source in the Spirit. But on the material plane of manifestation, as when we speak of "mere physical strength" or "brute force," the vibrations are grosser in character, lacking entirely the spiritual fire which sustains enthusiasm and gives electrical force to every thought and act thus inspired.

It is this spiritual energy which in rare emergencies and moments of supreme excitement enables people to forget the limits of physical strength and to execute the ordinarily impossible. I knew a very delicate young girl, the accepted estimate of whose strength and endurance exempted her from even the usual exertions of daily life in the home, who, under the excitement caused by a disastrous fire very near, moved several inches out from the wall a bookcase eight feet high which was filled from floor to

top with heavy books. It was all that three strong men could do to put the case back in its place the next morning. We can train ourselves to employ this spiritual energy at need, and thus eliminate many of the most trying conditions in life.

Every fact that has been stated can be verified by personal experiment, which means persistent practice of the breathing and concentration exercises already given; not intermittent practice when you are reminded of it by bad feelings or when you happen to think of it or have nothing else you would rather do. To derive the benefit, spiritual, mental, and physical which I assume all readers of *Nautilus* are seeking, the practice must be regular and at regular periods—as nearly as possible the same daily.

I have tried to make it very clear that the purpose of the exercises in alternate breathing is to restore the balance of the *Tattvas* and the alternating currents of *Prana* (positive and negative), the inequality of which is the primary source of all disease. Habitual breathing should be as full, deep, and regular as conscious direction from time to time can make it. Habit is everything in this, and in forming good habits Nature comes to our aid with joyful alacrity. I have failed utterly in my purpose if I have not convinced you that physical, mental, and spiritual harmony are promoted by habits of rhythmic breathing in the purest air obtainable. It need not be cold air to be pure, but it must be fresh, unbreathed air.

Continued practice of the exercises will convince you that you are treading the long hidden, closely guarded path leading to Nature's treasury of secrets. If your interests and pursuits are scientific, before your clearing vision wall after wall, hitherto baffling, will fall, disclosing long vistas cleared and ready for your seeing eyes with assured foundations, basic laws, inviting your fascinating experiments into the myriad permutations of these marvelous forces. Never for an instant are they inactive, but ever building and disintegrating the visible and the invisible universe, involving and evolving through their vibrations every atom therein contained.



A DIALOGUE.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Mortal.

The world is full of selfishness and greed.
Lord, I would lave its sin.

Spirit.

Yea, mortal, earth of thy good help has need.
Go cleanse *thyself* within.

Mortal.

Mine ear is hurt by harsh and evil speech.
I would reform men's ways.

Spirit.

There is but one convincing way to teach.
Speak *thou* but words of praise.

Mortal.

On every hand is wretchedness and grief,
Despondency and fear.
Lord, I would give my fellow men relief.

Spirit.

Be, then, all hope, all cheer.

Mortal.

Lord, I look outward and grow sick at heart,
Such need of change I see.

Spirit.

Mortal, look *in*. Do thy allotted part,
And leave the rest to ME.

Ressurrection.

BY M. A. CROSBY.

She was young, studious, took life very seriously, and was persistent in tracing effects to causes.

She eschewed the prevailing pessimism that invites paralysis and death. She believed it nobler to serve others in every day kindnesses, than to slave in order to build hospitals for its victims, and a mausoleum for one's self. Her sturdy physique and abounding optimism had withstood its atmosphere and saved her from being one of "the early called."

In a City of the Dead, she noted the inscriptions, "born—died," "aet." with days, months, years recorded, and "in the hope of a blessed resurrection."

She paused, at last, before a tall, white, solid shaft, highly polished, with the one word "Resurgam" deeply chiseled at its base. Heretofore it had only suggested the glib conjugation of its various modes and tenses. Now the terse strength of the dead tongue fascinated her with its eloquence.

Years after, she lay limp in silence, at midnight, and in exile, crushed in spirit at the defeat of her strongest hopes. With no incentive to go on living she could not stop thinking. Pictures of the dead past moved before her, and among them the monument with its one word affirming, "*I shall live again.*"

Mentally, she was repeating it. Even

that effort called for deeper breathing. Soon she was inhaling deeply with the first syllable, holding her breath on the second, and exhaling with the third; feeling herself a part of the great pulsing power of the universe.

She had never heard of New Thought or its practices, but thrills of life reaching toward finger tips made her rise from her couch, and in the moonlit room lift herself lightly on her feet, stretch her arms and clinch her hands gently, increasing action and pressure gradually, while she repeated with rhythmic breathing, "Resurgam, Resurgam, Resurgam," until she felt a flutter of ecstasy in the development of vitality. Then sleep followed, and when morning broke, with a surge of will power and courage she was ready to dare and do.

So, perhaps, life comes back to the bulb that is to push upward through the spring mold. The force within bids the harnessed squash break all the bonds that hold it down, and responsively the buried plant bursts through the hard city pavement and spreads its growth in the sunlight.

"Resurgam" is not a word for the dead alone. It can inspire the living to seek the best of just now and here.

In her own God-given powers came the stirring that wrests victory from defeat, brings "beauty for ashes" and Easter to the soul.

"Do what thy manhood bids thee do; from none but self expect applause;
He noblest lives and noblest dies who makes and keeps his self-made laws.

All other Life is living Death, a world where none but phantoms dwell,
A breath, a wind, a sound, a voice, a tinkling of the camel-bel."

—*Sir Richard Burton's translation of "Kasidah."*

The First Step.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

“Why does the affirmation or denial that seems to act so benignly at one time fail so signally at another? For instance, one of my practitioners instructed me in case of a sudden or persistent attack of pain or trouble to use the words of Jesus—“Get thee behind me Satan.” This has been a source of more disappointment than help and I don't understand it. To tell the truth I do not know what to say or do, because I cannot fully trust in any of the numerous statements that have been recommended.”

Such complaints as the above are very common and although they show a lack of spiritual understanding, let us all rejoice that so many dear ones are striving toward righteousness. Small wonder that they are often confused by the various processes in vogue among different healers and teachers.

In the science of mind as in the science of mathematics, music, astronomy, etc., etc., there are a few things to be learned first. To jump into fractions without a knowledge of the multiplication table would be considered very stupid, and yet half of our mental students are floundering about in what may be called the geometry of the science without knowing anything of its rudiments. The higher mathematics will come of themselves when the learner really understands that twice two are four. To *really* understand is quite different from a vague memorizing and a parrot-like repetition. We can repeat words and phrases most conscientiously and devoutly, but if we are not aware of their meaning and their relation to the subject we have in mind they become a hindrance instead of a help.

The twice two in the science of mind is the fact of the real and the unreal, and the proof that one has entered into spiritual knowledge is the ability to distinguish between them. The thing that changes or decays is not real. It may seem very substantial, but there is nothing really real about a single material thing that your eyes look upon or your hands touch. You may tell yourself that the chair you sit upon will outlast your time, and the house that shelters you is good enough for two or three generations. What of it? The house is dead and it is only a question of time when it will succumb to material law. The house is of service but it will not feed you, or clothe you, or comfort you when sick. The shiniest gold, crispest greenbacks, the most brilliant gems are no more than the dirt of the street when pain presses and death threatens. They may be real jewels but they do not possess real life. Our friends send in flowers but they droop in a night and we turn away disheartened that anything so beautiful should so quickly decay. Flowers, so charming in health, are of little use in sickness and trouble, simply because they are among the dying things. In other words they are not real.

The world has always pinned its faith upon the false and the evanescent and this accounts for the misery that has held sway over centuries. The people have made crutches of reeds and sooner or later have measured their length in what should have been impossible places—the sick bed and the grave included.

The most insecure of all the reeds is another person unless he has come to realize the difference between the Real and

the Unreal. If he has he will make a good friend and adviser but he will permit no leaning.

If our friends will spend a little time looking about them for confirmation of these statements they will be compelled to admit their truth. The peace which passes understanding, the trust in the Infinite which makes it possible for us to shed abroad the love and healing which fill our hearts to overflowing are not transferable. To know them we must live at headquarters and understand the difference between the Real and the Unreal.

It does seem a strange thing that the Unreal and decaying evidences of life are always before us, while the Real and enduring are out of sight.

"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

In this magnificent manner does St. Paul sum up the whole matter. We are to look at the things which are not seen. To do this we must acknowledge the unreality of every adverse, sorrowful, troublesome, sick and dying appearance.

Sickness may seem very real and very painful, but as sickness is the opposite of health and only health is good or God, it is utterly devoid of reality. This thought held steadfastly in mind will do more to bring body and soul into harmony than any affirmation that can possibly be made. Something happens; a pain assails; bad news flies in. As quick as a wink remember that God is all and God is good, consequently anything that contradicts this truth is entirely without foundation.

"This condition is unreal—and I will

have nothing to do with it." Say it, say it, say it persistently, unflinchingly, never mind if the ache aches or the fear terrifies. Before long you will witness the droop of the negatives. They will vanish just as surely as darkness vanishes when a light is brought in.

This is really the first and the only true step, and now about "Get thee behind me Satan." It is doubtful if Jesus Christ ever uttered these words more than once, and this at the time of his greatest temptation—his final battle with himself. For that occasion the command to the tempter to get into the rear was a glorious one and accomplished the work. But for daily use among his disciples it is not at all appropriate because such use implies a belief in a devil which must be exorcised. The master understood but this is not the case with the rank and file of his followers. Overcoming means in most instances a rough and tumble fight with some personally manufactured demon, or with some racial monster imagined and handed down from generation to generation.

Muscular metaphysics is not one whit above pill physics. In both cases, a fight is on all the time and such an attitude does not conduce to comfort or longevity.

Know then that there is nothing to fight, quarrel with, or criticise. You are a spiritual being, God's own child, made in His image and likeness and beside Him there is literally nothing else, never mind how it may appear.

Practice the lesson faithfully and you will be surprised to see how old aches and sorrows will drop out of themselves and not because they are addressed as Satan or any other foe to progress.

Soul cannot dominate while Brain domineers.—Purinton.

The Secret of Easter.

SUSIE M. BEST.

To think aright! This is the secret, then;
This is the magic that transforms our lives,
And brings that vanished Eden back again;
This is the power that frees from evil's gyves
And leads us out of darkness into light—

To think aright.

To think aright! This is the alchemy
Sought by the sages in the days of old;
That subtle force that sets the spirit free,
Transmutes our dross into the purest gold,
And changes scarlet dye to spotless white—

To think aright!

To think aright! This is the lost command;
The Word that silences the storm and strife,
The Sun of Righteousness, the Saviour and
The Resurrection to Eternal Life;

Be thine and mine the spirit-strength tonight

To think aright!

Madam Eames and New Thought.

LESTER GAYLORD.

"And so art is her reason for being," I murmured as I entered the Metropolitan Opera House to hear Verdi's great production "Aida," in which Madame Eames was to appear in the title-role. Co-incident with my having reserved seats for the opera was the appearance, in the *New York Times*, of a most engaging article on Madame Eames' artistic creed. It aroused my enthusiastic interest in the personality of this famous singer, and I went to the opera with open mind and heart, resolved to let the great artist reveal to me a new world through her voice.

To her interviewer she had said: "Everybody vibrates to something and it should be the task of every person to find what it is that he or she vibrates to, and then to take care that only such things are permitted to take up time in life. * * * The secret of learning how to live is to close yourself to the things that do not matter." And she illustrated with that familiar picture—reaching back to the time of the Man of Galilee—of the vine which must be pruned of its barren branches so as to become strong and fruitful.

When Madame Eames as Aida, the slave maid full of grace and beauty, held captive at the palace of the King of Memphis, sang with that prodigal wealth of voice and sympathetic feeling, I could not but recall her words: "I have mercilessly sacrificed myself for my art all my life. It is not my god by any means, but I have come to recognize that it is my reason for being. It is why I am here, and so I must perfect it. I have recognized that it is something to be respected."

One who, with heart almost stilled,

heard the outpouring of those liquid notes—one moment expressing the depths of sorrow, the next the ecstasy of joy—knew that Madame Eames was *living* Aida, knew that from the Divine had come to her murmurings and secret messages, even as Browning hints in his "Abt Vogler:"

"Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,

Each sufferer says his say, his scheme
of the weal and woe:

But God has a few of us whom he whispers
in the ear;

The rest may reason and welcome;
'tis we musicians know."

She had declared, "We must stand alone to go on the upward path"—and in that solitude what visions she has had that she is thus able to thrill the world with her song! How intently she has listened to "the voice of the silence," for she says that when she sings it is necessary for her to be alone all day so as to free herself from all other influences and thus more truly convey to her audience *her conception* of the role assumed. "Nothing is good except as it comes from yourself," she continues. "I would rather have something frankly bad than a good imitation. I make whatever I do belong to me." To her, as to all great artists, originality stands for self-expression.

In the final scene of this opera, where the pure-souled Aida creeps unseen into the crypt where her lover, Radames, is doomed to be buried alive, the soul of Eames as Aida is indeed transported. Her finer vision reaches beyond death to the "endless morrow," and as the descending stone seals them in, she reassures her lover whose dying hour she has come to share:

"See'st thou where death in angel guise

With heavenly radiance beaming,
 Would waft us to eternal joys
 On golden wings above!
 See heaven's gates are open wide
 Where tears are never streaming,
 Where only bliss and joy reside
 And never-fading love!"

It was as if one—a dweller in the realm of pure spirit—were singing those farewell notes, and back, far back to earth did her listeners have to wing themselves.

Madame Eames had said, "Knowing myself and understanding myself, I began more to understand others. I give

more to those who hear me now and they give more to me. I have been told that I was cold in my singing. Perhaps that was because I was not in touch with those who heard me. But now some tell me that I have come more into sympathy with them as they hear me. I feel the change. I feel more and more the subtle currents that come from those to whom I am appealing, and I feel a greater current go out from me to them. It is understanding and that means much."

To Lengthen Life.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

To live in a sense of time is to live in slavery. To use our powers in such a way as to "save time" is economy, and results in a surplus of energy and the things which energy creates. But to live in a constant strain and hurry in order to *make* time, *shortens* life instead of lengthening it.

If we live much in the past we devitalize the present. The past is dead—to us—and having learned its lesson, to the extent of our powers of comprehension, we should not send living thought and energy back to the empty shell.

To live much in the future may be nearly as bad. He who lives much in the future becomes an *idle* dreamer.

He lives longest and happiest who dwells much in "*the eternal now*;" who realizes eternity as he goes along.

"Live not in the past nor in the future, but in the Eternal."

If we compare our present condition with our past we often become discouraged. Or if we look forward to the future we may easily become the victim of worry, which is only one form of fear.

Take no *anxious* thought for the mor-

row, but do *well* what you have to do *today*.

It is easy to conjure up pictures of future good, but unless you dig up a good bunch of living faith in the *present* you might as well take a back seat before you are any older, for you will surely grow older very fast without such a faith.

Eternal youth is only to be found by living in the now. If you look back, it helps fix a sense of time in your mind. You begin to *believe* that you are growing old, whether you are or not, and little by little *you yourself* BIND the fetters of age about your body.

The Universal Life in which you have your being is neither old nor young. It neither begins nor ends. It simply *is*.

Time is an invention of man which he uses to calculate his own death warrant by. A man thinks he *has* to grow old at about such an age. He sees everyone else doing so. He knows that his forefathers did the same, as far back as he can trace them. Everything about him, so far as the rest of the human race is concerned, almost forces him to accept the idea that he is growing old, even

if he does not feel so. More than likely he is fettered with a thousand useless, foolish *fears* of disease, which help on greatly the old age habit. Indeed, he is fortunate if he reaches middle life without giving way to these fears, and stepping off the stage before he has to think much about old age. Is it any wonder that we have continued to grow old and die under such conditions?

To lengthen life we must first break from the *dogma* of fear.

Then we must get outside the race *belief* in old age, or rather *get it outside of us*. We must go to headquarters, to Life itself, for our ideas on the subject. We must quit drifting in the age-worn channels of death and disaster, which the ignorance of the race has created for us. We must climb up out of these channels and get a look around from the sides. We shall find Life waiting for us there. We shall find that we need *not* drift in the same old way if we *choose* not to. When we are filled with a strong enough desire for Life, our fate will bring us to a realization of the eternal presence of Life.

It is our effort to *make* Life come to *our* terms that makes us tired of living.

Let Life live through you and you will find yourself getting out of the established rut and traveling on the way to youth.

Briefs.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

* * * "The foundation of all virtue and happiness is thinking rightly."
—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

* * * Thought is the tool by which, *under the Law of Being*, we carve out our character and destiny.

* * * The Rt. Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, D.D., LL.D., relates a most interesting and convincing instance of mental telepathy in his article on "Western

Camps" in March *Harper's*. On one occasion he had a very narrow escape from drowning while traveling near Lewiston, Idaho, by night. After relating this experience in detail he continues: "*It was rather curious and interesting to those who believe in thought transference or mental telepathy, that both my wife and daughter—the former being at that time in Missouri and the latter at school in Pennsylvania—were suddenly awakened that night out of sound sleep by the vivid and painful impression that I was drowning. They agree that the sensation was not in the least like an ordinary dream.*"

* * * It is such incidents as this which furnish our best proof that we are all united by the one great law of *vibration*, and that where two people are sufficiently in harmony they can speak to each other regardless of the space between their physical bodies.

* * * Some day we shall know more of this wonderful law of vibration and learn the conditions necessary for mind to thus speak to mind over thousands of miles of space and make itself understood.

* * * But the mere ability to communicate with our friends by mental telepathy is by no means the most interesting and important aspect of that subject. *The demonstration of the absolute truth of telepathy will take us back to the principle of unity and prove that we are in truth all parts of one great WHOLE, that we are united by invisible ties of universal kinship, and that whatever affects one life must necessarily affect all others as well.* It will show us the folly of selfishness, the folly of taking advantage of our neighbors in the hope of advancing ourselves. It will show us the identical interests of the whole race and give us a substantial reason for working towards a better understanding of the rest of the world, out-

side our select circle of friends, and towards greater harmony and unity of action between individuals everywhere.

* * * Mental telepathy seems to me to be a manifestation of cosmic consciousness. Both the sender and receiver of a telepathic message touch for an instant the unseen, universal consciousness which enfolds us, and during that instant they are not separated but united.

* * * I doubt if any of the public exhibitions of telepathy—so-called—are real manifestations of that phenomena. The celebrated Fays have been often referred to in New Thought magazines in connection with telepathic phenomena, but one of them has admitted, according to newspaper reports, that their exhibitions are simply a result of clever trickery. The real *telepathy*, it is said, is done by the man who goes about among the people of the audience. The woman on the stage, as I understand it, simply repeats what is signalled to her by the man in the audience.

The Editors Abroad.

VIEW POINTS OF WASHINGTON.

The White House faces one end of Pennsylvania avenue and the Capitol turns its back upon the other.

Thereby hangs a tale. There must have been real estate agents in those days too. At any rate, a number of men who saw the way the wind blew and the Capitol ought to face, quietly bought in all the land to the west of the Capitol site. It is said Washington was one of these men. And, as is the habit of real estate men, they held the land at high prices. This angered the men at the head of the government, and they decided to turn the Capitol around to face the east—where some of them had land of their own. Evidently they thought the city would

have to grow up in front of the Capitol willy-nilly.

But it didn't. So now our Capitol sits like a sulky kid, his back to the crowd. But as its back is a very beautiful and majestic back indeed, nobody seems to mind.

And if one takes the trouble to walk around to the front of this great white Temple of Government he will find it beaming staidly across the broad, clean street at the very finest library building in all the world, the great Congressional Library; which is after all a pretty fine and tranquilizing thing to face.

We had not time to enter the Capitol at all. We spent one delightful evening among the glories of the Congressional Library.

And we visited the White House. Here we were very courteously treated by the guards. And though it was an hour after the President's reception time we were asked if we would like to see the President, and were almost urged to send in our cards. Said the guard, "The President is very cordial to everybody, and takes special pains to see visitors from a distance, even if they do not come at the reception hour; I know he will see you if he possibly can." But we were short of time, and had promised ourselves to visit Washington again soon, and see the White House and the President at our leisure and at the proper hour. So we thanked the blue coated guardian and went our way.

You will not wonder that after our own little experience at the White House we were exceedingly skeptical when we read the reports of the Mrs. Minor Morris incident. It seemed to me that she must have made an awful fool of herself to attract anything but the most attentive and obliging treatment at the President's door.

We saw Washington from a big automobile with a guide who was cute—and

knew it. He told us the story of the Capitol's position. When we came to ^{report} Pierpont Circle he told us that around that small Circle were grouped the homes of more wealth than gathered in any other spot of similar size in the world. "Why," he orated with a sweeping flourish of the hand, "even the birds have bills, the horses have checks, and the leaves of the trees have green backs."

We saw John Hay's home and the immense apartment house he built, at a cost of six or seven millions; said to be the most sumptuous apartments in Washington, perhaps in the world. A modest little suite of six rooms or so rents for \$10,000 a year.

Washington is the cleanest and most beautiful of cities, and so broad and long are its avenues and so multitudinous its parks and Circles and public buildings and other points of interest that it is utterly impossible to get even a glimpse of them and a general idea of the city except from an auto or a carriage. A dollar spent for a two hours' tour in one of the big auto-touring cars is a better investment in Washington than in any other city we visited.

Of course we went to the top of Washington monument, the greatest memorial ever erected to human achievement. With twenty-eight other sightseers we ascended slowly in the enormous elevator, which they say is absolutely proof against falls—up, up five hundred feet, straight toward the heavens. At the top we looked through the square openings on every side—Washington stretched out so far below us that men looked like insects crawling, the massive buildings showed as toy houses, the Potomac a silver ribbon. I wanted to spend an hour or two up there.

Washington monument is one and one-third miles from the capitol. It is an obelisk of white marble over five hundred and fifty-five feet high, topped by

a pyramid of pure aluminum, inscribed *Laus Deo*. The shaft is fifty-five feet square at the base, thirty-four feet at the top, and the walls taper from fifteen feet thickness at the bottom to eighteen inches at the top. The base of rocks and cement is thirty-six feet deep and one hundred and twenty-six feet square. It is said that Washington selected the site for his own monument, which was planned in his lifetime. But the corner stone was not laid until a half century later, in 1848. And in 1855 the money gave out and work stopped, with the walls only 152 feet high. For twenty-three years no work was done on it, and the line shows plainly now where the masonry was begun again in '78. In a hundred years from now the line may be weathered out.

One of the pleasures of our Washington visit was a call on Col. O. C. Sabin and his family—or perhaps I ought to call him Bishop Sabin, head of the Protestant Christian Science Church. Bishop Sabin lives in his own fine home on Thomas Circle, a three-story house of stone and brick, large enough to hold three families—if they are really Science families like the Bishop's. Two married children and their families live with them, and each has his or her part in the work of publishing the Bishop's *Washington News-Letter*. And the Bishop's fine parlors and library are open for his work of healing and teaching.

Bishop Sabin is better than his picture. He is a dear old man who is *not* old, and whose whole being radiates good will and a full faith in God and man. He is a charming and interesting talker, and a host after what I imagine to be the real old southern fashion, open house, open hand, open heart. I can imagine him idolized by a horde of lazy, thieving negroes, in the midst of luxury without end, always the same open hearted, open-house gentleman.

Mrs. Sabin is a quiet little thing, pretty, prim and with big brown eyes, sleek hair and a penchant for home keeping and birds. In her private corner she has song birds by the dozen!—of many kinds. And she is heart and soul in the Bishop's work, and will talk a good streak if you get her started right. The Colonel and his wife are lovely people, and we stayed with them unconscionably long. Which was the main reason we did not call on any other of our friends in Washington.

We went out by train through quaint old Alexandria, Va., to Mount Vernon to see where Washington used to live. Such an estate! The solid old mansion stands high with broad front toward the river. The view from the great high pillared porch is incomparable. I don't wonder Washington was great with such a feast of river, forest, hills and blue sky spread out for his daily inspiration.

We saw George's barns and horses; his hounds whined through the grating that confined them; his cat rubbed against our feet; his dairy maid gave us cool milk to drink. We saw his room just as it looked when he lived in it. We saw his parlor, his living room, his secretary and all the other things that touched his every day life. We saw the noble trees, wide lawns, waving fields. It was hard to realize we were not to meet the master himself at the next turn.

But there away off to the north of the mansion we saw his tomb. And upstairs we saw the tiny north window from which Martha used to gaze at it through her tears. This gloomy little north room was the only one in the house from which one could catch a glimpse of the tomb. So to the little room Martha moved her belongings and there she lived the rest of her days. Poor, foolish, dutiful, constant, benighted Martha. If the suttee had been a British institution instead

of an East Indian one, we surely would have been shown the ashes of Martha's funeral pyre, instead of the forlorn little room with one foot-square window to the north.

We went back to Washington by steamer, down the beautiful Potomac, with the glory of a perfect sunset folding us into the dusk, where myriad lights beckoned and the monument's long finger pointed the place where George's soul ascended.

* * * * *

Sunday morning we left for home via New York. New York is another story, which I have told before, and which will bear telling again from many new points of view, when we revisit it at our leisure—as we have been promising ourselves to do for several years!

The four hours' way-train journey from New York to Springfield was as a happy hour for the joy that was in us over the thought of home! And the girls! And Catherine and Ed! And Mother! And our letters from *Nautilus* friends!

We could hardly sit still until the train stopped. Then out to the trolley we scurried, and forty minutes ride landed us in front of City Hall, a block from home. How good and dear and familiar everybody and everything looked! And there were Catherine and Ed meeting us at the very door—with a load of letters they had just brought from the office.

Then an interchange of reports!

And the next morning the dear girls again, and the office, and business!—and all we could do to get through the work for the experiences we all had to relate, after our five weeks' absence!

And we are still telling yarns about that journey!

And promising ourselves to go again some day and see all the wonderful things we missed this time for lack of hours enough in a day.

LIFE AND ELECTRICAL ACTION IDENTICAL.

According to the *Herald* of February 25,

Dr. Albert J. Atkins, professor of physiology in the California Medical College, is just discovering some of the physiological truths the Hindus have known for thousands of years, and which Miss Fletcher is presenting to our readers.

"Life is an electrical action," says Dr. Atkins, "an infinite vital energy whose manifestations become tangible to the human senses through the medium of vibration."

He has been proving this truth that all new thought folk are familiar with, by experimenting on living animals and persons with the aid of the galvanometer, which measures electricity as a gas meter measures gas. By the aid of this machine Dr. Atkins finds that the vital organs of the body, including the brain, generate electricity, nearly always in alternating currents. A healthy man swallowed the electrodes of the machine and thus was proved the generation of electricity in the stomach.

This seems to do away with the generally accepted theory as to the manner in which blood is affected by the air. Physiologists have supposed that the oxygen passes directly into the cells themselves, which are supposed to be porous. The new experiments indicate that the cells are not necessarily porous and that "the purification of the blood is really the result of electrical action outside the blood cells in the lungs."

Here is the *Herald's* description of the experiments by which the lungs were tested:—

Another series of tests proved the existence of an alternating current of electricity in the air chamber of the living lungs outside the blood stream. This was done by performing tracheotomy (cutting the windpipe) of a live sheep (first anesthetized); two especially prepared platinum electrodes were inserted through the opening, one into the cavity of each lung. These electrodes were insulated nearly to the end, and terminated in a small head of platinum so as not to injure the deli-

cate tissues of the lungs; the electrodes were connected to a galvanometer, an apparatus for measuring electric currents, and at each inspiration and expiration of the animal the indicating needle of the instrument would move first to the right and then to the left, registering alternately a positive and negative current.

And Dr. Atkins found that *by introducing oxygen gas the electrical action of each organ was increased.* This proves that "breath is life," as all occultists assert. And it gives ample reason for the cultivation of full breathing of fresh air, and for special breathing exercises.

In conclusion the *Herald* correspondent says:—

By summing up these experiments it would seem, then, that the human organism is simply an electric battery, and one that follows the same laws as those in which the elements of zinc and carbon enter. This great human battery of the physical organism contains many electrical circuits, both small and large, simple and complicated; many nerve conductors, many terminals, many relays and other most delicately arranged apparatus. These constitute the body of mankind, and the life principle itself is everywhere electrical in action. In the study of electrical phenomena as manifested in the living organism, the blood may be considered as the exciting fluid of the human battery, and the nerves the connecting wires, forming circuits by means of the blood with all the organs and tissues of the physiological system.

A battery offers a good illustration of the manner in which electricity is carried in the molecules of a fluid; when the chemical change occurs between the organism and its inorganic environment energy is stored up as a charge or under pressure, and when distributed it is converted into current electricity and as such it is capable of doing work, performing mechanical motion, etc. In the human blood a liquid is found capable of being charged by electricity; the blood with its chemicals held in solution retains this charge as potential energy.

Having shown the manner in which the energy in the lungs is generated, and that a portion of it is stored up in the blood as potential, it can now be said that another portion passes directly to the brain through the sensory nerves of the lungs. These sensory impulses are transformed into motor impulses in the cerebro-spinal axis and return to the lungs through nerves of the sympathetic system, which discharges the negative current, already proven to exist, in the lungs. This completes one of the principal circuits in the living organism and is the one which starts and maintains the respiration. This, then, is the beginning of the circulation of the life forces, and from the first sensory cry of the infant to the last feeble gasp of old age, life is from one breath to another.

Anent Books and Things.

—"At the Gate and Other Poems," by Thomas O. Clark, 502 Penn avenue, Baltimore, is an attractive volume of sixty-four pages in oak green and gold. No price stated.

—"Hugo Preyer's Views on Religio-Philosophical, Political and Social Subjects," is a thirty-two page paper bound book to be had for fifteen cents, of the author, 74 Morrison street, Cleveland, O.

—"Christianity and Patriotism and Other Essays," by Tolstoy, have been issued in an attractive paper bound book by The Open Court Pub. Co., 1322 Wabash avenue, Chicago, with a handsome half-tone of the rugged Russian in peasant garb. The book contains 98 pages; price, 40 cents, postpaid.

—"Garrison the Non-Resistant" is a thoughtful character study by Ernest Crosby. All who are interested in our American race question will do well to read this book. Published by the Public Publishing Company, First National Bank Building, Chicago; 141 pages, blue cloth and gold; no price given—probably \$1.00.

—"Life's Gateways, or How to Win Real Success" is written by Emily S. Bouton of *The Toledo Blade*, Toledo, O. Bound in dark blue cloth and gold, 187 pages, with half-tone of the author; no price given, probably \$1.00. This book is full of good new thought, presented in a clear, natural manner that should appeal to all.

—"A Knowledge of the Self the Key to Power," and "What Should I Do That I Would Be What the Almighty Designed" are two elegantly made, paper bound books of 70 large pages, written and sold by C. E. Patterson, M. D., D. S., 316 E. Bridge street, Grand Rapids. Each book contains a fine half-tone of Dr. Patterson. Every page is printed in two colors on heavy antique paper; the first named bound in white and gold, tied with blue silk cord, the second in dark blue and gold, tied with gold silk cord. Price, \$1.00 per volume.

—"The Woman Beautiful," by Ella Adelia Fletcher, is an exhaustive, but none the less interesting treatment of the

subject dear to every woman's heart. It seems to me that this book, of 535 large pages, covers every phase of the many sided subject of woman's beauty and its best care and development. In it Miss Fletcher goes to the heart of things and then she travels carefully all around the edges, missing nothing. A dozen other "beauty books" would not give you as much as this one. Cloth bound, illustrated; price, \$2.00. Brentano's, New York.

—"The Best Thing in the World: Good Health; How to Keep it for a Hundred Years" is J. Austin Shaw's new book, which contains a careful diary of his famous 45-day fast recently completed, with half-tone portraits of Mr. Shaw before and after taking. I read this 125-page book through at one sitting! And resolved to begin a fast the very next day! The story of his fast is well told, and his book is a splendid Davy Crockett for those who want to follow the trail to eternal health and youth. The volume is well bound in cloth, red, white and blue; printed on heavy paper; price, \$1.00. Published by C. C. Haskell, Norwich, Ct.

—It looks as if Denver and Judge Ben Lindsey are leading the world in taking care of the children of the poor and the irresponsible. Their latest move in the right direction is the publication of a pretty little monthly magazine, *The Juvenile Advocate*, published by The Juvenile Improvement Association (Incorporated) 832 Eighteenth street, and sold for five cents on the streets of Denver, by the association's newsboys. Across the top of the magazine are printed in red these words, "The Boys Who Sell This Magazine Are Gentlemen—Talk to Them and See." And on the cover appears this sentiment from President Roosevelt: "*All questions of tariff and finance sink into utter insignificance when compared with the tremendous and vitally important work for the good of the child with a bad environment. It is now generally recognized that the young boys and young girls who go wrong should not be treated as criminals, not even as needing reformation, but rather as needing to have their characters formed.*" *The Juvenile Advocate* is good enough and interesting enough to wake the sleepers.

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. 10.

Webster defines success as "favorable termination of any attempt."

A great many people, even New Thought ones, look on the dollar mark (\$) as the acme of success. This is like putting the cart before the horse. True success is the development of the individual; a putting forth of the best of ourselves into every act of life. Work that is done from a sense of duty lacks life; there is no drawing power in it, therefore, no success.

Some say, "I can never get enthusiastic over my work." Then let it alone and try some other work.

Every act performed in a desultory, lifeless manner is a drain on the vitality. By putting enthusiasm into our work the energy expended is restored by the Universal Law of Attraction.

Some years ago I got awfully discouraged and dissatisfied. Nothing went right. I was at war with myself, my surroundings, children,—everything. In my own distorted imagination I was a demigod and was being made a huge sacrifice of for the benefit of others. In fact I was in that frame of mind when a woman picks up the baby, a little bundle of traps, and leaving a note on the table, starts out to face the world afresh. True, I had enough before me to excuse discouragement. Two months before we had been burned out, crops were poor, a house full of children and no father to fill coal or flour bin, winter was coming on, and no prospect of furnishing the house so that it would be comfortable. The insurance had barely put us up a frame building, lined with unfinished lumber, and already

there were cracks enough to give us a taste of what winter had in store. Those bare, brown walls, with gaping cracks, got on my nerves. Whichever way I looked I saw nothing else, even when I shut my eyes they were there like "Banquo's ghost." The more I looked, the more dissatisfied, and the crankier I got. At last I determined to have it out with myself. When the interview was over I concluded that instead of being a superior being I was rather small potatoes. And mentally I said, "Get a move on you and do something; don't always be longing to 'be something.' Any fool can 'be something,' but it takes grit to *do* something."

Opening the door I called Clara. She came running. "Do you think you and mamma can whitewash, Clara?" "Of course; anyway, you can, and I can help." "All right; hitch up a horse while I get ready for town." When I got back Clara was standing at the door, the little ones around her, and a sharp twinge caught me around the heart as I thought of the responsibility I had let fall on her young shoulders, while I had been deluding myself with "superiority."

But here she was, eyes shining with anticipation. While she unhitched I went in to get a lunch ready, for there was going to be no delay. The boys were away threshing, so there was no one to cool our ardor. We ate bread and milk to save time of cooking. "Enthusiasm?" Well, if you can't get any up yourself just hire a good, healthy girl of twelve; they are simply great. It is impossible to cool down if one starts in to back you.

That girl tried her best to get me back on my pedestal of self-conceit. When the boys came home, "Mama" had done it all, and she held up my blistered hands as proof, and would not have it that she had done anything.

Well, it was great, the bedrooms were white and the general living room red. I had lined the rough walls with cheese cloth, then white-washed over, giving three coats. That red room was a promoter of harmony and happiness for the whole family. It was simply impossible to feel blue or ill-natured under its benign influence.

That house decorating was a many sided suc-

cess. It taught me that only by doing to the best of our ability that which lies in our path can we ever hope to "be something." Also that the measure of success is gauged by the intensity of feeling we put in our work. In other words, enthusiasm is the life or quickening power that lifts our work above that which is mediocre, and gives it a chance for success. People came miles to see my warm, comfortable house, that imitated plaster, yet was not plaster, and many of them imitated it, too, so it surely filled the bill according to Webster.—SUSANNA SWAYSGOOD, Healdsburg, Cal.

Letter No. 11.

The perplexities of "aiming to please" are frequent, the opportunities for grovelling ample. The soul aiming for success cannot grovel.

I will picture a crisis. The employer had failed to please an old patron in doing work. He tells workman that he is going off for a day and he must not try to suit patron if he calls. He calls. Workman tries to please him and succeeds. Employer returns and is angry. Workman says in defence, "I tried to please your patron to keep him pleased with you. I did not think by displeasing him I could please you. I have no pride in excelling you in pleasing him—I only am glad to save that man's business to you. He said he would have no more work done here if I did not do it. I have kept his business for you and his good will."

"I would rather have lost \$25 than have had you do it," said the boss. "It would have been worth that to me to have had my way. You acted in my interest—disobeyed orders that I might not lose business. You did what few men could have done—you did right. Prejudice is satisfying but it is not profitable."

I aimed to please the patron. I won—it was the way to success.—C. R. Watts.

Letter No. 12.

Gather down from thistles;
Cure it over the blue flame of Charity;
Envelop it with humility;
Sound the loom of Courage;
Weave a coverlet.
Draw out the coarse threads of hypocrisy;
Hemstitch the sides with Candor, Jollity,
Affability and Judgment.

Fasten all with a right strong cord of Purpose.

—He who properly rests his head wrests success from every endeavor.—Minnie E. Hays.

Letter No. 13.

"Build a little fence of Trust around today,
Fill the space with loving work, and therein stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars, upon tomorrow,
God will help thee bear what comes of joy or sorrow."

I know a woman who chose that little verse as her motto several years ago.

She had lost health, wealth, home and husband, and was filled with fear and dread of the future. Then the "New Thought" wave swept over her.

She read, studied, *practiced* and took up the work nearest at hand. This work was not always very congenial, so she made it "loving work," and tried to make things more comfortable and pleasant for those about her.

The fence was not very strong at first and Fear was continually breaking through. But she drove him out, repaired the break and builded stronger day by day.

Often she found the old habit strong upon her and would peer through the bars, wondering about "tomorrow." But after a time she learned that was not trust. When "tomorrow" came it was "today," and she fitted the little fence around it, and always knew just what to do.

She claimed persistently each day, her birth-right, Love, Wisdom, Strength, Power, any good thing desired.

After awhile she would find each morning, the stout little fence of Trust already around her day, and she seldom had any desire to look through or beyond it.

She is quite a different woman from the one of a few years ago, and all the outer circumstances are changing to correspond with the change in her own nature.

And this is one woman's experience in the "things that make for success."—Amabel.

The voting for our March Success letters came near resulting in another tie. A lot of the girls voted for Letter No. 8. I wonder if "Prince Charming" influenced their votes! June Aroe certainly demonstrated success and lives happy ever after.

But after all votes are in we decided that for all around helpful suggestion and good principle Letter No. 7, by Wheeler H. Smith, of Pueblo, Col., is entitled to first place for March. We congratulate him and wish him the highest success. Will he kindly send in directions as to disposal of the two *Nautilus* subscriptions to which he is entitled.

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

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

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

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

J. A. N.—The principle of tact is to do unto others and *think* unto others as you would like to have them do unto you and think about you if your places were reversed. I know of no way to cultivate tact except to court it in the silence, affirming it mentally, and *practice* it by the golden rule. Of course tact *can* be grown, like any other good thing, by cultivation.

The very keynote of tact is faith in the wisdom and right intention of others, and a firm habit of minding your own business. Love, Good Will, does the rest.

A READER—In the new thought there is no Jew and Gentile, no Catholic and Protestant, no heathen and civilized; but all Children of One Good. But unless the Jew and Gentile are *really* new thought they better not marry. People of widely different ideas and training are pretty apt to have a monkey and parrot time getting adjusted to each other—no matter whether they think themselves Divine Scientists or not. But if they have love and *patience* enough they can make the adjustment in time, and *be the greater for the experience*.

E. M. S.—To my mind "the most necessary quality in the control of children" is sixfold—sympathy, good humor, promptness, firmness, interest and resourcefulness. Childhood and cut-and-dried-ness are eternally antipathetic. In order to get children to do certain things at certain times a teacher must use her gumption to wake a fresh *want-to* every time. A bright, *new* way of calling attention will do what no bell-tap *can* accomplish. A bright word will get a room full of children *ready* for the bell-tap. To keep children from whispering supply an incentive. Keep them *interested*. Or give them some kind of marks or privileges for being quiet. Or both. There are those who discredit the giving of rewards, but to my mind rewards are a thousand times better than punishments. Rewards wake the child's *want-to*; while punishments generally rouse his *have-to*, which makes him hate the thing he desires, and settles upon him the habit of un-willing effort. When you *do* punish, do it up brown—or red. But *aim* always to call forth the child's *willing* effort in the desired directions. Read up about the "School City," idea and see if you

cannot use that to bring about the right discipline and willing effort.

W. W. W.—Never before heard of the "prayer chain." As to "blasphemous prayers," no one need fear them except the one who prays them.

J. W.—Why not leave him in peace? And no matter *what* his faults you have no excuse for hating, and you *injure yourself* thereby, as well as him. *Recognize* his right to be what he is, a *green peach which is ripening*. Recognize your own right to *yourself*, and do as you think right for yourself, *without resenting his attitude in the matter*. And *know* that every right and kind thought and feeling of yours *helps to ripen the green peach* and that *all hate and resentment act to keep it hard and green*. LOVE your enemies, whether you feel like it or not. Only so can you *grow yourself* out of the environment you deplore. * * * Tell your friend to follow the same course. Love is "her own." Love is for the lover, and *always* blesses her. But *underhanded gratifications always curse*. Let her *live love where she is* until she sees a *right* way out. And the less you two sentimentalize over such things the better for *you both*. *Make light* of trouble and it will disappear the sooner. Talking and thinking about it keep it alive. Get interested in loving the things and people at hand!

L. C.—Take your silent times lying flat on your back on the bed, with no pillow. You will get good results this way. After six months or so try again the upright position. Evidently you do not really relax your muscles when *sitting in the silence*. The reclining position naturally suggests relaxation, which makes it much easier. And after a time you will find it easy to relax in either position. "Practice makes perfect!" Go in to *win* and stick to it.

B. F.—You are certainly *seeing in her the things that are in yourself*. Correct yourself and you will begin to see other things in her besides jealousy, etc. And the unpleasant things will disappear from both of you. Love your enemy, *believe in her good intent*, and work *with* her for the best good of her son; and you will soon find her loving and working with you. Oh, yes, you *can* do it! *Act* love and faith, affirm love and faith, *send love and faith mentally*; do it at set hours *every* day and forget all about it between times; and in due time you will realize the *truth* of what you affirm—you will really feel and see the things you desire.

A. F.—"Pine nuts" are pignolias, obtainable at almost any nut dealer's.

New Thought in the Kitchen

Conducted by R. M. FLETCHER BERRY.

Bread is traditionally the staff of life, and it should be, for nothing else can take its place in nourishment and general acceptability as an adjunct to other foods. (For human beings accustomed to varied diet cannot readily either eat or digest very much bread if it be unaccompanied by some other form of food, as milk, butter, vegetables, etc.) The value of bread, in which, when made as it should be, there is almost no waste, but is all digested, depends quite as much upon its sweetness and lightness as upon the kind of flour used, for the best of flour may be made into utterly indigestible bread. Good bread has the same high nutritive qualities advertised as apparently possessed almost exclusively by breakfast foods, and bread may be varied as to the kind of grain or flour quite as much as may breakfast foods. Breakfast foods have not, for they cannot contain other or greater nutrition than that found in the wheat, oats, etc., from which they are made or than we find in flour and meal. Neither do experiments made by food scientists prove any greater digestibility in these flaked or otherwise prepared "predigested" inventions, than in breadstuffs of the wholesome, old fashioned type (I say "old fashioned" advisedly for reasons given later), while it is most decidedly proven that they are not as inexpensive.

One of our American food specialists, W. O. Atwater, says: "The retail prices of the breakfast foods are from two or five times as large as those of ordinary products, life flour and meal. The advertisements do not give any suggestion of the high price of the nutrients in the prepared foods as compared with that of the same amounts in the ordinary products, nor do purchasers generally realize how expensive these prepared foods are." The mission of breakfast foods is simply to afford variety or, on occasion, to save time. Economy in this way, which may or may not include fuel, may offset to a degree the greater cost in general; but "let us return," if not "to our muttons," to breadstuffs, to a greater extent, and remember that "man cannot live by breakfast foods exclusively any more than 'by bread alone.'"

Another food authority, Helen Atwater, states that wheat bread, from low grade and bakers' flour, and rye-and-wheat bread mixed, contain the largest per cent of protein; and "wheat rolls, wheat bread from high grade flour, and wheat bread from regular patent flour, the most carbohydrates." It is upon digestibility that much of the value of any food depends, and wheat (white) bread and wheat-and-rye contain the highest percentage of digestible nutrients. For occasional laxative use, graham and whole wheat flour is all right, but the coarser particles in "whole-grain" flours, by irritation of the intestinal membranes, hurry the food through the proc-

ess and thus *lessen* digestibility. The free use of fruit and vegetables of the right kind also offset constipation, and as it has never yet been really *proven* that white flour does not possess equal value in mineral constituents with whole grain flours, but is less expensive and more digestible, let us consider well before we relegate good, sweet, light white bread entirely to second place.

BREAKFAST.

Peanut-bread toast; uncooked or stewed prunes; coffee, Kneipp or Postum.

DINNER.

Macaroni and cheese; baked squash; "greens" (dandelion or spinach); salad; apricot ice; coffee.

SUPPER.

Plain boiled hominy; rye-and-wheat bread; oranges and bananas sliced; oat cakes.

LUNCHEON NO. I.

Graham bread and butter; rhubarb jelly; buttermilk.

LUNCHEON NO. II.

Mexican vegetable stew; sliced tomatoes with corn salad; uncooked figs; whole wheat muffins.

Breakfast—In making up light bread, for each medium loaf add one cup of chopped peanuts. One has thus concentrated nourishment of pleasing flavor. Toast and serve hot with prunes which have been well washed and soaked over night. They may be gently simmered (no sugar) after this for as long as possible before breakfast, and the toast eaten with the syrup thus formed. Prunes are, to quote an old writer, "both food and physic."

Dinner—Macaroni and cheese form a most excellent food combination as the macaroni has not only the wheat-flour value, including protein and the carbohydrates necessary for heat and energy, but the cheese gives protein (in the form of casein) and fat. Squash is a good "all-round" vegetable in its limited chemical make-up, and gives in addition, bulk. Dandelion greens make one of the best of spring tonics. Use them as freely as possible for "greens" or simple salads. If spinach is used add a little sorrel for tartness. Young onions are also excellent as blood purifiers in the spring, and where eaten with parsley (in itself a tonic) does not so linger on the breath. Black coffee, also, assists in removing such traces of "feeling." But if one prefers a substitute, have, if possible, cucumbers or radishes with cress and lemon juice, the lemon and cress being professional spring house-cleaners for the liver.

Macaroni and cheese—Break macaroni into short lengths and drop into boiling salted water in the inner part of a double vessel. The cheese is either chopped or grated, and added in generous proportion as quickly as the macaroni begins to fill out. This may be thickened with a little milk and flour, and served plain-boiled, or, after boiling twenty minutes, removing to baking dish. In latter case add cheese at this stage, alternating with macaroni.

Pour over this one teacup of milk. Sprinkle bread crumbs on top and bake till brown.

Baked squash—Quarter and wash squash, removing seeds, and cutting again into (about) three-inch squares. Bake in rather hot oven (as with sweet potatoes) an hour and a half. Eat from the shell with butter.

Greens—Prepare as for spinach, washing well and plunging into boiling water, cooking until tender. Serve with lemon juice.

Salad—If cucumbers are served they may be simply peeled, sliced and soaked in fresh, cold water, which assists digestion somewhat, and does not detract from the crispness, or in salted water, which removes *all* risk, but renders cucumbers rather flabby. With the fresh water process serve with salt, horse radish and red pepper, which stimulate and aid digestion.

Apricot ice—Wash well one pint of dried apricots and place in fresh, warm water over night. Simmer then (in same water) for at least three hours, adding toward the last a little sugar. When quite tender rub through a colander, and add to a syrup previously prepared (one pound of sugar to one quart of water). Cook up together; let cool and freeze. The sugar must be gauged somewhat according to one's taste. Where hot, black coffee is served with an ice the usual objection to the icy temperature, retarding digestion, is overcome.

Supper—Boiled hominy—A half pint of hominy will swell to two pints during process of preparation. Put to soak in cold water after breakfast, letting remain six hours. Cook four hours, adding fresh, cold water once during cooking. Do not salt till near serving time, when add also pepper and butter. Hominy in itself is fattening and needs only salt, but butter is the traditional Southern finish.

Rye and wheat bread—Make up sponge as for white bread (using half milk and half water), when quite light adding sufficient rye flour to make a soft dough. Rye flour makes a "stickier" dough than wheat. It will not make as dry a dough. When sufficiently elastic to work well make out at once into loaves and bake nearly an hour if in individual pans, and quite that, otherwise.

Oat cakes—To three cups of rolled oats take one of flour, one half cup each of shortening and sugar, and a level dessertspoon of salt, with sufficient boiling water to work up into stiff dough. (Add water, a teaspoonful at a time, only.) Roll into thin sheets and cut into strips or in large rounds and bake in moderately hot oven, or on top the stove on griddle. If real "griddle cakes" are made the sugar may be entirely omitted as more "Scotch," but a full cup of sugar appeals to the average American taste.

Oranges and bananas—Serve with sugar and whipped white of egg, if liked, (no milk or cream).

Luncheon No. I.—Graham bread—One teacup of sour milk; three tablespoons of Orleans molasses; level teaspoon of salt; one-half teaspoon of soda dissolved in one-third cup boil-

ing water; flour enough to make rather stiff dough. Bake in moderate oven.

Rhubarb jelly—If rhubarb is young strip off only the white, lower portion. Cut in bits and stew gently with but one tablespoon of water to a pint of rhubarb. When very tender rub through coarse sieve and add to gelatine soaked in cold water (about one-half package gelatine to a pint of fruit. Quantity may differ with the brand). Stir well for several minutes and pour into molds. (The clear acid juice may be used instead of the strained pulp.)

Luncheon No. II.—Mexican stew—Wash one-half cup barley and place in stew-pan with one quart of cold water. When this begins to simmer add one small, chopped onion, one-half teaspoon celery seed, a sprig of parsley and pinch of thyme, one-half cup tomato or tomato juice, and whatever cold vegetable one may have as a "left-over,"—beans, asparagus, etc. Simmer three hours and serve, seasoning well with cayenne pepper.

Uncooked figs—Steam the figs in colander over boiling water to freshen.

Whole wheat gems—Two scant cups whole wheat flour; two eggs well beaten with a half cup of sugar; one and one-half cups milk; one heaping teaspoon baking powder sifted with a level teaspoon of salt through the flour; one tablespoon cooking oil or melted butter. Beat well and bake about twenty minutes in hot oven.

RILEY M. FLETCHER BERRY.

"JUDAS THOUGHT." "Will you kindly explain in the columns of your magazine, without 'giving away' the *writer* or the *locality*, how we are to meet the thought that the Christian Scientists are holding and constantly giving out, viz.: That all the 'New Thought' thinkers are indebted to Mrs. Eddy for *all* their material, and that they are thoroughly dishonest, in that they do not give her credit for the truth they promulgate. We have in this place no 'New Thought' teachers, save those of the Christian Science cult, and when one requires a little assistance, as sometimes happens, we are obliged to call upon their healers. As I can not endorse all their theories, I am met with the statement that it is the 'Judas thought' in my consciousness that makes me prefer your publications, or those of Ralph Waldo Trine, etc. Now, I claim that if I go to a bookstore and purchase an arithmetic, all that I can get out of that book is *mine*. And, if after becoming thoroughly acquainted with its contents, I am able to write something simpler, easier for others to comprehend, I have a perfect right to do so, providing I respect the other writers or authors in their rights. Why, if we carry out this argument which they advance, how many books would be written? I think you will understand what I wish to convey by these few hastily written lines. It is not pleasant to have to meet this accusation, 'it is the Judas thought,' and 'he was a thief,' because we do not endorse the C. S. organization and its high-handed way which is not much better than a *hierarchy*. I read other magazines, and like the thought

given out, and the desire to help others, but am constantly taken off my feet by this argument that you all have what you have received from Mrs. Eddy, and do not give her a word of credit for any of it."—M. B. E.

Your own heart and mind have given you the right thought about this matter. The claims of Christian Scientists in regard to the originality of Mrs. Eddy's teachings are simply absurd. Only people who are hypnotized by one idea insistently reiterated and persistently held can fail to see the ridiculous presumption of such a claim.

Only people who, like sheep, follow their leader, and in obedience to her refuse to read outside the one line, can fail to learn that Mrs. Eddy herself was taught by P. P. Quimby and others. She did with Quimby's teachings—and the teachings of others—precisely what her followers condemn "new thought" people for doing—assimilated his ideas, and re-presented them from her own point of view.

Mrs. Eddy is entitled to great credit for so presenting the truth that thousands have been helped thereby; but she is entitled to *no* credit for the *truth itself*. And she and her followers see to it that she gets all the credit due her, good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over, and grasping for more.

And if you mention Quimby, who taught Mrs. Eddy, they deny that he had "the truth," and declare that he healed by "magnetism" or "mesmerism"—and they wax decidedly fiery in their declarations. One of our readers says the name Quimby is to her Christian Scientist friends as a red rag to a bull. Of course, Quimby is a touchy point, a sore spot. When you mention him you are getting pretty close to Mrs. Eddy's own lapse into "Judas thought," and it hurts.

Mrs. Eddy would have a lot more "followers" if she were free to burn everybody's literature but her own. Then

A Torpid Thinker.

The Frequent Result of Coffee Poisoning.

A Toledo, O., business man says that for three years he had no appetite for breakfast; that about once a month he ate solid food at that meal, generally contenting himself with his cup of coffee and having no desire for anything else.

Coffee frequently plays this dog-in-the-manger trick; while it furnishes no nutriment itself, it destroys the appetite for food which is nutritious. The result was, in time, a torpid mentality, which was a distinct handicap in his business operations.

"Last Christmas," he says, "I consulted my brother, a practicing physician in Chicago, and he advised a diet of Postum Food Coffee, instead of the old kind, and also Grape-Nuts food. Since that time I have followed his advice with most excellent results. My brain is active and clear in the morning when it naturally should be at its best; I no longer have the dizzy spells that used to make me apprehensive; I have gained materially in flesh and feel better in every way.

"The Postum seems to be no less a food than the Grape-Nuts, and the two together fill all requirements. My wife has tried several of the recipes in your little booklet and we have enjoyed the result, but to my mind Grape-Nuts food is best when served with sliced fruit and covered with cream." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

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

"The second vice is lying; the first is running into debt."—Ben Franklin.

the world might know no better than to be hypnotized by her claim to having a corner on truth.

And she would have many more "followers" if she were to forbid the term and charge of "Judas thought." Most people are glad to give credit, and certainly everybody wants to know the truth; but when the pot calls the kettle black, some folks prefer their truth out of the tin cup of their own common sense.

Get squarely on your own feet and all the claims that ever were made will not "take you off" them.

This matter of "giving credit" is like love—a little *exaction* kills it. All the dissenters from Mrs. Eddy's church have split on this rock of giving credit to her, and running themselves into her thought-mould. A little more leeway in this would have given her more "followers," and not so good an organization. Nothing like a *head* to an organization.

Jesus preferred the followers to the organization. And after a bit he went away to stop the following.

All things are good, but a free following is better than an organization for exacting credit.

And Judas has his uses. If every one of us took pains to credit to somebody else every idea that comes to him the world would be peopled with walking concordances.

Truth is eternal. Nobody has the shadow of a claim to it as a personal discovery. But every man has a real personal right to his way of viewing truth and expressing it. Edison has no patent on electricity, but he has covered with patents his ways of presenting it. Mrs. Eddy has a right to her *string of words*, manner of presenting truth. Who so quotes her without giving credit is a "Judas." But every *idea* Mrs. Eddy writes about you will find expressed in

(Continued on Page 36.)

Food Helps.

In Management of a R. R.

Speaking of food a railroad man says:

"My work puts me out in all kinds of weather, subject to irregular hours for meals and compelled to eat all kinds of food.

"For seven years I was constantly troubled with indigestion, caused by eating heavy, fatty, starchy, greasy, poorly cooked food, such as are most accessible to men in my business. Generally each meal or lunch was followed by distressing pains and burning sensations in my stomach, which destroyed my sleep and almost unfitted me for work. My brain was so muddy and foggy that it was hard for me to discharge my duties properly.

"This lasted till about a year ago, when my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food by a newspaper advertisement and I concluded to try it. Since then I have used Grape-Nuts at nearly every meal and sometimes between meals. We railroad men have little chance to prepare our food in our caboose and I find Grape-Nuts mighty handy for it is ready cooked.

"To make a long story short, Grape-Nuts has made a new man of me. I have no more burning distress in my stomach, nor any other symptom of indigestion. I can digest anything so long as I eat Grape-Nuts, and my brain works as clearly and accurately as an engineer's watch, and my old nervous troubles have disappeared entirely." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

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

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

(Reprint from *January Nautilus*, now out of print.)

CHAPTER II.

THE MASTER-KEY OF CREATION.

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

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

For generations men read Buddha's declaration that ignorance was "the root of the huge poison tree of mundane existence with its trunk of pain;" but, ignoring his "Wheel of the Law" in the body, they have sought for knowledge far-afeld, everywhere but within—in self-study and self-examination. And alas! so far have men depreciated the higher self in man which differentiates him from the lower animals, that they have thought to arrive at accurate knowledge of his physical characteristics by submitting helpless brutes to the tortures of vivisection.

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

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

One of the recent discoveries is that "This motion is continually changing from one velocity to another." This is the source of that

beautiful diversity in unity which keeps us wondering at the infinite variety of Nature's marvelous works, and it is caused by the characteristic vibrations of the *Tattvas*, which are differentiated in form and color, and whose energies can thus be analyzed and recognized on all the planes of their activities throughout the Universe. It is by this means that Hindu physiology has traced their power, office and effect in the human economy.

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

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

Akasha is the most refined or tenuous of the elements, and on the gross plane of the physical body is correctly classified as ether. Don't let it confuse you when all the *Tattvas* are referred to as ethers, for on their subtle planes of activity they are so tenuous that wanting a strictly scientific nomenclature, we must call them also ethers. They never, however, lose their distinctive form and color; always, even in the closest union one with another, they retain these characteristics which betray the presence of the vibration, although every element restricts, and is modified by, the vibrations of the elements with which it is combined. Hence, there are manifold permutations in form and color, producing variety.

Akasha is circular or oblong in form, and gives this shape to the orifice of the ear, the organ of hearing, whose perceptions its property of sound stimulates. It is represented as a circle with a single dot in the center 

and also as a dotted circle ; for matter subjected to its influence gyrates with extreme velocity in tiny points that chase one another within the circle. The positive phase of *Akasha* is colorless sometimes described as white, but it is a white pulsating with light; and its negative phase is indigo, so dark that to some eyes it appears black. In this condition it holds potentially all the other *Tattvas* or elements; and it is the medium—space—in every state of matter which propagates sound.

The vibrations of *Vayu*, or tangiferous ether

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

The color of *Vayu* is usually described as blue, and it commonly appears blue; but there are some who think it green. Both visually

stant object lesson on the lunar form of *Apas* vibrations. The very name wave is a symbol of the curving motion of water.

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

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

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

and logically the latter seems a mistake; but it is a simple matter to reconcile the two statements when we consider the shades of green-blue and yellow-blue which to many eyes appear green. From its effects in combination with other *Tattvas*, we have reason to feel and to conclude that its pure state is blue.

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

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

The combination of *Apas* with other *Tattvas* in manifold permutations produces the exquisite variety in musical tones, gives to them their color, for every tone has a distinctive color, and creates that subtle element which sways the emotions. It is the color of the tone which affects the nerves, sympathetically or antagonistically, and a wide field for the scientifically accurate application of the therapeutic value of music is open to the earnest student of the *Tattvas*. The discipline and culture of voice-production in speech itself are thus recognized as of the highest importance.

Wherever water runs over sand, which it throws into waving forms, it furnishes a con-

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

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

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

In India, nothing is ever told to the student of occult mysteries which can be learned through study and thought, for speculating upon these hidden relations of the natural forces furnishes the wings upon which intuition takes its flight straight to the cause. In

this Western world, however, where the art of thinking is less understood, the student needs some guidance, but the quicker he can stand on his own feet the better.

In the physical world about us, you must be prepared to recognize the dominant *Tattva* or the combination of elements in natural objects by the colors. Thus, all the vegetable kingdom germinates in Mother Earth—*Prithivi*, which is *yellow*, and draws nourishment in proportion as it sends its roots deep into her bosom; while it breaks into leaf and blossom and fruit in the ambient, elastic air—*Vayu*, *blue*; and from the yellow and blue of its earth and air progenitors is evolved the grateful, refreshing green.

In the *Cosmopolitan* for September, 1905, is an interesting article, "Artificial Creation of Life," by Garrett P. Serviss, the illustrations in which furnish an admirable study of the *Tattvas*. The article explains the experiments of Prof. Jacques Loeb, of the University of California, which have aroused deep interest in the scientific world.

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

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

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

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

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

of a power inconceivable before the discovery of radium.

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

The life-current is as subtle as radio-activity, and it depends upon ourselves to how high power we shall raise it. Never forget that "Breath is the beam on which the whole house of the body rests." If you wish to acquire the ability to gain and use the "masterkey," be diligent in the practice of the breathing exercise given in the last *Nautilus*. Make the slight change of holding the breath for a longer interval—not to exceed the inhalation—and fix the thought upon following the vital current down the spine. The length of time must be decided by physical sensations. No slightest discomfort should be felt.

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

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

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

"Suppose you get only ten dollars a week and are worth fifty—shall you just earn the ten dollars? Don't worry about your salary. Increase your skill. Salaries are raised to meet the growing value of men who are earning more than they get. The men who advance are not those who are careful to do only that for which they are paid. In the long run the cream will get to the top in any establishment."—Madison G. Peters.

(Continued from Page 32.)

Quimby's writings, in W. F. Evans', in the Bibles of the world, and in the teachings of the philosophers of all time. Let those who would exact credit begin by giving a little. Judas yourself!

But don't let us argue these things with our Christian Science friends. Argument and contention never got us anywhere yet, and never will. Just be still and know the truth, and be free. And in due time the C. S. "Judas thought," which has been seeing itself in others, will come to its senses and go hang. Methinks I already see signs of more real charity and less exclusion among the C. S. cranks. Else why so many C. S. readers of *The Nautilus*?

And we are all getting into heaven where there are no bars. I wonder if Judas is waiting for us there—the wiser and kinder for his past experiences.

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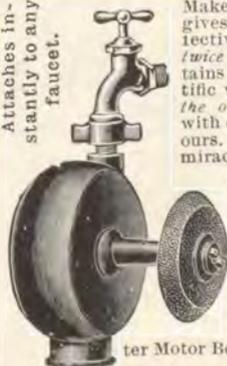
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